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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1922

THE MODERN PHARISEE

BY JOEL BLAU

I

BEING hated, despite its obvious inconvenience, is really a high distinction. Philosophers always knew this. Saints were passionately convinced of it. Hence the fierce pride of martyrs. For one thing, the position of the hated becomes automatically one of moral superiority over the hater — which is the subtlest and noblest revenge. And if the hated can but rise to the height of his opportunity, neither returning hatred nor attempting to avert the blows of the hater, he has decidedly solved his problem. He has solved it by not solving it. He has solved it by non-resistance. And non-resistance, though few people are aware of it, is the strongest form of resistance.

There is a curious paradox in the case of the Jew, the classical example of the aristocratic tribe of the hated. Theoretically, the Jew is alleged to be an advocate of ruthless revenge. 'An-eye-for-an-eye'— a mere legal formula — has been accepted as the literal phrasing of his life-view. Historically, however, the Jews are the most non-resistant people on earth. Otherwise it would be incomprehensible how a people, admittedly endowed with rare intelligence, could defer the solution of its heart-rending problem for two thousand years. A vast wisdom, it must appear, prompted this millennial inactivity. It was the secret of the Jew's miraculous survival. The Jew lives by the resistless force of his non-resistance.

Tolstoy seems to have understood this strange paradox. He tells us in his *Confessions* that he was reading the fifth chapter of Matthew with a Hebrew rabbi. At nearly every verse the rabbi said, 'That is in the Bible,' or, 'That is in the Talmud'; and he showed Tolstoy, in the Bible and in the Talmud, sentences very like the declarations of the Sermon on the Mount. But when they reached the verse about non-resistance to evil, the rabbi did not say, 'This also is in the Talmud,' but he asked the count: 'Do the Christians obey this command? Do *they* turn the other cheek?' And Tolstoy adds to the recital of this anecdote: 'I had nothing to say in reply, especially as at that particular time Christians were not only not turning the other cheek, but were smiting the Jews on both cheeks.'

The unfortunate relation, then, between Jews and Christians simmers down to this: peoples that believe in non-resistance, but practise it not, hate a people that believes not in non-resistance, but practises it.

Now, if no other element entered into the Jewish problem than the question of this external relation, the real impetus might be lacking for the abandonment of the traditional attitude of non-resistance. For the fierce pride of the martyr is still strong in the tortured breast of the Jew. But in these latter days other elements have entered into the problem, which compel the Jew to revise his attitude toward both his own inner world and the outer non-Jewish world. These newer elements, indeed, deal with the spiritual problem of Jewish life in the Diaspora; but they are usually unrecognized. It is depressing to see the Jewish problem discussed, even by Jews, from without and not from within; as if its inner aspect did not matter; at all events, as if this were something in which the world at large need take no interest, it being the concern of a few Jewish zealots only. Over against this mistaken position, these very Jewish zealots, who are far from obsolete, claim that the only way to solve the Jewish problem is from within. Find the right solution for the internal problem of the Jew, and the external problem, created by the persistence of anti-Semitism, will solve itself.

These two modes of approaching the Jewish problem, the external and the internal, correspond with two eternal types within Jewry. It will do well to call these two types the extraverted Jew and the introverted Jew. Not a particularly pretty jargon, and in a way not very necessary, since the ancient prototypes of the introverted and extraverted Jew are found, respectively, in the Pharisee and the Sadducee. The Pharisee was always intent upon the spiritual problem of the Jew; in order to solve it, he was ready to bring the greatest sacrifices — he was the introverted Jew. The Sadducee was always less spiritual, more worldly, more yielding to the lure of the environment, therefore a hellenizer — he was the extraverted Jew.

And the distinction holds good, too, as between their latter-day counterparts. Your extraverted Modern Sadducee is turned outward: his chief concern is to make his bargain with the world even at the expense of the time-hallowed spiritual treasures of the distinctive Jewish life. He would lose his Jewish soul, if he could only gain the world. The result usually is that he loses both. Your introverted Modern Pharisee, on the contrary, is turned inward, toward the mystic recesses of the Jewish heart: his hope is to keep his own soul and *thereby* ultimately to gain the world. But he would rather lose the whole world than lose aught of the riches of his soul.

To the extraverted Modern Sadducee the Jewish problem is social, philanthropic, economic, and political. Therefore, both his conception and his solution of the problem are wholly external. To the introverted Modern Pharisee the Jewish problem is chiefly spiritual; therefore, his solution is internal. He is greatly troubled by the outer foe; but he is still more seriously aggrieved at the inner foe. The dangers that in this pogrom-haunted world constantly threaten Jewish lives he is painfully aware of; but the perils that menace Jewish *life* loom to him much larger. By the Divine Dispensation the Jew is in *Galuth*, in exile; but the greater calamity is, according to the poignant old phrase, that the Shekinah is in Galuth. This is the real *Judenschmertz* — the Sorrow of the Jewish Soul. Facing the catastrophe of the utter decadence of Jewish life, as he observes it particularly in the Occident, the Modern Pharisee can no longer content himself with non-resistance. He, more than anyone else, knows that a new way must be found. But a new way means first a new education, a new understanding, a new vision.

He knows that the best minds among

his people are groping for a new understanding of the spiritualities of human living; that they are reaching out after a new vision of the relation of the Jew to the Christian world. And he seeks to place this relation on a new basis — a basis that will render unnecessary the traditional attitude as between hater and hated. Let none believe that the Modern Pharisee is nervously apprehensive. Let no anti-Semite assume that he can seriously disturb the miraculous poise of the Semite. If no other shadow lay athwart the path of the Jew than this grotesque, contorted, ridiculously exaggerated shadow of anti-Semitism, the Wandering Jew would pass on with the wan smile of those who have captured the secret of eternal life. But there are other, more familiar, yet more menacing shapes darkening the way of his pilgrimage. Therefore, the Modern Pharisee would at last actively engage in the solution of the Jewish problem. He would cry out, not so much against the world that wrongs the Jew, as against the Jew who wrongs himself. He would save the Jew; and, in saving the Jew, he would save the world from the nightmare of anti-Semitism. For anti-Semitism endangers, not so much the Semite, as the anti-Semite; and the Modern Pharisee would redeem the world from the age-long curse of a hatred which has brutalized the hater more than the hated.

This, in substance, is the cry of the Modern Pharisee.

II

Nothing is so difficult as the delineation of the soul of a people. Many deny that the ethnic soul is more than a convenient abstraction, a verbal handle. It has come to be rather fashionable to scout the theory of race, on both physical and psychological sides. But Emerson says somewhere that race 'is a symmetry that reaches as far as to the wit,' and, surely, in the case of the ancient people, this symmetry of the wit, this integral structure of the Self, has remained true to itself down to our own time. No one would maintain that it is impervious to outside influence; no one — alas! — could say that it cannot be warped into a caricature of itself; but fundamentally it ever remains the same. Ancient monuments unearthed in Bible lands exhibit Jewish types whose modern representatives may be met walking the streets of Lodz or London, of Warsaw or Washington. But if you pass from a reverent reading of the Bible to a thoughtful study of the Jewish character, you will find a still more striking persistence of type — the survival in the recesses of the Jewish heart of the indomitable desert-born spirit that gave the world its law and its religion. Though men forget, the meanest Jew tailor in an East-Side shop is a descendant of the Prophets, and in his veins runs the blood that quickened the pulse of the world.

When Paul spoke of his former, dead self as '*Hebraios ex Hebraiôn, kato nomon Pharisaios*,' — a Hebrew of Hebrews and a Pharisee, — and as a Pharisee son of Pharisees, he sent adown the ages a note of Pharisee pride, the key-note of the Jewish spirit. And although the world, from superficial acquaintance, has accepted this Pharisee pride as a symbol of hypocrisy and self-righteousness, the introverted Jew of our own time does not hesitate to repeat the words of Paul (without, of course, his undertone of contempt), and proclaim himself still 'a Hebrew of Hebrews and a Pharisee': changeless, distinct, unique. The charge of hypocrisy he can easily brush aside; and as for pride, he admits it, yet holds himself guiltless.

For pride is no sin, except when one will not live up to it. Then it becomes a vain boast, the repulsive opposite of

humility. But there is a species of pride — not at all the opposite, but rather the other side of humility — which is tantamount to a pledge of obligation. It aims at manhood's highest fulfilment. It is compounded of a clear knowledge of one's place, a consciousness of both powers and limitations, and a desire to participate wholeheartedly in the passionate business of living. This pride is the child of reverence: the last summing up of the sanctities of Individuality. Its absence, far from being commendable, is the mark of the worthless fellow — *nur Lumpe sind bescheiden.* Its presence is the distinguishing sign of divinely stubborn men, 'terribly meek,' who inherit the earth — and heaven, too.

Of peoples, too, even as of persons, the same holds true: modesty is a sin in any people. The chief duty that a people owes both itself and the world is reverence for its own soul, the mystic centre of its being. There is greatness in being able to turn worldward and say without fear or favor: 'Such as I am, with my strength and my weaknesses, I will take my place in the sun!' particularly when by this is meant the Sun of Righteousness. Now, this group-pride, this heroic self-assertion, is strongly developed in the Jewish people. It has been the one sustaining force in its precarious existence. The Church maintains that the Jew has survived as an everlasting example of shame — a deterrent — a kind of universal bogey-man. The Jew rejoins that he has survived as an everlasting object-lesson in noble pride, an encouragement for all who cherish the handsomeness of the 'symmetry that reaches as far as to the wit,' to whom Personality spells the mystery of mysteries — the last word of life for which all the worlds and all the ages are in ceaseless travail.

And it is this Pride of Jewish Personality which the Modern Pharisee is bent upon preserving and enhancing. It is this Pride of Jewish Personality which he dares to claim much for, in the face of the all-too-patent fact that mankind refuses to accept the Jew *qua* Jew, and girds at the qualities which make for his uniqueness in a world tending increasingly toward monotony. The incongruity — pointed out by Mr. Lloyd George — of singing Jewish hymns on Sunday and killing Jewish men on Monday is not as glaring as the inconsistency between the belief that, when the Divine Personality sought a worthy incarnation, it chose a Jewish personality for its terrestrial garb, and the practice of destroying Jewish personality in the shape of as many Jewish persons as possible. Only the other day six hundred Jews were reported to have been buried alive somewhere in Eastern Europe. In the western part of the world pogroms are subtler, and vivisepulture is not so apparent, but is all the more agonizing for reaching unto the soul and leaving the poor flesh unharmed. Here lack of respect for Jewish individuality is even more keenly felt than elsewhere, set off as it is in sinister fashion by the grant of the purely technical freedom of the ballot-box. It almost seems that Autocracy kills only the body, but Democracy destroys the very soul.

Why this world-wide failure to accord due consideration to the Jewish race-soul? The world, indeed, tends toward democratic standardization; yet it recognizes all other racial and national individualities. French, English, and German differ among themselves; nevertheless, they perceive that race-difference, while oft a source of conflict, is on the whole the creative force behind progress and civilization, making for 'life more abundant.' They do at times poke fun at each other's peculiarities; they call each other names — all in a fairly good-humored way. They do not call one another nasty names except in war-

time; but even *Boche* has no such withering effect, and is never so hissingly uttered, as the opprobrious names that even men of refinement do not scruple to hurl at the people of God. The Sin of Being Different is visited upon no people with such Old-Testament wrath as upon the Jew — and that by the followers of the New Testament. 'Ah,' they say, 'if Jews were only not so distinctive, clannish, separate; if they only consented to commit race-suicide by conversion, intermarriage, assimilation!' It reminds one of the old suggestion that the only way to stop fighting in Ireland is to dip the Emerald Isle in the ocean for just five minutes. But Jews cannot be dipped into the baptismal font, even for several generations, without coming up again the same old Jews. There is scarcely any point in Shylock's pathetic plea, in which he recounts the similarities (omitting, of course, the Semitic nose) between the Gentile physiognomy and the Jewish: for it is precisely the dissimilarities, not alone physical, but chiefly mental, that seem to irk the non-Jewish world.

But the Modern Pharisee knows that these dissimilarities hold the secret of Jewish individuality. Upon this knowledge he stands four-square, neither pleading nor apologizing. He has nothing to hide, nothing to gloss over. He calmly faces all attacks upon the citadel of Jewish personality, no matter whence they emanate: from foe or friend, from the Christian world, or from his own Sadducee brother. The broad way of assimilation — one might call it the Jewish 'Main Street' — he would not tread: he knows too well the egregious folly of assimilation. Moses Hess, one of the first writers on Zionism in the last century, tells amusingly in his startling *Rom und Jerusalem* of the son of a rich German-Jewish banker, who would stand in front of his mirror for hours on end, desperately endeavoring to iron out the Semitic kinks of his hair. But, straight hair or curly locks, can any Jew ever hope to straighten out the 'kinks' of his oriental soul?

This oriental soul the Modern Pharisee claims as his birthright, not to be traded away for the contents of any pot — even though it be the Melting-Pot. What both the ill-will of the world and the cowardice of his weaker brethren regard a reproach and a shame he considers a glory and an honor. And his highest aspiration is to bring the spirit he is made of to its fairest flowering. His very name — Pharisee — means distinctiveness, separation, noble aloofness. He believes the eternal Pharisee spirit to be one of the redeeming forces of the world. For one thing, it is a serious spirit, terribly serious. Then, it is an intense spirit, unspeakably intense: of the deathless quality that moves mountains. Lastly, it is a severely religious spirit, withal shot through with tender humanity, whose chief aim is the abolition of the unjustified difference between the holy and the profane, whose chief protest is against the damning secularization of life.

Granted the eccentricities of this spirit, the world cannot very well be without its heroism, its glorified self-insistence. The Modern Pharisee is profoundly convinced of the worth-whileness of Jewish individuality, not only for its own sake, but also for the sake of mankind. Therefore, more devoutly than the ancient Pharisee ever bound the phylacteries upon his head, the Modern Pharisee, — no longer, perhaps, wearer of these ritualistic symbols — binds pride around his brow. But he insists that it is generous pride: not self-consciousness — rather, consciousness of self!

III

But Individuality is not the name he would give to Jewish shortcomings.

The dividing line between Individuality and Individualism is as thin as, the Talmud says, is the partition between heaven and hell. He has no desire to nurse racial excrescences into rank growth, call their sum by a pretty name like Race-Soul, Mission, Kultur or what not, and palm them off on an unwilling world as the special Jewish contribution to the greatest misery for the largest number. That may be Junkerism; it is not Judaism.

The Modern Pharisee does not maintain that his people has never been guilty of this offense. There is in the very phrase 'Chosen People' that which tends toward sublimation of the failings of the racial Ego into the sanctities of Individuality. And, by all the laws of Freud and common sense, an oppressed people cannot be altogether blamed if it seeks refuge in just such a sublimation; especially when it happens to be dowered with a high-strung, sensitive temperament. Such a people cannot accept the world's unfavorable judgment without some counter-move on the part of the outraged spirit; cannot easily engage in the strenuous exercise of self-criticism.

Nevertheless, the Modern Pharisee dares to call his people to honest self-scrutiny. Let none say that it ill becomes him to issue this call. Contrary to popular notions, the Pharisee spirit was never one of smug self-exaltation. More scathingly than the writers of the New Testament ever did, the Pharisee scribes themselves denounced the hypocritical swaggering brother in the camp. The truth is that the Pharisee was not pharisaic. Neither is his modern counterpart. He would steer clear of the extremes of self-love and self-depreciation. Bobbie Burns's prayer for the 'giftie' to see ourselves as others see us does not exactly appeal to the Modern Pharisee: he has no particular taste for caricature. Why assume off-hand that others would see us with clearer sight? If we must beware of the vanity of the Ego, must we not equally be on guard against the malice of the world? The Modern Pharisee asks for the far higher grace of seeing himself, with his virtues and failings, in utter nakedness, yet unashamed, as God sees him — as he is!

The usual apologetic methods he scorns. Timidity he loathes. He objects to the very notion of having to assume an apologetic attitude. He leaves that to his Sadducee 'coreligionist.' He does not care to stand in the public square frantically waving the flag. Why should it be necessary for any American of Jewish blood and belief to rave and shout, 'I am an American'? He knows that all this waving and raving raises the ghost of the doubt it seeks to lay. Why should the Jew alone have to prove by statements and statistics that he is patriotic? He has proved it on all battlefields — brother killing brother; why all this extra pother?

No less distasteful to him is the constant harping on Jewish achievement, of the well-known 'The-Jew-and-' type: the Jew and Science; the Jew and Art; the Jew and what-not. He hates timidity when it is timid; he hates still more the boldness of timidity; and nothing is quite so bold as timidity when it is thoroughly scared. Why should we have to beat our own drum for the purpose of making out a claim to the world's consideration? True enough, we are a clever and versatile people; too clever, it seems, to produce out of our own body and soul a genius of the highest creative order; but is it not humiliating for a people with a hoary culture to begin at this late date to prove its intellectual attainments? And suppose we were a people of dunces, should we not be entitled to draw mortal breath, to live as freemen, and enjoy full equality before the law, and even behind it? All this noisy

'Apologia pro Vita Sua,' joined in by a whole people, begets an impression of queerness, of abnormality. It smacks of upstartism, of sticky newness. The intellectual parvenu, who is uneasy under the burden of his newly acquired knowledge, is no less objectionable than the shiny nuisance of the recently filled perambulating gold-sack. Some of the results of this tendency are ludicrous. For the attempt to fasten greatness upon the Jew results in fastening Judaism upon the great. No sooner does someone win fame in any field than we appropriate him for ourselves — he must be a Jew! It has become part of the proverbial curse of greatness.

If these methods of apologetics appear vulgar, they are also bankrupt. They fail of their intended effect. Nay, they act boomerang-fashion: they serve as a handle to the anti-Semite. Einstein had to defend his theory of relativity against the attacks of the anti-Semites even more than against the arguments of physicists. Of old the stars in their courses fought against Sisera; but today the foe of Israel would fight the very stars for yielding the secret of their courses to a Jewish scientist. The earth is too small a battleground for anti-Semitism: the battle-lines must be flung far into space. Such is the venom of *cultural* anti-Semitism, deadlier than the economic, social, or political species. In Hungary, where Jews assisted in creating the national Magyar literature, Jews have been driven from the universities and learned professions. It has come to such a pass that Jewish litigants do not retain Jewish lawyers, for fear of prejudicing their case.

In Germany, conditions are no better. The presence of the Jew in the literary and scientific world is regarded an intrusion, — worse than his presence in a high-class American hotel or fashionable residential section, — and by that token, the greater his achievement, the greater the offense. The soul even more than the body of the Semite is the objective of the attacks of the anti-Semite. The latter cries out in alarm — often honest enough — at the infiltration of the ubiquitous Semitic spirit into the national art and culture, arguing that it mongrelizes the national spirit. Mendelssohn filled his music with oriental *motifs;* and no Teuton can forgive Heine for having introduced into Germanic literature, not alone French *esprit*, but also mordant Jewish wit. Poor Heine! For his pointed wit, a statue erected in his honor had to be shipped all over the earth before it could find rest in the Bronx, among his own brothers, the Russo-Jewish needle-workers. The world cannot forgive the Jew his virtues.

The world will not forgive him his virtues, so long as the Jew refuses to forget them. The Modern Pharisee, therefore, objects to the romantic idealization of the Jew. It is doing the Jew poor justice to condemn him to the wearing of a halo. It is almost worse than the wearing of a yellow badge. Humanly speaking, there is nothing so imperfect as perfection. There must be something desperately wrong about a people that is always in the right!

No — the Modern Pharisee does not believe that Jew and Judaism are always right. He believes in self-criticism. He believes in Individuality well disciplined, well cultivated. The only way he would counter the universal criticism of his people is by himself engaging in it, and performing a painful operation with tender hand, which others are sure to perform with ruder touch. And, therefore, he does not like the word 'Prejudice,' applied by his people to every form of opposition manifested toward it. The word begs the question. Prejudice means a judgment without foundation in reason or justice: but to characterize all opposition to us as without foundation is not the way to cope with anti-

Semitism. All anti-Semitism is not due to Christian bias, nor is it of Christian origin. By some inner or outer fatality, the Jew was never beloved of mankind. Jew-hatred harks back to the beginnings of the Jewish people — it is as old as the Jew. It necessitated the first Ghetto in Goshen; but traces thereof are found as early as Abraham's time. The Jewish Bible is the oldest record of anti-Semitism as of Semitism. In the face of the curious fact that we have through timeless time been a target for the hatred of a world, to say that all this was caused by 'prejudice,' unfounded, unreasoned, blind, is to beg the whole question. The charges leveled against us by Pharaoh or Ford (the first famous for his chariots, the second for his automobiles) are indeed false; but what is back of them — the relentless hatred — remains with all its dark flowering of passion. Why? Surely, the time is ripe for the searchings of the Jewish heart.

It does not take much of a flaw to detract from the value of the most brilliant gem. A race-personality may have every brilliant trait, every sterling quality, marred by some fatal flaw. The excellences of Jewish individuality are not to be doubted: they are all on the intellectual and moral side. Its flaw, unfortunately, is on the æsthetic side: the Jew lacks form. And form is, if not everything, a great deal. It is the graceful touch that lessens the natural human impact of personality upon personality; that makes a man acceptable to his fellows in spite of his defects, nay, in spite of his virtues. Superiority is a cardinal sin; to atone for it one must possess this grace. Even morals are made tolerable only by manners. Lacking this grace, one becomes a source of vague but persistent irritation. The Jew seems to be a cause of irritation and unease everywhere. It is the mark of the gentleman, not only that he possesses ease, but, chiefly, that he knows how to put others at ease. This is an inimitable faculty; and to its absence must be attributed most of the social discrimination the Jew complains of.

The Jew is, himself, not at ease. Even the most emancipated Jew has something in his eye, something the Ghetto eye is never without — the look of a deer at bay. In no costly bronze or marble was written the grim story of the Jew, but in the cheaper yet more enduring material of Jewish flesh and blood (is there anything cheaper?); in nerve-fibre and brain-cell; in the dumb unvoiced dreams that live below the threshold of consciousness; in gestures and glances — in all the instinctive mimicry of a past that refuses to die. Hence this atmosphere of unease which the Jew carries about him, and which he communicates unwittingly to his surroundings. The loudness and vulgarity he is often charged with are but extreme manifestations of this unease: the Jew's way of 'whistling to keep up his courage.' It may be that the æsthetic shortcomings of the Jewish individuality are due to the racial preoccupation with the intellectual and moral aspects of life, to the neglect of the æsthetical, and are the defects of its virtues. But defects they are, nevertheless. Granted the world could forgive the Jew his virtues — his defects never!

However, most grievances against the Jew may be traced not so much to racial shortcomings as to historic causes. And the chief of these causes is that Jewish individuality has come in contact with other national individualities in every land on the face of the globe, and thereby become warped, distorted. *This is the heart of the entire problem.* Certain colors, placed side by side, enhance each other; certain others, when contiguous, kill each other. So also with peoples. If the anti-Semite charges that the Semitic spirit mongrelizes his national

culture, the Modern Pharisee complains that the mongrelization is quite mutual. In his concern for the preservation and enhancement of the Jewish type, the latter is horrified to behold to what extent the Semitic strain and spirit become weakened, diluted, hybridized, through contact with alien civilizations. In fact, Jews being a minority people, they are more mongrelized than mongrelizing. Socially and politically the Jew occupies an inferior position; and it is a trite historic observation that, when two races commingle, the weaker race is quicker to adopt the vices than the virtues of the dominant race: Christians, for instance, have always been more successful in spreading among uncivilized tribes whiskey and white plague than in propagating the gospel and salvation. Whatever grain of truth there may be in anti-Semitic charges must be traced to this social phenomenon. We are grateful to the anti-Semites for having called our attention to it; in guarding against mongrelization at the hand of Jews, they will help us preserve our own type. It looks to us as if anti-Semitism were an International Benevolent Society for the Preservation of Semitism.

If Jewish individuality were left to itself, given ample latitude to develop along its own lines, wholesomely and normally, it would, by the moral intensity, moral earnestness, moral vision of the everlasting Pharisee spirit, produce one of the most attractive human types. The fault lies largely, if not wholly, in wrong contacts. For example, we are being charged with Bolshevism on the one hand, and on the other with materialism. We are alleged to be both the rabid enemies and the avid lovers of wealth. In our Bolsheviki the world refuses to see the prophetic passion for social justice, as in our bankers the intellectual ability forcibly directed toward ruthless acquisition. But is Jewish Bolshevism in Russia other than Jewish intensity in contact with and perverted by Slav morbidity and mysticism? And what is the crass Jewish materialism in America, if not Jewish intensity in contact with and perverted by Yankee business acumen? Examples might be multiplied: they are all misshapen creatures born of a cultural *mésalliance.* What God has joined together let no man put asunder; yes — and what God has put asunder let no man join together.

In speaking of unlovely Jewish traits, the Gentile world must not forget that it is a party — and the party of the first part — to this *mésalliance;* that it is one of the parents — and the stronger one — of the resultant miscarriage. When looking in the face of the Jew, the Gentile must not forget that the something — the *je-ne-sais-quoi* — in the Ghetto eye, reminiscent of a deer at bay, is a mirror, not of the soul of the Jew, but of his own soul. Shelley, while living at San Lorenzo, is said to have waked once at midnight with a piercing shriek; and was found standing, with eyes wide open, as if he had seen things not good to look upon. On coming to himself, he told that a figure had beckoned to him, and when he got up, the phantom lifted its hood, showed Shelley the phantasm of himself, and cried: 'Siete satisfatto?' (Are you satisfied?) In the eye of the Jew, in the dread ghost of an age-long hate lurking there, the world might well recognize the phantasm of itself.

And the dark phantom cries to the world: Look at me, look! I am the Jew as you have made me; I am — you! Are you satisfied?

IV

The havoc wrought by the abnormal position that Israel occupies among the nations is most tragically apparent in the inner life of the Jew. Here the decadence is appalling. One hesitates to speak of the progressive deterioration of

the Jewish type; but one does not see how to avoid speaking of something so conspicuous.

The inexorable fact to envisage is that, so far as the Jew *qua* Jew is concerned, political emancipation has failed, and failed miserably. It took the Jew out of the Ghetto, but it put him nowhere in particular. It snatched him from a dingy milieu of unsplendid isolation, but it made him run amuck in an environment where his best instincts became thwarted and stunted. In the meantime, while the visible walls were broken down, he was hedged about with the invisible Ghetto, all the harder to bear for its impalpable partitions. The older Ghetto at least gave him a home, — a home especially for his spirit, — but what does the New Ghetto offer him? Political emancipation, indeed, tendered him the cold comforts of civic equality; but it deprived him of the intimacy, the *hominess*, without which legal recognition is but a mockery. It gave him the ballot-box; and the wealthy Sadducees in the Jewish camp hailed and still hail it as a Messiah (fancy a Messiah in the box!); but oh, what a poor compensation for the loss of the Ark of the Lord! A box for the Ark, and a paper-slip for the Scrolls!

It is difficult to see why Jews could not have kept both, — their old religion and their new citizenship, — but they did not. In the Occident, at all events, they sacrificed to citizenship much, if not all, of their religion; and the pathetic part of it is that citizenship never required such a sacrifice. An illustration in point is the Jewish reform movement, 'made in Germany,' and transplanted to America. Reform Judaism is the religious expression of Political Emancipation; and it failed to solve the religious aspect of the Jewish problem even as Emancipation failed to solve its political aspect.

Reform Judaism started out with the right diagnosis of the religious ills of Judaism; but it failed to provide the right cure. It realized that Judaism had to purge itself from backward ideas and backward practices; hence it sought to remove what was uncouth in the orthodox service; but in so doing, it banished also what was original and distinctive, while it made no essential contribution to religious thought, as it did not differ in its nature from the orthodox faith — both Reform and Orthodoxy belonging to the legalistic type of religion and not to the inspirational type. Only, while Orthodoxy overcame — or, rather, glorified — legalism by means of an instinctive piety, Reform became coldly and correctly formal, philistine, respectable. Over against Orthodoxy, it rightly asserted the claims of rationalism, and admitted the findings of the Higher Criticism: but in the process it chilled all religious enthusiasm, reduced religion to the dead-level of commonplace ethicality; and failed to kindle a new God-passion in the heart of the modern Jew. The new order brought no new ardor.

Thus it failed to initiate a truly liberal religion for this age by showing the modern Jew — in fact, the modern man — how to rise above the merely negative phases of criticism to the heights of a glowing religious affirmation. Thus far, at all events, they have missed the opportunity, which was undoubtedly within their reach, to become the fathers of a genuine latter-day reformation, prophets of a new vision of God to an unbelieving and repellently materialistic generation. Perhaps it is not yet too late to make up for the omissions of the past.

Not long ago, when Sargent's painting, The Synagogue, was hung in the Boston Public Library, with its central figure of a decrepit woman amid broken ruins, the hue and cry against it came chiefly from Reform-Jewish pulpits. And the artistic rejoinder to this piece

of unkind symbolism came in the form of a plaque by the daughter of the venerable head of the Hebrew Union College of Cincinnati, a seminary for the training of Reform rabbis — a plaque adorned, in proof of the enduring vitality of the Synagogue, with various Jewish symbols, such as the ram's-horn, the prayer-shawl, the palm-branch, and so forth. One who knows how these symbols have fallen into desuetude, and how much the sponsors of Reform have contributed toward their obsolescence, can but marvel at the fact that irony can be so subtle, so insidiously unconscious. The truth is that Sargent's symbolism is both right and wrong. It is wrong if applied to the Synagogue, it is right if applied to the synagogues. Synagogues are dead, but the Synagogue lives. The Pattern in the Mount cannot be destroyed, even though the copies that we make of it are poor portraits of the Ideal.

So far as the synagogues are concerned, they seem beyond resuscitation. There is little left. Talmudical Judaism has broken down — it seems, irrevocably. The old ceremonial law is honored more in the breach than in the observance. The dietary laws linger, apparently as an occasion for periodical meat-riots and an excuse for profiteering. The Saturday Sabbath is all but gone: even in thickly populated Jewish sections there is open selling and buying on the Seventh Day, although both merchants and customers are Jews. Recently, when a wealthy uptown congregation sold its synagogue to Seventh Day Adventists, malicious tongues remarked that for the first time in the history of this 'temple' its congregants would be Sabbath-observers.

Add to all this that the old training based on rabbinics is gone, but no new culture has yet taken its place. A generation ago, Hebrew learning was widespread; nowadays, Jewish parents refuse to have their children taught in the sacred tongue of the Prophets, for they regard it as old-fashioned. What, then, is left? A lifeless formalism that no one takes very seriously; here and there a pathetic bit of folklore in connection with death — or marriage customs; a little ostentatious charity; all of this scarcely relieved by the annual visit to the synagogue on the Day of Atonement. It is as if the spirit had long fled the husk. The old words fail to move. The old ideals fail to thrill. And there is no new Sinai from whose thundering top the God of Fathers might speak to his backsliding children.

One does not deplore the loss of customs and ceremonies, for where religion is vital, new forms and rites can be evolved; but one deplores the loss of the transfiguring power of faith, the mystic grace of a triumphant belief. One deplores the coarsening of the texture of Jewish life. If this process of decadence is not somehow stayed, the Jew is in imminent danger of becoming a Sabbathless, religionless devotee of business and pleasure — a being without a sense of God, with no ear for the vast, tender suggestions of Eternity, no understanding of the spiritual meaning of human life. And how distressing such a change would be — from the Man of Sorrows, who bore the pains of the world, to the creature whom nothing hurts any more!

One looks vainly, in the circumstances, for an enlightened leadership to submit the Jew to the hard mercy of self-scrutiny and thus point the way to Jewish regeneration. And Jewish leadership has long passed from the rabbinate to the laity. Formerly learning was the standard of leadership; to-day, it is wealth. Nestroy, Viennese dramatist of the first half of the nineteenth century, represents in one of his plays the prophet Isaiah addressing the people; but as he pours out upon them the lava of his volcanic spirit, they nudge each other sneeringly and say: 'Und das lebt von

unserm Geld!' (To think that this creature lives off our money!) This jibe certainly applies to the relation of laity and clergy in American Judaism. Jewish leadership in America is in the hands of the wealthy laity; but this lay leadership is worldly in character, with no other aim and purpose than to conduct Judaism as a private eleemosynary institution. These rich leaders, indeed, are not wholly to blame; they simply lack the religious vision to recognize the Jewish problem as chiefly spiritual; to feel any consternation at the gradual attrition of all original Jewish values; and so, in their kind-heartedness, they turn to philanthropy and social service, as a sort of outlet for their better impulses; really, as the highest possible expression of an ingrowing materialism.

Wealth being its one necessary qualification, a lay leadership based on lucre would seem to be self-perpetuating. As a matter of fact, however, philanthropic Judaism is in its last throes. It is doomed, not only by its inherent quality of showy worldliness, but because it is inadequate to cope with the Jewish problem. One does not have to read the will of the late Jacob H. Schiff, its greatest and noblest representative, who personified the best there was in its ideals, to know that philanthropic Judaism is all but dead. Yet to many it had seemed that philanthropic Judaism was the last refuge of a spiritually bankrupt people.

Turning, then, from the external relations of the Jew with the world to his intimate life, one is bound to observe that, great as is the tragedy of the Jew, greater still is the tragedy of Judaism. What greater tragedy than the life of a people that has lost its God? The greater tragedy is the fate of a religion that has been the suffering mother of religions, pierced by more than seven wounds, forsaken by her own. But when we search for the cause of this tragedy, this martyrdom of a living spirit, we find it to be the same that underlies other phenomena of Jewish maladjustment already referred to — hybridization through wrong contacts. The Jewish spirit, as history attests, is deeply religious. Tolstoy exclaims somewhere in his writings: 'I have never seen a nonbelieving Jew.' Tolstoy should have been in New York or Chicago. However, it cannot be that, in the short space of a generation or two, Jewry should lose all religious instinct, except in consequence of a temporary aberration that is but a passing incident in a long and perilous history. The task, as the Modern Pharisee sees it, is to bring the Jew back to himself; to aid him in self-recovery; and self-recovery is conditioned upon self-discovery. The Jew must be led back to the Discovery of the Jewish Soul.

The Modern Pharisee's argument, then, is simple. If, looking both within and without, — but particularly within, — we find this unnatural perversion of Jewish individuality through promiscuous contact with diverse civilizations, then the best solution for the Jewish problem is to separate the Jewish type from 'entangling alliances,' restore it to its pristine character, and give it full play to develop in keeping with its own inner law. And this means the gradual repatriation of the Jew in Palestine. The cure for all Jewish ills lies in geography.

V

Heine said whimsically that Judaism is not a religion, but a misfortune. But it is equally true that every sharply marked individuality may be a misfortune. Individuality hangs like a millstone about our necks. We cannot escape from it. It is the fatality within the heart, in a way worse than the dark fatality behind the screen, which was the preoccupation of the Greek genius. Individuality, however, need not be a mis-

fortune. It need not be a weight about our necks; we can make it into wings to our shoulders. It is the prerogative of the human spirit to turn all compulsions into freedom. The secret of this transformation of weight into wing is with the creative force of individuality, which nobly imposes itself upon the world. The Jewish spirit ever understood this secret, and throughout history proudly availed itself of its prerogative.

Jewish history is one long attempt — non-combative, non-resistant — at having the world accept Jewish individuality. It cannot be that so enduring and so heroic an attempt should taper down into failure. The task, therefore, is not merely to save Jews, but to save Jewish individuality. Saving Jews at the expense of Jewish individuality would mean the most dismal failure imaginable, worse than the extermination of the entire race. Saving Jewish individuality, preserving the type, even at the expense of some Jews, would mean success for this unique historic attempt. Jews must understand this — so must non-Jews; and, what with a better understanding and clearer vision, both may yet combine to provide in Zion a new-old setting for the enhancement of Jewish individuality. There alone can weight be turned into wing: for without Zion, the fatality lurking within Jewish individuality must work itself out to a disastrous conclusion.

Probably the boldest and most poignant expression to this fatality is given by Beer-Hoffman, the German playwright, in his thrilling drama, *Jaákobs Traum*. In the scene representing Jacob's flight from Esau, the servant, on their arrival at Beth-el, says to Jacob: —

> 'They whisper timidly, a mighty God
> Is with you.'

Jacob answers bitterly: —

> 'Too much with us, Idnibaál, too much!'

And again: —

> 'Too near he hovers about us, this God —
> What wills He?'

And anon: —

> 'Why choose us, ne'er asking if we consent?'

Here the Eternal Pharisee Spirit turns daringly upon the Maker Himself, with a piercing heart-cry. The Jewish people is a Chosen People, not in the conventional sense, but in the fatal sense of never having had a chance to choose — it always was *chosen*.

Chosen for what? Let History answer.

But the time has at last come for it to choose, and by its sovereign choice, aided by a sympathetic world, to turn the burden into a blessing.

Thus shall it be. The cry of the Eternal Pharisee will yet be heard.

A PROTESTANT CONFESSIONAL

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON

I

THE man who had been talking looked earnestly across the little distance that separated us in the church-study that Sunday afternoon, and I looked back at him in silence; but emotions far deeper than surprise had been stirred by his confession: for he was one of my most trusted church-members, a college graduate, a public-spirited citizen, and a very near friend. I had never dreamed of any trouble like this in his domestic relations, which I had always supposed to be ideal. Now I learned for the first time that the 'breaking-point' had come to another American home, and to one that I had taken for granted was unbreakable.

He had related with almost brutal frankness the reasons for separation from his wife. They were the reasons that most people give for such an act. Incompatibility, whatever that is; nagging; constant fault-finding with little habits; loss of interest, each in the other's interests; breaking health; weariness with the monotony and drudgery of housekeeping; and a number of other reasons which, as he named them over seriously, seemed to me so trivial that I felt like laughing, had I not been so near sobbing.

There had never been another man, or another woman. It was not a triangle, but a try-tangle, as O. Henry might say. But the bond had been broken just the same, the man said, as he sat there on that Sunday afternoon in the church-study.

'If you and your wife have ceased to like each other, do you still love each other?' I asked, after a silence which the man seemed to feel even more than I did.

He leaned forward, and his eye gleamed. Then he slowly drew his chair a little nearer the table that was near my study-desk, and after a curious sort of hesitation, he put his elbows on the table and his head between his hands. When he lifted up his head again, he said slowly, 'There is fire under the ashes yet.'

My heart bounded to hear it. 'Are you and your wife willing to come together here next Sunday and talk it over, before you take the final step?'

He waited so long that I was sure he was going to refuse. But as he rose to go he said, 'Yes, but we —'

I waited for him to finish the sentence, but he drew himself up rather stiffly and went away, after I had named the hour for our meeting. As the door shut, I found myself wondering if he would come with his wife to the Open Door next Sunday. He was evidently struggling with conflicting emotions, and being a very proud man, he went out abruptly, for fear, I think, of breaking down completely and showing his whole heart, one little glimpse of which had been revealed when he spoke of the fire under the ashes.

There were others waiting in the Primary Room, which opened into the study by a side door; and when I looked up from my desk, my sight was cheered

by the two visitors who had been ushered in by the deacon and his wife, who served as introductory hosts to all who were waiting in the other room.

They took the chairs I indicated, and sat down timidly, with openly expressed anxiety. They were not members of my parish, and I did not remember ever seeing them in the congregation. But the young man introduced the young woman and himself by saying, 'We don't belong here, but we came to church a few weeks ago and heard you mention the Open Door as being for anyone in trouble or wanting advice, and that is the reason we are here to-day.'

'You don't either of you look as if you had ever called up the Trouble Clerk,' I said. I could n't help it. They looked so absolutely frank and simple and childlike, in spite of the anxious wrinkle on the forehead, that I caught myself wondering if somehow these two had ever seen an automobile or been to a movie hand in hand.

'We have been engaged for three years,' said the young man, not looking at the young woman, but at me.

I did not have enough insight to guess what the remark was going to lead up to, and waited for more.

'Two and a half, George,' said the young woman, looking at him and not at me.

'It has seemed longer,' remarked George with the first exhibition of real feeling he had yet shown. 'But you see, sir, I am a clerk in the Santa Fé offices, and Emma is in a milliner's store, and we have been saving up so as to have a home of our own and not pay rent.' (Here he went into some figures that I will not put down.) 'And we want to get married — don't we, Emma?'

'Yes,' murmured Emma, with a blush that I was glad to see had not been purchased in a drug store. 'But there are obstacles.'

George looked at Emma, and there was a moment of interesting silence. Then George said, 'We know your time is all taken up, and there are others waiting. You see, the obstacles are these. Emma is a Baptist and I am a Presbyterian. I don't like her minister and she does n't like mine. We don't agree on some of the doctrines. We have talked the whole thing over, and finally agreed to ask your advice. If we get married, Emma won't go to my church and I don't want to go to hers. What do you think we had better do?'

I used to think that Inspiration was a thing of the past. But as I looked at these Babes in the Wood, I was seized with something that closely resembled the real thing.

'Why don't you both join the Congregational church?' I said, with apparent brevity. But the Open Door sometimes necessitated short cuts to reach long results.

George looked at Emma and Emma looked at George, then both looked at me; and there was a look of sudden and surprised joy in the double glance.

'But George has not been baptized,' said Emma; and for the first time I noticed a firm line between her lips.

'Yes, I have,' said George; and I noticed for the first time that George had a Presbyterian lip.

'I am willing to join the Congregational church, if George will be baptized my way,' said Emma.

'I don't mind,' said George unexpectedly. 'But how —'

'The Baptist minister is a good friend of mine, and we can have the use of his baptistry,' I said. And then, to settle the whole decision I added, 'And what Congregational church will you join?'

'Yours!' said George and Emma together. And then George added, as he smoothed out the wrinkle that had been on his forehead, 'And would you marry us, sir?'

'With all your hearts,' I replied. And then I asked them to name the day and the place.

'Suppose we say the day after we join the church,' said George.

'Why not *on* the day?' suggested Emma.

'Yes, I think that would be better,' George assented, with a smile that revealed his confidence in Emma's good judgment. 'And could you marry us here in the study after the service?' he asked, with business directness. 'We don't either of us have any relatives living here, and it would —'

'Glorify the study to have a wedding in it on Sunday,' I said. 'By all means. You secure your church letters and your license, and I will do the rest. And I am sure the Lord will add his blessing.'

It is safe to say that never in all my experience with the Open Door, have I ever seen two human beings more blissfully happy than George and Emma as they went out of that study. They left a glow of light so strong that I hardly needed to turn on the electricity, although it was getting to be late in the afternoon.

There were two or three cases of inquiries from older men asking for positions, and from a college student wanting answers to some religious difficulty; and then, in came a case of real trouble: not even the man who was contemplating divorce could quite equal this.

He was a member of the church, had been an official in the Bible School, and prominent in the social activities. And the first thing he said was, 'I need five hundred dollars, or I shall be in jail tomorrow morning.'

It was one of the understood conditions of the Open Door that those coming to confess should not keep back anything vital, but tell the entire story. So the man went on.

'I have taken the money sent me to invest and spent it to pay my own debts.' He went into details. 'And I have been found out and notified to pay up tomorrow or be arrested. Pastor, do you realize what that means! Disgrace to my family! Dishonor to my children! I must have this money! My credit is gone on the street! All my business friends are suspicious. I don't know where else to go. And I have carried this thing around alone so long that I can't bear it any longer.'

The sweat rolled over his face and he clutched at the edge of the study-desk, almost down on his knees in his agonizing appeal and shame. It was getting dark in the room now, but it was no time to turn on physical light. It was a case of real need, and I thanked the Lord and the farsighted Board of Trustees that we could meet it.

'You can have the money the first thing in the morning,' I said. 'The Emergency Fund will take care of it. I will call up the director of the fund, and by the church rules you can borrow this amount on your note without interest, subject to renewal after six months. You know about that provision of the church, don't you?'

'I do, but I had forgotten it. I was going to borrow the money from you.'

'Brother,' I said, 'you are not borrowing this money from me, but from the Lord. I lay it on your soul to make full restitution and sin no more.'

He laid his head down on the little table, and flung his arms across it, and the silence and the twilight helped to make the prayer we had together do its healing work on his tired heart. He went out after receiving the order from the director, whom I had called up, to secure the money the first thing in the morning. And when, several years later, this brother laid his head down, not to lift it again, he did it with the proud knowledge that all obligations to the church and to his creditors had been fully met, and what was more, with the

full knowledge that his sin had been forgiven and forgotten by a Divine Redeemer whose memory is as short as his mercy is wide.

II

Sitting in the study the next Sunday, at the hour appointed for the man and his wife to come in together, I noted with a sense of gratitude that one of my plants in the window, which I had thought was dying, seemed to be reviving after the dry spell of the past week; and I had just started to sprinkle over the still drooping leaves some fresh water, when the door from the Primary Room opened, and the man and his wife came in.

They came and stood together by the little table near my desk, and I knew in a second that nothing, no, not even 'death's cold sullen stream,' as the church hymn untruly calls it, would ever separate these two.

'You see, pastor,' the man was saying after a while, 'we found that there was a fire on the hearth, and not under the ashes, and by God's grace it will never go out. I think it must have been the recital of the trivial reasons I gave to you that made me see, as I went away from here a week ago, how mean and small and cowardly I was.'

The woman's hand went out to lay firm fingers on the man's lips, and the tears rained over her worn cheek as he placed an arm around her shoulder and let it slip down to her waist.

They told me simply of their plans for a change of programme, to redeem the monotony and lack of interest, and begin all over the romance that had not been broken after all, but only sadly warped. And when at last they went away, after the prayer of thanksgiving they craved, I plucked the last blossom from the reviving plant and gave it to them. The woman took it, touched her lips with it, then laid it on her husband's, and they went out leaving a rainbow in the eyes that watched them go.

That was many years since, but a letter came not long ago from a distant home. 'The fire on the hearth is still burning. And the ashes are under it.'

The Open Door swung in almost as fast as it swung out, and the faces and their troubles kept changing as the afternoon shadows lengthened. It was not always trouble, either. Questions about child-training; requests for reference-books in college studies; earnest young souls in doubt as to life's call to profession or business or activity; not infrequently, the open longing for the higher life in spirituality; many requests for prayer for wayward sons and daughters, some at home, others far off on land or sea; questions as to proper ways of conducting one's daily affairs on the basis of the Golden Rule, especially when the other parties involved refused to do so; very many anxious members in debt or struggling with ill health; these latter could often be helped by counsel, to which devoted and wise souls in the parish gave of their wisdom in the days that followed the private visit to the Open Door. And cases of fear, with the dread shadow of serious operation and hospital expense, were not a few.

The stream of human sin and sorrow seemed at times to be dark and deep, as the Sunday afternoons went by. An astonishing revelation of the inner life of the parish, never apparent to the man in the pulpit as he looked out into the faces of the decorous congregation, but revealed in the little study, with the agony of the cry for help or the struggle of those who had yielded to defeat, and were ready to sink in the slough of their own cowardly admission that they had failed to put to the test the faith they had claimed to have at the Communion table or the marriage altar.

It was one of those days that common

consent calls dismal. A rainy Sunday is no worse than a rainy Monday or Saturday, but it often seems so; and as I stood looking out of the little study that particular Sunday afternoon, and watched the elm trees in the churchyard drip and the water run over the curb of the little driveway on the side, I said to myself that even the faithful could hardly be expected to come out to the evening service. I opened the door into the Primary Room, where the deacon and his wife were waiting, and they agreed with me that no other visitors were likely to come that afternoon. There had been only a few in the first part of the hour, and they had all gone.

But as we stood in the gathering twilight, one came in, drenched as if she were a part of the storm, with trembling look and uncertain step. I think the deacon and his wife must have known already something of the truth, they were so widely loved and so deeply trusted; but after the deacon's wife had removed the rain-soaked outer garment and the girl had stood shrinkingly by the cheerful grate-fire a few moments, she moved over to the study door, and slipped in ahead of me. The deacon's wife turned to me a face that glittered with warm tears, as I went in and she softly shut the door.

The girl had fallen on her knees by the side of the little table. Her wet straggling hair fell over her arms. She sobbed as only those sob who pass through the valley of woman's fall, and I knew without a word that one of the choicest of my flock had to come tell of a shame she could not bear to endure alone. Her people, her girl friends, the church, her future, the Christ of God whom she had vowed to love and follow and obey, — the world of acquaintance, — it all swept over her as she lay there, tortured into an old grown-up life without its experience, except the terrible experience of ageing transgression.

But I know that when, at last, after full and abject confession of her sin, she found the arms of the deacon's wife about her, and knew that there was still friendship even for her, and she finally went out into the storm, it beat upon her heart with less terror. And when her child was born, and all the world knew, there came to her in following days a peace and comfort that stayed her soul as she read the story of the Magdalene and repeated the act of pouring the contents of her alabaster box on His feet.

A letter lies on my desk, written during the war from a nurses' headquarters near the front, and the girl, now a woman in years as well as transgression, says that the good God has been to her a well-spring of joy. 'Joy!' And then I hark back to that dark Sunday afternoon in the little study, and the sobbing figure in the centre of it, and I no longer doubt the healing strength of God and Time, the two Companions of Hope for sinning and despairing mortals.

III

I have kept no written record of the human histories that unfolded pages of sorrow and humor and selfishness and nobility and reality in the little study, as the Door of Hope stood open on Sunday afternoons for many years. It did not seem at the time that any records ought to be set down for others to read. And the accounts already given here, in this brief manner, would not presume to violate sacred confidences there received. But the ones of whom mention is here made are no longer living or, if they are, consent has been freely given to name the circumstance or event. But of one singular experience connected with the Open Door for Confession no mention has ever been made before this, and it is made now with some diffidence, because it was so unusual, that to

relate it seems almost to be running as great a risk of losing the confidence of friends as to vouch for the catch of a ten-pound trout in a pool where no fish had ever before been hooked. At that risk, however, may I be allowed to speak of the Open Door as it stood open one night, owing to the great number who came for counsel and could not be waited upon during the afternoon?

It had been a constant and absorbing stream of human need and yearning and questioning all the afternoon, and when the evening service was over and the congregation gone and the last confession had been made, apparently, and the deacon and his wife and even the janitor had departed, I found myself alone in the little study, and the hour was near to midnight. I had notified the folks at home that I should be delayed about getting away; and in the quiet following the storm of human passion and sorrow, I sat down to rest, and brood over the craving that the soul has always, and always will have, for companionship, even to the desire of sharing its wrong with others.

I had been sitting perfectly quiet for several minutes, when the study door leading to the little driveway on the side of the church was flung open and a man stepped in, with one long stride up to the side of my desk, flinging the door shut with a great hand, and, without a word, seated himself heavily, simultaneously with the banging of the door. At the same time, he laid down on the table an automatic, but covered it with his left hand.

'Have you got a Bible?' he said. And as the question was a fair one to put to a preacher, I said, as honestly as I could, 'Yes, I have several.'

'Hand over one,' he said; and as he spoke, his hand that lay on the gun moved significantly.

I 'handed over' a copy of the King James version, and the man, without taking one eye off the gun, opened to Ezekiel 9:5. And he began reading in a dead-level tone that was the first real intimation that possibly he was n't just 'right.'

' "And he said in mine hearing, Go ye through the city after him, and smite; let not your eye spare, neither have pity." '

At that point he stopped suddenly, and said, as he slowly lifted up the gun and began turning the muzzle of it in my direction, 'I have had orders from above to kill you to-night, and these words are my authority.'

Now I do not claim to be any less afraid of anything than anybody else, and I don't mind saying that, at this point in the meeting, it seemed quite certain that it was going to adjourn *sine die*, so far as I was likely to attend any more. But by what I hope may go down as a providential circumstance, I had just been making a special study of Ezekiel, and I knew the ninth chapter almost by heart; and before the gun-muzzle was quite in line with my heart, a part of which I hoped he might miss, because it was not in its usual place, I said, 'But you have not finished the verse. For it goes on to say, "But come not near any man upon whom is the mark."'

He hesitated, and laid the gun down, still covering it with his hand, and, as I measured the distance critically, I saw it was just a little too far for me to reach. And then his eye went back to Ezekiel, and I saw a sudden gleam in it as he spoke: 'But it goes on to say, "And begin at my sanctuary." This is a sanctuary, a church. And it was in a church that I was ordered by the authority to smite you.'

Again his hand began to turn the muzzle of the forty-two in my general direction, and again I was reminded that if I ever preached another sermon from Ezekiel, I should have to make

some special preparation. But I found myself saying, with calm authority, 'Let us be certain that you do not act too hastily in this matter. For surely you must remember what Elisha said to a great king, when the king said, "My Father, shall I smite them? shall I smite them?" And Elisha said to the king, "Thou shalt NOT smite them."

As I spoke with some eloquence, evoked by the audience, the man seemed quite impressed, and he said as again he laid the gun down, 'Where is that passage?'

Again I thanked a devout mother, who had us read the Bible all through by course, because it gave me the ability to say promptly, 'Second Kings, seven, twenty-one and two.'

With the cunning of an intelligent crazy man, I saw him turn the Bible leaves back from Ezekiel to Kings, and find the verses.

'You are right,' he said gravely. And that part of my heart which had been under my tongue dropped down into the place made for it. But I was too hasty. The man suddenly turned back to Ezekiel and to the verse he had first quoted.

'It says, "Come not near any man upon whom is the mark." Where is your mark?'

Now I am not ashamed to say, I hope with due modesty, that I had sometimes hoped I had made my 'mark'; but it was not visible to my Biblical visitor, and I thought quickly. I knew enough about the child-mind of crazy people to realize that it must be something very real and tangible in the nature of a mark or sign, to make his next move with that gun in another direction from the one in which it was now aimed. And, ridiculous as it may seem, my memory at that moment went clear back to the old prairie homestead farm in South Dakota, where I passed my boyhood in a log-house. And quicker than the man's hand could swing the weapon toward my body, I recalled the wound I had received when an angry Texas cow had gored me and tossed me over the barnyard fence, to lie bleeding with a severed artery and torn ligaments.

I did not dare take off my coat, but with the words I rolled up the sleeve of my right arm as I said, 'Behold the "mark!"'

Thanks to the thorough work of that cow, the scar that I shall always bear is large and convincing. And the man seemed to be ready to accept the testimony. His gaze went keenly toward it, but his hand never let go the gun. In the second of his absorption on the 'mark,' however, I saw what I shall always think was my only escape from a final shot, in spite of all the Biblical proof, and with a sudden turn of the electric switch, which was fortunately close enough for me to touch it, I turned out the light and, not stopping to say goodbye, I made a dash for the door into the Primary Room, opened and shut it, and through that room, out-of-doors; and once out-of-doors, I am frank to say that I ran down the alley that bounds the church on the rear.

I was a good runner in college, and once held the record for the 400-yard dash. But I shall always regret that no one was present to take my time down that alley, where I am quite sure a world-record was broken that night.

When I reached home, I telephoned the State Hospital that I thought one of the inmates was at large, and without going into details, gave my reasons. I found that my suspicions were correct. The man was caught next day thirty miles from the church, so I gathered he must have made almost as good time getting away as I did. And the event passed into Mr. Wells's *Outline of History*, and time dimmed its truthful absurdity, which the reader does not have to believe if he does not want to, any

more than he believes any other authentic history. I have not, however, mentioned it because it was in itself any more remarkable than scores of human stories that were acted out in that little study. And I surely hope that the relation of it in connection with this narrative of the Open Door will not frighten any other minister away from the establishment of a like custom with his Protestant folk.

For, as the years flow down the channel of time, and other interests and ambitions lose their hold on mind and imagination, that Open Door still stands in my thought as one of the parts of a church-life that I believe the church in America is missing, and, as a result, losing its hold on real life.

The three things that have made the Catholic Church a power in history have been its Unity, its Dogma, its Confession.

The Protestant church does not have these. It may not need the first and second; but there is no reason why it should not have the third. One of the first struggles of the average Protestant minister seems to be to get an audience to come into a building to hear him preach. If he cannot do that, either by sensational methods or by moving pictures or unusual preaching, his ministry is called a failure. The average church committee, seeking a man for a church, wants a man who can draw a crowd. The church is looked upon as a place to go to, to hear someone.

But people want something more than preaching. They want comfort and courage and the help that does not come to them when it is handed out wholesale. The confessional of the Roman Church is a recognition of a human craving so deep and eternal, that it is a bewildering thing to see how it has been ignored by the Protestant church, which has emphasized preaching above pity, and the pulpit above the person. It is always easy to predict what might happen if something is done in place of something else; but I would like to suggest that if the churches of America opened a Confessional that would minister to the primary needs of peoples' souls, in between the preaching and the multiplied committees and meetings and organizations, the church — the Protestant church in this country — would begin a chapter in its life that would do away with the questions, how can we reach the masses? what shall we do with the second service? why don't people go to church? and all the rest of the wail that goes up concerning the churches' weakness. A whole Sunday afternoon given every week to the Open Door, established as a church custom, might in multitudes of churches prove to be worth more than all the pulpit ministrations and all the machinery of multiplied organizations.

One of my reasons for this belief is found in letters like this, which dropped on my desk the other day from one who had come into the study years ago, and is now living on the other side of the world, under the Southern Cross, in the quiet places where men seldom meet, and where no church-bell ever rings, and the only public worship is the worship of a few who sit together on Sunday afternoons in a small cabin and dwell on the infinite power in their finite but eternal spirits: —

'That Sunday afternoon in the Open Door saved me from physical and spiritual death. I was tired of the struggle. I was terrified over my sin and shame. I did not know where to go for the rest and peace of mind I knew I must have, or I would lose my grip on all the things that make life worth having. When I went in, I was empty with despair. When I went out, I was filled with hope. It is no exaggeration to say that those few minutes meant more to me than all the years of worship in public I had

ever known. You will forgive me. I often fell asleep when you preached. You said good things to me, but you never let me talk back. I was hungry to say something to you. The sermons were good enough, but they never found me, and *They never understood my personal sin and my personal hunger.* Under this canopy of the stars that form the eternal symbol of the suffering Redeemer, I send this to you as a slight token of my gratitude for a Door that stood Open to welcome my need in its darkest hour.'

I wonder, as the years flow down the channel of Time, why I have put so much emphasis on the Pulpit, and so little on the People in my parish. God forgive me if I have thought more of my sermons than I have thought of my souls.

BOSWELL IN LOVE

BY CHAUNCEY B. TINKER

I

In all the varied business of living there is perhaps no matter which must be conducted more strictly according to rule and precedent than the business of wooing a wife. There is a recognized way of getting the thing accomplished (based, no doubt, on the instinct and experience of the race), and brave is the man who dares to adopt any other. 'All the world loves a lover'—if he observes the conventions of the game; but if he does not, the world pours out upon the unfortunate creature the contempt which it always feels for those who do not accept its own methods.

One of these is furtiveness. There must be something clandestine about the first stages, if not all stages, of the process. Courtship is a kind of theft, and the amorous pair continue the policy of stealth long after their secret is known to the world. Indeed, the public demands it. If you feel the impulse to tell the story of your passion to a friend at Piccadilly Circus, you must refrain, even though he be the friend of your bosom. If you desire to print the verses which you have addressed to the lady of your choice, you must remind yourself that it is not done. Let the verses be discovered in the secret drawer of the escritoire after your death, and the public will be glad to read them.

Again, you must not seek advice. You may have the counsels of the world on every subject but this; but unless you are willing to be dubbed a fool, you must go unaided to meet this most momentous issue of life. Your friends, to be sure, will be the first to criticize you for not having somehow divined (and followed) the advice which they could not and would not give; but to this criticism you must be deaf. It is true that, if you care at all for your friends, the introduction of a new person into your old relationships may be fraught with consequences of the gravest import-

ance; but to all these you must be blind.

Finally, you must be sure of yourself: you are not permitted to be in doubt whether the emotions you are experiencing may be true love or not. You may be wrong, but you must not doubt. If you finally wake to the realization that you are, and have been, wrong, you may try again; but, again, you are not permitted to waver. You may, perhaps, be of so happy a temperament that a thousand ladies seem to you worthy of your love and capable of making you happy, but this view you must conceal as a heresy. The prize that you draw must make all other drawings seem blank; you must not scan and compare the blessings of other men. You may let men know of your disillusion or (ultimately) of your success, but you must not tell the story of your doubt, as you must not tell the story of your progress to success.

It has been necessary to analyze these rules, because, in the love-story that is to follow, every one of them was outraged, and outraged repeatedly. To many the story will seem so preposterous as to be incredible. Let such readers recall the conventions of society and their life-long observance of them, and get such satisfaction as they may out of the thought that they are not as James Boswell. Yet Boswell was a human being, who, after his strange wooings, became a loving husband.

Let the reader remember that the evidence which is to be placed before him is, in general, taken from letters written to the best loved of all his friends, the Reverend William Temple, the friend of his boyhood, his devoted correspondent and confidant. All his days Boswell felt a consuming desire to impart his emotions to a confidant — a desire worthy of comparison, perhaps, with that of the heroines in Racine's tragedies, save that it dispenses with the trappings of dignity and reserve, unwillingly abandoned, which distinguish the amorous ladies of the classical drama. There was much to tell, and he could but rejoice that he had a friend to tell it to. The story had begun in their boyhood, when the two foolish youngsters told each other of the kind of woman they would be willing to marry.

James, it would appear, pretended, in the beginning, to be mature and philosophical about it all. His ambitions, from the earliest moment, seem to have been astir, but they prompted him to dreams of greatness in the world of *men*. With the fulfillment of this dream, might not woman interfere? Long before they come within our ken, Temple and Boswell — or, rather, Willie and James — had made a jest out of this dream of greatness, and they never forgot it as long as they lived. Exactly what it signified to them we do not know, — for who shall interpret the cryptic wit of friendship? — but its general meaning is clear. From the beginning Boswell had determined to be great, and from the beginning his ambition had been the subject of playful jest, such as friend uses with friend. Again and again he writes to Temple of some recent experience, 'I was the Great Man.' With this dream of greatness there mingled thoughts of a helpmate who should be a worthy mistress of Auchinleck. Manifold were the natural graces and the endowments of fortune with which this lady must be blessed: wealth, beauty, and affability should unite their charms in the perfect harmony that was to make up this impossible she. As Shelley, in a later age, was always imagining that he had found at last his ideal embodied in the flesh, so, though in less exalted strains and with more earthly attributes, did our young Boswell dream that he had found his mate. In the first of his letters that has come down to us, we find the following passage: —

You know I gave you a hint in my last of the continuance of my passion for Miss W——t; I assure you, I am excessively fond of her, so (as I have given you fair warning) don't be surprised if your grave, sedate, philosophick friend, who used to carry it so high, and talk with such a composed indifference of the beauteous sex, and whom you used to admonish not to turn an Old Man too soon, don't be thunderstruck, if this same fellow should all at once, *subito furore abreptus*, commence Don Quixote for his adorable Dulcinea. But to talk seriously, I at first fell violently in love with her, and thought I should be quite miserable if I did not obtain her; but now it is changed to a rational esteem of her good qualities, so that I should be extremely happy to pass my life with her, but if she does not incline to it I can bear it *æquo animo* and retire into the calm regions of Philosophy. She is, indeed, extremely pretty, and posest of every amiable qualification. She dances, sings, and plays upon several instruments equally well, draws with a great deal of taste, and reads the best authors; at the same time she has a just regard to true piety and religion, and behaves in the most easy affable way. She is just such a young lady as I could wish for the partner of my soul, and you know that is not every one, for you and I have often talked how nice we would be in such a choice. I own I can have but little hopes, as she is a fortune of 30,000 pounds. Heaven knows that sordid motive is farthest from my thoughts. She invited me to come and wait upon her, so I went last week and drank tea; I was kindly entertained, and desired to come when convenient. I have reason to believe she has a very good opinion of me, and, indeed, a youth of my turn has a better chance to gain the affections of a lady of her character, than of any other; but (as I told you before) my mind is in such an agreable situation that being refused would not be so fatal as to drive me to despair, as your hot-brained, romantick lovers talk. Now, my dear friend, I sincerely ask ten thousand pardons for giving you the trouble of this long narration; but as it is a thing that concerns me a good deal, I could not but communicate it to you, and I know, when I inform you how happy it makes me to open my mind, you will forgive me. Pray never speak of it; you are the only person knows of it, except Mr. Love who reads to her, and takes every unsuspected method to lend me his freindly assistance. Oh Willie! how happy should I be if she consented, some years after this, to make me blest! How transporting to think of such a lady to entertain you at Auchinleck!

Mr. Love, who was acting as the go-between and from whom the young man had probably first learned of his charmer, was an actor, who eked out a precarious living by teaching elocution and borrowing money from Boswell. His efforts at match-making, however, were unsuccessful. The fair Miss W——t remains unidentified. She was not destined to become mistress of Auchinleck or to settle her £30,000 on our hero.

The letter from which the quotation is drawn is one written by Boswell before he was eighteen years old; he had yet to visit London, to complete his legal studies, and to make the Grand Tour. But even amid the distractions of London and foreign travel, his thoughts ran continually upon love. The search for his Dulcinea was to share in his search for the Great, and the problem was to be laid before more than one of his heroes.

II

While he was pursuing his legal studies at Utrecht, Boswell, at the age of twenty-three, became intimate with the family of the Baron de Zuylen. His daughter Belle (or Isabella), who preferred the fanciful name, Zélide, which she had fabricated for herself, was exactly of Boswell's age, and like him in many respects. She was a true and very delightful daughter of the eighteenth century, vivacious in the extreme, yet subject to continual fits of sensibility, romantic yearnings, and dreams of free love. As a keen student of mathematics, — she rose early in the

morning to master conic sections, — she soon emancipated herself from the Christian religion, which was not sufficiently exact to commend itself to her intelligence, and lost herself in the perplexities of metaphysical speculation. She longed to become rational in thought and conduct. But with all the instincts of a bluestocking, she retained a pardonable vanity, and loved laughter and high spirits. In introspective fashion she wrote a 'portrait' of herself, which is perhaps the best introduction to her somewhat complicated personality. It is in French and may be rendered thus:—

Compassionate in temper, liberal and generous by inclination, Zélide is good only by principle; when she is sweet and yielding, give her credit for making an effort. When she is long civil and polite with people for whom she does not care, redouble your esteem, for it is martyrdom. Vain by nature, her vanity is boundless; knowledge and contempt of human kind had long since given her that. It goes, however, further even than that, as Zélide herself must admit. She thinks already that glory is naught in comparison with happiness, and yet she would go far for glory.

At what period do the lights of the spirit take command of the inclinations of the heart? At that period will Zélide cease to be a coquette. Sad contradiction! Zélide, who would not wish to strike a dog unthinkingly or to crush a miserable insect, is perhaps willing, at certain moments, to make a man wretched — and this by way of amusing herself, in order to win a kind of glory which does not even flatter her reason and touches her vanity for but an instant. But the fascination is short; apparent success brings her back to herself; she no sooner realizes her intention than she despises it, abhors it, and would fain renounce it for ever.

You ask me if Zélide is beautiful, pretty, or passable? I am not sure; it depends on whether she is loved or wishes to make herself loved. She has a fine throat, she is sure, and makes a little too much of it, at the expense of modesty. Her hand is not white, as she also knows, and she makes a jest of it, but she would prefer not to have to make it a subject of jest.

Tender in the extreme, and no less delicate, she can be happy neither with love nor without it. Friendship never had a holier or worthier temple than Zélide. Realizing that she is too sensitive to be happy, she has almost ceased aspiring to happiness; she devotes herself to virtue, flees repentance, and seeks amusements. Pleasures are rare with her, but lively; she seizes them, and relishes them ardently. Knowing that plans are vain and the future uncertain, she is particularly desirous of rendering the moment happy as it flies.

Do you not guess it? Zélide is a little voluptuous; her imagination can make her smile, even when her heart is heavy. Feelings too strong and lively for her mechanism, excessive activity, which lacks a satisfactory object — these are the source of all her ills. With organs less sensitive Zélide would have had the soul of a great man; with less wit and sense, she would have been only a feeble woman.

This self-conscious, ambitious young lady and our self-conscious, ambitious young hero immediately became fast friends. They exchanged news of their melancholy symptoms, and Zélide listened with patience, and apparently with appreciation, to James's eternal advice. Then they would suddenly become hilarious, and the wit, as Boswell afterward described it, flashed like lightning.

But Zélide's skepticism dismayed Boswell. Why should the mind of a young lady be possessed by the seven devils of rationalism? It is natural enough for a man to fall a victim; but females should not know that rationalism exists. Moreover, Boswell had himself been grounded in the principles of Christianity by Samuel Johnson, and was still reasonably sure of his faith. This was perhaps the most serious obstacle to their union, and Boswell set himself to remove it. But Zélide was not easily influenced, — had she not studied conic sections? — and so Bos-

well came to feel that perhaps, after all, she was not the bride for him.

It would have been a comparatively simple thing to win her, had he set about it in a determined way, inasmuch as her parents liked the young man and encouraged his advances. 'Il est fort mon ami,' wrote Zélide, 'et fort estimé de mon père et de ma mère, de sorte qu'il est toujours bien reçu quand il vient me voir.' That he approached the subject a score of times, no one who reads the following letter can doubt. The pair of them seem to have reached a friendly conclusion that they were not suited for each other. He appears, with his infinite *naïveté*, to have explained her deficiencies to her; for once, when reckoning up her various lovers, she wrote, 'Boswell will never marry me; if he did marry me, he would have a thousand regrets, for he is convinced that I would not suit him, and I do not know that I should care to live in Scotland.' They agreed, therefore; and yet there was a magnetic force that drew them ever to each other. Boswell would make love to her, in spite of the finest assertions that he was not going to — that he was now a completely rational being, a philosophic creature, and what not. Perhaps, in it all there mingled some misgivings at the thought of confessing to his father that he was desirous of bringing home a Dutch bride.

The letter that Boswell addressed to Zélide a month or so after leaving Utrecht is the only love-letter of his which has been preserved to us. It is also one of the longest that he ever wrote — so long, indeed, that it is inadvisable to print it all. I excerpt those passages of it which deal with love. It is to be hoped that the reader will not be deceived by the calmness and impudence of the opening passages, but will note the crescendo of feeling which culminates in the final postscript.

Consider, my dear Zélide, your many *real* advantages. You are a daughter of one of the first familys in the Seven Provinces; you have a number of relations of rank. You have a very handsom fortune, and I must tell you, too, that Zélide herself is handsom. You have a title to expect a distinguished marriage. You may support a respected and an amiable character in life. Your genius and your many accomplishments may do you great honour. But take care. If those enchanting qualitys are not governed by Prudence, they may do you a great deal of harm. You have confest to me that you are subject to hypochondria. I well believe it. You have a delicate constitution and a strong imagination. In order to be free from a distemper which renders you miserable, you must not act like one in despair. You must be carefull of your health by living regularly, and carefull of your mind by employing it moderately. If you act thus, you may expect to be happy; if you resign yourself to fancy, you will have, now and then, a little feverish joy, but no permanent satisfaction. I should think you should believe me. I am no clergyman. I am no physician. I am not even a lover. I am just a gentleman upon his travels who has taken an attachment to you and who has your happiness at heart. I may add, a gentleman whom you honour with your esteem.

My dear Zélide! You are very good, you are very candid. Pray, forgive me for begging you to be less vain; you have fine talents of one kind, but are you not deficient in others? Do you think your *reason* is as distinguished as your imagination? Beleive me, Zélide, it is not. Beleive me, and endeavour to improve.

After all this serious counsel, I think my conscience cannot reproach me for writing to you. I am sure that your worthy father could not be offended at it. I am sure that I intend to do you service if I can. . . .

As you and I, Zélide, are perfectly easy with each other, I must tell you that I am vain enough to read your letters in such a manner as to imagine that you realy was in love with me, as much as you can be with any man. I say *was*, because I am much mistaken if it is not over before now. Reynst[1] had not judged so ill. You have no

[1] Zélide's brother.

command of yourself. You can conceal nothing. You seemed uneasy. You had a forced merriment. The Sunday evening that I left you I could perceive you touched. But I took no notice of it. From your conversation I saw very well that I had a place in your heart, that you regarded me with a warmth more than freindly. Your letters showed me that you was pleasing yourself with having at last met with the man for whom you could have a strong and a lasting passion. But I am too generous not to undeceive you. You are sensible that I am a man of strict probity. You have told me so. I thank you. I hope you shall always find me so. Is it not, however, a little hard that I have not a better opinion of you? Own, Zélide, that your ungoverned vivacity *may* be of disservice to you. It renders you less esteemed by the man whose esteem you value. You tell me, 'Je ne vaudrois rien pour votre femme, je n'ai pas les talens subalternes.' If by these talents you mean the domestic virtues, you will find them necessary for the wife of every sensible man. But there are many stronger reasons against your being my wife, so strong that, as I said to you formerly, I would not be married to you to be a King. I know myself and I know you. And from all probability of reasoning, I am very certain that if we were married together, it would not be long before we should be both very miserable. My wife must be a character directly opposite to my dear Zélide, except in affection, in honesty, and in good humour. You may depend upon me as a freind. It vexes me to think what a number of freinds you have. I know, Zélide, of several people that you correspond with. I am therefore not so vain of your corresponding with me. But I love you, and would wish to contribute to your happiness.

We may well pause here for breath. There has been little enough so far of what is conventionally regarded as the style of a love-letter; nevertheless, when a gentleman displays obvious annoyance because a lady has so many other correspondents, he may, if a thousand novelists speak the truth, be regarded as having reached that stage of jealousy to which she has labored to reduce him. It is clear that, whether or not Zélide cared to marry our friend, she was not unwilling that he should languish at her feet. Did she not confess herself a coquette? That she knew how to pique his interest is evident from her very words, which have struck him, as she intended they should do, and which rankle. The talents of a subaltern wife she does not possess. Nor, I venture to think, was it well for Boswell to marry a woman who had them. But let us return to our letter.

You bid me write whatever I think. I ask your pardon for not complying with that request. I shall write nothing that I do not think. But you are not the person to whom I could without reserve write all that I think. After this I shall write in French. Your correspondence will improve me much in that language. You write it charmingly. Am I not very obedient to your orders of writing *des grandes lettres?* You must do the same. While I remain at Berlin, my address is *chez* Messieurs Splizerber et Daum, Berlin. Adieu. Think and be happy. Pray write soon and continue to show me all your *heart*. I fear all your *fancy*. I fear that the heart of Zélide is not to be found. It has been consumed by the fire of an excessive imagination. Forgive me for talking to you with such an air of authority. I have assumed the person of Mentor. I must keep it up. Perhaps I judge too hardly of you. I think you have cordiality and yet you are much attached to your father and to your brothers. Defend yourself. Tell me that I am the severe Cato. Tell me that you will make a very good wife. Let me ask you, then, Zélide, could you submit your inclinations to the opinion, perhaps the *caprice*, of a husband? Could you do this with chearfulness, without losing any of your sweet good humour, without boasting of it? Could you live quietly in the country six months a year? Could you make yourself agreable to plain honest neighbours? Could you talk like any other woman, and have your fancy as much at command as your harpsichord? Could you pass the other six months in a city where there is very good society, though not the high Mode?

At this point the reader interrupts the writer with cries of protest, *fortissimo*. We all reply unanimously in the negative. Poor Zélide, you certainly could *not* do these things, and well did James Boswell know it. He knew that Zélide could not be happy at Auchinleck, because he could not be happy there himself; and if the reader will have the patience to look once more at the questions that are asked, he will hear the echoes of a conversation between James and Zélide, in which she had been given an account of the manifold miseries of life in Scotland. Withal, the whole passage is touched with that preposterous humor to which Boswell liked to feel that his friends finally became accustomed. But his catechism is not yet finished.

Could you live thus, and be content? Could you have a great deal of amusement in your own family? Could you give spirits to your husband when he is melancholy? I have known such wives, Zélide. What think you? Could you be such a one? If you can, you may be happy with the sort of man that I once described to you. Adieu.

Let not religion make you unhappy. Think of God as he realy is, and all will appear chearfull. I hope you shall be a Christian. But, my dear Zélide! worship the sun rather than be a Calvinist. You know what I mean.

I had sealed this letter. I must break it up and write a little more. This is somewhat like you. I charge you once for all, Be strictly honest with me. If you love me, own it. I can give you the best advice. If you change, tell me. If you love another, tell me. I don't understand a word of your mystery about 'a certain gentleman whom you think of three times a day.' What do you mean by it? Berlin is a most delightfull city. I am quite happy. I love you more than ever. I would do more than ever to serve you. I would kneel and kiss your hand, if I saw you married to the man that could make you happy. Answer me this one question. If I had pretended a passion for you, which I might easily have done, for it is not difficult to make us believe what we are already pleased to imagine — answer me — would you not have gone to the world's end? Supposing even that I had been disinherited by my father, would you not have said, 'Sir here is my portion. It is yours. We may live genteely upon it.' Zélide, Zélide, excuse my vanity. But I tell you, you do not know yourself, if you say that you would not have done thus. You see how freely I write, and how proudly. Write with all freedom, but with your enchanting humility! 'Je suis glorieuse d'être votre amie.' That is the stile. Is not this a long letter? You must not expect me to write regularly. Farewell, my dear Zélide. Heaven bless you, and make you rationaly happy. Farewell.

This letter, I need scarcely remark, is one of Boswell's most characteristic performances. I have known young ladies to become virtuously indignant over it. There is not in it, we may admit, that note of chivalry which is supposed to indicate a noble devotion to the sex. And yet, when allowance is made for the insolence of it all, for its pomposity and its sermonizing, I do not believe that Zélide was displeased with it. Did she not keep it as long as she lived? The very jumble of the sentences in the postscript is eloquent. 'I don't understand a word of your mystery of a certain gentleman whom you think of three times a day. What do you mean by it? Berlin is a most delightful city. I am quite happy. I love you more than ever.' If Zélide did not realize that the creature was trapped, she must have been devoid of feminine instinct. If she wanted Boswell, she had but to stoop and pick him up.

For some excellent feminine reason she decided not to take him at the moment. She was not sure. There were other candidates. And then there was the thought of living in Scotland, which Boswell had done nothing to make attractive to her. It was safer to postpone the whole affair. But she did not neglect him. She continued to write to him, as we know from the fact that Boswell

laid her letters before the philosophic gaze of Rousseau.

During my melancholy at Utrecht [he wrote in December to Rousseau] I made the acquaintance of a young woman of the highest nobility, and very rich. I conducted myself in such a way as to win the reputation of a philosopher. Ah, how deceptive are appearances! If you care to amuse yourself by reading some pieces by this young lady, you will find them in a small separate parcel. I should like to have your sentiment on her character. You are the only one to whom I have showed her papers. I could entrust to you anything in the world [vous confier tout au monde].

Perhaps Rousseau could not have done better than to advise Boswell to win Zélide as fast as ever he could. Just why James feared her vivacity is not clear — perhaps it was because she did not have complete respect for the conventions of society. But neither did he. Marrying a girl with the same faults that you have yourself has at least this advantage, that they will not come to her with a shock of painful novelty, or become an increasing burden with the years. There are people (very modern people) who fancy that Benedick and Beatrice quarreled and separated soon after their marriage. Certainly they were too wise to live after the conventional standards set by Claudio and Hero. At any rate, I have never heard of anyone who thought that they were likely to perish of dullness and boredom. We may quarrel with people constituted like ourselves, but we have also the priceless means of understanding them.

Boswell missed the opportunity to marry a girl who understood him. Had they married, very probably she might not have contrived to make of him a steadier or a better man; but I do not think she would have blushed for him. The Boswell family has always been ashamed of the only genius that ever adorned it — a temptation which Zélide, with her more liberal training and temper, might have been depended upon to withstand.

And so Boswell saw Zélide no more. But he could not soon forget her, and she reappears suddenly in his biography at a critical moment in a later affair.

In 'sweet Siena,' he encountered an 'Italian Signora,' — of a more than earthly beauty, no doubt, — who detained him there long after he should have been off to Corsica. Of her we know nothing. But we do know that the whole problem of our hero's relations with the sex was laid before Paoli; that he gave the finest advice, and also promised Boswell that, if he would return in twenty years, he would find in Corsica, not only science and art, but ladies as splendid as those in any Parisian salon.

(The story of 'Boswell's Wooing' will appear in February.)

IMPRESSIONS DE VOYAGE

BY FLORENCE CONVERSE

I

THE HAPPY SWAN

In the cathedral close at Wells,
In lovely Somerset, there dwells
A happy swan; I saw him float
Up and down the Bishop's moat
Among the cloudy water-weeds.
'T is an enchanted life he leads.
His grandsire served Lord Lohengrin,
Lir's children are his next of kin,
And Leda's mate and royal others
Fly in his flock, — the sad young brothers
Bewitched in Andersen's fairy tale,
Tewkesbury's bird, the twain that sail
On Shakespeare's Avon, — but none else
Except the elfin swan of Wells
Has a flair for ringing bells.

I saw him like a barge of state
Sweeping toward the water-gate.
I saw the round-eyed unconcern
Of his proud profile at the turn
Beyond the drawbridge, as his glance
Ignored my humble circumstance.
Beneath the gate-house window hung
A rusty bell that once was rung
By travelers who crossed the moat,
Swimming or in a little boat,

To ask a dole; and thither sped
The swan — I saw him rear his head
And stretch his neck and seize the string
And ring the little bell, and ring,
And ring, until his shrill demand
Was answered by a fluttering hand
Romantically strewing cake
Upon the waters for his sake.
It was the hour when mortals take
Their tea in England; all the bells
Were ringing four o'clock in Wells.

And all the while the bells were ringing,
I heard the Welsh coal-miners singing
Without the green close, in the glare
Of the dusty market-square:
I heard the strikers out of Wales,
The sooty Cambrian nightingales,
Singing their hunger-songs; I heard
The music sweet, the bitter word.
Through the Porch called Penniless
Grievance chaunted, and Distress
Hymned old haunting melodies.
But swans and canons took their teas.

O strange to be a happy swan,
Privileged to float upon
Waters ecclesiastical
In faerie peace fantastical;
A hero in a charmèd life
Untouched by our industrial strife,
Unshadowed by the awful dread
Of hungering for daily bread.
O strange to know that manna fell
Every time you rang a bell!

II

REMEMBER!

'When you go home again,' my English friend said,
'What shall you remember, when you think of England?' —
Wayside crosses, and young men dead.

Wayside crosses and young men slain,
Crying out, 'Remember!' all over England —
'We shall never tread these home ways again.'

Wayside crosses and young men slain,
Crying out, 'Remember!' all over England —
'See ye to it, we died not in vain.'

See ye to it, ye that cry, 'Peace!'
Ye that build battleships to make a boast of England. —
The young men vowed that wars should cease.

See ye to it, ye that increase
War's grim panoply round about England. —
The young men died for a dream of peace.

The young men died in the midst of their dream,
Crying out, 'Remember! we trust you, England. —
Our vows are your vows, yours to redeem.'

Wayside crosses for vows unpaid,
Crying out, 'Remember! ye that govern England —
Ye that hesitate, ye that evade.'

Old men, wise men, are ye not afraid
Of wayside crosses, over all England —
Wayside crosses and young men betrayed?

THE ELYSIAN FIELDS

BY ALBERT KINROSS

GERALD had come down as usual for the week-end, and they had taken out the two-seater and gone house-hunting. It was to be a flat in town, and a little place not too far out and somewhere near a golf-course. He had been the same gay Gerald she had always known, full of plans, keen on his work; and then there was the wedding, barely a couple of months away now. On the Monday morning he had said something about his head and something else about his throat; but neither of them had taken it very seriously.

This was when she was driving him to the station. He had waved to her from the carriage window as the train drew out. And that was the end of Gerald — of their engagement, of everything upon which they had staked their hopes and happiness. For on the Tuesday she had heard that he was ill; on the Thursday it was scarlet fever and pneumonia; and on the Sunday he was dead, and she had not been allowed to come near him. Nor was she even allowed to go to the funeral. She had been placed in quarantine and watched. But nothing happened to her. Only to Gerald.

At first, she could not believe it. He had been so well and gay and sure. But as the weeks went by and no Gerald came to her, she had to believe it, like all the rest of them: like the two aunts with whom she lived, and like Gerald's people, who wore black now. She said very little, but every night she lay awake, wondering whether she would ever sleep again; and often the dawn found her wretched and open-eyed. By day, her one relief was to get out the two-seater and drive alone over the roads they had taken. There was the long straight piece with the good surface — they had flown across that till the wind sung; there were curly roads, and roads that climbed, and narrow lanes that twisted. Sometimes she found forgetfulness; and all the time she seemed to be looking out for Gerald. But she never found him on any of the roads which they had taken.

The sleepless nights aged her. She grew thin and pale. Her aunts said she ought to go away, but she would not budge. She was always tired now, and one afternoon she fell fast asleep. She had never slept of an afternoon before. She had scorned the bare idea of it. But this afternoon — she remembered that first afternoon — it was raining outdoors and the world was dismal. So she had gone up to her room with a book, poked the fire, — for it was cold now, — and settled down in the one big chair.

She had begun to nod, and she had fought against it; but after a while the book had fallen to the floor. With so many bad nights, of misery, of wakefulness, she had surrendered. And that was the first time the dream came: it was always the same dream, and it occurred in the Elysian Fields.

She called them the Elysian Fields; but, really, they were n't so very unlike the fields she took between her house and the village, except that it was always May. She knew it was May by the flowers and the grass and the young

green on the trees, and by the birds that were calling. And it was always sunshine here, with two fat clouds that looked like cotton-wool. Only two. The rest of the sky was wonderful and the sun was in the west. So it must be afternoon.

The first field was empty, and she walked through it and came to a bridge that crossed a little stream; and now she was in the big field. There were trees all along the edge of it, aspen and hawthorn and a pollard willow — she could n't tell the names of the others because she was n't close enough. And under the trees were young rabbits, some quite tiny, nibbling, and not very frightened, really, though they sat up and looked at her. When she was well into the big field, she saw Gerald.

At first she did n't know it was Gerald: she only saw a man coming toward her; but when he came closer, she knew; and then she gave a cry, and he looked up and gave a shout, and opened his arms, and next they both rushed toward each other like mad. She had bare feet in the dream and so had he; but it did n't hurt; and they were both in white and running and running and holding their arms out; and her skirt did n't get in the way, though it was quite a long one; and then, just when she could see Gerald's face quite close and plainly, she woke up and all was over. It was like that the first time.

Next day she tried again, and it succeeded. She locked her door this afternoon and lay down on her bed. But it was exactly the same dream over again; first the smaller field, then the little bridge, and next the big field with Gerald. And it all left off as it had done before, just as they were about to fly into each other's arms. And the days after that, it was the same. He never saw her first: she always saw him; but he was always there; and when she gave her cry, he looked up and shouted back, and then they both started running — fast — so fast — like the wind!

She got to know the look of the grass, with the sun slanting across it and making it green and golden; and there were buttercups and daisies and purple orchids — only a few orchids — and dandelion puffs and speedwell; and overhead the two fat clouds that looked like cotton-wool. And some of the trees on the edge of the field had silvery leaves and were aspen, and there was the white hawthorn, and the willows; but she did n't know what the other trees were because she had n't been close enough. She could hear the blackbirds, and a cuckoo calling, and a thrush; and there were the little rabbits under the trees, who paused and listened but were n't really afraid; and next she saw Gerald and forgot everything else and cried to him, and he answered; and then they both rushed like mad, and just when she could see into his eyes and the rest of his face and catch the ripple of his hair, — just when they almost touched one another, — she woke with a start, and she was in her room again, and the Elysian Fields were over. Try as she might, she could n't go back to it; and, later on, in bed at night, that dream never came. But always, in the afternoon, she had only to close her eyes, and there they were!

Her aunts did n't like this habit. They began to say, 'No wonder you can't sleep at night, if you go to sleep in the afternoon. You ought to take a nice long walk. That 'll make you properly tired, and then you 'll be able to sleep.' She never told them about Gerald. But, of course, she kept on; and after tea she 'd get out the two-seater and take the drives they used to take, till it grew dark. And all the time she was trying to make the dream end differently; but she could n't keep from waking just at the moment when she and Gerald were nearly in each other's arms.

She tried and tried and tried. And then she thought of another way; and, somehow, she was free to do it. He was always coming toward her; and, instead of giving a cry and rushing, she would wait and keep quite still. And so she waited, and he came closer and closer, till he was so near that she could feel her heart thump; but now he looked, and it was he who gave the first shout, and then it ended the same way as before. She woke with a start, and it was over.

The next time she kept close to the edge of the field and tried creeping up to him. He had n't seen her yet; and now she was n't so very far away. She 'd cut off quite a big piece, and she did n't call out or anything, but ran to him like mad; and again he looked up and saw her, and again she woke without having touched him or said a word.

She tried other ways. If she could only get behind him, so that he could n't see her at all. But he always looked up and caught her, and they could never arrange anything beforehand in the dream.

And so it went on for weeks and weeks, and the fields never changed, and Gerald never changed, and no more did the ending. It was always May, and the sun was always in the west, making it the afternoon: and there were the same flowers and the same trees and the same birds, and the same little rabbits nibbling under the trees. And she and Gerald were always barefoot and dressed in white; and although, day after day, they came so close together, they never met really.

She thought of dodges, of all kinds of ways, to get round this. It was no good hiding in the trees, for he never came to the edge of the field where she could jump out on him, and the moment he saw her he began to run, and nothing could stop him.

She tried to think of new ways, by day, by night, and when she was driving alone in the two-seater. The last time was when she came to the long straight piece of road with the good surface, where Gerald and she had driven till the wind sang. It was in her ears today. It grew louder and louder as she let the little car out and simply flew. And then the wind stopped suddenly, and she was in the Elysian Fields.

She did n't know how she had come there. She was n't expecting them. But there they were right enough, and there was Gerald. A long, long way off. But he saw her first to-day; as soon, yes, as soon as she had crossed the bridge and come into the big field. He was right at the other end, but he waved and shouted; and now she could see him running toward her. But she knew how it would end, and so she did n't budge, but waited there with her heart beating. Closer and closer he came, but she just stood perfectly still; and when he came quite close to her, she said, 'Now I'm going to wake and it'll be over.' But she did n't wake this time. She held out her arms, and there she was again, with Gerald. Really and truly together with him, just as she had been before in the old days. And not even then did she wake with a start and find herself on her bed in her room at the house. It was wonderful.

'Is n't it wonderful?' she said to Gerald; but the man who was stooping over her could n't understand.

He had seen the two-seater coming toward him on the long straight piece of road at he did n't know how many miles an hour. And then suddenly it had swerved, and a tire had burst with a bang — he did n't know which came first; and next there was this poor young lady thrown out and lying in the ditch, with the car overturned beside her. He thought he 'd heard her say something, or try to say something. He repeated this at the inquest. Perhaps he was mistaken, said the coroner, who knew nothing whatever about the Elysian Fields.

GRIZZLY'S HIGH-POWER NOSE

BY ENOS A. MILLS

A UTAH grizzly rushed from behind a cluster of pines, stampeded a herd of cattle, and killed one in the presence of an astonished cowboy. With a leap, the bear threw his right arm over the neck of a stampeding cow, and caught her nose with his left-hand claws. The cow, going at highest speed, was thrown, landing violently on her back.

Away wildly went the cattle. The rough country split the herd into several parts, but they ran with record speed and came to a stop nearly two miles away. Few of the herd had seen the grizzly, but many, possibly all, had scented him.

Within the next two weeks a number of cattle on this range were killed, and evidently by this same big bear. The measurements of the tracks corresponded, and the end of the second toe of the right fore-foot was missing. Then, too, the tracks revealed the same method of killing that the cowboy had seen.

The bear usually approached the herd and his intended victim by stealth. He slipped up, with the wind in his face, so that the cattle could not scent him. By using ravines, advancing from cover to cover, he picked his victim and, when close enough, made a dash for her.

Sometimes Big Bear varied his clever and successful method of stalking. He introduced clowning, mingled humor with murder. With a somersault he burst into view of a herd, and advanced closer with cart-wheeling, varied with the chasing of his tail.

This novel exhibition appealed to the curiosity of the cattle, and commonly they advanced to meet him, or waited for him, filled with wonder and astonishment. Of course, this clever performance was pulled off with the breeze blowing from the cattle to him — to leeward of his audience. The herds were large, and many of the cattle never saw a grizzly; but all knew and feared him, from his scent. Hence he worked from leeward, as the faintest scent from him wafted to the spell-bound cattle would have stampeded the audience — and the picked victim.

This picked victim was almost invariably a two-year-old heifer. As soon as she was thrown, the bear broke back her left foreshoulder and tore out her heart. The heart and the blood were eaten, but rarely anything else.

Big Bear never returned to his kill. This probably was wisdom on his part. He may, of course, have preferred a warm drink or a particular cut for each meal, and then he probably enjoyed the fun of the killing. In any case, he easily made a kill every other day for several years.

A large reward was offered for his head, but his killings went regularly on. His kills were poisoned and surrounded with concealed traps, and approaching trails covered with batteries of set rifles, in the hope that he would return to them. Hunters lurked about in ambush. But Big Bear did not return to his kill. The next kill commonly was made ten or twenty miles away.

The only thing certain about his movements was that there was nothing certain about them. One time, from a

kill, he crossed over a mountain; the next time he went up stream. Sometimes he followed a given route between two places; then again he did not. Occasionally he went out of his way for a close look at those who were hunting for him.

Attempts were made to entrap the bear by using live heifers for bait. These were placed near trails which he frequently used in going from one part of his territory to another. They were picketed, corralled in the end of a cañon, or hobbled, surrounded with concealed traps, and all approaches guarded. Apparently Big Bear never came close to these, and he did not enter an ambush.

The reward was increased to three thousand dollars. Hunters were hired by the month, and trappers by the season. Frequently an independent hunter and trapper came in, hoping for glory and three thousand dollars. But Big Bear continued the evil, even, and efficient tenor of his way; and continued it in the same old territory.

His nose, his amazingly developed sense of smell, appears to have been the foremost factor in his success. Of course, he also had brains. He showed strategy, planned two or more moves ahead, had patience, strength, eyes, ears, endurance, daring, caution, and sustained alertness. But his nose, its extraordinary keenness, and its long range, enabled him to locate nervous cattle and make frequent kills, and — far more important — to outwit triumphantly innumerable skillful hunters through fifteen consecutive years.

Just what started Big Bear on this remarkable career of killing, no one knows. Not one grizzly in a hundred ever kills a big animal. Big Bear may, while hungry, have come upon a carcass, or a crippled cow bogged or dying alone from some injury. But once having tasted, he speedily became addicted to the habit of blood-drunkenness.

His first kill was during the summer of 1898. He was then perhaps five years of age, possibly twice that. Through several years, during five months of each year, he made a kill every other day. But during the fourteenth and fifteenth seasons of his big-animal slaughter, he made a kill every day, or oftener. His total killings of cattle were more than twelve hundred head — possibly a few hundred more.

He does not appear to have killed sheep or horses, or to have paid any attention to deer or other wild life. Nor was Big Bear ferocious. He never bothered people. Not a single report or letter which I received concerning him mentions an attack on a human being. He attended strictly to business: he was a cattle-killer. He made his kill, went his way — and from day to day killed again.

Rarely was he seen. It is doubtful if, during his entire life, he was seen a dozen times. During the fifteen years of his active, deadly hunting, numerous hunters were constantly seeking him but saw him not. When he was seen, it was by people who were not looking for him.

A homesteader, taking a load of lumber up a mountain road, saw him coming down. His fur was dark brown, with a trimming of cream-yellow; his weight about twelve hundred pounds — a third larger than the average grizzly. The bear, with unchanged speed, came on down the road. As he showed no inclination to give the right of way, the homesteader's excited team did so. The bear went by without a stop, and with just a look at the busy, agitated driver and the demonstrative horses.

One night he called upon two hunters who were trying to ambush him on one of his much-used trails. They were two of many who were in his territory, trying to get a shot at him. They had

concealed their tent in a thicket. He circled the tent at midnight, pushed in the door, entered, and calmly ate a number of trout that were to have been served for breakfast. Then he paused, to look quietly at the two hunters in bed. The one at the back was trying to get under the one in front, and the one in front gave up trying to get back, in order to avoid being pushed over the rail. After observing the deep, emotional nature of the peaceful hunters, the bear drank from a basin and backed out. He heard no comments; there was no pursuit.

True to his grizzly nature, he was eternally vigilant. His trail showed that he always assumed that he was followed. He was never surprised in the rear. His cautious or bold advances showed that he knew that the enemy was trying to meet him at every step. But there never was a meeting, though there were numerous times when one was thrillingly close.

Once, just once, when young, Big Bear appears to have got into a trap, — and out again, — leaving in it the end of the second right-hand finger. He seems to have been right-handed.

There have been other outlaw grizzlies. After skillfully remaining in home territory for a few years, they were either driven off or killed. But Big Bear stayed on.

In the struggle for existence, evolution selected home-territory-loving animals to be the ancestors of the ages. Big Bear's intimate knowledge of his territory was valuable beyond thought. He knew every gulch, forest, retreat, cave, ridge, and pass, every vantage-point where he could stand to look, listen, and use his unfailing nose. Then, too, he knew every line of possible advance, and all lines of retreat. He must have become acquainted with the eddying and upcast wind-currents of the heights, otherwise he could hardly have caught the scent of surrounding, advancing foes, and have escaped through their closing ranks without their scenting or seeing him.

It is assumed, but is not certain, that Big Bear was born in this locality. In home territory he lived a solitary life. Other grizzlies appear to have kept out of Big Bear's domain. Otherwise, it is likely that they, as has happened elsewhere, would have feasted along the killer's trail.

Nor did anyone ever discover where he hibernated, where for four or five months each year he fasted and slept, to come forth again with renewed strength and untiring energy and alertness. He is thought to have hibernated in home territory; this is common, and perhaps he did. But grizzlies have been known to hibernate miles from summer territory. Big Bear may have had a winter den one hundred miles away from the scenes where in summer he lived tensely, almost intoxicated with blood.

There has never been a closed season on the grizzly bear. Since Lewis and Clark opened fire on him more than one hundred years ago, he has been pursued day and night through all the seasons. Dogs, poison, guns, midwinter raids on mother grizzly and her cubs — all these have been survived by the species. He, the greatest animal on the continent, has been misunderstood; volumes of misinformation have been published concerning him.

The grizzly is not ferocious. He enjoys life, and avoids fighting man except in self-defense. He makes a terrific fight, and shows brains, skill, endurance, and courage.

The pursuit for Big Bear never ceased. For a time one hunter would try his skill, then another. Then a combination of trappers, cowboys, and hunters tried, some of them following the trail day and night. At one time

there were seven outfits trying to intercept Big Bear.

When trappers succeed, it is largely by appealing to an animal's sense of smell with a savory or alluring scent. Trapper after trapper tried a variety of creations. One trapper tried his celebrated wolf-scent, a scent that had lured an outlaw wolf into a trap. Marrow-bones were burned, honey heated, and combined stuffs that smelled to heaven; many of these reached the far-off nose of Big Bear. But they did not appeal — he did not investigate.

New hunters were brought in, who had been successful against other outlaw grizzlies. One of these collected all the cattle of the territory into herds, and had these held out of the rougher part of the region. The natural lines of approach to them were guarded. But Big Bear made a kill every day.

One hunter picketed with scarecrow men three of the leading passes by which the bear crossed from one side of the mountain to the other. The bear appears to have accepted scarecrow guards, and for two days or longer to have hidden close to a pair of these dummy men with real rifles.

Was Big Bear a reasoning animal? Frequently he upset the carefully made plans of men, and often outwitted elaborate strategy. Again and again he was called upon to outwit overwhelming numbers of men and dogs, day after day. Could he reason? Often it seemed as if a number of the hunters must be in league with Big Bear, to prevent his destruction. But all these hunters and trappers were sensitive over their repeated defeats.

To me the most astounding thing of all is that no one during the fifteen hunted years — during his entire life — ever had a shot at him.

The fourteenth year of slaughter he made one or more kills each day. In one ten-day period he killed thirty-four cattle. These kills were in thirty-four separated places in his territory. All this time, too, hunters were in pursuit of him.

Could any human outlaw, alone and unaided, have continued such depredations in the very midst of active, skillful pursuit? Could any human outlaw have endured one tenth as long as Big Bear? Human outlaws prolong their careers by remaining inactive for long periods, by lying low, and also by changing to a new territory.

But Big Bear did not go to a new territory. His numerous pursuers knew where he was. Nor did he discourage pursuit by ceasing operations for a time. Instead of slowing down, or occasionally ceasing to kill, he speeded up and occasionally multiplied killings. He did these things in the presence of numbers of hunters, who were trying with the most effective known means to stop him. But man has a poor nose. Big Bear won by his nose.

Big Bear's highly evolved nose tells the story of his prolonged and amazing triumphs. He detected the odor, the scents, of enemies — men and dogs — while they were still far away, and promptly hurried to another scene before either dogs or men detected him. Of course, this constant activity in the midst of dangers called for a capable and ever-vigilant brain, a stomach that furnished extraordinary energy and physical endurance. His high-power nose was perhaps more useful to him than a dozen human scouts and as many wireless operators would have been to a human outlaw.

Driven almost to desperation by Big Bear's prolonged and increasing slaughter, the cattlemen organized and launched a stupendous drive. Bear-dogs and trailing dogs were brought in by the dozen; numbers of hunters and trappers assembled; camp bases were established and pack outfits put in motion.

When all was ready, the large force of men, dogs, and horses was divided into three detachments, and each of these moved through a different part of Big Bear's territory. All worked under orders and in concert.

Scouts — real scouts — were sent in advance; cowboys dashed here and there, with rush orders. Trails were guarded day and night; dogs trailed day and night; every bit of the territory was combed and stormed.

The first day of the drive the bear made a kill within rifle-shot of the rear of one of the divisions. The following morning he made another kill, and this immediately in front of, but concealed from, another division. These daring raids stimulated the aggressive interest of everyone to the highest point.

Again and again the bear broke through the lines of men, horses, and dogs and flanked them; then, while a scouting party was trying to locate and corner him, he suddenly appeared miles away, in front of one of the other divisions. Repeatedly he passed within a stone's throw of the sentinels and pickets.

The grizzly is a born adventurer. Perhaps this extraordinary campaign was enjoyed by him. In the midst of this terrific drive for his death, his business — making a living, killing — went on as usual; every day, as usual, he surprised a herd and made a kill. For seven days and nights the campaign was waged with incessant activity, with Big Bear everywhere present; but not a single individual in the drive as much as saw him.

N. T. Galloway, the famous beaver-trapper, hunter, and Grand Cañon explorer, came on the scene. During 1912 he studied Big Bear's habits and became familiar with the territory. He was out for weeks alone; and whether, during this time, he attempted to hunt or to trap the bear is not known. But the season came to an end; the cattle were taken from the mountains, and the bear went somewhere to hibernate for the winter.

Early the following summer, 1913, Galloway took the field. He carried with him a bottle of scent of a secret character. This probably was of seasonal odor, and he had concocted it himself. During preceding years he had successfully trapped beaver where others had said there were no beaver, and he had succeeded simply by means of concocted scents, which reached the noses and appealed to the curiosity or the interest of the beaver.

In the end of a small box-cañon he placed a quantity of this scent. Fifty or sixty feet down the trail, in the cañon, he concealed a number of bear-traps.

The odor of this strange scent floated afar. It reached the nose of Big Bear. It was promising — bewitching. He advanced cautiously toward it. As he approached, he became intoxicated by it, and forgot all caution. It told him that She had just passed that way, in maiden meditation, fancy free. He rushed after — and into a masked trap.

THE DAILY PRESS

BY MOORFIELD STOREY

THERE never was a time in the history of the world when greater problems pressed for solution than now. The relations between nations are critical, and the hatreds engendered by the recent war are fraught with infinite dangers. Shall we attempt to make war impossible? Shall we cease to bankrupt ourselves by making preparation for hostilities, or shall we make no effort to protect civilization against another world-conflict? What can we do to equalize the conditions of men, restore cordial relations between employer and employee? How shall we deal with the racial ill-feeling that is responsible for lynching, Ku Klux Klans, and multiform lawlessness? What is the remedy for the corruption and inefficiency that are so common in legislative bodies and among public officials? How adjust the crushing burdens of taxation, how provide for adequate transportation of goods and passengers? These are a few of the questions that demand attention.

The newspaper press is the source from which the public derives its knowledge of the facts. The daily journal goes into every home, every office, and every workshop. It can educate the people by its comments on events as they occur, and by its discussion of public questions. It asserts for itself a great position as the 'Fourth Estate.' It claims for itself great rights and great privileges — practically unrestrained free speech and reduced postage, among others. Its powers and its privileges carry with them great responsibilities, for it can lead or mislead the public. It is bound to lay before its readers only the truth, and, in printing the news, to remember that what it lays before its readers should be only 'that which is fit to print.' It is a great educational force for good or evil, and those who conduct the press, while they exercise its power, should recognize their responsibility.

When this view is presented to editors, they are apt to remind us that a newspaper is a commercial enterprise; that it must secure adequate circulation, or die; that, to gain circulation, it must publish what its readers wish to see; and that it cannot take a higher stand than its readers permit. In adopting this rule, the editor, of course, abandons to a great extent his position as leader. His readers lead him, not he his readers. If a strong editorial on some question in which people are warmly interested brings many letters of condemnation or threats of discontinuing subscriptions, and he yields to these critics, it is they, not he, who edit his newspapers. The press must either lead or follow; and, if it follows by catering to a depraved public taste or a popular prejudice, it is largely responsible for the taste or prejudice, for both grow by what feeds them. To every editor is presented the question: 'Shall I seek money through increased circulation and advertisements, or shall I try to create a sound public opinion and make my journal a power for good?'

The public demand for certain kinds of news ought not to be the guide. The majority of men may enjoy scandals, the evidence in divorce suits or murder

trials, the details of investigations into unsavory crimes. So also would they enjoy knowing what the incomes of their neighbors are, whether their domestic relations are happy, whether the business of each is making or losing, what diseases or infirmities affect them. Prurient curiosity has no limits; but the press cannot justify the invasion of private life by the claim that its readers like it. The competition between newspapers tends steadily to lower the bars that protect the private citizen against impertinent curiosity; and it is the duty of every editor who recognizes his responsibility as a leader to resist this tendency.

How, at this crisis in the world's affairs, does the press meet it? A few weeks ago, in California, a man named Arbuckle was charged with a crime. The details of the investigation that followed were loathsome. If any guest at the table of a decent family had related the story in the presence of the wife and children of his host, he would have been expelled from the house, and never again admitted. No gentleman would for a moment have made the case a subject of conversation with a lady; no lady would have permitted it. Yet the daily newspapers, with a few honorable exceptions, gave a prominent place to every detail of the case for some days, and laid them thus before men, women, and children for whose eyes they were unfit. The editors thus brought into every home a story which, as gentlemen, they would never have told there in person. Can this be justified? Cannot a newspaper observe the ordinary rules of decent society? What possible good could this publication do anybody?

This is merely an instance. A leading Boston newspaper not long ago had, in a single issue, parts of six columns devoted to as many different divorce cases — not even local news, but collected from other states. The Stillman scandal, the Stokes case, and many others are forced upon our attention day after day. In these cases the public has no legitimate interest. They are calamities to the parties concerned, and sore afflictions to the children and relatives and close friends of the parties. The publication of all the evidence only increases the burden which the children must bear through life. The first glance at our morning paper reveals a catalogue of crimes, of accidents, of scandals, which make us sick. What education do the people get from these chronicles? What is the leadership which prompts such a selection of news? We all know that offenses must come; but 'woe unto him by whom the offense cometh' to our own tables every morning. The decent people of a community have some rights, and should not be compelled to wade through tales of commonplace crime and filthy scandal every morning and evening.

There is another important respect in which the press fails. The relations between nations now are strained in many ways, and it is the duty of everyone to use his influence for peace. War is unthinkable. If we have already forgotten the horrors through which we lived for more than four years, the devastated regions, the hideous barbarities, the frightful loss of life; if the green graves of those we loved, the shattered lives of blind, maimed, and disabled men, no longer touch us, the crushing burden of taxation, which even our little part in the war has placed upon our backs, will not let us forget it. Can we think without horror of new drafts upon our youth, new slaughter, new drives to sell bonds and raise moneys to relieve suffering of every kind, new profiteers, higher prices of food and raiment, more of all the horrors that we can remember if we will?

Yet the newspapers talk glibly of the next war. Instead of keeping out of their columns all appeals to prejudice

against England, France, Germany, Japan, Mexico, and other countries, they are constantly publishing, now editorials appealing to prejudice or fostering suspicion, now letters from persons who, profoundly ignorant of the facts, speak confidently of English hostility or greed, of Japanese craft and ambition, of French selfishness. They let men who have traveled briefly in other countries spread at length their hasty conclusions from isolated experiences about people whose language they did not speak and could not understand. They scatter recklessly sparks that at any moment may explode a magazine or kindle a conflagration. One set, at the behest of exploiting interests, would embroil us with Mexico. Another insists that war for the control of the Pacific is inevitable; as if that ocean, to use Mr. Lowell's phrase, could be anybody's 'backyard.' Other so-called patriots hope to involve us in war with England, because they would have Ireland independent, heedless of the consequences which such a war would entail upon civilization. Because a portion of four millions of people want to govern themselves, perhaps as they govern some of our great cities, they would bring on a life-and-death struggle between hundreds of millions of men, who for every reason in the world should be friends. Their attempts to excite hostility, in the form of letters and speeches, find ready access to the columns of the daily press. This is criminal recklessness, and the editors should remember Bismarck's words:—

'Every country is held at some time to account for the windows broken by its press. The bill is presented some day or other in the form of hostile sentiment in the other country.'

Why do not those who guide our newspapers tell us what is good in our fellow beings? There is no lack of material, and there are beams in our own eyes. Why don't they do all that they can to discourage national prejudice, to make men realize what war would mean? Why don't they use their great power to lead the people in the paths of peace? They call themselves Christian, and they ignore the fundamental truth that we should love, not hate, our neighbors. Can they not rise to some appreciation of Garrison's noble utterance: 'My country is the world, my countrymen are all mankind'?

Instead of filling pages with incessant harping on some worn-out joke, like the powerful Katrinka, and hideous colored pictures; instead of page after page devoted to sports, adorned by portraits of boys and men who are members of some team, why not educate readers to something better than sport? The facts which underlie labor unrest could be studied carefully and published, greatly to the benefit of us all. The real incidence of taxation, and how the burden can best be distributed, would interest a suffering public. What portion of our expense is waste, and where we practise undue economy, is a fertile subject, where careful study would lead to constructive suggestion. The truth on matters of real public interest, well-weighed advice, — the news that is fit to print, — are what we have a right to expect from our newspapers; and if our expectation, our reasonable demands, were met, the press would be a great power for good, and would lead the public up. To-day it is abandoning its high place, and, so far from educating the people, is too often corrupting and debasing them.

To this appeal, which they recognize as containing much truth at least, the editors reply, 'But if we adopt your policy, we cannot sell our newspapers.'

The answer is that to-day there are journals which do not print scandals, or make of their columns a Newgate Calendar; which do not waste paper, now so dear, upon senseless colored

vulgarities and the portraits of nonentities, and yet command a large circulation. There is a demand for more such papers.

The *Tribune* under Horace Greeley, the *Evening Post* under Bryant, the Boston *Advertiser* in its palmy days, were edited with a purpose and won public support. Examples could be given from among the journals of to-day. A newspaper well edited, and appealing to the best and not the worst that is in us, — a Springfield *Republican* on a larger scale, and published in a metropolitan centre; a Manchester *Guardian* occupying in America the place which that newspaper fills in England, — would not lack adequate support. All our newspapers can come nearer to these high examples by at least excluding from their columns the matter that appeals to the lowest prejudices and passions of their readers. They may not become great leaders, but they can at least not be demagogues and scandal-mongers. Is not the experiment worth trying?

If it is not, we shall learn to regard a free press, not as a priceless boon, but as a necessary evil.

NEWSPAPERS AND THE TRUTH

BY FREDERICK L. ALLEN

I

It is a significant fact that public interest in newspaper ethics and the conduct of the press was never so widespread in this country as it is to-day. Before the war, people who discussed the subject concerned themselves primarily with the question whether the newspapers degraded public morals by their exploitation of divorce scandals and their general preoccupation with men's misdeeds, and the question whether large advertisers, and especially department stores, could bring about the suppression or distortion of news affecting their financial interests. The war, however, with its censorship, its development of the art of propaganda, and the improvement which it brought about in methods of swaying masses of men by controlling or doctoring the news, has made us realize that the problem of newspaper conduct is larger and more fundamental than we had supposed it to be. We now see that it is immensely important that the press shall give us the facts straight; and not merely the facts relating to department stores and other large business concerns, but the entire mass of facts about the world in which we live — political, economic, religious, scientific, social, and industrial.

It is beginning to be understood that, as Mr. Walter Lippmann ably argued in his recent book on *Liberty and the News*, access to accurate accounts of what is going on about us is one of the indispensable conditions of freedom. We talk a great deal about the right of the individual to express his opinions, and

somewhat less about the advantage to the community, or the nation, or the world, of determining its collective action after the freest discussion; but we are just beginning to see that it is still more vital that the individual shall be able to form his opinion upon the facts. If these facts are withheld from him or misrepresented to him, his opinion is as valueless as that of a judge who has heard incomplete or false evidence in a case. Though the individual may be at liberty to shout his ideas from the housetops, he is still a slave to illusion; and all the more completely a slave than if he were in bonds, because he fancies that he walks freely in the light.

There never was such an age of newspaper-reading as the present. Most of us read — or at least glance at — one, two, or more newspapers a day. They are the eyes through which largely we see the life of our time, and the news that they print is in great measure the raw material of our ideas. Nothing is more important than that through these eyes we shall see, not a distorted picture, but the reality. It is often contended in England, where the Northcliffe press wields far more power than any existing group of American newspapers, and it is occasionally contended in this country by those who take a gloomy view of affairs, that the public is at the mercy of the lords of the press, who feed it such garbled news as will best serve their own selfish purposes. Other critics, such as Professor James Melvin Lee, the author of an illuminating history of American journalism, assure us that the ethics of the newspaper profession are higher today than those of any other. It would seem worth while to consider the whole matter afresh, and decide for ourselves what the public interest requires of the press in the interest of truth, and how far these requirements are being met.

The public interest requires that all unsigned news on the news pages — all news, in other words, which does not bear its own tag, to warn the reader that he is seeing the facts through the spectacles of somebody's personal opinion — shall be presented as accurately and impartially as is humanly possible. On the editorial page every newspaper proprietor or editor has a right to state his views as forcibly as he wishes; and I for one do not believe, as some people do, that it is necessary for editorials to be individually signed, provided the names of the proprietor and editor are regularly printed somewhere in the paper; for editorials are usually, to some extent, the work of a group rather than of an individual; and in any case, the fact that they appear on the editorial page is fair warning that they are to be regarded as comment rather than as sheer fact.

Papers also have an unquestionable right to commission correspondents to include in their dispatches their personal view of events, provided these dispatches are signed. The imperative thing is that what the press presents as fact shall be fact, given correctly and without bias.

Bias is all the more completely the enemy of truth on account of the slovenly way in which most of us are accustomed to read the papers. For every report that we read through thoroughly and weigh for ourselves, checking the generalizations and summaries in headline and leading paragraph by the details which follow, there are ten that we only glance at. Usually we carry away nothing but the dim impression that Mr. X has done something disastrous, or that Governor Y has made another fine speech; we retain the bias, and little else. If you doubt that you yourself skim the paper in this way, try handing it to somebody else after you have finished, and making him examine you on the contents of an important article. You will probably soon realize how vaguely most of your news-reading

is done, and understand how easily the twist of a phrase in headline or leading paragraph, by giving a biased impression, may cause thousands of readers to form opinions based, not on the facts, but on somebody else's view of the facts.

This cardinal rule of newspaper ethics — that what is presented as sheer fact should be accurate and without bias — is easy to state. It is harder to live up to than anybody can imagine who has not faced the newspaper man's problem for himself.

In the first place, it is hard for a reporter, just as for any other person, to give an absolutely accurate account of any event, even when he has seen it with his own eyes. The fallibility of even first-hand evidence from eye-witnesses is well known; no one can read a book like the late Professor Münsterberg's *On the Witness Stand* without appreciating what the reporter is up against. Furthermore, it is also exceedingly hard to write an account of any event without coloring it with one's own opinions. Though the reporter has every intention of stating only the clear facts, he may give them bias simply through his choice of language.

Suppose one senator denounces another in a speech. Shall the reporter write, 'Senator A—— sternly rebuked Senator B——,' or shall he use the words 'vigorously attacked,' or 'sharply attacked,' or 'fiercely attacked'? If he decides upon 'sternly rebuked,' he seems to favor Senator A——, who uttered the rebuke; if he says 'fiercely attacked,' he gives no such favorable impression, and the reader tends instinctively to side with the senator who was attacked. Shall he, in describing an automobile accident, say, 'The truck was going at a terrific rate,' or content himself with, 'The truck was said to have been going thirty miles an hour,' and leave the reader to decide whether this was a 'terrific' rate for a truck to be going at in that place at that time?

Or suppose he must give an account of something really difficult to record objectively — the applause, let us say, which greeted the closing sentence of President Harding's inaugural address. Was it enthusiastic or perfunctory; was it general, or half-hearted and scattered? The truth here is a matter of judgment. One man thinks the applause large, because he knows beforehand how hard it is to hear a public speech out of doors without distractions, and therefore expects something less impressive than actually occurs. Another man, who comes to the inaugural expecting an ovation, is disappointed. Then again the reporter's political sympathies, his personal opinion of Mr. Harding, and his own enthusiasm or lack of enthusiasm for the address are almost sure to influence his judgment of the facts.

If he were the crack reporter of an opposition paper, he might, with every intention of giving the exact truth, write something like this, which appeared in the New York *Times* on the morning of March 5, 1921: —

> Mr. Harding has a good voice, and the amplifier in the roof of the kiosk carried his voice as far as the House and Senate office-buildings. Considering that the average inaugural address is audible only to those who stand within fifteen feet of the President, this was an enormous improvement, and enabled the crowd to manifest its feelings, when it had any, with something like spontaneity.
>
> The address was only thirty-seven minutes long, and Mr. Harding delivered its final pledge with a devout solemnity which did not fail to have its effect on the crowd.
>
> There was a roar of applause as he concluded and turned to receive the congratulations of those near by, Vice President Coolidge being the first to shake hands with him.

Another reporter of Democratic sympathies might regard the applause as

Mr. Louis Seibold did in his dispatch to the New York *World*. After noting earlier in his account that 'Five times his [President Harding's] reading was interrupted by applause, but at no time was there a demonstration in which all of the people gathered in front of him united,' he quoted the President's peroration and then wrote: —

> The applause that approved this sentiment was rather more general than had followed any other statement made by the new President. Before it had died away, and while the Marine Band was rendering the national anthem, the crowd began to melt away. Mr. Harding acknowledged the congratulations that were showered upon him by the members of his Cabinet and the leaders of the two Houses.

If, on the other hand, the reporter were favorably inclined toward Mr. Harding and impressed with the speech, he might see its reception as did the correspondent of the New York *Herald*, who quoted President Harding's final sentence and then continued: —

> There was a palpable moment of absolute silence. The President remained as if transfixed. The small group standing with him in the white-covered stand seemed stayed from speech or action by the deep and moving solemnity of the voluntary promise. Then a wave of applause started up from the fringe of the crowd nearest the portico, rolled backward and to the right and left, carried through the massed thousands and became a solid roar. The President waved a hand in happy acknowledgement and turned to meet the eager compliments of his friends.

Readers of the *Herald* on that March 5 must have thought the address an immense success; readers of the *Times* and *World* undoubtedly gained quite a different opinion; and yet each correspondent may have described the event conscientiously as it appeared to him. In such cases it is almost impossible not to let personal feeling color one's report.

II

News may also be colored in the process of selection as well as in that of presentation. Let me take an example such as frequently occurs in my own experience. It is my duty to give to the press the news of a great university. I do not happen to be a newspaper reporter, but my problem is essentially the same as the reporter's. When the university's enrollment figures for the year are made up, the Freshman Class shows a gain in numbers. If, in my announcement to the press, I compare the 1921 figures with those of 1920, or with those of any other year since the war, the gain looks very large. On the other hand, if I compare them with those of 1911, when the Freshman Class happened to be unusually big, the gain looks less impressive. If I mention the fact that part of the gain is caused by a difference in the method of classifying undergraduates, which automatically adds to the Freshman Class a number of men who were formerly listed elsewhere, it looks still less significant. There are thus three or four ways of making the statement. Even though I am honestly anxious to give an accurate impression, it is hard to decide just what facts to select for presentation. And there is, of course, always a temptation to make the gain look more imposing than it actually is.

Or let us suppose that a reporter is sent to cover a dinner. Shall he devote his leading paragraph to the size and enthusiasm of the gathering, or to the consternation caused by the single untoward event of the evening — a violent and inappropriate statement made by one of the speakers? This again is a question of selection. Sometimes it is a toss-up in the reporter's mind between the two treatments of the event; and yet the opinion which thousands of readers form of the organization which

held the dinner may depend on this apparently unimportant decision.

An added element of difficulty is caused by the speed with which newspapers have to work, and the circumstance that much of the color of a story is necessarily given it in the newspaper office by men who lack a first-hand acquaintance with the facts. There is no opportunity to wait a few hours for a chance to check facts: they are usually worthless unless given to the public instantly. City reporters telephone much of their news to the office, where their statements are taken down hurriedly in a telephone booth, and then thrown into shape by a member of the office staff. Always the headlines are written by the office staff; they have to be, because the reporter cannot tell what size and style of headline is needed, and because the writing of headlines requires a special training. The man who concocts them must read each news-story rapidly and write his 'head' promptly. He cannot waste time upon niceties of emphasis; the all-important thing for him is that the head shall have exactly the right number of letters to fill its space, and that it shall be original and dramatic enough to catch the reader's attention. Like the reporter, he finds that bias insists on creeping into his presentation of the gist of the news.

Most newspaper inaccuracy is not, however, the result so much of the inherent difficulty of properly collecting and presenting the facts, as of the ignorance, carelessness, and thoughtless indifference to truth of a considerable proportion of newspaper men.

By the very nature of newspaper organization, the men sent out on assignments usually know too little about the matter in hand. One day a man is instructed to get a story on the immigration problem; the next day, he has to write a breezy interview on a bootlegging case; the next day, he may have to report the visit of Dr. Einstein to a university. He has not the time, even if he had the inclination, to make a preliminary study of the immigration problem, the liquor laws, and the theory of relativity. Newspapers try to develop special abilities in their reporters and, so far as possible, to keep men assigned to the subjects which they know about; but the field of news is so immense that much of it has to be covered by inexpert men. Besides, many reporters have only a limited education; they know so little that they have no idea how their ignorance handicaps them. And they generally tend to be careless. Their immediate object is usually to get the most newsy and sensational story they can. If they are being paid at space-rates, a breezy story which pleases the jaded eye of the city editor will be printed and will put money in their pocket. If they are salaried reporters, such a story will at least give them prestige with the critics at the city desk. No reporter wants to get the reputation of returning empty-handed, or with a dull story. The temptation is to make a bluff at knowing the subject, and slap the story together anyhow.

Here, for instance, are the headlines and the first two paragraphs of an item which appeared lately in a Boston paper: —

DISCOVERS NEW NEBULAR MASS

Prof. Sliphe of Harvard Finds it Going at Record Speed

Prof. V. M. Sliphe of Harvard, stationed at the Flagstaff, Ariz., observatory, peered through his telescope a few nights ago, according to a dispatch received at the Cambridge observatory, and much to his surprise saw a faint, cloud-like, self-luminous mass of attenuated matter situated far outside the solar system, traveling at the rate of 2000 kilometres per second. This rate of speed is twice as great as the fastest nebula yet dis-

covered and 100 times greater than the average speed of the lowly star. In fact, it is the greatest velocity known to astronomy.

The telescope at Flagstaff is situated on San Francisco peak at an altitude of 13,000 feet. Harvard astronomers are manifesting much interest in the matter because of its supposed great distance from the stars ordinarily seen in the heavens and because of the tremendous speed at which it is traveling.

Now, the facts of the case were that the discoverer's name was not Sliphe, but Slipher; that he was not connected with Harvard, but with the Lowell Observatory; that he did not discover the nebula, which had been known for a long time, but only ascertained its speed; that the telescope at Flagstaff is not at an altitude of thirteen thousand feet, but of about seven thousand; and that it is not situated on San Francisco Peak, but merely in the neighborhood. It would be difficult for ignorance and carelessness to bring about more errors in the space of two paragraphs. What happened was that the Lowell Observatory reported its discovery to the Harvard Observatory, which made a brief announcement to the press; and the news-writer took this announcement, and tried, as he would have put it, to 'make a good story out of it.'

'Make a good story.' That is the cause of infinite newspaper inaccuracy. It is to the interest of each reporter and editor to make a small piece of news look like a big one. College officials soon become resigned to the fact that, to the press, any teacher at a college, no matter of how low a rank, is a 'professor.' An assistant in applied physiology at the Harvard Medical School, a man on one of the lowest rungs of the academic ladder, was arrested not long ago for having a still in his house; and the headline on the front page of a New York paper, the next morning, referred to him as a 'noted Harvard professor.' Ignorance of the significance of academic titles may have been partly responsible; but, pretty surely, the desire to make the story look as big as possible was a contributory cause.

The same desire often leads reporters at a public meeting to lay disproportionate emphasis on a sensational remark made by a speaker. The remark may have little real significance, and the reporters may misquote it because they happen to be half asleep when it is made, or are not even in the room and get it second-hand afterward from some neighbor of uncertain memory; but, if the remark seems striking enough to make a big story, that fact may outweigh in their minds every other consideration.

Akin to the temptation to make a small story look big is the temptation to make an otherwise dignified story look breezy. A Boston newspaper recently printed an interview with a Harvard physician on the importance of using the feet properly in standing and walking, as shown in the physical examinations of Harvard freshmen. It was an interesting interview, carefully prepared by an intelligent and well-equipped reporter. But the editor to whom the interview was submitted decided that it was too heavy: it needed to be brightened up. So he headed it —

WHY BE SAD? FEET ARE THE SOURCE OF ALL JOY

HARVARD EXPERT TELLS HOW TO DRIVE CLOUDS AWAY IN SIX SHORT WEEKS

And the illustration — a photograph of the physician — the editor surrounded with a border of 'Joys' and 'Glooms,' after the fashion of the comic cartoons. In thus misrepresenting the nature of the interview, he succeeded in making ridiculous the man who had taken the trouble to give it; but to this particular editor nothing mattered except that he

made it look like the sort of low-comedy stuff to which his mind was attuned.

The newspaper that goes in for entertainment at all costs is bound to distort the news, because it leaves out much that is important but not entertaining, and puts in much that is entertaining but not important. If General Dawes, at a Congressional hearing, speaks his mind vigorously about critics of the A.E.F., that is important news. If, in doing so, he uses highly picturesque profanity, that makes for entertainment. To put in the profanity and leave out the argument might make the story more brisk, but it would be misrepresenting General Dawes and the significance of what he said.

Writing recently of the treatment of Parliamentary news by the Northcliffe press, Mr. A. G. Gardiner, formerly editor of the London *Daily News*, said, 'Parliament was treated as a music-hall turn. If it was funny, it was reported; if it was serious, it was ignored. . . . The Midlothian Campaign of Gladstone, which used to fill pages of the newspapers, would to-day be dismissed in an ill-reported half-column summary, devoted, not to the argument, but to the amusing asides and the irrelevant interruptions.' The same thing might be said of the Washington correspondence of all too many American newspapers. What makes so-called yellow journalism really dangerous is not so much its appetite for scandal as its continual distortion of the news in the interest of undiluted entertainment.

III

Sometimes, it must be admitted, misrepresentation is brought about, not by the inherent difficulty of stating the facts without prejudice, not by ignorance, carelessness, or the desire to entertain, but by deliberate intention. The newspaper profession is made up of all sorts of people, some of whom eagerly seize opportunities to present the news so as to favor their friends and put in an unfavorable light their enemies — personal, political, and economic. It is this practice which that extraordinary diatribe, *The Brass Check*, by Mr. Upton Sinclair, is devoted to exposing. Mr. Sinclair cites case after case in which the press has falsified the news, and comes to the conclusion that the newspapers are in a plot to twist the news to their own ends, and thus to serve the purposes of capital.

It is a pretty safe plan to take with several grains of salt most allegations regarding the existence of widespread conspiracies. We have been fed to repletion lately with supposed conspiracies of radicals, Bolsheviki, Jews, and so forth, and we are happily beginning to acquire some common sense. To my mind the evidence of misrepresentation collected by Mr. Sinclair and by other critics of the press proves, not that there is any conspiracy among newspaper men to withhold the truth from the public, but merely that newspaper owners, editors, and reporters are fallible; actuated too often by self-interest; too often ready to take the 'practical' view of things and to see on which side their bread is buttered; too often inclined to fight by illegitimate means what they dislike; and too often subject to those surges of mob-feeling that lead men to pillory those whom they detest.

Take, for example, that part of Mr. Sinclair's book in which he tells of his own unfortunate experiences with the press. It shows with what glee newspaper men — like other ordinary mortals — will sometimes join the pack to hunt those whom they dislike. Mr. Sinclair is unpopular with the press. When he founds Helicon Hall, a coöperative 'home colony'; when he gets into difficulties with the Delaware authorities

for playing Sunday tennis; when he disputes the amount of his bill for shredded wheat at a San Francisco hotel, the newspapers are after him like a gang of small boys after a stray dog.

Other examples of the same sort of hoodlumism on the part of newspapers come readily to mind. Recently the press howled similarly about the heels of Mr. Bouck White. When the inhabitants of the village where he was staying saw fit to tar-and-feather him because of charges his young French wife had made against him, the press joined in the fun, and in lengthy reports, satirically written, applied their own kind of tar-and-feathers. They did not like him or his economic views, and they leaped at the chance to make him an object of ridicule and scorn. Plots on the part of the capitalist press? Not a bit of it. Average men on the rampage, using the weapon of misrepresentation because it is nearest at hand.

There is no question that newspapers often give biased reports of strikes and other industrial conflicts. But, again, the charge of a conspiracy is too far-fetched. The reason these things happen is that the press is a human institution, and that much capital is required to run a newspaper. Owners of papers mostly have large financial interests and positive views on political, economic, and other matters. Many of them are excessively timid about offending financially influential people, which usually means conservative people. Newspaper owners are not all equally conscientious about the fairness of their news. Editors and reporters find out that what pays is to write the sort of news-stories which pleases the man at the top. In rare cases, of course, there may be actual corruption; but more often what puts bias into the news is merely the permeation of the staff by a sense of expediency. They put their jobs first and the truth second.

Often, oddly enough, the motives that lead to such misrepresentation of the news are praiseworthy. A newspaper proprietor believes that the unions are a menace. He believes that every good citizen ought to understand and oppose their methods. He wants to stir up the public. He thinks of himself as crusading against radicalism. He would be ashamed to print in his paper a word of news which would seem to favor the unions. He does not go so far as to pass the word down that the news must be distorted, for he does not believe in distortion. He simply wants to keep his paper clean of pro-union propaganda, as he fancies it. An item in the paper meets his eye; to him it seems radical; he explodes, and soon the staff is on its guard against another explosion. And then, perhaps, actual misrepresentation takes place. It is so easy! If even honest reporters, trying their best, find it difficult to exclude prejudice from their reports, how simple it is, when you don't try too hard, to make a strikers' meeting look like a failure when it really was a success, or to make Mr. William Z. Foster look redder than he is, or to pick out just the proper incidents to show how local public opinion looks upon the issues of the strike! How easy to make Senator A——'s denunciation of Senator B—— appear the well-justified act of a man sorely tried and at last giving vent to righteous indignation! And all because the men on the staff of the paper are weak, like other human beings, and because the owner fails to realize that the triumph of any cause, no matter how excellent, should be to him secondary to the duty of telling the truth.

There is much less outright intimidation or domination of the newspapers by advertisers than is often supposed. Many a newspaper has defied department stores successfully. Domination of the press by the department stores

was probably common thirty years ago; to-day it is comparatively infrequent. And the whole process of corrupting the news, where corruption to-day exists, is less often the deliberate work of men bent on falsehood than a process of drifting before the winds of circumstance, timidity, and self-interest.

The newspaper profession is steadily advancing, not only in the effectiveness of its news-gathering machinery, but also in its standing in the community and in its ethical standards. Early in the last century there was so little recognition of the rights of the press that Henry Clay, making a political speech in Kentucky, ordered off the field a reporter who had the impertinence to report him without first getting special permission. It was not until some time after the beginning of the Civil War that the Government at Washington made satisfactory arrangements for issuing its news to all newspaper men simultaneously, instead of giving it haphazard to the first comer. Now the President and the members of his Cabinet confer with the press representatives once or twice a day; and, as a matter of course, reporters are given front seats at almost every kind of public occasion.

Two generations ago the leading New York editors called each other blackguards and scoundrels in their editorial columns — a practice which to-day would be considered disreputable. Some twenty years ago Mr. Henry Watterson declared that journalism was 'without any code of ethics or system of self-restraint and self-respect.' The standard of newspaper conduct and of impartiality has risen conspicuously since then. The papers of one political party cannot dismiss the deeds of their opponents with such brief notice as they could once. In the recent presidential campaign, a Republican paper in Boston gave more space than any of the Democratic papers to an appeal for Mr. Cox issued by a group of men in New York, while a Democratic paper in the same city ran a straw ballot and printed the results day by day on its front page, although they favored Mr. Harding. Despite all that I have said about the frequent tendency among newspaper owners to side with large financial interests, it must in fairness be acknowledged that most papers give front-page space to Mr. Gompers quite as readily as to Judge Gary. Editors now observe with the utmost care release dates on material furnished them in advance, and most newspaper men can be trusted with confidential information or with facts not yet ripe for publication.

Assiduous as Mr. Sinclair may be in picking out for display the black spots in the record of the Associated Press, I believe this great news-disseminating service to be about as thoroughly imbued with the spirit of impartiality as any organization of its size and extent could well be. Its reports from Washington are models of fairness as between Republicans and Democrats. When I wrote of the difficulty of preparing an unbiased report, perhaps I should have added, 'But it can be done — witness the A.P. service from Washington.' The conduct of the Associated Press in political campaigns is equally scrupulous. If sometimes, in some places, its correspondents reflect the economic prejudices of the owners of its member papers, no one should judge it for such transgressions without taking into account the tremendous influence that it wields elsewhere on behalf of accuracy.

IV

Yet, if the press is to carry successfully the increasing responsibility which results from the public's increasing reliance upon it, it must not be content with its present record of improvement. How can improvement be hastened?

I believe that the newspapers ought, first of all, to make a more deliberate effort to secure men of education and discrimination for reporters. Schools of journalism are valuable to this end, both on account of the preparation they give and of the added prestige they lend to the profession. One of the things which deter many men of ability and character from entering newspaper work is the prospect of low pay and difficult hours. A man on a morning paper has to be on his job when his friends are enjoying their hours of recreation and sleep. I once met an experienced newspaper man who breakfasted when his family took their dinner, at 7 P.M.; who worked all night, had his playtime in the early morning, dined while his family breakfasted, and then went to bed for the day: not a schedule that many people would look forward to as their lot in middle life! Most newspaper men do not get a Sunday holiday: their day of rest may come at any time in the week. Again, most newspaper offices are ugly, crowded, and grimy — far less agreeable places to work in than business offices. The exceptions to this rule — such, for example, as the offices of the New York *Times* and the *Christian Science Monitor* — are conspicuous. All these circumstances tend to make journalism an unattractive calling.

In some cities reporters' unions are said to have proved useful in securing better conditions of work; but I cannot believe that this is the right solution of the problem. The reporter should be regarded and should regard himself, not as a laborer, but as a professional man. Whatever newspaper proprietors can do to enhance the dignity and prestige of his occupation, whether by increasing his pay, compensating him for his difficult hours by giving him more holidays, — as Lord Northcliffe is already said to have done, — or making his workingplace more attractive, will bear dividends in the form of more intelligent and responsible work by a generally better type of reporter.

A deliberate attempt ought also to be made by the more conscientious newspaper publishers and editors, acting presumably through their various professional associations, to formulate in more definite terms a code of newspaper ethics. It would be useful if they would discuss and ventilate such ethical problems as that of the propriety of printing dispatches actually prepared in the newspaper office but purporting to come from a distance. Associations of publishers or editors might also advantageously offer prizes for accuracy in the treatment of critical events, the awards to be made after thorough investigation by an impartial jury. The Pulitzer prizes, now awarded annually, are cases in point; but these do not reward accuracy so much as reportorial brilliance and editorial initiative, which usually are financially profitable in any case. The important thing is to stimulate newspapers to present the unbiased truth.

Most of the suggestions usually made for the improvement of newspaper ethics seem to me to miss the mark. One idea constantly brought forward is that of the endowed newspaper, which would not depend on advertising for its revenue. The endowed paper might possibly be more accurate than its competitors; but again it might not, and it would all too surely be less interesting. To remove the necessity of making profits is to remove incentives to originality, as well as temptations. Municipal newspapers are often advocated, and Mr. Bryan would like to see an Official Bulletin, which would issue news of the Federal Government. But government control of any sort would bring about inevitably the sort of political bias least to be desired; and an Official Bulletin would almost certainly become an in-

strument of political propaganda by the party in power.

Another more fruitful suggestion is that of creating independent news-agencies at important centres, such as Washington, to send out unprejudiced reports and thus to serve as a check upon the established press associations and the regular Washington correspondents. Such agencies would, I fear, only irritate newspaper men if they attempted direct competition with the press associations. They might serve a useful purpose, however, if they confined themselves to indirect competition, serving, not newspapers, but magazines, business houses, and the like, somewhat as several statistical agencies now furnish data on business conditions to banks and other subscribers. The trained Washington correspondents of various periodicals now do excellent service in giving the public a view of the workings of the government rather different from that gained through the eyes of the press. And a privately controlled Washington news-agency, furnishing carefully prepared news from week to week, would be of use to individuals whose local newspapers have an inadequate Washington service, and yet who want to keep close track of government affairs, and also would tend to have a tonic effect upon the news-gathering organization of the press. It would challenge, not any single press association or single newspaper, but the whole profession. Nothing stimulates one to tell an accurate story so much as the knowledge that one's hearer has an independent means of getting his information, and will pick one up if one goes far wrong.

Yet even such agencies would have only a limited value. They might be helpful in Washington or other critical points, but for the present we must remain dependent on the newspaper for our principal knowledge of what is going on all over the country and the world. And improvement of the newspaper profession must come about principally from within.

Criticism by the outside public there must be, however, — constant, watchful, and constructive, — accompanied by an increasing public appreciation of the dignity of journalism. In some quarters the obsolescent notion still prevails that reporters are impudent interlopers and busybodies. Thick-skinned reporters grow callous to such an attitude, but the thick-skinned are not always the most sensitive to accuracy. Ignorant and insolent as newspaper men sometimes are, their profession alone should be enough to command courteous treatment. It is useless to expect a high standard from men, unless the attitude of the community toward them contributes to their self-respect.

Meanwhile, it would be a good thing if all of us who read the newspapers — and that means pretty nearly everybody — knew enough about newspaper organization and methods to be better judges of the credibility of the news. I should like to see lectures on 'How to Read the Newspapers' given in colleges and schools and elsewhere. It is as essential for the citizen of this day to be able to read the morning paper with a discriminating eye — to be able to distinguish the A.P. dispatch from the special correspondent's forecast of conditions, and the fact story from the rumor story, and to be able to take into account the probable bias of the paper and make allowance for it — as it is for a lawyer to learn to assess the value of evidence. Only as we are able to estimate the relative amount of credence to be given to conflicting reports, and to judge for ourselves the reliability of the sources of the news, do we come somewhere near seeing that true picture of the world about us which we must see if we are to play our part in it intelligently and independently.

THE REFASHIONING OF ENGLISH EDUCATION

A LESSON OF THE GREAT WAR

BY CAROLINE F. E. SPURGEON

I

It is an interesting illustration of the unexpected in life, and the incalculable relation between cause and effect, that it should have needed the greatest war in history and a European convulsion to bring it home to English people that their children — all their children, rich and poor, girls and boys — should be trained in a knowledge of the English language and literature.

It is one of those facts, which, when once stated, appear so obvious that they need neither argument nor support.

Yet it was only after nearly one hundred years of experiment in national education that it began to dawn on teachers and others interested in the subject, that all boys and girls, of whatever social class, ought to be trained in the elements of humane education, and that the indispensable preliminary to such an education for English children is a knowledge of how to use their own language, and an introduction to the riches of their own literature.

Our eyes were sharpened to the practical need for this by many experiences and comparisons of ourselves with others during the late war; such, for instance, as the discovery that one of the reasons for the admirable and superior quality of French staff-work was the trained power of the French officer to express himself readily, accurately, and clearly in his own language, thereby immensely increasing the value of his directions and reports.

Or, to take quite another field, we learned much from the comparison that was made by Mr. P. B. Clayton, the chaplain at Poperinghe, between the product of the old elementary schools, as seen in the ordinary English soldier in the line, and the men from overseas. Mr. Clayton speaks with the most sympathetic appreciation of the English soldier, but laments that his 'standard of general education is so low,' and says that, by the side of the man from overseas 'his mental equipment is pitiful. . . . The overseas man, with his freedom from tradition, his wide outlook on life, his intolerance of vested interests, and his contempt for distinction based on birth rather than on worth, has stirred in the minds of many a comparison between the son of the bondwoman and the son of the free.'

It is being gradually realized that this freedom and independence of thought, width of outlook and sense of real values, which a less trammeled life has given in some degree to our brothers overseas, may also be given to the children of the mother-country through a better education, and especially through contact with literature, which is still more untrammeled, as well as wider and more penetrating, when kept in closest relation to life.

This curious blindness, which has hitherto been almost universal in England, as to the value of a training in English, is not owing to a marked lack of interest, or of belief in education: it is due to a variety of causes, — historical, social, and temperamental, — some of which have been pointed out recently with great cogency. We have, indeed, shown signs lately of a very vital interest in education; and to many observers it appeared to be one of the most remarkable evidences of the fundamental stability and sense of values in the English people, that, during the most critical period of the late war, they were able to pass an Education Act (unfortunately, for financial reasons, still inoperative), which, when it does operate, will immensely enlarge the conception of, and in some respects revolutionize, elementary education.

In the same spirit, during the depression and ferment immediately following upon the war, we find one committee after another — on Adult Education, on Modern Languages, on Natural Science, on the Classics, on English — being appointed by the Prime Minister, or the President of the Board of Education, to consider particular aspects of the educational problem in England.

All these reports are now issued, and the result is that we have, in small and convenient compass, a mass of expert information and opinion on the working of the educational system in England, such as has never before been available.

These educational papers bear no longer a merely specialist or technical interest; for all thoughtful people today realize that the future of civilization depends, not upon diplomats or politicians or leagues or kings or princes, but upon the education of the children of the world. If violence and misery and disorder are to be checked, if the swiftly increasing knowledge of material and destructive forces is to be balanced and controlled by an equal increase of the knowledge of spiritual and creative forces, the young generation must be educated, and the outlook upon life of millions of minds must be humanized and widened.

There is no other way. And the moment for it is now. For we are at a turning-point in the history of the world; we live at a time of acute crisis, in which, out of bitter suffering, a new spirit has been born, generating deeper perception and a wider and more generous vision; but it is not yet certain whether this spirit is strong enough to overcome and subdue the old forces of materialism and self-seeking. Its stirrings are to be seen in all the nations, under different forms.

In England its presence is felt by an open-mindedness, a sense of grave shortcomings, and an eagerness for change and improvement, such as have never before been known in our national history. To quote the remarkable letter to the Prime Minister by the Master of Balliol, which serves as an introduction to the report of the Committee on Adult Education, of which he was chairman: —

> A new era has come upon us. We cannot stand still. We cannot return to the old ways, the old abuses, the old stupidities. As with our international relations, so with the relations of classes and individuals inside our own nation: if they do not henceforth get better, they must needs get worse, and that means moving toward an abyss. Only by rising to the height of our enlarged vision of social duty can we do justice to the spirit generated in our people by the long effort of common aspiration and common suffering. To allow this spirit to die away unused would be a waste compared to which the material waste of the war would be a little thing; it would be a national sin, unpardonable in the eyes of our posterity. We stand at the bar of history for judgment, and we shall be judged by the use we make of this unique opportunity. It is unique in many

ways, most of all in the fact that the public not only has its conscience aroused and its heart stirred, but also has its mind open and receptive of new ideas to an unprecedented degree.

This quickened conscience, stirring of heart, and liberation of mind are to be found in some degree among all the peoples, and one practical result of them is the dawning realization that the most pressing need for every nation is not battleships or guns, but education — enlightened and humane.

Hence these reports and the kind of investigation they represent are worthy of careful study, not only by the English-speaking peoples, but by all the peoples of the world; for they are an honest attempt on the part of one nation with a long educational history behind it to grapple with this vital problem, to point out defects, to weigh values, and to establish a basis for practical reconstruction.

II

To return, then, to the special question of the education of the English child of to-day as seen in these documents. The testimony is clear from them all that the old system, when weighed, is found wanting. It must be remembered that the idea of a similar elementary education for all, which in America is almost axiomatic, is for England revolutionary. In England, for generations past, only a very small section of the nation, the boys of families of a certain social class, have been given the chance of acquiring the equipment for life called education: and with them it has taken the form, almost exclusively, of a training in the languages and civilizations (too often, alas, in practice only the elements of the former) of ancient Greece and Rome. Since the days of the Renaissance, classical scholars have maintained, and rightly, that the mental discipline, training in accuracy and logical expression, to be gained by the study of Greek and Latin is unrivaled. Infinitely more valuable is the further training which the advanced student is fortunate enough to get in all that is included under the term 'civilizations' of Greece and Rome; in their history, law, social problems, politics, literature, and archæology. The riches and variety of the mental and spiritual gains of such an education have never been more admirably summed up in brief compass than in the opening pages of the Report on the Classics.

In England, this invaluable training, this gateway to all that is greatest and most beautiful in the modern world, has, speaking broadly, been open, until quite recently, to only a small community of the sons of the wealthier classes. Their daughters, together with the great mass of the remainder of the British people, have been taught little or nothing beyond the rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic. Matters, however, are changing very rapidly, and since the war with a rapidity which is startling. A large and eager democracy is knocking at the doors of our schools and universities and seeking entry, irrespective of sex or class, demanding that they also shall share in the advantages of this subtle, rather vaguely defined, and little-understood thing called education.

We are faced, therefore, with an entirely new problem in England. It is clear that this great company cannot all be taught the ancient Classical languages on the old system, demanding six, eight, or ten years of close and arduous study; only a small percentage of these new scholars — as of the 'Public-School' boys of the past — would, apart from financial considerations altogether, care to do this, or would adequately profit by it if they did.

What, then, is to be done? All the

expert educational committees which have been at work during these last two years have been faced by this problem, but only one has boldly tackled it in its entirety.

The Classical experts recommend that all boys and girls, even those in elementary schools, 'should be admitted to some vision of the great chapter in the progress of mankind which is comprised in the history and literature of Greece and Rome'; and they sketch a most interesting scheme of classical education for boys and girls who leave school at sixteen.

The Workers' Educational Association, which is the most significant, vital, and hopeful educational movement in Great Britain, in more general terms upholds the importance of the abstract and humanistic studies, in its declaration that 'Since the character of British Democracy ultimately depends on the collective wisdom of its adult members, no system of education can be complete that does not promote serious thought and discussion on the fundamental interests and problems of life and society.'

The Modern Language experts also emphasize the fact that 'a democracy cannot afford to be ignorant'; they maintain that modern languages have been more neglected than any other part of our education; they demonstrate their value as the basis of a training to widen outlook, to cultivate imagination and taste, to develop powers of accurate thought and expression; they point out that their many uses are still imperfectly understood, and they urge reform.

The Committee on Natural Science, on the other hand, state most convincingly the claims of their subject, and indicate its various and distinct kinds of educational value. They claim, and rightly, that science can arouse and satisfy the element of wonder in human nature, that it opens and disciplines the mind, quickens and cultivates observation, trains judgment, teaches reasoning power, method, and arrangement, stimulates curiosity and interest, awakens thought, stirs imagination, cultivates reverence, and provides intellectual refreshment. All this is in addition to its practical utility and necessity to a modern nation in industry, commerce, war and peace, which is so obvious that it needs no argument. They therefore recommend that Natural Science should form an essential part of the general education of all, up to the age of about sixteen.

No enlightened reader of these various reports could do anything but agree most heartily with all that is urged in favor of the several subjects, each opening up a world of thrilling interest and wonder; and we long, ourselves, to sit down straightway and study along the lines suggested by each one of them. But the truth is that life is too short; the capacity of the average child and of the average teacher is strictly limited, and subjects multiply, and human knowledge expands.

The real problem is one of time, and is broadly this: How can the intelligence of a child who leaves school at sixteen best be awakened; in what way and with what material can he best be given guidance, sustenance, and inspiration for his future life, while at the same time a sound foundation is laid for wider and deeper study for those who desire to carry it further?

III

It is the English Report alone — and this partly because of the nature of its subject — which faces this problem boldly and attacks it in its fundamental aspect; it is, consequently, the most revolutionary in spirit; its recommendations, if carried out, will be the most far-reaching in result; and from our

immediate point of view, therefore, it is the most striking and suggestive of all these documents.

The Committee responsible for it included representatives of the universities (Professors C. H. Firth of Oxford, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch of Cambridge, and Caroline Spurgeon of London); of the elementary and secondary schools, the Board of Education Inspectorate, and Training Colleges (Mr. J. H. Fowler, Mr. J. Dover Wilson, Miss Davies, Mr. G. Sampson, and others); while poetry and pure letters were represented by Mr. John Bailey and the Chairman, Sir Henry Newbolt.[1]

In an admirably reasoned introduction, almost wholly constructive, full of vision as well as of close thought, it is pointed out that the trouble is not that there is an inadequate conception of the teaching of English or too little time given to it, but that we have failed to conceive the full meaning and possibilities of national education as a whole. This failure is due to the lack of any clear idea as to what the true nature of education is. The great majority of people still identify it with the imparting of information; and though some consider this largely useless, others value it as a possible means of obtaining increased wages or some other vocational advantage. In general, it may not unfairly be said, the Report continues, that 'education is regarded as a suitable occupation for the years of childhood, with the further object of equipping the young in some vague and little-understood way for the struggle of adult existence in a world of material interests.'

[1] As I was a member of this committee, my praise of its report might appear somewhat biased, if not lacking in modesty, were I not to say that, although agreeing heartily with its arguments and recommendations, yet, owing to the fact that I was out of England during a large part of its sittings, I had no hand in the final drafting of its conclusions. — THE AUTHOR.

Our first concern, therefore, must be to formulate some common fundamental idea of education, and to build up on it a national system.

Many critics, from different angles, have pointed out that our present education has been for a long time past too remote from life. The instinctive feeling of the majority of English people is a right one, that education should bear directly upon life, and that no part of the process should be without a purpose intelligible to everyone concerned.

The chief factor in the present divorce between education and reality is the theory, long accepted, that 'the process of education is the performance of compulsory hard labor, a "grind" or "stiffening process," a "gritting of the teeth" upon hard substances, with the primary object, not of acquiring a particular form of skill or knowledge, but of giving the mind a general training and strengthening.'

If this theory were abandoned, the whole educational problem would be made easier, and it would be possible to secure for the child a living interest and a sense of purpose in his work. This purpose would be realized more and more fully as it came to be understood that education is not the same thing as information or discipline, or even the dealing with human knowledge divided up into so-called 'subjects.'

True education, the 'drawing out' and training of already existing faculties, is really guidance in the acquiring of experience. For the gaining of experience, physical, mental, and spiritual, is the one thing which matters; it is in this continuous gain that life itself consists, and the full garnering and expression of this experience is the highest end we can see for man — 'ripeness is all.'

Education, then, guides the child in experience of different kinds of manual work, investigation of matter and its qualities, and, most valuable of all,

those experiences of human relations which are gained by contact with human beings, either by social contact at school, at home, in the outer world, or 'in the inner world of thought and feeling, through the personal records of action and experience known to us under the form of literature. . . . Literature, the form of art most readily available, must be handled from the first as the most direct and lasting communication of experience by man to men.' It must never be thought of merely as an ornament or pastime, and, 'above all, it must never be treated as a field of mental exercise remote from ordinary life.'

Great literature, as those who care for it well know, is not only close to life, but is a means of life. For, after all, what is life? That is a question which, in its completeness, we are unable to answer; but perhaps the best working definition of it is that it is response to stimulus. The more we respond, the more we are alive; and the great makers of literature are those who have a range and delicacy and depth of response beyond that of the ordinary man; and by coming into touch with their spirit, we are enabled to share in some degree their vision of the glory and wonder of the world; we are able to realize how much more there is to be seen and to be felt than we ever before knew, or than we ever could know unaided; and we become more fully alive.

For the teacher and the taught alike must never forget that 'books are not things in themselves: they are merely the instruments through which we hear the voices of those who have known life better than ourselves.'

Never yet has this great life-giving spring been made available for English boys and girls as a whole.

Boys and girls of all classes have for generations gone through a so-called education, without being disturbed by the slightest suspicion of what literature meant. The better scholars at our Public Schools have tasted of it through the mighty literatures of Greece and Rome. The select few who have a natural taste for it, together, perhaps, with an enthusiastic teacher, may have been led to read it; but the great mass of upper-class English schoolboys, hammering away for years at their Latin and Greek grammars, have remained blissfully unconscious of it.

The elementary school-child equally, though occasionally awakened to the literary treasures in our language through the good fortune of a sympathetic instructor, on the whole has gone out into life unaware of them.

Hence the bulk of English people of every class are unconsciously living starved existences. Here is waste unspeakable, waste of the possibilities of joy and refreshment and inspiration in the lives of millions. By no means the least of the many tragedies of the war — so it seems to one onlooker — was the spectacle of thousands of young men, the flower of her race, laying down their lives for England without ever having shared her proudest possession, without ever having even guessed at the wonder and the glory of the greatest treasure England can give her sons — her literature.

The Report on English then urges that in national education what we need is the true starting-point for the whole of the structure. For this purpose there is but one material — English: 'for English children no form of knowledge can take precedence of a knowledge of English, no form of literature can take precedence of English literature,' and the 'two are so inextricably connected as to form the only basis possible for a national education.'

It is not suggested for a moment that English should replace the Classics, but that it should precede them, so that, in-

stead of the study of the Classics being forced on all indiscriminately, English should be used as a sifting-ground, to differentiate those who possess sufficient linguistic ability and literary instinct to justify their taking up Latin or Greek, or both.

Moreover, — as is pointed out in chapter three of the Report, — it will greatly assist the study of the Classics if children have first some perception of what literature is; so that, when they come 'to Horace or Sophocles they may no longer have the two difficulties to confront at once, the difficulty of the unknown art of poetry, as well as the difficulty of an unknown language.'

This suggested foundation of English means that all English children, whatever their position or occupation in life, should have, in however elementary a form, a liberal education; that they should be taught to speak and to write good English — a matter of the most vital concern for all English men and women, and for them the one indispensable preliminary and foundation of all other branches of learning. For a lack of language is a lack of the means of communication, and of thought itself.

And, more important still, every English child should be introduced to English literature, and should be helped through it to realize what great literature is, and, by that means, what great art is.

For it is, indeed, true, as this introduction boldly declares, that 'the prevalence of a low view of art, and especially of the art of literature, has been a main cause of our defective conception of national education.'

A much higher view must be taken, not only of science — too often regarded as a kind of skilled labor, — but of art, and especially of literature, which has been almost universally misapprehended and degraded — confused with the science of language, or valued for its commercial uses. We make no apology for quoting in its entirety the following passage from the introduction, for it contains the very essence of its argument: —

> This higher view of art is the only one consistent with a true theory of education. Commercial enterprise may have a legitimate and desirable object in view, but that object cannot claim to be the satisfaction of any of the three great natural affections of the human spirit — the love of truth, the love of beauty, and the love of righteousness. Man loves all these by nature and for their own sake only. Taken altogether, they are, in the highest sense, his life, and no system of education can claim to be adequate if it does not help him to develop these natural and disinterested loves. But if it is to do this effectively, we must discard or unlearn all mean views of art, and especially of the art of literature. We must treat literature, not as language merely, not as an ingenious set of symbols, a superficial and superfluous kind of decoration, or a graceful set of traditional gestures, but as the self-expression of great natures, the record and rekindling of spiritual experiences, and, in daily life for every one of us, the means by which we may, if we will, realize our own impressions and communicate them to our fellows. We reiterate, then, the two points which we desire to build upon: first, the fundamental necessity of English for the full development of the mind and character of English children, and, second, the fundamental truth that the use of English does not come at all by nature, but is a fine art, and must be taught as a fine art.

It is clear, the Report goes on to point out, that such a liberal education, based on the English language and literature, for every child in England, would be the greatest benefit that could be conferred on him, and that 'the common right to it, the common discipline and enjoyment of it, the common possession of the tastes and associations connected with it, would form a most important new element of national

unity, linking together the mental life of all classes.'

Our education up to now has been a powerful element of division; it has 'gone far to make of us, not one nation, but two,' neither of which shared the associations or tastes of the other.

The best currents of educational thought and experiment, in ignoring or despising the commercial and industrial facts of the modern world, have become remote from the life of the vast bulk of the population, who are mainly concerned with commerce and industry. A special preparation for them has therefore developed, known as technical education, which is not a complete education, but starves half the nature of man. So that the cleavage has been disastrous both for education and for industry.

Much of our social discord, suspicion, and bitterness, of our industrial warfare and unrest, is owing to this gulf between classes, between industry and culture, emphasized by the gulf between educated and uneducated speech; and nothing would do more to bridge this chasm than a common education, fundamentally English, resulting in a common pride and joy in the national language and literature.

And as one result of this common English elementary education, we should hope to find many more instances akin to the remarkable one cited in the Classical Report, of the school at Stornoway in the Island of Lewis, attended largely by the children of fishermen and crofters, in which some thirty pupils are learning Greek, and those in the highest class are reading Homer, Æschylus, and Plato.

This recognition of the undoubtedly unifying national effects of a common education, thought out on a national basis, is an interesting foreshadowing of a recognition, which will come later, of the equally undoubted unifying international effect which can be got only through a common education, thought out on an international basis. We have an adumbration of its possibilities in Mr. Wells's most suggestive *Bible of Civilization*.

IV

It can be seen from what we have already said that the conclusions and recommendations of this Report are not altogether of a type which we associate with Government committees and blue books, and, in consequence, they are all the more hopeful and inspiriting.

It is good to find it avowed by an experienced and practically minded committee, who have spent two and a half years on their task, have interviewed 102 witnesses, and amassed vast stores of evidence and information, that education is the acquisition of experience resulting in a wider outlook on life; that great literature is the record and rekindling of the spiritual experience of great natures, and that the transmission of it as such is an indispensable factor in education; that we have failed hitherto in national education because we have too low and mean a view of art in England; and that there is, consequently, a pressing need for a realization of the quality and character of art and its practical bearing on life.

It is good to have it reiterated, — as well as to have practical suggestions made for carrying it out, — that literature, not being a knowledge-subject, cannot and should not be *taught*, but should be communicated to the students in such a way that they will experience it rightly. It is satisfactory to find many age-long educational fallacies exposed — as the delusion that the people as a whole should have only manual or 'vocational' training, such as fits them to be miners or engineers or cooks. This is the educational 'lie in the soul,' and the whole Report is a pro-

test against it. There is also the opposite delusion, that education unfits, makes a man too good for manual labor — the unfortunate notion that education somehow involves a black coat and a pen in the hand. Both alike are rooted in the same misconception, that education is exclusively an affair of vocation. That is just what it is not, at least in its earlier stages. The first thought of education must be fullness of life, not professional success.

It is good to hear that no teacher — be his work elementary or advanced — can be too highly gifted or too highly trained; that all our force must first be applied to him if we are to raise the mass; and that, therefore, it is a vital necessity and preliminary that the teacher should be properly trained at a university, properly equipped with libraries and other intellectual opportunities, and properly paid.

It is good, we repeat, to find these views and these recommendations between the gray covers of a government report; it will be better still when we see them acted upon.

These are the basic principles upon which the Report is founded; for the development and application of them, we can only refer readers to the pamphlet itself. They will find there, amid much else, a brief but most suggestive history of the ideals and practice of English education since the Renaissance, and an account of the present teaching of English in elementary and secondary schools and at the universities. Doubtless, as regards this latter, the large amount of argument devoted to proving the importance of English in university studies will sound strange to American ears; but the need for it is explained by the historical introduction, where it is shown that, owing to the long dominance of Classics and mathematics, it is only quite lately that we have begun to be definitely conscious that we have a great and independent literature of our own. Hence, only recently has English had any position at all in English universities, or formed part of the ordinary or recognized studies.

Specially interesting in this chapter ('The Universities') is the part which deals with the study of language, showing the reaction which is taking place from that form of philology so aptly described by Sir Walter Raleigh as 'hypothetical sound-shiftings in the primæval German forests,' and making a convincing case for a more literary and human study of language, its meanings and developments, especially during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries.

They will find many valuable su[illegible]gestions as to the training of teache[illegible] in the section devoted to that subje[illegible] where great emphasis is laid on the ne[illegible] for ability in the teacher of English t[illegible] read and speak well, and on the fact (a[illegible] expressed by the Committee on Adul[illegible] Education) that the 'indispensabl[illegible] qualification of the teacher of literatur[illegible] is not learning but passion, and a pow[illegible] to communicate it.'

It is pointed out that it is not suf[illegible]ciently borne in mind that the teache[illegible] of literature should, so far as possibl[illegible] teach only those authors for whom th[illegible] themselves have a real love. Else the[illegible] is danger that their pupils may resemb[illegible] a candidate in a recent examinatio[illegible] who wrote, 'Scott has spent pages up[illegible] pages upon describing a country sce[illegible] this is very uninteresting, but it is [illegible] tensely good literature.'

They will find a philosophy of the teaching of English in elementary schools, which is an illumination of the whole problem, and which, if taken to heart, should be as great an inspiration as a teacher of this most difficult subject in most difficult surroundings could possibly have. What, for instance,

could better help, guide, and inspire such a teacher, keeping him ever conscious of the real magnitude and far-reaching effect of his work, than to remember that 'the lesson in English is not merely one occasion for the inculcation of knowledge — *it is an initiation into the corporate life of man*'?

They will find most striking testimony from representative business men as to the important place they consider training in spoken and written English should take in preparation for business life, and, most especially, as to the need for the clear thinking and broad outlook which the study of literature may be expected to provide.

The question of the need for the retention of some form of humanism of which English will form a part, as an essential element in a preparation for industrial and commercial life, is fully discussed, and it is pointed out that, as regards the giving of English itself — even literature — a vocational bias, so that it can be made to bear directly upon the life and work of those who study it, we in England can learn much from the interesting experiment in this direction made by Mr. Frank Aydelotte at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and described in his essay on *The Problem of English in Engineering Schools.*

Signs are not wanting that some steps are already being taken in England to meet this need, such as the recent appointment of a Director of Humanistic Studies to the staff of one of the most important technological institutes in the North. Two sentences from the testimony of this same director deserve quotation, for they embody not only his point of view, but also that of the Committee. Speaking of the reading and acting of plays he says, —

> This method of acquiring the art of self-expression has the further advantage of developing what ex-technical students — engineers, chemists, mill-managers — so often lack, imagination. The main point I desire to bring out is that the intelligent study of literature develops personality, and is valuable to anyone in any walk of life; for literature deals with life, of which weaving and chemical research are parts.

Nothing could bring home more vividly the change in attitude toward humane education for the worker than to read this carefully thought out section on 'English in Industrial and Commercial Life,' and then to read the account of the kind of training received in the elementary schools thirty or forty years ago by those who are now adult workingmen and women.

> In those days education was purely utilitarian. . . . Literature was not used in business, and therefore did not enter the curriculum. No advice was given on the subject of reading. A school library was a rarity . . . it was not uncommon for children to have two 'poetry' lessons each week for a year, and during the whole of that time read no more than one poem. When children left school — at the age of thirteen — they carried with them a detestation of poetry which most of them retained through life.

In this connection it is specially interesting to note the suggestions for teaching English in the new Day Continuation Schools, on the principle on which some now teach history and geography, from the local centre outward, in such wise that speech, song and dance, acting and craftsmanship and history, based upon local manners and customs, should take a foremost place. The possibilities along this line are strikingly confirmed by the late Professor F. W. Moorman, of Leeds, who, in the preface to a little volume of Yorkshire dialect poems, published in 1918, tells how, in his dialect wanderings through Yorkshire, he discovered that, while there was a hunger for poetry in the hearts of the people, the great masterpieces of our national song, the outcome

of a traditional culture coming down from the time of the Renaissance, made little or no appeal to them.

> They were bidden to a feast of the rarest quality and profusion, but it consisted of food they could not assimilate. Spenser, Milton, Pope, Keats, Tennyson, all spoke to them in language which they could not understand, and presented to them a world of thought and life in which they had no inheritance. But the Yorkshire dialect verse, which circulated through the dales in chapbook or Christmas almanack, was welcomed everywhere.

This appeal of the local and dialect verse is further exemplified in the work of what is by far the most vital as well as the most ancient cultural movement for the people in Great Britain to-day — the centuries-old Celtic eisteddfod system in Wales, of the work and methods of which a very interesting account is given in the Report on Adult Education.

In addition to the renowned musical activity and great singing festivals to which it gives rise, it promotes verse and drama and essay competition of the most lively kind; so that practically every village in Wales contains a number of men and women who have mastered the most intricate system of Welsh verse, and for whom poetry generally is the principal interest of their leisure hours.

These, however, are exceptions, and the broad fact remains true, as faced frankly in the interesting discussion on Literature and the Nation, that the present generation of working people in England, as a whole, has no use for literature. This, it is suggested, is because there is no longer any 'folk' literature springing from the lives of the people, as in the mediæval age, when they sang ballads and took part in their guilds in plays and pageants. This lack in our modern working people of æsthetic delight, of joy in life expressing itself through music and verse, as compared with the people of Elizabethan England or of ancient Sicily and Greece, is made vividly real to us when we read what Mr. Cecil Sharp tells us of the ballad and part-singing of the Appalachian mountaineers in our Southern States, who have carried on undisturbed, in their far-off, inaccessible mountains, the habits of their seventeenth-century English forefathers; or when one sees, as the present writer did this spring, the shepherd boys in the narcissus fields of Northern Africa playing gayly upon the flute, dancing, and laughing, with roses garlanded behind their ears. The pastoral is no artificial form of verse for them, for it tells of what is as familiar a daily occupation as the drinking of beer in the village alehouse is to the English peasant.

But our working people of to-day, so one interesting witness told us, feel that literature expresses the point of view, for the most part, of the middle and upper classes, and that any attempt to teach them literature or art is an attempt to impose upon them the culture of another class. At the same time, evidence is given of the appeal to workingmen of such writers as Burns and Jack London.

Wordsworth, writing over a hundred years ago, with his poet's insight, foresaw some part of the position in which we now find ourselves. He anticipated the likelihood of immense changes in the social life and industrial occupations of the vast majority of our people, and consequently in the 'impressions which we habitually receive,' and he prophesied that in these changed conditions the poet, who 'follows whereso-ever he can find an atmosphere of sensation in which to move his wings,' will invade this vast new territory and make it his own.

This prophecy is — broadly speaking — as yet unfulfilled, though we

should like to know whether such poems as those in Gibson's little volumes of *Daily Bread* and *Fires*, make any appeal whatever to the miners and laborers and factory-hands about whom they are written.

The whole question of the relation of poetry, and indeed of art, to national life, though an old one, is intensely vital and interesting, and is as yet unsolved. If, however, we accept Wordsworth's view, it may be that the explanation of the present, and, we hope, only transitory, divorce in England between art and industry may be the same that has so far prevented the American people, with all their rich and varied life and intellectual vigor, from producing a literature that can in any sense be called national. It may be that its origins are too recent; that, as with our great industrial population, its occupations are too 'modern,' to have taken upon them that coloring of the imagination necessary for the poet. It may be that the traditions and activities of the people of the New World, in common with those of the great majority of our own people, are — to use Wordsworth's language — not yet sufficiently 'familiarized to men . . . to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood,' and, therefore, the poet cannot 'lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, or welcome the Being thus produced, as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man.'

If this be so, the hope of the future lies in the healing of the breach between art and common life, in the meeting together of culture, of poetry, and of everyday work; and this, in the words of our Report, can be brought about only through a humanized industrial education, which will make 'poetry and drama as free of the factory and the workshop as they were of the village green and moot-hall in the Middle Ages.'

V

Enough, perhaps, has been said to show the kind of questions raised and discussed in these Government reports, which we believe will prove to be historic documents, though we have here merely touched on the fringe of a few of the problems in one of them.

We have a mighty task ahead of us in England: nothing less than the remaking of our national education on a vastly larger and more comprehensive and more humane scale; and a good start has been made by the investigations and conclusions of these various committees. Little as we — any of us — desire to multiply committees, I should, in this connection, welcome yet one more, to report on what we can learn from other countries to help us in our work.

The note on the teaching of the mother-tongue in France in the English Report, and the warm recommendation by the Classical Committee of two books by American scholars, — Professor J. H. Breasted's *Ancient Times*, and Professor G. W. Botsford's *History of the Ancient World*, — as invaluable for a boy in the 'Classical Sixth,' show that we are not blind to this. But the genius of the French for training their children in their own language, and the special and vivid power of generalized history-teaching in America, which makes her, as Mr. Wells says, 'a hopeful laboratory of world-unifying thought,' are only two of many directions in which we should gain greatly from more knowledge along these lines. In some of our newer university problems especially, it seems to me that we in England may learn much from America, who, from the start of her educational life has been faced by conditions which are only now beginning to confront us.

America has been forced very rapidly to supply the needs of a great and var-

ied democracy, with an insistent desire for education. This has resulted in the establishment and equipment of vast universities on a scale undreamed of here, and also in the evolution of social organization and student self-government of a high order. It has led her to aim, in these universities, at an all-round development, physical and social as well as intellectual, and to provide means of physical and social well-being far in advance of anything we have yet attained. But, most important of all, it has constrained her to relate the teaching of subjects to life, in order to interest and to afford intellectual nourishment to many who do not come from cultivated surroundings, and who are not preparing to be scholars or educational specialists. Consequently, many of the lecture courses — the 'live' method of attacking a subject and of handling discussion classes — contain much that is suggestive, especially to those of us in England who have to deal with the newer type of university student.

Such courses as those given by Mrs. George Haven Putnam on Greek literature, and Miss Minor Latham on play-writing, at Barnard College, and Professor Baker's training in dramatic art at Harvard, are a revelation of live and vigorous teaching, and of the close relation which can be made between a literary subject and life. For America is so intensely alive; it is her eager and thrilling vitality which, above everything else, strikes the English visitor to her shores; refreshing and invigorating him, though at first it may slightly overpower him.

We, of the Old World, are just a little weary — disillusioned it may be, critical certainly; and, in academic circles, we have been known at times to be somewhat suspicious and unreceptive about new methods. This is, possibly, the penalty of a long tradition and accumulated experience of centuries of scholarship centred at our old universities, and from them radiating throughout the country. This experience may, perhaps, be helpful to the New World, desirous of raising its standards to a high degree of finish and perfection. On the other hand, in the special task which lies before us in England, of the refashioning of our education in closest relation to life, in order to meet the needs of our great industrial population, I believe that America, of all the countries in the world, is the one that can teach us most.

MINOR MEMORIES

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

I AM visiting Sorrow of Evening. The walls of her little bark hut are hung with a gray film of nets; for she lives by the sea, and her husband is a fisherman. With a seine of checkered cloth she has been fishing in a backwater, and now she heaps her catch upon a mat of green leaf that she has spread on the clay of her floor. All her fish are little, very little; all are bright. None is longer than an almond. Some are like moonstones and some like opals; some are freckled with gilt, some with vermilion. Some little bold ones are striped like tigers, and burn there on the green of the banana leaf — there they all burn and glimmer and glitter for a moment, and I remember them forever.

It is an early morning, and I am by the sea. The sky is very high, the water is pale under a multitudinous bright spangle. And at the edge of the incessant ripple I see a pattern of footprints — the little tender markings of the feet of children. There they are in the sand, little prints so delicate, so flawless, going north and south upon little errands so ephemeral, and washed away by a tide of long ago. But still they are remembered — I remember them.

Or it is a dateless night, thick with bright stars and the smothered ember of a moon going down into the sea before my door. Some Senegalese soldiers pass among the trees at the forest's edge; they sound a call on the bugle, very true and sweet — it is the voice of that lovely, lovely night. I walk out, and the night beats upon me in a light fall of starlight, and the damp of the dew and the soft insistence of the waves and the sharp insistence of the thousand thousands in the grass and the sudden sweetness of the bugle melt my heart that is hard with the monotony of the day's work — and set their record forever in the wax of it.

Or it is four o'clock of an afternoon. The sound of the surf comes from the sea and the sharp rustle of palm trees from the land. Under the immense sky our clearing is suddenly seen to be a space full of significant and noble lighting, which compensates the arrested spirit for the heat and burden of the day. At that hour there is a supernatural signal to the creature in us that is not at home in the world — some secret of liberation is felt at four of the clock on a day long forgotten.

Or it is early morning in a forest village, and we are going to salute the old headman of Nkilezok. The little brown huts of his village crouch under the burden of the sunlight, but in his palaver house there is a permanent dusk. You can hardly see him in that dusk, as you come in from the day; but he sees your white outline against the door, and he cries out that he has seen a magic! The magic draws near the old man. They speak together. Tapping the clay of his floor with the staff he holds between his knees he says: 'I and the earth — we are old!' What has Magic to say to that? You are impressed and he sees it, looking at you with his old eyes that observe you. It is then he tells you that he is God. 'Why should I honor God?' he asks you. 'I am God. You see all

these people about here? I made them.' And still he murmurs, looking at you always, 'A magic — I have seen a magic!' Afterward you are told of the magic named by him, that it is a bright enchantment and that those who see it must soon die, or one of their household. And always you remember that old god sitting in the dusk of his palaver house and visited by the ultimate magic.

Of the people of Ebamina I remember only the headman's guard. I am speaking to the people of that village about the things of God; and the guard is there, dressed in ragged khaki and ostentatiously taking notes. He writes and writes — a grotesque figure in his ragged trousers; but there are so many women in Ebamina, who ask so many questions about the things of God, that I cannot ask him,— as he hopes that I will do,— 'Who are you that write so superbly in the backwoods of the forest?' And he goes away.

But that night, when the last guest has gone and the moon is white in the one street of Ebamina, there comes to see me a young buck breeched in bark-cloth, belted with beads, banded with beads below the knee, long knives slung at his side and the inevitable spear in hand. He and his spear, in the light of my lantern, are very tall. He is wishing, he tells me, that I could help an old woman who has just gone mad. Could I not give her a 'mouth-medicine' to quiet her?

He speaks with the civil gentleness that is the politeness of the forest people; but his aspect, brilliant and wild, is like the brilliant wildness of striped and stealthy creatures. He waits in the glamour of moonlight and the glamour of lantern-light to hear me say that I have no mouth-medicine for his poor mad woman, and then he goes away. With the curious deliberate softness of violent people, he goes away, and his black shadow with him. Suddenly I know that he is my ragged scribe. I remember him forever, because he is beautiful, and because I am surprised.

It is another night and the same lantern. I am going to see my little herd of schoolgirls, who should now be abed under the long thatch of their dormitory. It is to say good-bye that I am going — I shall be leaving with the dawn, on some forgotten journey. Before I open the door, I hear them say, 'The lamp has come!' I suppose that they have seen the light of it through the slits in the bark of their wall. And when I enter, all the little heads, some tousled and some so neatly dressed, come up from the wooden pillows; all the little faces assume a mournful expression, looking as they would wish to look when I must go away.

I put the lantern on the floor, and I make a few of my customary improving remarks. They are well received; my little girls admire me with their brilliant and attentive eyes. Until I say that they have been very good of late, and that, while I have sometimes punished one and sometimes another — when I am interrupted. My little girls think that I am struck with compunction, — that I am going away torn with remorse, — and they cannot bear it!

'Don't speak of it!' they cry.

'Not one has a grudge against you!'

'Why would you not punish us? Does not a mother punish her children?'

And all those young faces look at me so sweetly in the light that strikes up from the lantern on the ground — forgiving me so ardently with their faces, that I remember it forever. Forever I remember that sweet and expressive and unanimous absolution.

Too many little girls I remember — bush and beach. Ntet I remember, going before me in our path that lay in the bed of a clear and rocky stream, — holding up her little flowered cloth that

was so bright in that place of shade, — a little Persephone in a kind of forest Hades. And Soya, too much the child of her white father — she is remembered, and the pallor and bloom of her oval little face, where there is no touch of yellow, but all a tender brown like the brown of faded roses; and the delicate modeling under the coils of her shadowy hair; and her presence, which is as fragrant of youth as the jasmine is sweet; and her smile when she watched us bathe the white baby by the light of a lamp lit long ago. Her pink dress is faded; it does not cover her neck or her little round arms. On one of her wrists there is a silver band, and a copper band on the other; there is a black ribbon hanging from her neck, and above her temple she has thrust a grass ornament as green as jade. And she smiles, when we bathe the white baby, the mysterious smile of women who look at babies. And little wild girls I remember, dancing about the evening fires to their own little drumming and singing, swinging their grass bustles with a rhythmic acquired skill, or playing out under the stars. The memory of them beats softly against my heart, like the wings of the little night-moths that they were.

I remember a day of wrestling. The things of that day are preserved in an amber of sunlight. Summoned by drums, the neighbors are abroad upon the trail. They are going to the wrestling, and I am going. Metingie, by permission, is going to the wrestling. He is our steward, and he is of a cannibal tribe — a Yebekolo. Yet it is confidently asserted of Metingie that he has never eaten man — a fact that has sometimes come to mind when Metingie, with noble gestures, served at table. There he is in the amber of that sunlight, upon the open clearing in the town of Mbita, and there am I. And there I see the men of Mbita's town out upon the path, with their bow-guns; with their arrows they harry a snake that is coiled too, too bright in the high crest of a palm tree. The snake draws in its golden loop; it was there and now it is not there; somewhere it is in the forest shadow — not to-night will it be eaten from the kettles of the town of Mbita. And that is the snake I am always to remember. Long after, and often, when I am asked if ever in Africa I saw snakes, memory is to select out of an abundant treasure this golden snake of the town of Mbita.

I see before a potter's hut his little new family of clay pots — gray in their nests of green leaves; big and little, they dry in the sun. I meet a group of twenty Bene men, very bold and bad, each with two spears and rejoicing to be off on one of their wicked errands. In the town of Ndib Ela a saucy old woman, sitting under the eaves on the west side of her hut, accosts me. She demands news of my husband; and when, as ever, I disown him, she asks: 'Ye o ne flee?' And thinks that she has used the word so new in the forest: Are you free?

Am I free? I wonder. Because I am going to the wrestling, who should be about my proper business, I think that I am 'flee'; but, oh, if that old woman were to beg me, 'Tell me three words of the Word of God!' — then I am not flee. She does not ask me — still I am flee. No one asks me; the women are in their gardens or at the wrestling. The challenge of the drums is not abated; the crystal quiet of the morning is in bright fragments all about me; and presently I am the most distinguished person at the wrestling, bar none.

Ango the headman is sitting under the eaves of his house on a chair, and I sit on a chair beside him. No others sit on chairs; we are isolated by this and by our quality of personal distinction. We are polite, like Theseus and Hippolyta at the play. Resplendent young bucks

are called up for our inspection, the pick of the wrestlers of the clan Mvok Amuku; they are breeched with orange, orange and black, crimson, crimson and buff. White socks are painted on their legs, their bodies are oiled. Each has his spear, which will be thrust into the ground when the play begins. On my side of the grand stand, under the eaves, sit the women, their dressed hair painted green or yellow or red. Ango is flanked by men — the non-combatants. The drummers in the shade of a little tree incessantly beat their challenge — Mvok Amuku challenges the clan Esse and the clan Otolo. The empty ring of ground, ploughed for the wrestling, bakes in the morning sun. And there sits quite visibly upon the inhabitants of this little forest village that *malaise* with which we wait, all dressed up, for the guests to come to our parties.

Will the Otolo come? I gather that, if the Otolo come, the wrestling is made.

They come. Suddenly from the wing to left of stage, where the trail enters the clearing, there debouches a light-foot troop; with incredible swiftness they come to centre; they dance beautiful obvious dances of pride and derision. They retire to the shade of a tree, and all those young limbs relax, those young bodies lean on their spears or lie upon the ground. Now another light-foot troop runs out from the right wing; the clan Esse comes to centre, they display their quality, and retire to a chosen base. For each group there is a man with an iron bell, a man with a wand, wise men to sit in the shade shouting counsel, and drummers, to fill the clearing with a multiple clamor.

Into the sunlight and that clamor Ango the headman steps out. He lifts a hand; the drummers pause and the host declaims in the grand manner. There is to be no foul play and no anger.

Palm leaves like plumes are distributed for tallies. The drummers rage, and from the groups in the shade individual wrestlers run out with conventional challenging gestures. It is the part of the challenger to plead like a lover; he droops altogether to his opponent, but the two or three young men who run in his company 'ruffle up the crest of youth'; they spurn the ground in a smooth and equal rhythm. The wrestler does not speak, nor his seconds; but the man with the iron bell gives tongue.

A young man glides to centre; he falls upon a knee, his arms crooked like a drawing of youth on an Egyptian wall; he rises too swiftly, that beautiful image of supplication is too soon dissolved — he has come to grips with his opponent. And there is now another and another team at play in the hot dust of the ring.

There is a constant effort to keep the matches even. The headman's son returns again and again to a heavyweight, who rejects him and who draws him at last under his armpit with an adult impatience — as a sort of scornful measure. But the headman, when he sees it, commends the challenge; and when the lad is thrown, his father calls to him: 'Don't make a sullen face — make another kind of face!' For the manner is the thing, almost as much, you would say, as the play.

Both shoulders must touch the ground, to score, and umpires separate those who struggle too long in an equal effort. There is a pause after an unsuccessful throw — an interlude of conventional gesture, a play of exhaustion and touching posture, which is suddenly cast aside for the return attack. Little boys, who have had their little triumphs under the feet of their elders, are carried off the field, exactly as *premières danseuses* are carried away by their partners — with posed arms and legs. Men when they score are acclaimed; the women of their clan spring to their

feet with a rustling of leaf-aprons and bustles; the man who keeps the tally puts a leaf upon the ground, with a little dance. And for all the fair words of Ango, there are quarrels.

Under the eaves in the noise and dust it is too hot.

There is a young man of our party, very fine, whose challenges are evaded. Many times he runs into the ring — so many times that there is a permanent image of him in the mind. He wears a purple breech-cloth, he is very black and has many strands of beads about his middle. It flatters him that he should be feared, and his mien of nonchalance is melted in a burning pride — he is wrapped in a flame of fierce pride. He comes to smile continually, with an intense irrepressible gratification. When I go away in the late afternoon, I leave that arrogant figure still challenging in the haze of the dusty ring, and still the champion of the Mvok Amuku.

Metingie — he of the Yebekolo tribe, he who has never eaten man — goes with me. The Yebekolo, he tells me, are not permitted to wrestle; neither the government nor their headmen permit it, because they are too quarrelsome. They could not wrestle without bloodshed, Metingie tells me complacently. And he tells me of a young man who was to-day challenged by his brother-in-law, and refused the challenge. 'In that he did well,' says the sage Metingie; and then is still. When he is still and I am still, there is only the sound of the drums to be heard; and when these are presently still, how still it is on the trail in that forest! All the innumerable music of the ground is still and waits on the dusk. And the dance-drums that will trouble the night are still — the very swamps through which we pass are still. And in that stillness it is cool. Somewhere beyond our range the sun is going down the path to the sea, the twelve-hour tyranny is at its ebb. Metingie carries my helmet. That young man who has never eaten man is kind to me; he does not murder the heavenly stillness. I am 'flee.'

In the village of Mbita we meet our twenty men with their forty spears; they are singing and dancing; all their spears are level. A woman cries out from the centre of this group. They are all terribly happy, but not the woman. They tell me how she ran away with a Bulu, and that her Bene husband, going after her to the Bulu bush, was there imprisoned, but has been this very day rescued by the powerful Bene. And the powerful Bene rush away down the road, joyous after an ancient fashion.

Metingie and I drift out of the pool of Mbita's clearing into the stream of the trail. We are again still.

I remember that stillness. Many a time, when I am in the subway, I remember the ineffable stillness of the forest. I wonder to find myself where I am — so savagely circumstanced — so pressed upon by alien bodies — so smitten by noise. Traveling like this, in white man's fashion, you are certainly safe from the snakes and the leopards and the cannibal tribes of that other world where you traveled in other fashions. Now that you are shut up so safely in the guts of Manhattan, your friends feel at ease about you — surely the sun shall not smite you by day nor the moon by night.

And yet, perversely, in this perfection of safety, you are intimidated. Suddenly passive after your desperate adventures with traffic, you feel the hidden things of memory rise and flood your heart; you dream. You remember other times of day than the manufactured night of the subway, and other ways of travel. And suddenly, in the indestructible silence that is the core of that incessant clamor, you hear a bugle calling in a forest-clearing that is halfway round the world.

THE COMING QUEEN

A DIALOGUE AND A STORY

BY L. MORESBY

I

'I BELIEVE you take as long to dress as I do,' she said pettishly; 'I call it neither more nor less than poaching when a man looks so well turned out. And a Poet, too! Well — you can sit down; I have twenty minutes free.'

She was dressed for a bridge party. Dressed — oh, the tilt of the hat over her delicate little nose; the shadow it cast over the liquid eyes, ambushing them, as it were, for the flash and spring upon the victim! But I was no victim — not I! I knew my young friend too well. She endured me more or less gladly. I sat at her feet and learned the ways of the sex, and turned them into verse, or did n't, according to the mood of the minute. I had versified her more than once. She was a rondeau, a triolet, a trill — nothing more.

'Why may n't a poet look respectable as well as another?' I asked, dropping into a chair.

'Because it is n't in the picture. You were much more effective, you folks, when you went about with long hair, and scowled, with a finger on your brows. But never mind — you 've given us up and we 've given you up, so it does n't matter what women think of you any more.'

'You never said a truer word!' I replied, lighting my cigarette at hers. 'The connection between women and poetry is clean-cut for the time. As for the future — God knows! You 're not poetic any more. And it 's deuced hard, for we made you.'

'Nonsense. God made us, they say — or Adam — I never quite made out which.'

'It 's a divided responsibility, anyhow. For the Serpent dressed you. He knew his business there — he knew that beauty unadorned may do well enough in a walled garden and with only one to see and no one else to look at. But in the great world, and with competition — no! And you — you little fools, you 're undoing all his charitable work and undressing yourselves again. When I was at the Moresbys' the other night I just thirsted for the Serpent to take the floor and hiss you a lecture on your stupidities.'

She pouted: 'Stupidities? I 'm sure the frocks were perfectly lovely.'

'As far as they went, but they did n't go nearly far enough for the Serpent. And believe me, he knows all the tricks of the trade. He wants mystery — he wants the tremble in the lips when a man feels — "I can't see — I can only guess, and I guess the Immaculate, the Exquisite — the silent silver lights and darks undreamed of." And you — you go and strip your backs to the waist and your legs to the knees. No, believe me, the Dark Continent is n't large enough; and when there is noth-

ing left to explore, naturally the explorer ceases to exist.'

'I think you're very impertinent. Look at Mrs. Peterson. Was n't she perfectly lovely? Why, even all the women were crazy about her shoulders. She can wear less than any of us, and wear it well.'

'I could n't keep my eyes off her, if you mean that. But not along the Serpent line of thought. It was mathematical. I was calculating the chances for and against, all the time — whether that indiscreet rose-leaf in front would hold on. Whether the leaf at the back would give. At last I got to counting. She 's laughing — will it last till I get to five-and-twenty? thirty? And I held on to the switches to switch off the light if it gave. The suspense was terrific. Did she hold together after midnight? I left then.'

'I won't tell you. You don't deserve to hear,' she said with dignity.

A brief silence.

'What do you mean by saying you poets made us?' she began again, pushing the ash-tray toward me.

'Well, you know, as a matter of fact people long ago did n't believe you had any souls.'

'Rot!'

'I should n't think of contradicting you, my dear Joan, but it 's a fact.'

'Oh, the Turks, and heathen like that.'

'Well, no — the Church. The Fathers of the Church, met in solemn council, remarked you had no souls. It was a long time ago, however.'

'They did n't!'

'They did. They treated you as pretty dangerous little animals, with snake's blood in you. Listen to this: "Chrysostom" — a very distinguished saint — "only interpreted the general sentiment of the Fathers when he pronounced woman to be a necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desirable calamity, a domestic peril, a deadly fascination, a painted ill." You see you had found the way to the rouge-box even then.'

'I should n't wonder if they were right,' she said, incredibly. 'I've often doubted whether I've a soul myself. And I'm sure Myra Peterson has n't.'

I shrugged my shoulders.

'At all events, the poets thought you were not as pretty without one. We disagreed with the Church. We always have. So we took you in hand. Your soul was born, my dear Joan, in Provence, about the year 1100.'

She began to be a little interested, but looked at her tiny watch — gray platinum with a frosty twinkle of diamonds.

'Go on. I've ten minutes more.'

'Well — we were sorry for you. We were the Troubadours of Provence, and we found you kicked into the mud by the Church, flung out into the world to earn your bread in various disreputable ways — by marriage, and otherwise. You simply did n't exist. We found your beautiful dead body in the snow and mud. And we picked you up and warmed you and set you on a throne all gold and jewels. Virtually, you never breathed until we wrote poems about you.'

'Jewels! We have always liked jewels,' she sighed.

'We gave you a wonderful crown first, all white and shining. We made you Queen of Heaven, and then even the Church had to eat humble pie and worship you, for you were Mary. We did that — we only. But that was n't enough. You opened your eyes, and grew proud and spoiled, and heaven was by no means enough. You wanted more. You would be Queen of Earth, too. And we did it! We gave you a crown of red jewels, — red like heart's blood, — and we put a sceptre in your hand, and we fell down and worshiped you. And you were Venus. And you

have been Queen of Europe and the New World ever since.'

'Of Europe only? Not of Asia? Why not?'

'Oh, they are much too old and wise in Asia. They are much wiser than we. Wiser than the Church. Wiser than the poets — than any of us.'

'What do they say?'

'Well — let's think. That you have your uses — *uses*. That you are valuable in so far as you bear children and are obedient to your husbands. That, outside that, your beauty has its uses also within limits that are rather strictly marked. That in many rebirths you may possibly win a soul one day and be immortal; if you behave, that is! If not — then you will be scrapped. But you have your chance all the time. With them you are neither goddess nor fiend. You are just women. Not even Woman.'

'What ghastly materialism!'

'No, no! The happy mean. The perfect wisdom. Meanwhile, you yourselves are all hunting after the ideals of the market-place, the platform, the pulpit. I wonder how many extra rebirths it will cost you! Never mind. Time is long. The gods are never in a hurry, and you will arrive even if you only catch the last train.'

'But this is all fault-finding, and unfair at that. Will you have the goodness to advise? If we stick on our pedestals, you all run off to the frivolers. If we frivol, you weep for the pedestal. What is it you really want? If we knew, we'd try to deliver the goods, I'm sure.'

'I'm not!' I said, and reflected. Then, gathering resolution, 'Have you the patience to listen to a story?'

'If it's a good one. How long will it take?'

'Ten minutes. The author is the Serpent.'

'Then I'll certainly put off Myra Peterson for fifteen minutes. Who's it about?' — running to the telephone.

'Eve, Lilith, Adam.'

'Who was Lilith?'

'Adam's first love.'

She sat down, her eyes dancing, her lips demure; the prettiest combination!

'I didn't know he had one. But I might have guessed. They always have. Go on!'

I went on, and this is the story.

II

'You were speaking of the pedestal. That, of course, was invented in Eden; for Adam early recognized the convenience of knowing where to leave your women and be certain of finding them on your return. So he made the pedestal, decorated it, burned incense before it, and went away upon his own occasions; and when Eve had finished her housekeeping (you may remember, Milton tells us what good little dinners she provided for Adam), she would look bored, climb upon the pedestal obediently, and stand there all day, yawning and wondering what kept him away so long.

'Now, on a memorable day, the Serpent came by, and he stopped and looked up at the Lady of the Garden, — who naturally assumed a statuesque pose, — and there was joy in his bright little eye. But all he said was, "May I ask if you find this amusing?"

'And Eve replied, "No, not at all. But it is the proper place for a lady."

'And the Serpent rejoined: "Why?"

'And Eve reflected and answered: "Because Adam says so."

'So the Serpent drew near and whispered in his soft sibilant voice: "Have you ever heard of Lilith? *She* does not stand on a pedestal. She gardens with Adam. To be frank, she is a cousin of my own."

'And this made Eve extremely angry, and she replied sharply: "I don't know what you mean. He and I are alone in

Eden. There's no such person as Lilith. You are only a serpent when all 's said and done. What can you know?"

'And the Serpent replied very gently, — and his voice was as soothing as the murmur of a distant hive of bees, — "I am only a Serpent, true! But I have had unusual opportunities of observation. Come and eat of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil. Long ages ago I tasted the Fruit. The savor of my teeth is sweet on it still."

'Eve hesitated, and she who hesitates is lost.

' "I own I should like to know about this Lilith," she said. "But we were told that fruit is unripe, and I don't like bitter things. Is it bitter?"

'And the Serpent narrowed his eyes until they shone like slits of emerald.

' "Sweet!" he said; "come."

'So she descended from the pedestal, and, guided by the Serpent, stood before that wondrous Tree where every apple shines like a star among its cloudy leaves. And she plucked one, and, tasting it, flung the rest angrily at the Serpent, because it was still a little unripe; and having tasted the Fruit Forbidden, she returned to the pedestal, pondering, with the strangest new thoughts quickening in her brain.

'If Adam noticed anything when he came back that evening, it was only that Eve was a little more silent than usual, and forgot to ask if the thornless roses were striking root. She was thinking deeply, but there were serious gaps in her knowledge.

'The first result of her partial enlightenment was that, though she now only used the pedestal as a clothes-peg and spent all her spare time in stalking Adam and Lilith, she always scrambled up in hot haste when he returned. He could be certain of finding her there when he expected to, and he made a point of that because, as he said, —

'"No truly nice woman would ever want to leave it and go wandering about the Garden. It does not do for a respectable woman to be seen speaking even to an Archangel nowadays, so often does the Devil assume the form of an Angel of Light. You never can tell. And besides, there is always the Serpent, who, in my opinion, should never have been admitted."

'Eve said nothing, which was becoming a habit. She only folded her little hands meekly and accepted the homage paid to the pedestal with perfect gravity and decorum. He never suspected until much later that she knew what a comparatively interesting time Lilith was having, and had indeed called on that lady at the other end of the Garden, with friendly results. She was well aware that Lilith's footing on the garden paths was much more slippery and unsafe than her own on the pedestal. Still, there were particulars which she felt would be useful.

'When Adam realized the facts, he realized also that he was face to face with a political crisis of the first magnitude. If they fraternized, those two, of such different characters and antecedents, there was nothing they could not know — nothing they might not do! The pedestal was rocking to its very foundation. The gardening with Lilith must end. She would demand recognition; Eve would demand freedom. It might mean a conspiracy — a boycott. What was there it might not mean? He scarcely dared to think. Eden was crumbling about him.

'It was a desperate emergency, and as he sat with a racking head, wishing them both in — Paradise, the Serpent happened along.

'"Surely you look a little harassed," he said, stopping.

'Adam groaned.

'"Is it as bad as all that?" the Serpent asked, sympathetically.

'"Worse."

'"What have they been at?" asked the Serpent.

'"They each know too much, and they will soon know more," he rejoined gloomily. "Knowledge is as infectious as potato blight."

'The Serpent replied with alacrity: "In this dreadful situation you must know most. It is the only remedy. Come and eat at once of the Fruit of the Tree. I have never understood why you did not do that the moment the Rib took shape."

'And Adam, like Eve, asked: "Is it sweet?"

'So the Serpent narrowed his eyes till they shone like slits of ruby, and said, "Bitter, but appetizing. Come."

'And Adam replied: "I like bitters before dinner."

'We all know what happened then; with the one exception that, as a matter of fact, he found the apple a little overripe, too sweet, even cloying; and not even swallowing what he had tasted, he threw the rest away.

'It is just as well to have this version, for it must have been always perfectly clear that Eve, having tasted the apple and thus acquired a certain amount of wisdom, could never have desired to share it with Adam. ['I have thought that myself,' murmured Joan.] No, it was the Serpent's doing in both cases; though naturally Adam blamed Eve when the question was raised, for she had begun it.

'But what was the result? Well, there were several. It has, of course, been a trial of wits between Adam, Eve, and Lilith ever since. But, in tasting, he had learned one maxim which the Romans thought they invented thousands of years later. It flashed into his mind one day, when he saw the two gathering roses together and found his dinner was half an hour late in consequence. It was simply this: Divide and Rule. Combined, he could never manage them; the sceptre was daily slipping from his hand. Divided, he could. So he put the maxim in practice and sowed division and distrust between Eve and Lilith. They ceased to visit each other, and were cuts when they met. And, naturally, after the Eviction the meetings ceased entirely.

'You will have understood before this, my dear Joan, that Adam was the first mortal to realize the value of competition. He now became the object of spirited competition between the two. Each in her own way outbid the other to secure his regard. Eve's domestic virtues grew oppressive; Lilith's recklessness alarming. And it will readily be seen why women have pursued men, rather than the other way over, as we see it in the lower walks of creation.'

'Don't prose,' said Joan. 'What happened?'

'Well, in the last few years, the Serpent, who is always upsetting things, happened along again, and found Eve balancing in extreme discomfort on the pedestal, and Lilith resting, exhausted, after a particularly hard day's pursuit of Adam. And between them was a wall of icy silence.

'He paused and said, with his usual courtesy, "Ladies, you both seem fatigued. Is it permitted to ask the reason?" And his voice had all the murmuring of all the doves of Arcady.

'And Lilith replied angrily: "I'm sick of hunting Adam. I always catch him and always know I shall. And he wants to be caught, and yet insists on being hunted before he gives me the rewards. Who can keep up any interest in a game like that? If it were not for Eve, who would take up the running if I dropped it, he might go to Gehenna for me!" '

'Oh, how true! I like Lilith best!' whispered Joan. She was not smoking now.

'"Strong, but pardonable," said the Serpent. "And you, dear Lady?"

'And Eve, casting a jealous scowl at Lilith, replied: "I'm weary of this abominable pedestal. If you had stood on it off and on for five thousand years, you would realize the cramp it means in the knees. But I dare n't get off, for Adam says no truly nice woman ever would leave it, and it pleases him. If it were not for Lilith, who would be upon it in two seconds, I should be off it in less. And then where should I be? She *will* go on hunting him, and of course he must have quiet at home."

'"And you *will* go on standing on your imbecile pedestal, and of course such boredom makes him restless abroad," retorted the other.

'In the momentary silence that ensued, the Serpent looked up at Lilith and narrowed his eyes till they shone like slits of amethyst.

'"My cousin," he said, "our family was old when Adam was created. He is poor game."

'"Nobody knows that better than I," said Lilith tartly. "What do you suppose I hunt him for?"

'"What, indeed!" said the Serpent, hissing softly.

'"Because of Eve — that only!" she flashed at him. "She never shall triumph over me. And what there is to give, he has."

'He turned to Eve, narrowing his eyes till they shone like slits of fire.

'"And you stand cramped on this pedestal, beloved Lady?"

'"Because of Lilith — that only! She, at all events, shall not have him. And think of his morals!" '

'Aha!' said Joan, with intense conviction.

'The Serpent mused and curved his shining head toward Eve.

'"If you will allow me to say so, I have always regretted that you never finished that apple, and that my cousin Lilith has never tasted it at all," he murmured. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, as certain also of your own poets have said."

'"I have sometimes thought so, too," Eve replied mournfully; "and there is a word that now and then flashes across my brain like an echo from the past, but I can never quite recall it. It might explain matters. Still, it is no use talking. That apple rotted long ago, and if the Tree is still growing, which I doubt, there is always a guard of flying infantry at the Gate. It is easier to get out than in where Eden is concerned."

'The Serpent smiled blandly.

'"You have evidently forgotten that, by arrangement with the Governing Body, I have always free ingress and egress. Look here!"

'He unfolded his iridescent coils, and there lay within them — shining, mystic, wonderful, against his velvet bloom — two Apples.

'There was no hesitation, for each was equally weary of Adam's requirements; and, snatching each an Apple, they ate.

'But the Fruit has grown bitter since the days of the Garden. There is nothing so bitter as knowledge. Their lips were wried, and the tears came, and still they ate until not an atom remained. The Serpent watched. For a moment each stared upon the other, trembling like a snared bird, wild thoughts coming and going in the eyes of the Barren Woman and the Mother of all Living. Then Eve stretched out her arms, and Lilith flung herself into them, and they clung together, weeping.

'And the Serpent opened his eyes until they shone like sun, moon, and stars all melted into one; and he said, "Ladies, the word you are seeking is, I think, *Combination*." And smiling subtly, he went his way.

'So Eve descended from her pedestal and trampled it; and Lilith broke the

rod of her evil enchantments; and they walked hand in hand, blessing the world.

'Adam meanwhile was shooting, — big game, little game, — and, amid the pressure of such important matters, never paid any attention to this trifle. But this was the beginning of what will be the biggest trade-union the world will ever see. All the women who matter will be within it, and the blacklegs outside will be the women who don't count. So now you see why men will not much longer have a run (literally) for their money. Adam may have to put up with it, for he never ate the Apple as Eve and Lilith have done, and therefore does not know so much about the things of real importance. Unless indeed the Serpent — But we won't think of that until it happens.

'Now, my dear Joan, whether all this is a good or a bad thing, who can tell? The Serpent undoubtedly shuffled the cards; and who the Serpent is and what are his intentions, are certainly open questions. Some believe him to be the Devil, but the minority think his true name is Wisdom. All one really can say is that the future lies on the knees of the gods, and that among all men the Snake is the symbol of Knowledge, and is therefore surrounded with fear and hatred.

'Now that 's the story, and don't you think there's a kind of a moral?'

I waited for a comment. Joan was in deep meditation.

'Do you know,' she said slowly, 'it's the truest thing I ever heard. It's as true as taxes. But where do *you* come in?'

'I was n't thinking of us,' I said hurriedly. 'I merely meant — if you wished to be more attractive —'

'Attractive!' — with her little nose in the air. 'I guess it's you that will have to worry about your attractions, if that comes along. I won't waste any more time on you to-day. I've got to think this out, and talk it out, too, with Myra and Janet.'

She rose and began to pull on her gloves, but absently.

I felt exactly like a man who has set a time-fuse in a powder magazine. The Serpent himself must have possessed me when I introduced his wisdom to a head cram-full of it already.

'It's the merest nonsense, Joan. It is n't in the Talmud. The Serpent never thought of it. I made it all up.'

'You could n't. It is n't in you. Or, if you did, it was an inspiration from on high.'

'From below,' I said weakly.

She smiled to herself — a dangerous smile.

'I must go. And you really were a little less dull than usual. Come again on Tuesday. The moral of it all is, so far, that the poets are really worth cultivating. I will begin with you!'

She flashed away like a humming bird, and I retired, to read my Schopenhauer. But the serious question is — shall I go on Tuesday?

THE ABANDONED SPINSTER

BY ONE OF THE SISTERHOOD

THE abandoned spinster — is she more to be pitied or blamed? This is one of the few questions of fundamental importance which have probably never been used as subjects of public debate. Perhaps, even, this question has never been definitely formulated in these terms; I rather pride myself, in fact, on the word 'abandoned,' expressing, as it does, the view both of those compassionate ones who regard us with pity, as utterly abandoned and forsaken by the opposite sex, and of those others who consider us as abandoned wretches, deaf to the call of duty, and given over to a misguided search for selfish pleasures. If, however, the question has not been accurately formulated for debate, it has been taken up with sufficient vigor by individual writers — writers who have stood, as it were, before the cages in which we are confined, and bestowed on us gentle pats of pity, prodded us with harsh criticism, or gazed in wonder at the stoicism with which we endure captivity within these crippling bars of celibacy.

We are not supposed to reply to these comments on the unmarried females of our species, any more than do the monkeys and gorillas from *their* cages; and usually we do not, and merely feel, like them, inclined to grin! And it is not because the 'Bachelor' recently writing in the *Atlantic* is more irrational than others have been, but only because his voice, added to that of others, happens to make a discord which somewhat grates upon the nerves, that this particular specimen of the species seeks to formulate a reply — which, of course, represents the feeling of only one representative spinster. Still, even as, if any one monkey could express his views to the critical spectator, they would be found of interest to the zoölogist, these few remarks may serve to amuse — or possibly enlighten — some student of the female mind.

In the first place, what are the arguments to the effect that we should have been permitted to marry, and, being permitted, should have gleefully accepted the opportunity? First, to satisfy the natural mating instinct; second, to gain the right of motherhood; third, to secure either the greater joys of life to be found in a happy marriage, or the development of character to be gained by enduring the miseries of an unhappy one (for the purpose of argument, it seems to be immaterial which); and, fourth, stated recently in an article by a woman writer, there is 'duty, self-sacrifice, and service to the state'; *she* was not bestowing pity, but blame.

'The natural mating instinct.' — I agree that we have ignored this, so far as giving any explanation of it to young people is concerned, and that our silence has probably been a mistake. Many of them, poor things, yielding to its power as naturally and as ignorantly as 'the birds in spring' (always a pretty and poetic figure of speech), have been bewildered by its novelty and called the feeling Love; and it has led them into the early marriages which are being so highly commended by 'reluctant bachelors.' Later, they are not always in-

clined to stick to each other like a faithful goose and gander — a far less poetic simile, but equally true, and suited to the prosaic nature of the married state. I believe that the facts of life should be explained to boys and girls, in order that they may recognize as counterfeit that which passes too often for love — *not* in order that they may accept it as a natural and inevitable passion, resistance to which is abnormal or futile. The Freudian conception, which emphasizes sex as the most important thing in life, a law of nature before which all should bow in meek submission, seems to conflict with Paul's admonition to 'keep the body under,' or, as the small boy phrased it, 'the soul on top.' Paul's precept has come, in many cases, to be the unconscious rule of life, so far as the physical appetites are concerned — interpreting the 'soul' as including all but the merely physical; and it is the ideal of most of us. We are not inclined, if we pause to think it out intelligently, to reverse the process, and allow the physical to dominate.

Then, the 'right to motherhood': a right the loss of which all women — at least all *unmarried* women — are supposed bitterly to regret. But just why do they think we suffer so much from this, unless from that perversity of human nature which impels mortals to desire the unattainable? For in the next article one reads will be found criticism of the married women of to-day for *refusing* the burden of motherhood, or being content at the most with two or three children.

Again, I could tell our bachelor friend (and if he doubts the statement, let him ask the family physicians and nurses of his acquaintance) that an amazingly large number of supposedly happy wives and mothers would have been only too glad if the privilege of motherhood had not come to them — especially in the case of ignorant young victims of early marriages. In so many more cases that I am tempted to call it the majority, after, say, four children, as the utmost limit, the advent of others is greeted with anger, resentment, grief, or stoical submission, according to the individual temperament. Not that the children are not loved after they come; but in poor or moderately well-to-do families (and wealthy families seldom *do* exceed the limit of four children), a large family means too much of heavy sacrifice, not only for the parents, but for the older children. It would be interesting, all things considered, if a census could be taken (a skillful mind-reader would be required) which would show how many children come into the world in any given year because of a genuine wish for them on the part of their mothers. And yet, all spinsters are supposed to feel their loss keenly — or, when our critics cease to pity and turn to blame, we *ought* to feel it, and so be induced to marry and help prevent race-suicide.

My dear critics, we are too fond of babies for that — some of us, at least. An ancestor of my own, presumably of Puritan tendencies, married and had seven children, before his wife, still young, collapsed beneath her heavy burdens and laid them permanently down. He married again, — hastily, for a nurse was needed for the seven, — and enriched the world with twelve more. Many of the nineteen, naturally, died young — a detail probably not so much noticed, as there were so many. The same thing happens in the lower orders of life, where a vast multitude are hatched, that a few of the strongest may survive. Our views have changed since the days of my great-grandfather — somewhat, but not enough, else there would be less talk of the 'right of motherhood' and more of the fitness for motherhood. The right of the child to intelligent care and training as well as

to ignorant love; his right to decent hereditary influences; to a happy, harmonious home life — these are the rights to be emphasized, put in headlines, printed in red letters. And if a woman prates about her own life being dwarfed and narrowed by her lack of children; or if, like the heroines of certain ultra-advanced novels, she claims her 'rights' in defiance of law or convention, she is thinking of her own selfish desires, not of her child, and proves her unfitness to be a mother at all. There are children enough in the world, Heaven knows, who need mothering, if a woman has the maternal impulse — babies enough in homes unfit for them, where conditions might be improved. What the world needs is not more mothers, but wiser ones; not more babies, but healthier, happier ones.

And yet our critics (when they are not pitying our unhappy state) are reproving us for not marrying, happily or otherwise! An old neighbor of my grandmother's once recounted to her the tragedy of her life with a drunken husband, ending with the remark: 'But a poor husband is better than none — don't you think so, Mrs. W——?' Grandmother remarked that she did n't know, never having had experience with one; but she always smiled at the thought of this view of matrimony. It seems, however, that the woman was only in advance of her time. Arnold Bennett has somewhere made the same remark as Friend Bachelor, that 'an unhappy marriage is better than none.' Is this idea generally prevalent, and does it help to account for the increasing number of divorces? For, although many people will readily accept the theory, and act upon it, few of them will stay in the bondage of an unhappy marriage, if they can avoid it, after the experiment has once been tried.

Here, you will say, is the weak spot: we ought, not only to marry, but to put up each with other; reform the erring spouse, if need be, and so make life endurable. The plan reminds one of Dickens's serious family, who advertised for 'Three serious footmen, cook, housemaid, and nursemaid; each female servant required to join the Little Bethel congregation three times every Sunday — with a serious footman. If the cook is more serious than the footman, she will be expected to improve the footman; if the footman is more serious than the cook, he will be expected to improve the cook.' Unfortunately, the author never told us how this plan worked out; but in the matter of a life partner, I am inclined to agree with Tennyson, old-fashioned though he may be considered in these days, when he says: —

> Thou art mated with a clown,
> And the grossness of his nature will have
> power to drag thee down.

I purposely omitted the first line of the stanza, —

> As the husband is, the wife is, —

which would seem to make a still stronger argument for our sex; for I believe it depends upon the relative standards, and the relative strength of character, as to *which* 'drags down' the other. One need not be a cynic to have learned that human nature goes down more readily than up. The influence is mutual; husband and wife grow to resemble each other to some extent; but, if we imagine the wife to be rated at, say, eighty per cent in regard to character at her marriage, while the husband is only forty per cent (as sometimes happens), making an average of sixty per cent for both, will they keep up that average, by the wife's standards lowering or by the husband's rising? Far more likely that it sinks to fifty or less, if they remain together; the wife losing thirty to raise the husband ten. Of

course, she *may* bear the trials of being unequally yoked in such saintly spirit as to be purified by suffering, and raised to almost one hundred per cent, or perfection; but, in that event, she is certain to be snatched away to a more congenial sphere before her case can be put on record here on earth.

We do not choose to 'win our way to perfectness' in such wise — no one does. Does any man or woman marry from motives of 'duty, self-sacrifice, and service to the state'? If so, one pities the other party to the contract, and the children of the pair! People marry with the idea of obtaining personal happiness, and — let us hope — conferring it upon the one other most concerned; not from a desire to benefit the world, or to improve their own characters by more strenuous and painful experience. We spinsters would marry also — if anybody asked us — if we could see happiness in it, for most of us are as 'reluctant' as Friend Bachelor; but, as civilization advances, it becomes increasingly difficult to marry satisfyingly. The cave-man who carried a wife off to his dwelling was probably satisfied with her, and she with him; their standards were the same; it was all near the animal level. Since then, in the words of Spencer's definition, evolution has been progressing constantly from an incoherent homogeneity to a coherent heterogeneity — which means that each of us has become more distinctly himself or herself, as differentiated from others, and harder to suit in a mate. A child's square building-blocks may be fitted together, any two of them, and match, like the cave-man and his wife; but with our varied tastes, habits, modes of thought, all the complexity of our modern age, we are more like a picture-puzzle of a thousand pieces: no two will exactly fit unless they are the *right* two.

A worthy man I once knew, of a practical turn of mind, after explaining to the lady of his choice the reasons for their marriage, ended with the remark: 'But I should n't have thought of marrying, after all, only that I took to you right away.' Quaint phrase, but expressive of the necessary preliminary. We may not ask for romantic love, or the passionate thrills of which we read, and for which we yearned in our early youth; but we must be able to 'take to' our life partner, in order to dare the hazardous adventure. An intelligent woman demands a husband who will be a congenial companion, or she will have none at all; for it is no longer necessary to have someone to take care of her.

An Englishwoman once told me how she and her sisters used to distress their widowed mother — who was supporting the family by means of her own education and ability — with speculations as to their futures. 'But,' the girls would protest in reply to her shocked remonstrances, 'we are n't gifted like you — what can we do to earn much? You can't always take care of us; what *will* become of us if we don't marry?' And so they married, at the first opportunity. Does a man *like* to be married in that way, for economic reasons? It seems, from our standpoint, that he might be better pleased to know that these are ceasing to be an impelling motive, even though it results in fewer marriages.

Finally, regarding the 'dwarfed and atrophied' life of old maids. Two people were one day discussing a certain gloomy and ill-tempered spinster, and one of them remarked that it was a pity she had n't accepted one of the suitors of her youth. The other retorted that it would only have meant unhappiness for two — or more — instead of for one. I agreed with the statement; for, if a woman cannot keep sane, cheerful, and sweet-tempered in the comparatively independent and care-free state of

maidenhood, she would have been unhappy, and would have made others so, under the cares, the friction, and the necessary adjustment of her own personality to a husband and family. Contrariwise, if a woman is happy and content as a spinster, she might have made a successful wife.

And judged by this standard, some of us think we could have done pretty well, if only (really our one reason for remaining single) we could have found the man we could 'take to.' We are not asking for any pity on this account, or wasting any on ourselves; we need to expend our own compassion on most of our married friends! And, as a bright old lady in one of Ellen Glasgow's novels once remarked, 'After all, there are many things in life besides the love of a man!' Still, we do not feel that we deserve *blame* for the oversight of Fate, in failing to place the next bit of the human puzzle within our reach!

JAZZ

BY THEODORE MAYNARD

The band began its music, and I saw
A hundred people in the cabaret
Stand up in couples meekly to obey
The arbitrary and remorseless law
Of custom. And I wondered what could draw
Their weary wills to this fulfillment. Gay
They were not. They embraced without dismay,
Lovers who showed an awful lack of awe.

Then, as I sat and drank my wine apart,
I pondered on this new religion, which
Lay heavily on the faces of the rich,
Who, occupied with ritual, never smiled –
Because I heard, within my quiet heart,
Happiness laughing like a little child.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I

JEFFERSON was not born on the stage, but his family for generations had been associated with the theatre. His first appearance that he remembered was in 1832, when he was three years old; and he continued to act, in all sorts of parts and with all sorts of experiences, almost till his death in 1905. The theatrical influence and atmosphere seemed to surround him at all times. He grew up with the strange richness of wandering Bohemian vagrancy that attaches to the profession in the dreams of youth, and he met his full share of the hard knocks and bitter struggles that the dreams of youth pass over lightly. Also, he had something of the easy, gracious temper that enjoys the charms of such a life and takes the trials as they come. His father had even more of it. When he was reduced to total bankruptcy, he went fishing, and said to those who found him so occupied, 'I have lost everything, and I am so poor now that I really cannot afford to let anything worry me.' The son inherited from his mother a soul of somewhat more substantial tissue. He did not like bankruptcy, and avoided it. Yet even he thoroughly savored a nomad life and a changing world. He says of such: 'It had a roving, joyous, gypsy kind of attraction in it that was irresistible.' It is said that his great-grandmother died laughing. He lived laughing, at any rate, or smiling, with the tenderest sympathy, at all the strange vagaries of existence. To be sure of it, you need only study his portraits—that curiously wrinkled face, which seems as if generations of laughter had kneaded it to the perfect expression of all pathos and all gayety.

The striking thing is that, with this profuse contact with every side of human experience, which must have included the basest, the most sordid, the most vicious, the man should have kept his own nature high and pure to a singular degree. Certainly no one was more in the world, and, in a sense, of the world; yet few have kept themselves more unspotted by it. He often quoted with approval the fine saying, 'We cannot change the world, but we can keep away from it.' He kept away from it in spirit. His great friend, President Cleveland, said of him: 'Many knew how free he was from hatred, malice, and uncharitableness, but fewer knew how harmoniously his qualities of heart, and mind, and conscience blended in the creation of an honest, upright, sincere and God-fearing man.' And Colonel Watterson, who was intimately acquainted with him, remarks, more specifically, 'I never knew a man whose moral sensibilities were more acute. He loved the respectable. He detested the unclean.'

This moral tone was not merely the sanity of a wholesome, well-adjusted nature: it was a delicacy, an instinctive refinement, which rejected the subtler shades of coarseness as well as mere brutality. Not that Jefferson was the least

in the world of a Puritan. The suggestion would be laughable. But he avoided the obscene as he avoided the ugly. He disliked grossness on the stage as he disliked it in the drawing-room, and even deliberately asserted that the latter should be a criterion for the former, which is perhaps going a little far. And he wanted as much decency behind the scenes as before. 'Booth's theatre,' he said, 'is conducted as a theatre should be — like a church behind the curtain and like a counting-house in front of it.'

He not only avoided the moral looseness of Bohemianism: he could not tolerate its easy-going indifference to artistic method. He reflected deeply and carefully on the nature of his art, and did not cease to reflect on it as long as he practised it. He had definite views as to its purpose; and though we may not agree with these views, we must at least recognize their validity for one of Jefferson's temperament. Realism he would have nothing to do with. Art, he urged, was from its very nature selective, suggestive, aimed to give the spiritual essence, not the superficial, material detail. Just so far as these details served the spirit, they were to be used and developed amply; but they were to be disregarded altogether, when they threatened to drag down the spirit and smother it.

He gave careful attention to the audience and its point of view. The strength of his artistic achievement lay in both distinction and human feeling, but with the emphasis rather on human feeling; and he knew it and studied the human hearts to which he addressed himself. All the human hearts, moreover. He was no actor to evening dress and diamonds. How admirable is his appeal to Miss Shaw to remember the second balcony: 'They are just as much entitled to hear and see and enjoy as are the persons in the private boxes.'

And he reflected and often spoke on the great critical problem of whether the actor should act from feeling or from intellect. To Jefferson's keen common sense the problem was hardly a problem at all. Every actor must use feeling and intellect both, the proportion differing according to the temperament. An intense imaginative sympathy with the emotion of the character involved must lie at the bottom of every successful impersonation. But this imaginative sympathy must at all times be controlled by clear and competent analysis. Surely no actor could have had keener sensibilities than had Jefferson himself. Once, at a pathetic moment in a part he had played over and over again, he was observed to falter and lose himself, and the curtain fell abruptly. 'I broke down,' he explained afterward, 'completely broke down. I turned away from the audience to recover myself. But I could not and had the curtain rung.' Yet he was commonly self-possessed enough in the most intense situations to make comments to his fellow actors; and he summed up the whole question in the often-quoted saying, 'The actor should have a cool head and a warm heart.'

As Jefferson was thorough in analyzing the theory of his profession, so he was industrious and conscientious in the practice of it. Although, in his later years, he confined himself to a few parts, he had been in his youth an actor of wide range, and he never ceased to study his oft-repeated triumphs for new effects and possibilities, was never the man to lie back upon established reputation and forget the toil necessary to sustain it. 'I learn something about my art every night,' he said, even in old age. And he not only worked, but worked with method and foresight. He speaks in his *Autobiography* of being careless and unreliable as to facts, and perhaps he was, in indifferent matters.

But when it came to planning a campaign, he knew what he was seeking and got it. For he was a good man of business. So many actors earn great sums and let them slip through their fingers. Not Jefferson. His ideas of financial management were broad and liberal. He put no spite into it and no meanness. See his excellent remarks on competition and opposition. Nor did he desire money for itself. A moderate income was enough for him. 'Less than this may be inconvenient at times; more than this is a nuisance.' But hard discipline had taught him to know the value of a dollar when he saw it, the pleasure it would give and the misery it would save; and when the dollars came, he held on to them.

In his relations with his fellow actors he appears to have been delightful. At least, I have looked rather widely for fault-finding and have not discovered it. He enjoyed practical jokes, as in the case of the exquisitely dressed dandy whom he had to embrace upon the stage: 'I held him tight and rumpled his curls, and then I heard him murmur in a tone of positive agony, "O God!" He was not in the least hurt, but he seemed to feel that his last hour had come.' No doubt Jefferson was tolerant of such jokes when played upon him. Also, with his charming frankness, he lays bare in himself the weaknesses to which human nature is liable. Jealousy? 'In this instance my rival was a good actor, but not too good to be jealous of me; and if our positions had been reversed, the chances are that I should have been jealous of him.' Temper? He had temper and showed it, as he illustrates by various examples, without excusing himself. Quarrels? They occurred in his life, as in most lives, and he admits that his part in them was not always creditable. But the quarrels were relieved and soon healed by a wide comprehension of the human heart and love of it. And, above all, a sane philosophy taught that no quarrel should be perpetuated by talking about it or making any parade of it whatever. 'If people could only realize how little the public care for the private quarrels of individuals, — except to laugh at them, — they would hesitate before entering upon a newspaper controversy.' If Whistler could have learned that lesson, his life would have been pleasanter to read about.

And Jefferson's good terms with his fellows were by no means confined to the negative. He was always ready for a frolic with them. He was cordially interested in their affairs. He was willing to give both money and time to extricate them from difficulties. He could do what is perhaps even harder, bestow unstinted and discerning praise upon their achievements. And he could stand up for their professional dignity, whether they were alive or dead. When a fashionable minister refused to perform the funeral service for an actor on account of his calling, Jefferson asked in wrath if there was no church where he could get it done. 'There is a little church around the corner,' was the reply. 'Then, if this be so, God bless the little church around the corner!' The name sticks to this day. No wonder that a friend who knew him intimately could write, 'He was the most lovable person I ever met, either in or out of my profession.'

A better test even than relations with the profession generally is that of management of the actors in his own company and under his especial charge. It is evident that he preserved discipline. Irregularities in conduct and irregularities in artistic method he would not tolerate. But he was reasonable in discipline, and he was gentle, as gentle, we are told, with his subordinates as with his children and grandchildren. He had the largest patience in meeting unfore-

seen accidents and difficulties. One night the curtain dropped unexpectedly in the midst of a critical scene. Jefferson accepted the situation with perfect calmness. Afterward he inquired the cause of the trouble, and one of the stage-hands explained that he had leaned against the button that gave the signal. 'Well,' said Jefferson, 'will you kindly find some other place to lean tomorrow night?'

He was helpful to those about him, and gave advice and encouragement when needed; but this was less by constant lecturing than by the force and suggestion of his own example. You could not be with him without learning, if you had one atom of the stuff of success in you. Some great artists daunt and discourage by their very presence. Jefferson soothed. When he saw that you were anxious and troubled, 'he laid his hand on your shoulder in that gentle way that stilled all tumult in you and made everything easy and possible, saying, "It will be all right."'

It is true that some urged, and do still, that Jefferson wanted all the stage and all the play to himself. At a certain point in his career he became a star. After that he altered plays to suit his own prominence, and finally centred practically his whole effort on a very inferior piece that happened to be adapted to his temperament and gave him enormous professional success. It may reasonably be argued that this tendency to engross attention to himself kept him out of real masterpieces; and even more subtly, that he had not the genius to make himself unquestioned master of those masterpieces. On the other hand, his admirers insist that, before he became a one-part actor, he appeared in a great variety of parts, over a hundred in all, and in most, competently, if not triumphantly. There is no doubt that he himself felt keenly the charges of repetition and self-assertion, though he could always meet them with his charming humor, as when he tells the story of his friends' giving him a Christmas present of *The Rivals* with all the parts but his own cut out. The cleverest thing he ever said as to the lack of variety was his answer to Matthews, who charged him with making a fortune with one part and a carpet-bag: 'It is perhaps better to play one part in different ways than to play many parts all in one way.'

But by far the most interesting light on Jefferson's view of his own professional methods is to be found in the conversation reported by Miss Mary Shaw as to her performance of Gretchen in *Rip Van Winkle*. Miss Shaw had been inclined to emphasize the possibilities of tenderness in Gretchen's character, but Jefferson, in his infinitely gentle way, put a stop to this immediately. 'You must not once during the play, except in the last act, call the attention of the audience to any ordinary rule of conduct or mode of feeling. You must play everything with the idea of putting forth this central figure, Rip Van Winkle, as more and more lovable, the more and more he outrages the sensibilities, that being the ethical meaning of the play.' And there are many other words to the same effect, all admirably ingenious and, on the whole, wise. Only I should like to have seen Jefferson smile as he said them.

Whether he smiled, or whether he was serious, there can be no doubt that, with all his gentleness and all his humor, he had an immense ambition that stuck by him till he died. Over and over again he acknowledges this, with his graceful jesting, which covers absolute sincerity: 'As the curtain descended the first night on that remarkably successful play [*Our American Cousin*], visions of large type, foreign countries, and increased remuneration floated before me, and I resolved to be a star if I could.'

Those who think of his later glory do not realize the long years of difficulty and struggle. His youth knew the plague of fruitless effort. He met hunger and cold, deception and rejection. His words about failure have the vividness of intimate acquaintance with the subject. 'If you are unsuccessful as a poet, a painter, an architect, or even a mechanic, it is only your work that has failed; but with the actor it does not end here: if he be condemned, it is himself that has failed.' And further: 'The mortification of a personal and public slight is so hard to bear, that he casts about for any excuse rather than lay the blame upon himself.' Stage-fright, utter distrust of self and fortune, he knew it, oh, how well he knew it! To the very end he was nervous over the chance of some sudden incapacity or untoward accident. 'I am always attacked with a nervous fit when I am to meet a new assemblage of actors and actresses.' And he said to an amateur, who asked him for a cure for such feelings, 'If you find one, I wish you would let me have it.'

He was as sensitive to applause and appreciation as to failure. When words of approval began to come, they were drunk in with eagerness. 'How anxious I used to be in the morning to see what the critics said, quickly scanning the article and skipping over the praise of the other actors, so as to get to what they said about me.' And years did not abate the zest or dull the edge of it. To be sure, he liked discretion in compliments, as did Doctor Johnson, who said to Hannah More, 'Madam, before you flatter a man so grossly to his face, you should consider whether your flattery is worth his having.' Jefferson's method was gentler. To a lady who hailed him as 'You dear, great man!' he answered, 'Madam, you make me very uncomfortable.' But when the compliments were deftly managed, he liked them. 'He was susceptible to honest admiration,' says Mr. Wilson. 'I have often heard him declare since, that he would not give the snap of his finger for anybody who was not.' And when the compliment came, not from an individual, but from a vast audience, he found it uplifting, exhilarating beyond most things on earth. This stimulus was so splendid, so out of normal experience, that, with his mystical views, he was inclined to relate it to some magnetic agency. 'He claimed,' says Miss Shaw, 'that what he gave the audience in nervous force, in artistic effort, in inspiration, he received back in full measure, pressed down and running over. . . . And how well I saw this great truth demonstrated by Mr. Jefferson. Every night this delicate old man, after having been virtually on the stage every moment for hours, in a play he had acted for thirty-seven years, and which therefore of itself afforded him little or no inspiration, would come off absolutely refreshed instead of exhausted.'

Few human beings have had more opportunity to drink the cup of immediate triumph to the bottom. Jefferson himself often enlarged upon the ephemeral quality of the actor's glory. No doubt the thought of this gave added poignancy to his rendering of the celebrated phrase in *Rip Van Winkle*, 'Are we so soon forgot when we are gone?' And he urged that it was but just that this glory, being so brief, should be immense and fully savored. He savored it, with perfect appreciation of its casual elements, but still he savored it with large and long delight. He recognized fully that his lot had been fortunate, and that, although he had to toil for success, he had achieved it. 'I have always been a very contented man, whatever happened,' he said, 'and I think I have had good reason to be.' He recognized also in his triumph that substantial quality which comes from normal growth; as he

beautifully phrased it, 'that sweet and gradual ascent to good fortune that is so humanizing.' Respect, tenderness, appreciation, from young and old, rich and poor, wise and unwise, hung about his ripe age and mellowed it, and he acknowledged them again and again in most touching words. 'It has been dear to me — this life of illuminated emotion — and it has been so magnificently repaid. . . . I have been doubly repaid by the sympathetic presence of the people when I was playing, and the affection that seems to follow me, like the sunshine streaming after a man going down the forest trail that leads over the hills to the lands of morning. No, I can't put it into words.' Then he added, with the whimsical turn which gave his talk so much of its charm, 'Perhaps it's a good thing to quit the stage before the people have a chance to change their minds about me.'

As is well known, the climax of Jefferson's fortunate career lay in the discovery of *Rip Van Winkle*, not, of course, as a new play, but as something perfectly suited to Jefferson himself. His whole account of this discovery — of the first suggestion on a hay-mow in a country barn on a rainy day, of the gradual growth of the piece and its final triumph — is extremely curious. Equally curious is the study of the play itself. As read, it appears to be crude, inept, inadequate, illiterate. It is not that the language is simple. Much of it is not simple, but heavily, commonly pretentious, with that conventionality which is as foreign to life as it is to good writing. Yet Jefferson took this infirm, tottering patch of literary ineptitude, and by sheer dramatic power made it a human masterpiece. When the play was first produced in England, Boucicault, the author, expressed his doubts as to Jefferson's handling of it. 'Joe, I think you are making a mistake: you are shooting over their heads.' Jefferson answered, 'I'm not even shooting at their heads — I'm shooting at their hearts.' He did not miss his mark.

II

So much for the actor. In studying him, we have had glimpses of the man, but he deserves to be developed much more fully. First, as to intelligence. His shrewdness, his keenness, his acute insight into life and human nature appear in every record of him. He understood men and women, read their tempers, their desires, their hopes and fears, no doubt largely by his own, as is the surest way. For he made a constant, careful, and remorseless analysis of himself. Few persons have confided to us their observations in this kind with more engaging candor. That is, when he saw fit. His *Autobiography* is not a psychological confession, and deals intentionally with the external. But the glimpses of inner life that he does give have a singular clarity. He admitted his merits, if we may accept the account of Mr. Wilson, whose conversations with him generally bear the strongest mark of spiritual genuineness. 'You always do the right thing,' said Mr. Wilson. 'Well,' said Jefferson modestly, 'I believe I make fewer mistakes than most men. I think I am tactful rather than politic, the difference between which is very great.'

I find this a little hard to swallow. But Jefferson's ample admission of his faults and weaknesses is apparent everywhere, and is really charming. He agrees to accept a rôle to please a friend. 'I did so, partly to help my old partner, and partly to see my name in large letters. This was the first time I had ever enjoyed that felicity, and it had a most soothing influence upon me.' He sees a rival actor and appreciates his excellence, 'though I must confess that I had a hard struggle even inwardly to ac-

knowledge it. As I look back and call to mind the slight touch of envy that I felt that night, I am afraid that I had hoped to see something not quite so good, and was a little annoyed to find him such a capital actor.' All actors and all men feel these things; not all have the honesty to say them.

Also, Jefferson's vivacity and activity of spirit made him widely conversant with many subjects. 'I never discussed any topic of current interest or moment with him,' says Colonel Watterson, 'that he did not throw upon it the side lights of a luminous understanding, and at the same time an impartial and intelligent judgment.' It must not be supposed, however, that he was a profound or systematic thinker, and his acquaintance with books, though fairly wide, was somewhat superficial. Even Shakespeare, whom he worshiped and introduced constantly into discussion and argument, he had never read through.

The truth is, he was too busy living to read. He relished life, in all its forms and energies. He was fond of sport, and entered into it with boyish ardor. His love of fishing is widely known, because it figured in his relation with President Cleveland. Their hearty comradeship is well illustrated by the pleasant anecdote of Cleveland's waiting impatiently while Jefferson chatted at his ease with the commander of the Oneida. 'Are you going fishing or not?' called out the President in despair. 'I do not mean to stir until I have finished my story to the Commodore,' said the actor.

Jefferson sometimes shot as well as fished. But in later years the gun was too much for his natural tenderness. 'I don't shoot any more,' he said; 'I can't bear to see the birds die.' And it is characteristic that, to an interviewer who had ventured some comment on the subject, he remarked later, 'You said you did n't like to kill things! It made such an impression on me that I've never been shooting since.'

Jefferson would have been even more absorbed in sport, if he had not had another distraction which fascinated him and took most of the time and strength that he could spare from his regular pursuits. From his childhood he loved to paint. His father did a good deal of scene-painting, and the son, hardly out of infancy, would get hold of the father's colors and busy himself with them for hours. The passion endured and grew, and Jefferson even felt that, if he had not been an actor, he would have been a painter, and a successful one. His work, mostly landscapes, shows the grace, sensibility, and subtle imaginative quality of his temperament, as well as the influence of the great French painters whom he so much admired.

But what interests us about Jefferson's painting is the hold it had upon him and the zeal with which he threw himself into it at all times. When he was at home, he shut himself into his studio and worked. When he was touring the country, and acting regularly, 'in the early morning — at half-past six or so — he would be heard calling for his coffee and for his palette and brushes. It was very hard to get any conversation out of him during the day that did not in some way lead up to painting.' This is one of the curious cases of a man with a genius for one form of art possessed with the desire to excel in another. When asked if it were true that he would rather paint than act, he replied that it most emphatically was. At any rate, there can be no question that painting filled his thoughts quite as much as acting. When he was in Paris, he says, 'I painted pictures all day and dreamed of them all night.' He cherished the hope that after his death his paintings would be prized and sought for, and he fondly instanced Corot, whose work did not begin to sell

till he was fifty. A scene of natural beauty always translated itself for him into a picture. One day, when he had been admiring such a scene, a friend said to him, 'Why don't you paint it?' — 'No, no, no! Not now.' — 'And when?' — 'Oh, some time in the future — when I have forgotten it.'

But the most charming comment on this pictorial passion is the little dialogue between Cleveland and Jefferson on the morning after Cleveland was nominated for the second time. Jefferson was standing at a window at Gray Gables, looking out over the bay. Cleveland put a hand on his shoulder. 'Joe,' he said, 'are n't you going to congratulate me?' And Jefferson: 'Ah, I do! Believe me, I do congratulate you. But, good God, if I could paint like *that* you could be president of a dozen United States and I would n't change places with you.'

The drawback to painting, at least in Jefferson's case, was that it was a solitary pleasure. It was only when alone that artistic ideas would come to him. He commented on this with his usual delicate wit. 'But if I like to be alone when I paint, I have no objection to a great many people when I act.' And in general he had no objection to a great many people, liked them, in fact, and was a thoroughly social and human being. He had all the qualities of a peculiarly social temperament. 'He was full of caprices,' says Winter, 'mercurial and fanciful; a creature of moods; exceedingly, almost morbidly sensitive; eagerly desirous to please, because he loved to see people happy.'

He could enter into the happiness of others, and quite as keenly into their distress. He was 'sensible of the misfortunes and sufferings of the lame, the blind, the deaf, and the wretched.' He not only felt these things and relieved them with words, with counsel, and with comfort; but he was ready and active with deeds, both in the way of effort and in the way of money. With the shrewdness of a Franklin, he saw the subjective as well as the objective benefit of such action. 'My boys sometimes get discouraged,' he remarked, 'and I say to them: "Go out and do something for somebody. Go out and give something to anybody, if it 's only a pair of woolen stockings to a poor old woman. It will take you away from yourselves and make you happy."'

He was sometimes spoken of as overcareful in money matters. Certainly he was not careless or wasteful. He knew that common sense applies to giving as to other things, and he was not liable to the reproach suggested in his comment on a fellow actor: 'It was said of him that he was generous to a fault; and I think he must have been, for he never paid his washerwoman.' Jefferson paid his own washerwoman before he helped other people's.

In human traits of a less practical order he was even richer. In company he was cordial, gay, sympathetic, amusing. He was an admirable story-teller, acted his narrative as well as spoke it, apologized for repeating himself, as good story-tellers too often do not, but made old anecdotes seem new by the freshness of his invention in detail. He was tolerant of the talk of others, even of bores, even of impertinent interviewers, and all agree that he was an excellent listener. He knew that in our hurried, ignorant world those who listen are those who learn.

In the more intimate relations of life Jefferson's tenderness was always evident. He was twice married and had children by both wives, and his family life was full of charm. This is admirably shown in his daughter-in-law's story of his once enlarging upon the hideousness of the old idea of God as jealous and angry. This, he said, violated all the beauty of the true relation between par-

ent and child. Whereupon one of his sons remarked, 'You never taught us to be afraid of *you*, father.' Jefferson's affection for those who were gone seems to have had a peculiar tenacity and loyalty. Of his elder half-brother, Charles, especially, he always spoke with such vivid feeling that you felt that the memory was a clinging presence in his life.

His devotion to the friends who were with him in the flesh was equally sincere and attractive. The relation with the Clevelands naturally commands the most attention, and it is as creditable to one side as to the other. Jefferson understood perfectly his friend's great position in the world. He was absolutely indifferent to it, so far as the free, intimate commerce of daily intercourse went; yet never for one instant did he presume upon it for any purpose of self-exaltation or self-aggrandizement. I do not know where this is more delightfully illustrated than in the words of Gilder, the close friend of both men, writing to Mrs. Cleveland: 'I have just spent the night at Joseph Jefferson's; he was as angelic as ever, and speaks of yourself and the President always with that refinement of praise that honors the praised doubly — with that deep respect mingled with an affectionate tone, free of familiarity, that makes one feel like taking off one's hat whenever he says, "the President," or "Mrs. Cleveland."'

The same sensibility that marks Jefferson's human relations shows in all his enjoyment of life. He liked pleasant things, pretty things. He was moderate in his eating, but he appreciated good food in good company. He liked to build houses and fill them with what was beautiful. He was too shrewd to be lavish, too shrewd to think that lavishness makes happiness. But he knew how to select the beautiful with delicacy and grace. He loved music, though here his taste was rather simple and he quoted with relish 'Bill' Nye's remark about Wagner: 'My friend Wagner's music is really much better than it sounds.' He adored painting, studied it closely, and collected it as assiduously as his means would allow, at times perhaps a little more so. His love for nature has already appeared with his painting. It was inexhaustible, and one of the best things Winter ever said about him was, 'No other actor has expressed in art, as he did, the spirit of humanity in intimate relation with the spirit of physical nature.'

The sensitive and emotional quality that belonged to his æsthetic feeling was very evident in Jefferson's religious attitude. It does not appear that he had done any elaborate or systematic thinking upon such subjects, and he did not trouble himself greatly with the external formalities of religion. 'For sectarian creeds he entertained a profound contempt,' says Winter, 'and upon clergymen, as a class, he looked with distrust and aversion.' But he had an instinctive leaning toward a spiritual view of life. Immortality was not only a theory with him, but an actual, vivid fact, so that he seemed constantly to feel about him the presence of those whom he had lost. In this he resembled the Swedenborgians, to whose doctrines he was favorable, without perhaps knowing much about them. He carried his receptiveness for spiritual phenomena to the verge of credulity, at the same time always tingeing and correcting it with his wholesome humor and irony. Once he came into the company of Cleveland just as some other person present was telling something a little difficult for ordinary minds to swallow. 'Ah,' said Cleveland, 'tell that to Jefferson: he'll believe anything.' And Jefferson answered, 'Of course I will. The world is full of wonders, and another, more or less, does not surprise me.'

What is winning about Jefferson's religion is its cheerfulness, serenity, and love. To be as happy as possible one's self, and especially to make others happy, was the cardinal doctrine of it, and I do not know that it can be improved upon. Above all, he was an enemy to fear. He told Miss Shaw 'that everything that was detrimental either to the physical or the spiritual health of humanity had its origin in fear. And this he believed in casting out entirely. . . . He told me that he had labored for years with this end in view, believing that the conquering of fear would harmonize his character as much as it was possible for him to do.'

Evidently there was some struggle about this, and the interest of Jefferson's cheerfulness and optimism lies in the fact that they were not wholly a matter of temperament, but a matter of will. His was not the easy-going, Bohemian carelessness, which takes fortune and misfortune with equal indifference. He liked joy and laughter and sought them and cultivated them. But he was sensitive and capable of suffering intensely. There was a strain of melancholy in him, all the more subtle for being repressed. When someone classed him as an optimist, he protested: 'No — no, he is mistaken, I am not an optimist. I too often let things sadden me.' Ugliness he hated. Decay he hated. 'I cannot endure destruction of any kind.' Old age he hated; never would admit that he was old, kept his heart youthful, at any rate. The secret of life, he knew, is looking forward, and he filled his spirit full of the things that look forward, to this life or another. Thus it was that he loved gardens and flowers. 'The saddest thing in old age,' he said to Mr. Wilson, 'is the absence of expectation. You no longer look forward to things. Now a garden is all expectation,' — here his thought took the humorous turn so characteristic of him, — 'and you often get a lot of things you don't expect.' Then he returned to the serious. 'Therefore, I have become a gardener. My boy, when you are past seventy, don't forget to cultivate a garden. It is all expectation.'

This exquisite blending of laughter and pathos, of tenderness and irony, coupled with Jefferson's constant association with the stage, makes one connect him irresistibly with the clowns of Shakespeare. Touchstone and Feste and the Fool of *Lear* are not fools in the ordinary sense of imbecility. Their keenness, their apprehension, their subtlety, are often, in specific cases, much beyond those of common mortals. But they take seriously matters which the children of this world think trifling, and see as trifles under the haunting aspect of eternity those solemn passions and desires which grave human creatures regard as the important interests of life. With this airy, gracious, fantastic temper Jefferson had always something in common, however practical he might be when a compelling occasion called for it. He loved dolls and toy-shops; would spend hours in them, watching the children and entering into their ecstasy. He would stand before the windows and put chatter into the dolls' mouths. 'Look at that old fool taking up his time staring and laughing at us. I wonder if he thinks we have no feelings.' — 'Is n't this a sloppy sort of day for dolls? Not even fit to look out of the window!' 'Hello, Margery, who tore your skirt?' Don't you hear Touchstone? Don't you hear Rip Van Winkle?

'At New Orleans,' he said to Mr. Wilson, 'Eugene Field and I ranged through the curiosity shops, and the man would buy *dolls* and *such* things.' And Wilson told him that 'Field said he never saw a man like Jefferson — that his eye was caught with all sorts of gew-gaws, and that he simply squandered money on trifles.' And Jefferson

chuckled. 'That's it: one half the world thinks the other half crazy.'

So the solution and dissolution of all life, with its passion and effort and despair and hope, in quaint and tender laughter, bring Jefferson fully into the company of the children of dream. Mark Twain, with his vast wandering, his quest of fortune, his touching of all men's hands and hearts, was a thing of dream, and confessed it. Emily Dickinson, shut off in her white Amherst solitude, daughter of thoughts and flowers, was a thing of dream, and knew it. With Jefferson the very nature of stage-life made the dream even more insistent and pervading. And on the stage, to act one part, over and over, till the identities of actor and acted were mingled inseparably! And to have that part Rip Van Winkle, a creature of dream, if ever human being was!

And Jefferson himself recognized this flavor of dream again and again. He liked the strange, the mysterious, the mystical; preferred to seek the explanation of natural things in supernatural causes. The actor's glory, so immense, so all-involving for a moment, does it not flit away into oblivion, like a bubble or a dream? Trifles all, toys all, diversions of dolls, and fit for dolls to play with! 'Is *anything* worth while?' he said. 'What, perhaps, does the best or worst any of us can do amount to in this vast conglomeration of revolving worlds? On the other hand, is n't *everything* worth while? Is not the smallest thing of importance?' So he mocked and meditated, as Feste might have done in the gardens of Olivia, while Sir Toby drank, and Viola and Orsino caressed and kissed.

He loved to sum up his own and all life in a phrase of Seneca: 'Life is a play upon the stage; it signifies not how long it lasts, but how well it is acted. Die when or where you will, think only on making a good exit.' But I am sure, if he had known them, he would have preferred the magnificent lines with which Fitzgerald ends his translation of the great dream-play of Calderon: —

> . . . Such a doubt
> Confounds and clouds our mortal life about.
> And whether wake or dreaming, this I know,
> How dream-wise human glories come and go;
> Whose momentary tenure not to break,
> Walking as one who knows he soon may wake,
> So fairly carry the full cup, so well
> Disordered insolence and passion quell,
> That there be nothing after to upbraid
> Dreamer or doer in the part he played,
> Whether to-morrow's dawn shall break the spell,
> Or the last trumpet of the eternal Day,
> When dreaming with the Night shall pass away.

WHICH WAY GOES GERMANY?

BY S. MILES BOUTON

WILL the German Reich some day really be an Empire once more? Are its sufferings going to be permanent?

I have been traveling through all parts of Germany for many weeks, much of the time afoot, with knapsack and tourist's stick, the rest of the time in fourth-class railway carriages, — where all but the most well-to-do Germans now ride, — in an effort to find the answer to these questions. I have talked with, or listened to, probably more than a thousand men and women from all classes of the people. The majority did not know that I was a foreigner, and they talked as they would talk to a fellow countryman, uninfluenced by a desire to say what they might think America would like to hear.

I

I left the train from Berlin at Rudolstadt, the former capital of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, which is now one of the governmental departments of Greater Thuringia, and walked nine kilometres to Bad Blankenburg.

When I first knew Guido Leinhoss, ten years ago, he was a waiter. Then he bought a small hotel, and now he has a big one. He welcomed me warmly, and we talked over the events of the years since I had last seen him. Leinhoss was shot through both lungs in the war, and lay for a year in various hospitals. When the Revolution came, he was inclined to rejoice.

'I was disgusted with my treatment at the hands of some of our officers and with the whole war,' he said, 'and my health had been affected seriously by my wound. But I have had enough republic. I don't think much of the last Kaiser, but any Kaiser would be better than what we have now.'

'Is that the general sentiment in the city?' I asked.

'There are some Socialists in the sawmills,' he answered; 'but except for them, pretty nearly everybody would like to see the monarchy come back.'

The local merchants' association gave a dance that evening in the hotel. Some three hundred persons, mainly shopkeepers of modest means and their clerks, applauded heartily and unanimously two songs and one recitation of strongly patriotic tone, with an undercurrent of loyalty to the old rulers.

Albin Meinhard, forty-three years old, is one of the wealthiest peasants of Braunsdorf, a tiny village on the hills south of Bad Blankenburg. He owns about seventy-five acres of land, and is proud of the fact that products from his farm were sold throughout the war at the legal maximum prices. He participated in the Boxer Rebellion and served throughout the World War. I walked into his house on a Sunday, unannounced. He gave a shout of surprise, patted me on the back, and broke into a torrent of welcoming phrases. He lifted off my knapsack, brought a chair, and plunged forthwith into politics.

'You knew our old Germany,' he said. 'What do you think of the *Schweinewirtschaft* we have now?'

Schweinewirtschaft is an untranslat-

able word, meaning a swinish way of doing things. Meinhard did not wait for me to answer his question, but rushed ahead: —

'Things can't go on in this way. The day will come when Germany will have a monarchy again, and then we'll take up the work where we left off. Look at what we have to-day! No order, no discipline. Republic! Bah!'

In the evening we went over to the village *Wirtshaus*, while the womenfolk were cleaning the stables, milking the cows, bedding down the horses and feeding them, carrying water for the animals and swill for the pigs, and making themselves generally useful. No Thuringian peasant ever condescends to touch a cow or clean the stables. That is women's work. Female suffrage, one of the gifts of the Republic, has made no difference in the lives of the peasant women. They vote as their menfolk vote, and they regard female politicians as abnormalities.

The Wirtshaus was full of peasants from Braunsdorf and the surrounding villages. I led the conversation to politics. The opinions of Meinhard were the opinions of every other man present. 'Things can't go on like this' was the regular formula. Only one young man, wearing a patched suit of field-gray, timidly suggested that 'everything was n't perfect under the monarchy: we did n't have enough rights.'

'Of course, everything was n't perfect,' said an old peasant; 'but now we've got so many rights that we don't know what to do with them. There's no use emptying the baby out with the bath-water. I'd like to trade some of what you call rights for some of the order we used to have.'

'I guess you're right,' said the young man.

The schoolmaster from Burkersdorf, an intelligent, well-educated man, told the same story I have heard so many hundred times in all parts of Germany. His left arm was crippled by a bullet; he suffered at the hands of young, overbearing officers, and was inclined to welcome the Revolution and the Republic. But he, too, is cured.

'The Germans will never amount to anything without a strong man to give them orders,' he said. 'They are used to being told what to do, and they can't get along without it. We need another Bismarck, but we have no strong man. Germany is impossible as a republic, but we shall have to wait a long time before we get the monarchy back.'

There are no Socialists, except among casual laborers, in the Thuringian villages. Although it is anticipating a bit, I note here that Socialism of all shades has gained no foothold whatever among the land-owning peasants of Germany, and comparatively little among what are called 'hired men' in America. The man who owns an acre or two of land, a cow, some pigs, goats, and so forth, has a deaf ear for the disciples of Marx.

The hindrances that the Socialists have to overcome were amusingly illustrated in Upper Bavaria during the days immediately following the Revolution. The peasants met in the various villages, to divide up the big estates. As a preliminary, it was necessary to decide what was to be regarded as a big estate. The result was as interesting psychologically as politically. In villages where the richest peasant owned 100 acres, it was decided that 110 acres constituted a big estate. But in the next village, where the richest *Bauer* had but 70 acres, it was decided that big estates began at 85 acres. Everywhere, in brief, the figure set was some acres larger than the size of the farm owned by the wealthiest peasant. And the big estates are not yet divided up.

The pastor of the village church at Braunsdorf, a former corps student at Jena and Tübingen, left the theological

seminary and served throughout the war as a combatant. The non-coms made life pretty miserable for him; it is not every day that one has a chance to take it out on a young man who is at the same time a corps student and a theologian. Altogether he had a hard time of it, and he wavered a bit when the Revolution came. But he never became even a November Socialist, as those are called who were carried by the hysteria of the moment into the Socialist camp (and are now fleeing back by thousands), and he is to-day a Monarchist through and through.

The church records show how little the Socialists have made their influence felt among the farmers. That party's away-from-the-Church movement, started some years before the war, had resulted in thousands of withdrawals from the State (Lutheran) church before 1914, and it has set in again since the war. But there has not been a withdrawal for generations from the Braunsdorf church, which serves five villages; and the same is true throughout rural Germany.

The lean, sinewy gendarme, who covers fourteen villages each week, snorts savagely when the questioner intimates that he might be a Socialist or a bourgeois Republican. Not more than forty-five years old, he is still one of the old guard. The Thuringian government is Socialist, but the gendarme serves the government faithfully, because it is the habit of old gendarmes to serve faithfully. But he will be glad when other men come into power, and still gladder when there is a king or kaiser at the head again. Meanwhile, he is hoping that the next war with France will come before he is too old to take part.

So is Meinhard. So is almost every man in Germany who has retained any spark of patriotism, including even many Socialists. In my weeks of wandering I have been impressed with the terrible hatred which France is here storing up against herself for the day of reckoning. Germany is to-day disarmed, but she has sixty millions to France's thirty-eight, a higher birth-rate, more vitality, and lives on plainer food. She will not always be as helpless as to-day.

France and the Poles together are making it very difficult for any German to be a pacifist, and the German Pacifist Society is helping on the work. It recently sent to the Common Council of Greater Berlin a strong protest against the erection of any more monuments in memory of fallen soldiers. Such monuments, declared the society, 'are a glorification of war and serve to incite to further wars.' One may hate war greatly, but the idea that one's son, brother, or father, who fell in what he believed to be a just cause, shall be denied a memorial at the instance of a society whose moving spirits do not even live in Germany, is one that revolts normal men and women.

In village after village in Thuringia, sitting in the inns, I directed the conversation into political channels. Generally, indeed, this was not necessary. Wherever two or more Germans come together, they start talking politics of their own accord. If one avoids cities possessing industrial plants, one can wander for days on end without hearing a Republican sentiment uttered. And everywhere, whether the speakers be Socialists or members of a bourgeois party, one hears the reference to a Schweinewirtschaft. Nobody is satisfied.

II

In the Wirtshaus of a Bavarian village, I asked a group of men whether there were many Socialists there.

'Not one; we're all Germans here,' said one of the men; and the others

murmured assent. Pictures of the former rulers hung on the walls, and the peasants talked in tones of genuine sorrow about the death of 'Her Majesty.' From north to south, from east to west, in the Bavarian villages, I asked my invariable questions. It may have been mere chance, but I did not find a single Socialist, nor yet a single Republican, anywhere. But for the different dialect I might have been back in the inn at Braunsdorf, listening to my friend Meinhard and the other villagers.

This is, of course, rural opinion, but one must not forget that in Bavaria, in contrast to most German states, 65 per cent of the total population is rural. The opinion of the Bavarian peasantry is mighty important.

Nor are there any cities dominated by Socialists, such as Halle, in Prussia, for example. Except among the laboring classes, and many times even there, one must hunt hard to find a Republican. In a small inn in Coburg, the kind of a place where one is expected to double up with a stranger, and there are four beds in a room, several men were eating dinner. They were of the class that eats with knives and uses the back of the hand as a napkin, but they were damning the government and also the Socialists, the latter for having 'split us Germans up.' In Bamberg, Nuremberg, Munich, Augsburg — wherever I went, I heard the same kind of talk. I emphasize that I avoided first-class and even second-class hotels, living and eating where the common people live and eat.

Munich is to-day more absolutist and bureaucratic than it ever was under the monarchy. I narrowly escaped arrest there because I reported at police headquarters with no better proofs of identity than a special certificate from the Foreign Office in Berlin, setting forth that I was an innocuous person well known to the government and requesting all officials throughout the Reich to give me aid and comfort. This, the Munich police declared, was not a 'pass,' within the meaning of the city's police regulations. The aid and comfort given me, after a troubled consultation among the police officials, consisted in an order to leave the city within twenty-four hours.

A striking commentary on the spirit ruling in Munich is given by stories told me later by two North Germans to whom I had related my experience. Both had been on the point of being expelled from the city, perhaps even under custody, when they recalled that, as former officers, they still had permits to carry weapons. When they exhibited these permits, the police officials arose, bowed profoundly, and excused themselves.

Six men and four women were seated in the tap-room of a small hotel in Augsburg, when I entered and seated myself inconspicuously in a corner. They were already talking politics, both foreign and domestic. After deciding that America could not be depended on to help Germany 'get justice,' they turned to home affairs. Every person present was a Monarchist, including an old woman who had lost two sons in the war.

'What we need is a Bismarck,' she said. (The reference is as inevitable as that to Schweinewirtschaft.)

'Ach, there would have been no war if Bismarck had lived,' said one of the men; and everybody agreed heartily. The speaker was a baker, and the others present were of the same social stratum.

The membership of the Independent Socialist Party in the Augsburg district has dropped from 6000 last year to 250. The city's Communist newspaper suspended publication three months ago, and the party has fewer members than the Independents. Of the 41,000

organized workingmen and workingwomen of the city, only 8000 altogether are members of one of the three Socialist parties.

Bavaria is overwhelmingly Monarchist in sentiment already. She is going to have her own king back some day; and if Prussia and the national government do not like it, Prussia and the national government will have to lump it. Bavaria would like the return of the monarchical system for the whole country; but the first thought of all Bavarians — deny it though all their politicians will, and do until driven into a corner confidentially — is Bavaria. All Bavarians regularly refer to Berlin as a *Saustall*, a word which hardly requires translating.

In both Württemberg and Baden the majority of the people are mild Monarchists in principle, but they have, nevertheless, accepted the new order of affairs without visible repugnance. Neither of the two capitals, Stuttgart and Karlsruhe, was much affected by the Revolution. Incipient attempts, by the new proletarian saviors of the world, to loot were quickly put down, and the men in authority to-day are, for the most part, the same men who were in office before November, 1918. In one way the Revolution relieved the Württembergers from an anxiety which had been oppressing them for years. Their king had no male heirs, and since the Salic Law prevailed, the succession could not go to his daughter. This meant that it would go to the Vienna branch of the family, which is Roman Catholic, while Württemberg is predominantly Protestant. Even if the national monarchy should return, Württemberg would remain a republic. Perhaps Baden would, too, for the state has been democratic for a century, and there was talk of a republic there in 1848; but the Grand Duke and his whole family are greatly beloved, and if another state should take the lead, Baden would probably follow. Württemberg would, at least, not oppose the restoration strongly.

Among the peasants of both states, however, I found many outspoken Monarchists. Ridiculously unimportant occurrences have frequently determined the politics of the politically unschooled German. One small innkeeper was swept along by the tidal waves of the Revolution, and decided that he, too, was a revolutionary and Socialist. He was cured by one of the commonest manifestations of the communistic theories of the revolutionaries. In the Black Forest, as everywhere in Germany, they put their theories into practical effect by poaching, and shot off the game without regard to ownership, breeding-times, game-laws, or anything else. There was little enough game in the Black Forest already, and the innkeeper, who is a passionate hunter, can now tramp the woods all day without seeing a single deer or even a hare. So he has become a Monarchist.

III

So much for Central and Southern Germany. What of North Germany?

In those districts of East and West Prussia, Mecklenburg, and Pomerania, where big landed estates prevail, the Socialists had made some headway, even before the war, among ordinary farm-laborers. They were helped by the arrogant conduct of the estate-owners themselves. It is hardly seventy years since laborers could be whipped in many parts of Prussia; and in Mecklenburg it was customary to make the victim visit the master afterward and, hat in hand, thank him for 'the gracious whipping.' This spirit had by no means died out; and although it could no longer vent itself legally, instances of even corporal punishment were by no means unknown.

The reaction to the Revolution of the laborers in such sections was naturally profound, and the Socialists secured considerable gains; but the natural conservatism of the farmer is gradually resuming its sway, and the gains are crumbling away. I found one big estate where there was not a single Socialist among the forty laborers employed; and on only two estates, both near a big industrial city, did I find any considerable number. Characteristically, too, these were all among the casual laborers. The men and women who live on the estate the year round belonged mainly to one of the two monarchical parties.

On one large estate in the extreme eastern part of the Province of Brandenburg, I found a woman who had been a servant in my family for five years before the Revolution. When I returned to Berlin last year, I was told that she had become a violent Spartacan during the revolutionary period, venting on the remains of the body politic her rage at having lost a brother and her fiancé in the war. I found her on a large estate, happily married to the head dairyman. On the walls of her two-room apartment hung pictures of the Kaiser and the Kaiserin, and a group picture of all the members of the former Imperial family. Her husband saw me looking at them, and said: —

'It's really against the law to have them there, but it won't be some day.'

As a matter of fact, it is not 'against the law,' but a good many people have been made to believe that it is.

'Yes, Germany must have her rulers back,' said the woman.

'But, Emma,' I said, 'I heard that you were a hot Communist during the Revolution.'

She blushed and looked embarrassed.

'Ach, Gott!' she said, 'a lot of people had some foolish ideas in those days.'

In the territory between Frankfurt-on-the-Oder and Breslau, a district of small peasants' holdings, I encountered again that hostility to Socialism and Republicanism which I had found among the same class of people everywhere in Germany. An old peasant told me that he 'would jump for joy' if the Kaiser came back, and that his neighbors all felt the same way. My investigations confirmed the old man's statement. In a village school which I was permitted to visit, the teacher put the children through their paces in a variety of subjects, to show the visitor what was being accomplished in the rural schools.

'Who can tell the names of some of the political parties in Germany?' he asked.

A score of eager hands were raised. He nodded to the back row.

'*Deutsch-National*' (German National), came the chorus.

'Still another.'

Again a chorus: —

'*Deutsche Volkspartei*' (German People's Party).

The Clericals (Catholics) were named next, then the Democrats. The Majority Socialists followed, and it took some thinking on the part of the pupils before they recalled the Independent Socialists and Communists. I was impressed by the fact that the names of the two outspokenly Monarchist parties were the first to occur to the pupils.

'Their parents all belong to one of those parties,' said the teacher, 'most of them to the German Nationals. They only named the Democrats as a compliment to me, because I was a candidate of that party for the provincial Diet.'

The same evening I had dinner with the teacher. He had served throughout the war and was a glowing patriot. He soon disclosed himself as a convinced Monarchist, hoping and believing that the present state of affairs cannot last many years.

'But I understood you to say that

you belonged to the Democratic Party,' I said.

He explained. One could belong to that party and still be a Monarchist, without attracting any attention, so long as he kept still. The Prussian Minister of Education was a Socialist, and it was not politic for a simple teacher to display his feelings too openly. Such a one might easily be overlooked when transfers to better posts were being made. For Monarchists dependent on the good-will of Republican authorities, the Democratic Party afforded a safe refuge.

IV

There remain the cities to be considered. In so far as these are industrial centres, they have large Socialist representations, amounting to a majority in a few places; but Socialism is steadily losing ground everywhere. In city after city in Central and Southern Germany, I found unmistakable evidences of this. The losses are made up chiefly from two classes — the independent craftsmen, such as master-bakers, butchers, tailors, and so forth, and the intellectual proletariat, including teachers, journalists, actors, artists, writers, and the rest, who succumbed to the revolutionary psychosis, but are now shaking it off. As long ago as last February, the Socialist leader, Konrad Haenisch, then Prussian Minister of Education, in a frank article in the Berlin *Tageblatt*, admitted that the Socialists had not only failed to win any new recruits from *das geistige Deutschland*, the educated classes, but that even those who had come over during the Revolution had already left, or were about to leave them. State, provincial, and municipal elections throughout Germany in the last year have regularly shown Socialist losses. In Saxony, Red long before the war, the combined parties of the Left had a popular majority of but 77,000 in a total vote exceeding two millions, last November. Greater Berlin, which gave a Socialist vote of 61.7 per cent in June, 1920, gave a clear majority of the popular vote to the bourgeois parties at the elections for the Prussian Diet last February. Even Red Brunswick elected a bourgeois council in June.

I have referred earlier to the radical losses in Augsburg. These are tremendously significant from the fact that Augsburg is practically alone among German cities in having no unemployed. With the decrease of unemployment Socialism is bound to lose ground still more rapidly.

I have dwelt on Socialist losses because the three Socialist parties are virtually the only ones all of whose members are unswervingly Republican and anti-Monarchist. Yet even here one can find exceptions. I know personally several elderly Socialists of the parent party who would be glad to see Germany a monarchy again.

This solidly Republican Red *bloc* has to-day less than forty per cent of the total voting strength of the land, and, as pointed out, is losing steadily. Outside these three parties, one finds a considerable percentage of Republicans only in the German Democratic Party — and that party is going out of existence.

The party is full of titled Germans, some of whom joined it because of genuinely Republican sentiments, others to purge themselves from suspicions which might have ill consequences in the revolutionary days. All the second category have always been Monarchists at heart, and most of the first category are becoming Monarchists again. The Bavarian wing of the party stands so far to the right, that the relationship can hardly be discerned. In their innermost convictions a majority of the Democrats are not Republicans.

The party stands with the Monarch-

ist parties in favoring a return to the old black-white-red flag — a proposal which has aroused the ire of all Socialists and been stamped by them as counter-revolutionary and monarchical. The Majority Socialists recently forced the resignation of one of their leaders in Hamburg because of his advocacy of the old flag. I note here, in passing, that the new black-red-gold banner is rarely seen anywhere. Recently, in a large garden colony, I counted thirty-four old Imperial flags and four black-red-gold banners — and two of these last were flying over the same garden. The owners of the gardens are, with few exceptions, laboring men and small clerks.

We have thus something more than 40 per cent of the voters who can be regarded as dependable Republicans. What of the other parties?

Only one comes into consideration at all. This is the Clericals, — the Roman Catholic party, — with 13.6 per cent of the total vote in June, 1920. A left wing of this party is now building, and its eventual strength cannot be estimated confidently. That it will not get very far, however, is probable, for it is coming more and more into the wake of the Socialists, and the Church will know how to stop that. The big majority of the party is Monarchist at heart, and there are probably no Republicans in the Bavarian delegation, which makes up roundly 40 per cent of that state's total vote.

This ends the recital of the sources of Republican strength. It is still far short of 50 per cent, and, as we have seen, all the parties from which it is drawn are losing strength except the Clericals, whose numbers vary little from year to year.

V

Thus the questions at the beginning of this article answer themselves. There is nominally a majority in favor of a return of the monarchy, or rather, of a monarchical system. But the question will be a merely academic one for some time, because many Monarchists would to-day refuse to vote for reëstablishment because of their fear that such a course would plunge the country into civil war — as it undoubtedly would. Fear of the consequences that might be drawn by Germany's enemies is also a powerful factor against any overt step by the Monarchists at this time.

And one must distinguish between a return of the monarchy and a return of the Kaiser. The latter is impossible for all time; not even the whole membership of the two avowedly Monarchist parties would vote for his restoration. Quite apart from any other considerations, he removed himself as a factor for all time when he fled to Holland. And any future monarchy will have to be a constitutional one, on the British plan. Moreover, the restoration of many, probably most, of the former state dynasties is impossible.

But if the will of the majority could prevail, without bloodshed or reprisals from foreign countries, Germany would become a monarchy in precisely the length of time required to hold the referendum provided for in the Weimar Constitution for amending that instrument, which requires merely the affirmative vote of 'a majority of all enrolled voters.' Nothing further is necessary, to decree that 'the German Reich is an empire.' The necessary majority exists.

Readers of the American press have been led to believe that the demonstrations following the national government's 'anti-reaction' decree of August 29 were of high significance, and were really what they purported to be. Gleeful Republicans have pointed to the 100,000 paraders in Berlin, and scoffed at the idea that Monarchism has

any chances. As a matter of fact, this and all other demonstrations held since the government's decree were Socialist demonstrations. There was not one Republican banner to twenty red flags. They were merely such parades as the Socialists can organize at any time, by having the shop councils in the various factories order all workingmen to join the procession. I saw the same thing repeatedly in January and March, 1919, and it is still going on. The Berlin parade was, for a large part of those who took part in it, little more than a demonstration in favor of a half-day off with pay.

Not only does a Monarchist majority exist to-day, but it will be increased by the coming generation of voters. Despite the efforts of various ministers of education to eliminate from the schools all instruction tending to honor past traditions and history, to root out patriotic sentiments, the schoolchildren of Germany are still for the most part using the old textbooks, and the vast majority of the teachers are still Monarchist at heart. The situation in the higher institutions of learning is especially unfavorable for the Republicans. Elections in the various universities last winter, to choose members of student committees, showed Monarchist majorities running up to seven to one; rarely did the Republican groups succeed in polling half as many as did the groups that are denounced as 'reactionaries.' And it is a widespread error which assumes that the German university students are recruited mainly from the upper classes. On the contrary, the great majority are sons and daughters of people of the lower middle class — small tradesmen, civil-service employees, and the like.

The Church takes no part in politics, but its influence also is unfavorable to Republicanism.

The existence of a Monarchist majority — or even of a considerable Monarchist minority — will, of course, be incomprehensible to the average American reader except upon the theory that it is a natural outgrowth of innate depravity. But there are very real reasons for it. In part, and especially so far as the lower classes are concerned, it is the result of dissatisfaction over dearer food, higher rents, excessive taxes, and deprivations in general. Governments are always made the scapegoats in such cases. It is the feeling that finds expression in the Italian saying: *Piove! Governo ladro!* (It is raining! Accursed government!)

Subconsciously this feeling affects everybody. There were some flies in my dining-room last week, and while shooing them out, I found myself complaining that 'there were no flies in Berlin under the monarchy.' It sounds like a joke, — no flies on the monarchy, — but it is true. Berlin was so clean in those days that flies could not breed.

But there are other and more defensible reasons for the growing defection from the Republic among the intelligent classes. The wishy-washy incompetence of the vast majority of the new Republican officials plays into the hands of the Monarchists. The lack of decision, the tergiversations, the backing and filling of most of the responsible heads of government also anger patriotic men and women. Slowly reawakening feelings of patriotism and pride of race are not gratified by the supineness and cringing attitude of a great part of the Republican masters of the new state. The Germans are not a patriotic people, in the sense that the Americans, French, and Poles are patriotic. Their patriotism has always been rather a narrowly localized attachment to a particular state, or even province. This flared up into a glowing national feeling at the beginning of the war; but the defeat and the Revolution,

following the privations of the war-years, brought a powerful revulsion. The exclusive domination of national affairs during the following three months by the Socialists enabled these parties still further to crush out what patriotic sentiments had survived.

The events of the last two years, however, beginning with the Versailles Treaty, have done much to reawaken these feelings, and this reawakening has received mighty impulses in the last few months. The sanctions along the Rhine and the aggressions of the Poles in Upper Silesia have done incalculably much to unite Germans of all classes.

Another reason for the disgust of wide classes of intellectual Germany with the Republic is the pork-barrel spoils-system prevailing in governmental affairs. The dominant Socialists set the example, following the Revolution. Their government was unashamedly a class government first and a national government (if at all) last. This system was carried over into the next government, and the frequent changes of ministry since then have been in large part due to the desire of the outs to get their noses into the public crib. Not even the most hardened apologists for the spoils system have ever dared assert that it makes for efficiency in government; and it is viewed with special repulsion in Germany, which never had it under the Empire, and which did have an efficient governmental machine.

Manifestations of the political immaturity of the Germans continue to disgust thinking people. To be a successful political leader in Republican Germany's parliaments requires the vocabulary of an Andalusian muleteer, especially among the parties of the Left. Dignity has followed Imperialism, Monarchism, and Militarism into retirement.

These are only a few of the factors that are slowly undermining the credit of the Republic. There are many more. Perhaps no government could have accomplished much more than the various Republican cabinets; for any government in Germany to-day has to contend with class-hatreds unknown and incomprehensible to the average American, with open disloyalty which cannot be checked or punished, with an administration of the criminal law which treats the most brutal crimes with leniency if it appear that the criminals acted 'from ideal motives,' and with pacifism of the kind referred to above.

But all this makes no difference to the great mass. 'It 's raining,' as the Italians say. 'D——n the Government!'

RAILROAD EFFICIENCY: PAST AND PRESENT

BY JULIUS KRUTTSCHNITT

I

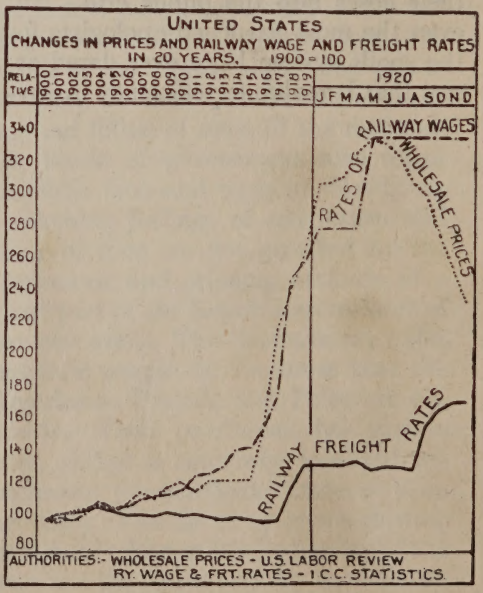
It is safe to say that no industry has been more continuously and searchingly investigated than the steam railroads, and no other industry has had such wide and merciless publicity in reference to its practices and business methods.

The railroads were taken over by the Government on January 1, 1918; and, after twenty-six months of Federal operation, were returned to their owners on March 1, 1920, with a heritage of $1,800,000,000 of debt (according to Senator Cummins) saddled on the taxpayers of the country, — a loss of $2,280,000 *for every day of Government control*, — and with the proper relation of expenses to revenue completely destroyed.

The President had given assurances to security-holders, when he took over the railroads, that 'Investors in railway securities may rest assured that their rights and interests will be as scrupulously looked after as they would be by the directors of the several railway systems'; and thereafter, that 'The common administration will be carried on with as little disturbance of the present operating organizations and personnel of the railways as possible.'

These promises, and the guaranty of Congress that the roads should be maintained in as good repair and in as complete equipment as when taken over, were completely ignored; percentage of expenses to earnings was raised from 70.48 to 93.47 per cent; renewal of rails, ties, and ballast was skimped to the danger-point; and the equipment, scattered all over the United States, had been given scant attention and was in the worst condition ever known.

Testimony given before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce in May and June, 1921, shows to some extent the embarrassing problems that confronted railroad-owners on the return of their properties, and the very slight extent to which they can remedy unsatisfactory conditions, and control their destinies. The root of the railroads' trouble is that they were ordered to spend more in increased wages than they were able to earn from increased rates. Consequently, net income for 1920 well-nigh disappeared.


UNITED STATES
CHANGES IN PRICES AND RAILWAY WAGE AND FREIGHT RATES
IN 20 YEARS. 1900 = 100
RELATIVE
1900 1901 1902 1903 1904 1905 1906 1907 1908 1909 1910 1911 1912 1913 1914 1915 1916 1917 1918 1919
1920
J F M A M J J A S O N D
340 320 300 280 260 240 220 200 180 160 140 120 100 80
RAILWAY WAGES
RATES OF WHOLESALE PRICES
RAILWAY FREIGHT RATES
AUTHORITIES:- WHOLESALE PRICES - U.S. LABOR REVIEW
RY. WAGE & FRT. RATES - I.C.C. STATISTICS.

About 1900, as shown in the chart, wholesale prices and railway wages began to rise; and in May, 1920, they finally reached a level never before dreamed of. In 1905 the average freight-rate started to fall. It declined uninterruptedly, until it reached the lowest level in seventeen years, in 1916 and 1917. Decisions of the Interstate Commerce Commission in three applications for increased rates, in 1914, 1915, and 1917, afforded but slight relief; so that, at the end of private control, in 1917, freight-rates were one per cent *less* and wholesale prices 120 per cent *greater* than in 1900.

The Federal Railroad Administration made a substantial rate-increase in June, 1918, which, however, fell far short of establishing a proper relation between freight-rates and costs of labor and commodities. It is a just cause of complaint against the Director-General that he refused to recognize the moral obligation he was under to make an increase in the revenues of the carriers corresponding to the enormous and destructive burden of expense which he had placed on them. He left to the owners the unpopular task of seeking before the public an increase of revenue to meet this increase of expense. It was easy to shift this burden to the carriers, who, at the threshold of resuming their relations with the public, were confronted with the necessity of asking a large increase of rates. In equity this obligation was not theirs — it was the obligation of those who had created the necessity.

In July, 1920, the Federal Labor Board, in a decision made retroactive to May, 1920, raised wages an average of 21 per cent, to a level 240 per cent above that of 1900; wholesale prices then were also 240 per cent higher than in 1900, while freight-rates were but 30 per cent higher. The rate increase finally authorized by the Interstate Commerce Commission about the first of September, 1920, raised freight-rates to a level only 74 per cent higher than in 1900, although wholesale prices, which then had fallen, were still 160 per cent to 180 per cent higher than in 1900, and railway wages remained 240 per cent higher.

For the last twenty years all industries except railroads, which were strictly restrained by law, raised prices currently with rising costs, so that, when the 1920 rate-increase was finally granted, the railroads found themselves without adequate and sufficient surplus, or accumulated profits, on which to convalesce from the long financial famine through which they had gone.

Publication of revenues, expenses, and net railway-operating income of large, or Class I,[1] roads for the years 1920 and 1919 occurred at a time of great industrial disturbance and readjustment, with prices falling and the purchasing power or the purchasing inclination of the consuming public substantially reduced. This fact caused great anxiety, and a study of the situation was instituted by the carriers, to determine what bearing, if any, the then level of transportation charges had on the depressed condition of business.

A consolidation, by the Bureau of Railway Economics, of statistics compiled from reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission, shows, with reference to Class I roads, that operating revenues were $1,026,698,147 *greater* in 1920 than in 1919; operating expenses, taxes, and joint-facility rents $1,419,754,474 *greater* in 1920 than in 1919; and that net railway-operating income was $393,056,327 *less* in 1920 than in 1919, notwithstanding the fact that operating revenues were more than a thousand millions *larger*.

As to the disproportion between ex-

[1] Roads with operating revenues over $1,000,000 per annum.

penses and revenues, it should be understood that, except as the totals were possibly affected by bad management, the Government controlled the operating income and more than 64 per cent of the operating costs, that percentage representing disbursements for labor. The Government fixed these charges in both years; and in 1920 it also bought a very substantial part of the materials and supplies through the Federal Railroad Administration, which charged its bills for these items against the railroads. In other words, the *Government not only prescribed the rates* from which the operating revenues of the carriers were derived, but likewise *fixed the wages*, which constituted more than 64 per cent of the operating expenses; and the prices of the materials and supplies that the carriers must have were *fixed either by Government* or by economic forces beyond the control of the carriers.

Out of every dollar of operating expenses there were paid 64 cents for labor at prices *fixed by the Government;* 15 cents for materials and supplies at prices *fixed by the Government;* and 3.5 cents for other expenses *incurred by the Government* in the first two months of 1920. Thus, a total of 82.5 cents out of every dollar of expenses for the year 1920 was paid out at prices directly *fixed by the Government itself*. The materials and supplies used during the last ten months of 1920, costing 15 cents out of every dollar, were purchased by the carriers at prices fixed by general market conditions beyond their power to control. In other words, prices *fixed by the Government* or by *market conditions* covered 97.5 cents out of every dollar of operating expenses.

The story of Government operation of the railroads is eloquently told by the following figures: —

CLASS I ROADS

Excluding switching and terminal companies

Year	*Net Railway Operating Income*	*Relative*	*Payrolls Relative*	*Percentage Return on Investment*
1917	$934,000,000	100.0	100.0	5.26
1918	639,000,000	68.4	150.3	3.51
1919	455,000,000	48.7	163.4	2.46
1920	62,000,000	6.6	212.6	0.32
1921 (Jan. and Feb.)	8,214,542 *Def.*	0.0		0.00

The baneful effects of Government practices continued after the return of the properties, and, notwithstanding strenuous efforts to correct them, are still responsible for the unsatisfactory condition of the railroads.

A canvass made in January, 1921, showed that thirty-five railroads — among them the Erie, Great Northern, Philadelphia & Reading — failed to earn even *operating expenses;* and twenty-eight others — including such prominent lines as the Pennsylvania, Baltimore & Ohio, Atlantic Coast Line, Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, Missouri Pacific — earned operating expenses only, but failed to earn taxes and fixed charges.

The labor costs of Class I carriers were 113 per cent higher in 1920 than in 1917, preceding Federal control; and if the increased wage-scale had been in effect during twelve, instead of only eight, months of 1920, the increase would have been about 125 per cent. The Government during its control allowed gross revenues to increase less than 54 per cent. Labor-costs have

risen since the Government took charge of them in 1916, under the Adamson law, from $1,468,576,000 to $3,698,216,000, the total amount paid to labor during 1920 being *very nearly sixty times the $61,928,626 of net income yielded by the operation of the railroads.*

The history of the direct labor increase is interesting and important.

The labor bill of Class I carriers in 1916, before the Adamson law took effect, stood at.....	$1,468,576,394
In 1917, when the Adamson law was in effect, the labor bill was	1,739,482,142
An increase over 1916 of...	$270,905,748
This was increased by the Railroad Administration in 1918 to	2,613,813,351
Or an increase over 1917 of	874,331,209
This was further increased by the Railroad Administration in 1919 to.....	2,843,128,432
Or an increase over 1918 of	229,315,081
This was further increased by the Railroad Labor Board in 1920 to.....	3,698,216,351
Or *$10,132,000 for every day of the year.*	

The increase in *labor alone*, from 1916 to 1920, was $2,230,000,000 — nearly equal to $2,357,000,000, the *total operating expenses* of all Class I roads in 1916, which include, not only cost of labor of every description, but cost of materials, fuel, depreciation, loss and damage to freight, injuries to persons, insurance, and the rest.

After the return of the railroads to their owners, they were made to perform the *greatest transportation task in their history.* They moved more freight and passengers, loaded their cars more heavily, and moved larger train-loads. That it cost too much to do this was due, as shown, almost entirely to causes beyond the railroad managers' control.

II

The experience of the public with over two years of arbitrary and wasteful Government operation, and the experience of the carriers with a public generally hostile and non-coöperative, had had a chastening effect on both, from which a mutually tolerant spirit had arisen.

Little more than a year ago, the Transportation Act was passed, in response to the public demand that Government operation should cease and the railroads be quickly returned to their owners. After the act took effect, all went well for a while, and both the public and the railroad owners felt that the long-hoped-for era, in which mutual trust and coöperation were to replace the acrimonious relations of the past, had arrived.

Under the provisions of the act an adequate income was guaranteed to the carriers until September 1, 1920. It was to be paid out of the public treasury, whether earned or not. In fact, it never was earned, and never could be earned, under the operating expenses inherited from the Federal Railroad Administration. In order to anticipate conditions that would arise after September 1, the railroads applied to the Interstate Commerce Commission for the relief that the Transportation Act provided. The hearing was had in the summer of 1920. The application for rate-advances was based on estimated traffic-volume and operating expenses of a constructive year ending October 31, 1919, which included *known* increases in costs of wages and materials, to which the Interstate Commerce Commission, before rendering their decision, added the amount of the Labor Board's award of July, 1920, which increased wages by $618,000,000.

The operations of the constructive year showed a deficit of $399,000,000, after paying operating expenses, taxes, equipment rents, and joint-facility rents. Therefore, under the provisions of the Transportation Act, 1920, the car-

riers asked for a sum to yield a return of $1,233,000,000, or six per cent on the value of the properties dedicated to public use, plus $399,000,000, to make good the deficit — a total of $1,632,000,000. Commercial bodies and shippers, both individually and as organizations, joined the railroads in advocating the increase, which was granted. Becoming effective August 26, 1920, it was designed to yield $1,533,000,000 more revenue, the Commission's estimate of a six per cent return being $100,000,000 less than that of the carriers.

Agitation for reduction in freight-rates began early in 1921. Encouraged by speeches and propaganda to the effect that the depression in business was caused by the rate-increase of September 1, 1920, although Interstate Commerce Commission figures showed that revenue ton-mileage increased seven per cent in the four months following the allowance in rates, the demands became relentless.

We have shown that the policy of the Government for many years was not to raise rates in normal or good times sufficiently to yield adequate revenues. If rates are now to be lowered because of bad times, where will this leave the railroads? The chart already referred to shows that other industries, in good times, reaped large profits from higher wholesale prices, out of which surpluses could be accumulated for use in bad times; it also shows how the railroads were denied the enjoyment of this right. Yet there is a country-wide demand that the rates, which were but recently raised, shall undergo a general reduction, before the carriers shall have enjoyed the long-delayed relief provided by the Transportation Act of 1920.

In the Senate inquiry, witnesses testified that the inevitable deflation of war-prices, preceding the slump in business, started with a sharp drop in wholesale prices in May, 1920, the result of tightening markets and of lessened ability of the consuming public to absorb production. The wild orgy of spending that followed the restraints of war, coupled with rising wages and falling efficiency, had come to an end. Other symptoms showed that business depression preceded higher freight-rates; Dun and Co. reported 1627 commercial failures, with about $30,000,000 liabilities, in the first quarter of 1920, and 2031, with $80,000,000 liabilities, in the last quarter.

Total bank clearings fell 16 per cent from *March*, 1920, to the following *August*. Construction reports show that the floor-space of projected new buildings fell 33 per cent, from 129,000,000 square feet, in the second quarter of 1920 to 86,000,000 in the third quarter.

Any one of the foregoing signs by itself would indicate an approaching commercial storm; taken together, they give overwhelming support to the theory that the railroads are not responsible for our commercial depression.

Any horizontal increase of rates, such as that of 1920, inevitably produces inequalities which, if not adjusted, may check traffic. Although thousands of rates have already been adjusted by the carriers in conferences with shippers, the public has been misled into believing that the stagnation of business is caused by unreasonably high rates, that railroad management is inefficient, and that private control is a failure: thus the unfortunate coincidence of higher rates and a business depression has, in little over a year, changed public confidence and sympathy into suspicion and hostility.

It should require little explanation to show that the contemplated statutory return of $1,134,000,000 on the value of the railroads can be produced only in one of two ways: either by moving the same traffic-volume as in the constructive year at the rates fixed by the Interstate Commerce Commission, or

by moving a greater traffic-volume at lower rates. Therefore, if a general reduction of rates is made without a concurrent increase in traffic well in excess of the volume of the constructive year, the return of $1,134,000,000 may be so deeply cut as to imperil the solvency of the railroads.

This is what occurred: traffic fell rapidly early in 1921, and has continued to fall ever since; returns for the first six months show the net operating income of all Class I carriers, derived from the carriage of a very much smaller traffic at the increased rates, to be $142,000,000 only, or three fourths of one per cent of the Commission's valuation of the properties, instead of three per cent. This is not enough by $109,000,000 to pay accrued interest on the debt of the carriers, which, according to the latest Commission figures (1918), amounts to $251,000,000.

Therefore, when it is urged that railroad shareholders, in times of stress, should share the burdens of the farmers and forego some of their profit for the common good, it should be remembered that, for the first six months of 1921, they *earned no* dividends, and, moreover, had to provide $109,000,000, *from outside sources*, to pay interest on their bonds, in order to escape receiverships. In the case of the shareholders, these losses are irretrievable, for, unlike the public, they are not allowed to offset them by high returns in times of great prosperity.

III

The logical consequence of the representations of propagandists that the depression in business is caused by high transportation charges has been to engender a state of hostile public opinion willing to believe anything as to the inefficiency of railroad management. This is seen in the ready acceptance of the claims made by Mr. Henry Ford as to his wonderful achievements in operating his recently acquired Detroit, Toledo & Ironton Railroad, and of the sensational assertions, meant to focus public attention on the alleged waste of a billion dollars a year in the management of railroads, made by W. J. Lauck, advocate of organized labor, in the hearing before the Federal Labor Board in Chicago, in April, 1921.

In a rate-hearing before the Interstate Commerce Commission in 1910, charges were based on the testimony of Mr. Harrington Emerson, an efficiency expert, that, by adopting certain methods used in manufacturing plants, $300,000,000 annually could be saved in railroad operating expenses. This estimate, incorrectly construed, gathered force as it traveled, and soon became 'a million dollars a day.'

In an admirable article in the *Quarterly Journal of Economics* for May, 1911, Mr. William J. Cunningham, James J. Hill Professor of Transportation in Harvard University, who discussed the subject personally with Mr. Emerson, explained how that gentleman arrived at his estimate. He took the last statistical report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and applied to each class of employee and to cost of materials the percentage of efficiency obtaining in railroad operation at that time, according to his judgment, and translated the margins between these percentages and 100 per cent into money values, to produce his estimate.

His figures were arbitrary, with no evidence of resting on any experience in railroad operation other than that acquired in a seven-year experiment on the Santa Fé system under abnormally favorable conditions, the results of which did not nearly equal those on neighboring railroads similarly situated, and made so little impression on the Commission that in its decision it said: 'We can hardly find that these methods

could be introduced into railroad operations to any considerable extent; much less can we determine the definite amount of saving which could be made.'

To argue that shop-repair work, involving hundreds of different operations, in which safety and avoidance of delay are paramount considerations, conducted at several thousand points, widely separated over the 242,000 miles of line in existence at that time, and impossible of close supervision, could be as efficiently conducted as in a large manufacturing plant, repeating indefinitely a few easily defined operations under close supervision, is so unwarranted as to appeal at once to one's sense of unfairness.

In maintenance of roadbed, track, and structures, entrusted to 35,000 or 40,000 gangs, whose duties demand unremitting vigilance, close daily inspection of every mile of line, and immediate repair of defects in storm or sunshine, by day or by night, and, above all, without interruption to passage of trains, — this requirement frequently increasing cost to an extraordinary extent, — it is obvious that profit and efficiency as understood in manufacturing must be absolutely subordinated to celerity and safety.

Transportation in 1909 was manufactured power generated in 57,212 power-plants or locomotives, manned by 114,424 engineers and firemen, who were carefully instructed as to methods of using coal and steam, but perforce scantily supervised during most of their hours on duty.

The output of the transportation industry, measured in units of tons and passengers carried one mile, is to be sold to the public, which is vitally interested in knowing how efficiently the machine functions and the quantity and quality of the product. If a railroad *as a whole* fulfills its fundamental duties to the public, the character of its management is inevitably reflected in the proved results.

Statistics show, in the period from 1890 to 1920, as the result of the management of the railroads of our country, the miles run per passenger-car nearly doubled; revenue freight per freight-car more than doubled; revenue freight per train-mile increased 269 per cent; ton-miles and equated passenger-miles — three times the passenger-miles — per employee increased 80 per cent, following large capital expenditures to reduce grades and curvature, provide heavier locomotives, and the like.

From 1890 there were constant and, in most items, remarkable increases in excellence of design and also in the use of every unit, both inanimate and human, up to and including 1910, and thereafter, also, to 1920. Notwithstanding large increases in additional main tracks, sidings, locomotives, and cars, the capital per mile of road increased but slightly in thirty years, while the public service per dollar of capital increased 136 per cent, and per dollar of net income increased 1221 per cent. The uninterrupted improvement in efficiency of operation is most impressive; it would have been impossible without faithful and efficient performance of duty by all employees involved, and without constant, close scrutiny of expenditures and results by managers.

The better operation for the ten years immediately preceding the 1910 hearing effected a saving of 420,200,000 train-miles in that year through heavier train-loads, valued very conservatively at $373,983,000.

Thus, while bitter attacks on the competence of railroad managers for not adopting methods peculiarly suited to manufacturing shops were being made, they were, by efficiency methods of their own, actually operating their properties at a saving of $1,025,000 a day over the cost of ten years earlier.

The supreme test of railroad management is safety. During the same period, there was a constant reduction in fatalities per passengers carried one mile and per 1000 employees. In 1900 a passenger's risk of being killed on a train was one in 182,000,000 miles run, in 1910 one in 196,000,000 miles run — numbers hard to conceive. A train running 60 miles an hour, and covering 525,600 miles in a year, would require 373 years to run 196,000,000 miles. Put differently, the deaths of passengers in *train-travel* in 1910 were 26 per cent less than in 1890, and from walking on tracks at stations and crossings, 54 per cent less. Ten years later, in 1920, deaths of passengers in *train-accidents* were one third only as frequent as in 1890, and from other causes less than one fourth as frequent.

IV

Mr. Henry Ford's purchase of the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton Railroad in March, 1921, and the wonderful things he claims to have done, have been given such publicity as to cause misunderstanding and trouble unless corrected.

The reports rendered by the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton Railroad to the Interstate Commerce Commission, show clearly the following facts, which dispel the mystery surrounding the operations of this road since it came under Mr. Ford's control. For the four months ending June, 1921, operating revenue *increased 73 per cent*, with *21 per cent less* freight and *13 per cent less* passenger traffic. A large reduction in operating expenses was to have been expected, but they were substantially identical in the two periods.

Tons per car and tons per train — the controlling factors in efficient operation — both show large declines. The total tons carried in the quarters ending June, 1920, and June, 1921, were substantially the same, but the quantity of *automobiles* and *other vehicles*, on which very high rates are paid, *increased 230,000 tons*, or 3496 per cent, while products of agriculture, mines, and forests, on which the rates are low, *decreased 216,000 tons*. Accordingly, the average rate per ton-mile rose from 8.1 mills in 1920 to 18.8 mills in 1921, or *132 per cent*.

Had the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton's increased revenue per ton per mile been the same only as that of adjacent lines, it would have shown a larger deficit, — $208,000 — for the four months of Mr. Ford's management than in the previous year. Conversely, had Class I carriers, only, enjoyed the same average revenue per ton per mile as the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton, they would have earned $1,080,000,000, — a full six per cent on their value, — and would have been able to return $2,368,000,000 to the public in lower rates, an amount equivalent to more than *half the entire freight revenue now collected.*

The average numbers and daily wages of employees, published, quarterly only, by the Interstate Commerce Commission, show that in 1921 the number of employees was 12 per cent *greater* than in 1920, and the average daily wage in 1921 was $5.81, or only one cent greater than in 1920.

It is evident that the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton was bought as an adjunct to the Ford Motor-Car Works, to be used for trading purposes in securing tonnage and forcing better divisions of through rates from connections. It might easily carry all its less-than-carload freight free and still yield a *fair* return on its cost.

Mr. Ford's accomplishments in the automobile world make him one of the big men of our country; but if the exaggerated claims as to his railroad management were not refuted, it would, by default, be an admission of gross in-

competence and inefficiency by the managers of American railroads.

Mr. W. J. Lauck, consulting economist for the labor-unions, asserted before the Labor Board in Chicago in April, 1921, that by efficient management railroad operating expenses could be reduced $578,500,000 in certain items, thus: —

Modernizing locomotives	$272,500,000
Locomotive operation, firing methods	50,000,000
Shop-organization improvements	17,500,000
Power-plant fuel savings	10,000,000
Water-consumption savings	12,600,000
Service-of-supply savings	75,000,000
Shop-cost-accounting savings	10,900,000
Labor-turnover savings	40,000,000
Loss-and-damage savings	90,000,000
Total estimated annual savings	$578,500,000

Mr. Lauck stated that enough more could be saved in a large number of other items to bring the total to well over a billion a year. By means of other possible economies, such as the consolidation of railroads into a few large systems, changes in methods of financing, and the like, Mr. Lauck says it would be possible to save *another billion a year.*

Wherever these vague statements admit of check, their unreliability becomes patent. For instance, $673,000,000 was spent for fuel in 1920. Mr. Lauck asserts that the modernizing of locomotives and the use of better firing methods would save $322,500,000, or 48 per cent. Fuel-saving devices of proved merit, which have generally been adopted, are the brick arch, now on 43,000 locomotives, or 66 per cent of all those in use, which saves about 10 per cent, and the superheater, now on 35,000 (54 per cent, of all locomotives in use), which saves 20 per cent. If the remaining 34 per cent of locomotives were equipped with brick arches, the future saving therefrom would be 10 per cent of 34 per cent, or 3.4 per cent. By equipping the remaining 46 per cent of locomotives with superheaters, the fuel bill might be reduced 20 per cent of 46 per cent, or 9.2 per cent more. Feed-water heaters, not yet fully proved, might possibly save 10 per cent of the 70 per cent (or 7 per cent) of fuel left after the 10 per cent and 20 per cent saved, respectively, by arches and superheaters. By coöperation of railroad officials and employees, an additional saving of 6 per cent is considered possible — a total from all these sources of 25.6 per cent. Using the round figure of 26 per cent, the total saving on the fuel bill of 1920 might be $174,980,000.

The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad has made actual estimates of what it would cost if all Class I railroads were to replace antiquated locomotives with the most modern types of heavy locomotives with fuel-saving appliances, and of the incidental costs of heavier turn-tables, larger round-houses, heavier rails and bridges, and more solid permanent way. The expenditure for all Class I roads, if they could raise the capital, would be $4,000,000,000 the interest on which at 6 per cent would exceed by $65,000,000 the limit of possible saving.

It must be borne in mind that other possible economies, such as the consolidation of railroads into a few large systems, changes in methods of financing, and so forth, whereby Mr. Lauck says it would be possible to save a second billion a year, were freely used by the United States Railroad Administration, which not only did not save a second billion a year, but actually lost nearly that much or $833,000,000 a year.

Mr. Lauck bases his estimates of possible savings on 1920 figures, evidently assuming that the changes could be made *at once.* Otherwise, methods and practices devised by railroad managers, long used, used by the Federal Railroad Administration, and still used

by our railroads, could produce large savings in future years *only*. The cumulative effect of these practices from 1890 to 1920 made it possible to move the traffic of the latter year in one third the number of train-miles that would have been required if the methods of 1890 had prevailed, thereby saving $6,742,000,000 in the public's transportation bill.

Mr. Lauck's estimates, if related to 1930 operations, — ten years hence, — might be reached if the control of railroad managers over operations were unhampered by economy-forbidding restrictions, which unfortunately is not now the case. Furthermore, the total operating expenses and taxes of Class I roads for 1920 amounted to $6,048,000,000. Excluding pay of general officers, *Government-controlled wages*, the reduction of which Mr. Lauck does not suggest, cost $3,651,000,000; taxes cost $279,000,000; depreciation, fixed by the Commission's regulations, $152,500,000. The total for these three items, $4,082,500,000, leaves only $1,966,000,000, out of which two billions are to be saved. That is, all operating expenses would have to disappear, even salaries of general officers, on whom Mr. Lauck places the entire burden of saving the two billions.

VI

The data used herein are mainly from statistics kept under the immediate direction of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and represent the fruits of carefully and constantly developed efficiency methods, which were in use many years before Mr. Emerson made his sweeping condemnation of railroad management in 1910; they were used without change by the Federal Railroad Administration, which thereby gave them the stamp of its approval; and they are still in use, achieving continuous improvement in operation, and consequent money-saving, year after year.

Never before in the history of railroads has the pressure for advanced methods been so great as now; and never before have managers, imbued with the sentiments of the late Mr. Harriman, — 'Never dissatisfied, always unsatisfied,' — responded more heartily.

The railroads maintain two associations, embracing substantially all important lines.

One, the Association of Railway Executives, formulates general policies and represents the railroads in their relations with Congress, the administrative agencies of the Government, the Interstate Commerce Commission, and the rest. It has an advisory committee, composed of eleven railroad presidents, charged, among other things, with making special investigations relating to common use of terminals and other facilities, through skilled engineers and specialists. The Association maintains a fully equipped 'Bureau of Railway Economics,' to study economic questions and to prepare bulletins of information for the use of its members. The Bureau issues a monthly statement of operating data of all Class I carriers, minutely detailed to show the principal requisites of efficient management, from a study of which every manager can measure his accomplishments or shortcomings by comparison with those of his neighbors.

The second organization, the American Railway Association, of which substantially all railroads are members, studies questions relating to construction, maintenance, and operation. Its organization embraces seven divisions, which give special attention to Operation, Transportation, Traffic, Engineering, Mechanical Problems, Purchases and Stores, and Freight-Claims.

Mr. W. M. Acworth, an English stu-

dent of railway operations, recognized as a high authority, has said: —

'It has always been my opinion that in actual economy of operation the railways of the United States are first in the world. In number of tons per car, cars per train; in the fullest utilization of locomotives; in the obtaining of the greatest measure of result for each unit of expenditure, they are not equaled by the railways of any other nation.'

The late Honorable Franklin K. Lane, then a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, on his return in 1910 from the International Railway Congress held in Berne, said: —

'The conference established beyond question, I think, the supremacy of the American railroad from the standpoint of efficiency.'

The managers of our railroads are men of broad enough vision to welcome, not resent, criticism, — preferably fair criticism, if it shows a reasonable respect for facts, — as it stimulates study that inevitably leads to improvement. Judging by what they have accomplished, — notably, in keeping their properties alive through seventeen years of fasting verging on famine, while all other industries were well fed and fattening, — faith is inspired that, if initiative is not altogether stifled by too-strict regulation, they will continue so to operate the railroads that their future will be assured.

A NEW SOUTH: THE BOLL-WEEVIL ERA

BY E. T. H. SHAFFER

I

Now that the boll-weevil army, which crossed the Rio Grande some twenty years ago, has reached the walls of the North Carolina mountains, and during its long march has changed the economic life of the entire Cotton Belt, the situation has become one of world-wide interest. So long as a material world insists upon taking thought as to how and wherewith it shall be clothed, the Cotton South and its problems will continue to excite universal attention. And now, with the Silent Army looting a round billion dollars in a season from the potential cotton crop, it begins to take high place in our national list of foes in our own household.

The boll weevil himself, being a mere insect, a wee small bug, and being gifted with instinct alone, has followed but a single line of action, one plan of campaign, in his long march from the Mexican border. His is essentially a single-track mind. His one mission in these United States has been to reduce and, when possible, to eliminate cotton from the general scheme of things. The only side-line which attracts him at all seems to be the okra or gumbo of Southern kitchen-gardens, which, in the form of thick soup, once added considerably to the joy of living. No other crop of hill or plain, be it ever so tempting, moves him for a moment from his life-job.

I notice, however, a tendency among neighboring colored farmers, and some white ones as well, to attribute to the powerful 'boll ebil,' as the negros call him, all manner of sins and wickedness. In this respect they remind one much of the mountaineers in the remote coves of western North Carolina. There, if a chicken-house is robbed, a cow stolen, a mysterious fire started, or a roadside spring-house broken into, there is always present some lank son of the hills quick to lay the crime, be it great or small, to the arch foe of his clan. 'Them darned revenoos sure must 'a' done it. They ons is always a-meddlin' we ons.'

In like manner, I now hear all variety of agricultural ills placed upon the boll weevil. He kills off the little chickens. He destroyed the pea crop. He got in the 'greens,' which were boiled with the fat meat, and killed a whole family 'somewhere down yander.' He attacks the fruit, eats the seed-corn in the ground and the acorns from the oaks.

But, my many neighbors to the contrary notwithstanding, cotton is really the only victim. The whole trouble is due to his, or more correctly to her, keen desire to deposit eggs in the tender 'forms' or 'squares,' from which in normal course develops the grown cotton-boll. These punctured forms fall to the ground, and there, in the shade of the leaves, the larvæ grow and feed on the tender inside of the little cradles; then eat their way out and, as lusty young boll weevils, crawl up the nearest cotton-plants, to repeat the process. As soon as the supply of tender young squares and small bolls gives out, the weevils, instead of feeling that they have done sufficient damage for the season and raised up a satisfactory family, work all the harder, and puncture the large bolls almost ready to open, which were overlooked in the early rush. Race-suicide is one crime with which the species has never been charged. A normal healthy young boll-weevil couple requires six figures in making up a family record at the end of a perfect season.

The weevil's line of action being thus so simple, there is little about his side of the question to attract our interest, or hold it long. The cotton-grower, on the other hand, being endowed with free will and a certain degree of reasoning power, has acted and reacted in varied manner under the attacks of the insect; and so, man becomes the interesting factor in any discussion of the South and the boll-weevil problem.

An odd twist of human nature one meets with in the very beginning. Although the weevil has moved eastward for nearly a quarter of a century, and although his advance each year has been practically uniform, yet, in spite of this steady, constant, relentless approach, the later victims have seldom learned any lessons of value, seldom reaped any advantages from the experiences of the earlier sufferers.

Surely, it would seem that those on the Atlantic coast, for instance, would have heeded the experiences of those states to the southwest, where men situated exactly as they were situated had met, and in greater or lesser degree overcome, exactly the same conditions which were yearly advancing toward them.

But farmers as a class lead as optimists. Probably they would not otherwise continue to farm. The present is for the farmer too often hard and dreary; but always just ahead he sees brighter skies, better seasons, and higher prices for his products. And an optimist he has been as to the coming of the boll weevil. Surely something would happen to prevent it from ever coming *here*. Maybe the Mississippi River would stop it, or certainly the swift Savannah would bar its path. Also, conditions just *here* might prove fatal to its existence. And, above all, the Gov-

ernment, that vague, mysterious, distant power, will probably find a means to exterminate it long before it ever reaches 'my cotton-fields.' So ran the cheerful reasoning. But constantly growing reports of damage, and of the toughness and powers of the dreaded insect, kept coming in to us from points always nearer and nearer. The average small farmer, while he refused to take into his inner consciousness that the trouble would ever really affect him, was, at the same time, willing to accept as true any tale as to what the weevil might do in other regions.

One story, which early reached us from Georgia, was implicitly believed and repeated by my Carolina neighbors. It seemed that a man down in Georgia wished to test the weevil as to what degree of heat and cold he could endure without fatal results. Accordingly he had one frozen into the middle of a block of ice at the local ice-factory. After a time the ice melted and the weevil flew blithely out. He was recaptured and placed under a tin vessel on top of a stove. A fire was kindled in the stove. Soon the stove became red-hot, the tin vessel became red-hot, and at length the boll weevil became red-hot. Whereupon the tin vessel was removed, and the boll weevil flew out through an open window and set fire to the barn.

Another phase of mental stubbornness I frequently found in the farmer's unwillingness, after the first invasion, to attribute any of the damage which he had suffered to the real cause. Forced to admit that the weevils were present on his farm, and that his cotton-crop had been an utter failure, he would fight to the last ditch to absolve the weevil from any blame. 'Oh, no; the weevil did not bother me. 'T was the very wet season.' Or, again, it would be the very dry season, or the sun, or the moon, or the stars, or, maybe, just the general cussedness of the times.

To admit the truth was to admit defeat before his inveterate foe; to admit that, so far as his vision and experience went, the end had come.

It was really difficult to obtain a true picture of conditions in the infested sections to the south of us. Along with reports of destruction, disaster, and depopulation, would come equally authentic tales of increased prosperity and of the building of monuments to boll weevils by throngs of grateful and enthusiastic farmers. So it was with a rather hazy idea of actual conditions that I started out in the fall of 1919, into southern Georgia and Alabama, to obtain a first-hand opinion of what was really happening to a civilization founded entirely on the growing of cotton. But as I observed conditions and viewed various localities, the differences were fully as great as had been the previous reports. At one point, one would find a modern replica of the deserted village. Stores would be closed up, homes abandoned, idle gins rotting down, and near-by fields grown up with beggar-weed, or green with cotton which stood stripped of any vestige of boll or blossom. Then, within a few hours' ride, one would find a region of prosperous-looking, freshly painted farm homes, sleek cattle, fat hogs, well-kept highways, modern rural schools, and towns with crowded stores and busy streets.

Knowing that all sections had suffered from the same weevil, which follows but a single line of action, it was patent that the secret of the difference must lie in the varying human side of the equation. Everywhere alike, cotton had once been the sole money-crop. After the weevil came, many counties had continued to cling to cotton-planting without change of any kind. Here it was that the weevil came, saw, and conquered. And it was here that one met the deserted-village effect. Cotton, the only source of money, was wiped

out, and the wells of commerce had dried up.

During a wet season no cotton at all could be made; in a medium season there would be a very small crop; and when an unusually dry season occurred, there could be produced, maybe, a half-crop. But the average of the programme under weevil conditions meant the ruin of the cotton-farmer.

II

A pleasing example of the other side of the picture I found at the town of M—— in far southwest Georgia. Here, too, the farmer would probably have continued in the honored cotton-planting customs of his fathers, but for the foresight and example of a group of the business leaders of this town. Just before the weevil arrived several of these men made an observation trip down into Texas. On their return, they called a general meeting of the business men and told them what they had observed and learned. They all realized that the farmers would probably not visualize the real conditions which they had seen as ever coming home to them; so these men planned a new course of action. Quietly they went about the organization and the building of enterprises new and strange in a Cotton South.

A factory for canning syrup and vegetables, a grain elevator, a small packing-plant, sweet-potato-curing houses, and kindred new industries came into being. Then, after having thus given concrete evidence of their own faith, they asked their cotton-growers to provide the products for these new establishments, as side-lines on the farms. Soon a portion of the lands was planted with sugar-cane and with vegetables, more sweet potatoes were grown, larger areas were put in grain, and the raising of better hogs and cattle became popular. No attempt was made to scare or drive the farmer, but he was led into the new crops by his desire to get his share of the money offered in these new cash markets. Up to now he had seen only a cotton-market at his county seat, and had naturally planted cotton. Now, seeing a market for everything, he planted everything that soil and climate would produce.

Thus, by the sure safe road of preparation and organization, came diversification. Then, with cotton as simply one among a number of cash crops, this particular county was immune to serious damage from any disaster which might befall cotton. A new era for Southern agriculture had begun.

The relative importance of the various new crops and business enterprises established thereon varied with local conditions and with the varied bent or capacities of local leaders. Here one would find the leading new industry a syrup-canning factory, with sugar-cane as the chief money crop. At one place, a packing-plant, with the country turning to the raising of more and better livestock. At still another point, attention would be given to grain elevators, with fields planted with grain; and always more grain meant, too, more livestock as a by-product.

But everywhere that one found successful diversification being practised and backed up by successful and earnest business organization, one saw an uneconomic, aristocratic Old South giving way to a truly democratic New South, intent upon increased production and modern business organization in matters agricultural. But no matter how the industries might vary, each community agreed upon one point. Boll weevil or no boll weevil, they would never, under any conditions, return to an all-cotton schedule.

And from what I have since learned they have continued to prosper just in so far as they have held fast to this reso-

lution. And to the rapid spread of this state of mind, as much as to actual weevil-damage, do I attribute the diminishing American cotton crop since the year 1919.

Under the new system all the agricultural eggs are not placed in a single cotton-basket. The boll weevil has proved a blessing, but only in so far as his coming has served to destroy the one-money-crop system. Coffee County in Alabama, where there has really been a monument of gratitude erected to him, is a county which leads in successful diversification. Nothing but the boll weevil, or some similar pest, could have ever broken up the old system, so deeply rooted was it in the very structure of the cotton country. But until it was broken up and changed, the South could never have taken her place in line with the other sections of agricultural America.

Any strictly one-crop system, more especially when that crop is cotton, breeds classes, and any people stamped with class-consciousness cannot become a real factor in this free nation. Cotton-growing suits the great land baron. It can be produced by the cheapest and most ignorant form of labor — labor with the lowest standard of living. And, at the same time, it can be produced on vast scale with a minimum of actual supervision. Cotton likewise suits the lazy and shiftless small farmer, who desires only sufficient credit, based upon his possible crop, to keep soul and body in union for the time being.

But cotton does not prompt the medium, self-supporting, live-at-home type of farmer. The only true gauge of any agricultural community is the prosperity and living-standard of the average farmer who goes to make up that community. The world was for a long while more or less dazzled by the splendor, wealth, and romance of the great one-crop Southern planter, and also by the amazing sum-total of the South's annual cotton crop. Only recently has the keen and impartial eye of modern scientific research seen the vast difference between the economic condition and living-standards of the average farmer in the Cotton Belt and those of the average farmer of the Border States or of the Middle West. But now, with cotton being rapidly relegated to its proper minor position in a well-balanced farming schedule, the very great opportunities offered by the South to the average farmer open up, and begin to attract nation-wide attention. Responsive soils, a mild climate, a year-round open season for the stock-raiser, cheap fuel, trunk-line railways to consuming centres — all these advantages and many others show forth, as the dark cloud of the old, unsound farming system passes.

Most Southern soils, while naturally very fertile and easy to build up under proper treatment, are also very easily run down if not properly managed. Continuous growing of cotton year after year in the same fields took constantly from these soils and put nothing back into them. Production could be maintained only by the lavish and constant use of expensive commercial fertilizers. This is true of the great bulk of the lands, of all the light types of soils. Certain river-bottoms and the so-called 'black lands' are, of course, exceptions. But the general truth of the statement is brought out by the fact that, in one of the smallest states given to exclusive cotton-growing, the annual commercial fertilizer bill runs some years as high as fifty million dollars. This sum falls like an extra tax-burden on the cotton-farmer. He had nothing at the end of the season but bales of cotton with which to pay it.

When diversified farming and stock-raising come into play, this situation begins at once to change. Legumes are

planted, which add each year more nitrogen to the soil; cover-crops are turned under and humus is restored to hungry fields; while with more live-stock-raising, each farm becomes its own ammoniate factory. Some cheap acid fertilizer and an occasional purchase of still cheaper lime amount to but a mere fraction of the former cotton-fertilizer bill.

The great landowning cotton-planter (he scorned the honest title of farmer) in one of the banner cotton counties had but small incentive to place his operations on a safe and sane self-sustaining basis. To him agriculture was a gamble, pure and simple.

If a negro tenant, with one good mule, could tend thirty acres of cotton and produce thirty bales, one half going to the landlord as his share and the other half going to him as part payment on what the tenant owed him for food and clothing, what interest would he take in home-production of food-stuffs, or in land-building by crop-rotation? — that is, if cotton happened to bring a high price; and on this he was always willing to take a chance. And the chance was a safe one, because cotton is one product which can be held in the raw for an indefinite period without loss or deterioration. The negro knew how to make cotton, and the landlord knew how to finance his business operations and to speculate with the cotton. His bales of cotton would buy corn, hay, and meat from the West, potatoes from the North, canned goods from the four corners of the earth, and expensive fertilizers to stimulate further overtaxed lands. So what was the need of ever planting any crop save cotton, and still more cotton?

A banker in a north Florida county — once all cotton, then all grain, peanuts, and livestock — told me that during the season just past not a cotton-gin in the whole county had turned a wheel.

'Yet,' he said, 'even under those conditions, our bank deposits are more than double what they ever were during the best cotton days, before we ever saw a boll weevil.'

'How can you explain that?' I asked him.

'Chiefly a matter of fertilizers and land-building,' was his reply. 'Before, most of the money which was paid to the farmers for their products went away to pay up their fertilizer bills. Now, the lands around here are so built up and improved by proper crop-rotation and regular use of home-produced fertilizers, that all the money stays at home and is spent at home — it's all coming in now, and nothing going out. I would not mind their planting a small amount of cotton again,' he added; 'but never again do I want to see it become the only crop.'

III

This summer the weevil has practically covered all of South Carolina and gone well over into North Carolina, which completes his long march. To-day the Cotton Belt is covered. Here in the East we were for a time given comfort by the fact that in Texas the damage had never extended north of this or that parallel of latitude. Now they say that it seems to be not so much a question of latitude as it is a matter of rainfall and of moisture conditions. If rain and moisture are what the weevil has been seeking, then he has reached his happy hunting-ground in these South Atlantic states. The highest average rainfall to be found in any portion of Texas is far less than the lowest in any part of South Carolina. So we may soon expect to find him romping all over the Carolinas, as he has done this summer over the greater portion of them. It is now broadly hinted by some very able scientists, the very fellows who once handed us the comforting talk

about parallels of latitude, that on a nice damp day a boll weevil may crawl right over one without even being seen.

This Southern Carolina coast-country has certainly suffered ups and downs throughout its agricultural history, by clinging to a series of one-crop systems. The first great crop was indigo, far back in colonial days. Then indigo passed into the limbo of old, unhappy, far-off things, and was replaced by the culture of rice. Vast areas of tidal river-swamp were cleared and placed in a wonderful state of cultivation by a mighty host of slaves. The waters were dyked out, and one of the most perfect systems of irrigation perfected that the world has ever seen. Then, with the freeing of the slaves and the cheaper methods of rice-culture possible in the firmer lands of the Southwest, rice vanished and cotton became king.

Each one of these systems, being strictly a one-crop system, was ill balanced, and tended to build up the few but not the many. Agriculture as a whole was not placed on a basis where it could meet and adapt itself to changing conditions. But with all the grave economic wrongs with which such systems can be charged, they did produce for a time a strange exotic civilization of luxury and romance. It was a heaven on earth for the few.

The old-time rice-planters were a typical example. Coming, as they did, from the upper middle classes in England, where unbroken landed estates were a sacred tenet, they planned and laid out vast estates and baronies along the shores of the tidal rivers. These they intended as concrete and lasting symbols of wealth, pride, and power, to be handed down intact through generations. But how soon their hopes and plans went the inevitable way of all things which are founded on a false basis of class and of oppression!

But how beautiful to-day are the sad remains of that half-forgotten time! Quiet avenues of old live-oaks, draped with gray moss, astonish the hunter who, following the deer, chances upon them in the midst of silent pine forests; stately avenues, that now lead only to broken chimneys or to low piles of ivy-grown English brick; lonely forgotten avenues, silently decorated each spring, in memory of happier times, with long festoons of yellow jasmine and with wreaths of white Cherokee rose.

And what dream-gardens still bloom along the banks of the Ashley River! 'The fairest garden planted by the sons of men,' Richard Le Gallienne calls one of them. Gardens that rejoice with blaze of azalea and japonica; gardens that remember with cypress and black waters.

But the civilization that planned these straight avenues and planted these unbelievable gardens had not the soul of democracy or the spirit of America, and so it soon vanished from a free nation, of which it could never become a real part.

Any one-crop farming was always a one-man game. No coöperation or community work was necessary for the individual's success, and this fact tended to prevent the building-up of community life. The cotton-planter of wealth could seek his compensations afar off, while the shiftless, ignorant small farmer did not seek what he had never known.

With diversified farming, the South is rapidly changing as never before in her history. This change is great and deep because it is, at the same time, an inner and an outer change.

The spending of money for the construction of better roads is now popular with the masses of the people, as they realize the need of improved highways for the transportation of new and bulky products to the near-by markets. At the

same time these roads tend to weld together a hitherto isolated population. Community dairies, central grain elevators, small packing-plants — all these tend to bring to a common meeting-place the inhabitants of an entire county, who soon begin to feel like neighbors.

And by getting better acquainted, they soon find out that they like and need one another. Through the teaching of new experience, they find that team-work pays, and not only pays better, but is more fun.

Problems of commodity preparation, marketing, and distribution cannot be successfully handled by the farmers alone; but all these problems are being solved on a community scale by the farmers and business men together. Thus vanishes the old distrust which has so long existed between town and country, to the detriment of each.

The present period of depression has been a testing-out, in the eyes of all, of the relative merits of the old and the new systems of agriculture. Wherever old King Cotton has not yet been displaced, and the farmers are still living in the old way of eternal debt to banker and merchant, the keenest distress prevails.

Where, on the other hand, the new plan has been established, and where every time a farmer comes into town he brings something to sell for cash, instead of having to buy on credit perhaps that very thing, much better conditions exist. When normal prices for all farm-products return, the difference will be even more marked.

But if, losing sight of all the manifold advantages of the new type of farming, and tempted by high prices, the South ever desires to return to an all-cotton basis, the boll-weevil army will always be here, ready and able to prevent. It cannot hinder the planting of some cotton in a general farm-schedule, but it does render it, for all time to come, too precarious a crop for the only basis of credit. Even should a farmer be willing to take the chance, the odds against him are too great for any sane banker to finance the venture.

So, along with a number of other absolute monarchs, King Cotton, as a ruler, is down and out. But still he has a very good job among the other boys on a modern American farm.

The world must always be clothed, and the South will always produce cotton; but I see no possible way in which it can ever again produce very much cotton. But the world, save for the present style of skirts, will soon demand as much cotton as in years past, or even more; and so, by the great law of supply and demand, a diversified South will receive more per pound for what cotton is produced than was ever known in the days of the bumper crops.

With his cotton bringing him a higher price, living at home, feeding himself and his stock, out of debt and with always something to sell for cash, the average Southern farmer will rise up and call Billy Boll Weevil blessed.

MANUFACTURING IN RUSSIA

BY R. R. KEELY

I

I FIRST became acquainted with the Russian factories in the fall of 1919, and it has been interesting to compare their condition then with their condition now.

Of one thing there is not the slightest doubt: in my two years' acquaintance with Russia, there has been not the slightest improvement. On the other hand, the destruction has gone steadily on. Personally I am convinced that the rate of destruction is now greater than ever before. This is not hard to understand.

On my arrival in Moscow Lenin had given me liberty to travel, and to see and understand the production and transport system. In return for this opportunity to get acquainted with labor under Bolshevism, he asked me to tell him when I saw conditions not in accordance with American practice. Therefore, my long personal letter to him, in which I said that the factories of the Moscow district were not producing, and that there was no prospect of any production in the immediate future. 'The Red Army has won at the expense of the industries — the bone and sinew of our modern life. The result is almost complete exhaustion of the ways of communication and production. Most of your men in power in the industries are without experience or technical education. It is hard for me to see how it is possible for them to succeed.' The reasons were obvious: a painful shortage of trained workmen, raw material and fuel, clothing and food for the workers, and transport. I also pointed out to him that the fact that the few remaining workmen were spoiled was equally serious. During the three years of the Revolution the propagandists had been preaching to them that now they were the owners and proprietors, and that, in the future, they were to live in luxury and idleness, as they were told the previous owners had done.

This constitutes a serious problem for future Russia. The present generation is so demoralized that there is no hope of their ever doing any satisfactory work. But this is not all: for the educational system has completely broken down under the Bolsheviki. The moral foundation, also, is destroyed, so that no one in the rising generation is being prepared for the rebuilding of destroyed Russia.

I was then asked to spend some time with Krassin, at this time Commissar of the Department of Ways of Communication. I took a look at the railway shops, the locomotive and car-building factories, and so forth. I found the condition here no better than in the other factories, although a greater effort was being made to keep the railroads running. One day I was talking with one of the former railroad managers about Persia. I remarked that it was to me very strange that Persia, a country larger than the German Empire, had no railroads. 'True,' he said, 'but here in Russia there is a sixth of the

world's land-area with no railroads: but we are accustomed to them and feel their loss. Our industrial and economic life is built around our transport, and without it we are paralyzed.' Krassin saw and understood the situation; yet it seemed desirable to him to continue to support the Bolsheviki.

It is common knowledge that there have been no exports, and almost no imports or production. This prepares one for the ruin everywhere. One is surprised by the almost complete absence of traffic, both passenger and freight, — especially the latter, — from the railroads. The commerce of the nation is dead. All the business houses of the cities are closed — except the very few small ones which have recently opened up. The pavements and sidewalks are in painfully bad repair. The buildings of Russia are constructed of cheap, soft brick, with bad mortar, and plastered over the outside. Now that this has been neglected for six or seven years, the plaster is falling off and the moisture and frost are doing their destructive work. Roofs are leaking, through lack of repair and paint. Machinery and equipment are in bad repair and getting worse daily. With no repairs, the destruction is very rapid. And what is especially discouraging is that no one has any interest in anything but seizing, as best he can, the absolute daily necessities. There is a feeling among all the people that the experiment must sooner or later fail, and they feel, therefore, that anything that they do to support a system which is fundamentally wrong is worse than useless.

Take the big Amo automobile factory in Moscow, which was built by private capital under special encouragement from the old government. This is a very fine factory, with good transport, and buildings designed and built to accommodate this business. They have a complete equipment of the finest American machinery. Here the Bolos have a fine chance to succeed in factory-organization and production — except that Russia does not need autos as badly as it needs simple farm-machinery, clothing, fuel, and general household supplies. But Bolshevism will always waste much of its time on some fantastical whim, rather than on the practical necessities.

For full operation the factory would require about 6000 men — mostly skilled auto mechanics. At the time of my first acquaintance with it, it had about 1000 men, but only two or three skilled auto mechanics. They had no raw material and very little fuel. They were doing very little repair-work. The old government had bought a lot of White trucks for the war. As these were broken, they were sent to this factory and dismantled, and the good parts assembled into good trucks again. After a while, however, they ran short of motor-parts and had some ninety trucks without motors. They decided to build a motor. They worked all winter trying to get one good motor-cylinder casting. They failed every time, partly because of lack of skill and partly because of absence of proper material.

The manager at this time was a rather able Russian engineer. He was hindered, however, on one side, by a management committee of ignorant workmen who had authority over him. He had no power to hire, discharge, or discipline without their consent. On the other side, he was given conflicting orders by the Auto-Building Department in Moscow, the Auto-Repair Department, the Food-Operating Department, the Food-Repair Department, and the Army Repair and Operating departments. All his holidays he spent at hard physical work with a gang of men about the factory, on the theory that all should be made to do some physical work.

I saw this factory again in June of this year. They had about the same number of men, but there was no sign of improvement. They have no basis on which to build — no fuel, no material, no trained workmen, no adequate transport. The new manager was threatening to quit if he did not get a proper place to live and better food. The factory has never been completed, and no one knows enough of the requirements of auto-building to be able to complete it. There is no incentive to work, and pay is entirely independent of production.

The Bromley Brothers factory in Moscow is also worthy of notice. It is one of the oldest industries, and was founded by an Englishman. They had good modern manufacturing methods before the Revolution, and they never stopped during the Revolution; therefore they had a chance to retain their old working force. It is not surprising, then, that the factory is still one of the best. They made machine-tools for other factories, and small gasoline motors. In the summer of 1919, this factory had the foresight to go into the country and prepare its winter wood-supply. In the fall, when they started to bring the fuel to their factory, the entire supply was confiscated by the War Department. Thus they had to struggle under fuel-shortage, both for fuel and for power.

It is such methods that have absolutely killed all initiative and thrift. If anyone, by energy and care and foresight, provides for himself, what he has is taken away and given to the shiftless, the careless, and the indolent. The peasant does not dare to procure or raise for himself two cows or horses or pigs. If he does, one is forcibly taken, and either confiscated by the government or given to his shiftless neighbor. The production of this factory consisted of axes and wood-cutters' tools. But the production was extremely low — even in this department, perhaps, only five per cent of what it should have been under normal conditions. Mr. Bromley, the former owner and manager of the plant, worked in a government office, and the plant was being played with by this inexperienced committee of workmen.

Another comparatively 'good' plant in Russia is the International Harvester Company, near Moscow. It occupies the singular position of being the only plant of which I have heard that has not been 'Nationalized.' Because the Bolos control the labor, the material, the fuel, the transport, and the product, they are in practically the same boat with all other factories. The chief difference is that the old management has succeeded in retaining some measure of control of the production. Their Soviet has meddled in housing, in food, in social affairs, health, and the rest, but the old manager has insisted that, when it comes to a technical matter of plant-operation, this belongs strictly to the technical staff.

The factory has a fine little hospital. The village tried to 'Nationalize' this, but the manager fought, and saved it for his employees, who appreciate it. Had it gone to the village, it would have been destroyed in a few weeks, and no one would have profited. There was a locker- and wash-room, with an individual steel locker for each man, and neat enamel wash-basins, with hot and cold water. The factory Soviet began an agitation for individual wash-basins as being more scientifically sanitary. This continued until the manager found a cure. One morning he stationed himself at the gate and grabbed each man who came in who had not washed since the previous day and said, 'You did n't wash last night'; for the shop-grease was still on his face in the morning. He found at least 75 per cent in this

condition. After continuing this shaming process for a few mornings, they dropped the individual-basin fad.

Throughout the Revolution the factory never closed — except for three days, because of a strike. On the third day, the men called the manager before them. He asked them why they were striking, and they said, 'We are cold and hungry.'

He replied, 'Those are not my problems; they belong to your Soviet.'

'Yes,' they said, 'but you get fuel and material and supplies for your factory. Why can you not get food and fuel for us?'

He replied, 'All right; but if I take it into my hands, there is to be no divided responsibility. Your committee must not meddle.'

And so they went back to work. The manager bought food and supplies for them in quantities, and supplied them at cost.

This factory takes contracts or orders from the Government, and produces on a cost-plus-ten-per-cent basis; but out of the ten per cent the director and his chief assistants must live, so they just about break even. They have had to struggle against the most painful difficulties. Ever since I have known the factory, they have had to struggle with the fuel-shortage. First the Government tried to supply them with wood for fuel, power, and heating, but failed entirely. The Government then gave the manager a locomotive and railway cars, and allowed him to bring his own wood. He would send his men to the country, prepare and load the wood, and bring it in by train to his factory.

All over Russia the fuel-oil, coke, coal, and gas-burning furnaces, as well as locomotives, have been converted into wood-burning. This has made a great upheaval, and in the conversion has been very expensive. In the International Harvester plant there was not room for the larger wood-burning furnaces, and the change would have completely upset the old arrangement and factory-production system. Therefore, they insisted on coal and coke. Rikoff, head of the Supreme Council of National Economy, said, 'We are unable to get coal and coke for you, but you think you can get it. We will give you trains and help, and you can try for yourself.' So, in the spring of 1920, the managers made up a train, carrying 'mine-props' south to the Donn Coal Basin in the Ukraine, with Red Soldier guards and workmen. The train returned a few weeks later with fuel enough to keep the furnaces running a few weeks longer.

II

One day I suggested to Lenin that better transport meant better food and raw material; more food and material meant better workmen; better workmen meant better production; better production meant better locomotives; and better locomotives meant better transport; and so, without better transport, there could be no hope of industrial betterment. Also that better transport required better locomotives, and better locomotives again depended on locomotive-repair, so that the fundamental and first step in betterment should be locomotive-repair. This, then, like electrification later, became a slogan of the administration. An order was issued that locomotives requiring repair should be taken into all factories; and that for every locomotive repaired, the crew of workmen should receive a bonus in Soviet cash, and be permitted to take the locomotive for a trip into the country to bring food for themselves.

As a result, we had the strange spectacle of locomotive-repairing shoved into all kinds of plants, where previously there had been no spur-tracks, no

pits, and no appropriate equipment or skilled workmen; and at the same time *all the locomotive-building and repair plants of Russia were standing practically idle.* The order was that locomotive-repairing should be taken only where it did not interfere with regular production. As there was no regular production worth mentioning, this was not a serious consideration; but if there had been, it would have been destroyed by the upheaval. In spite of the bonus and the trip to the country, the locomotives got only 'a lick and a promise,' with the further advantage to the workers that they were soon back again for a further bonus and another trip to the country.

The proposal to bring locomotive-repair into the International Harvester plant caused the manager and his superintendent three weeks of the hardest kind of fighting; for it would have destroyed the little nucleus they have preserved. They finally won. The manager used to say that the man won who could talk the longest, the fastest, and the loudest. He used to remark laughingly that, if his company ever returned, they would fire him saying, 'We want work. You can do nothing but talk.' The production of the factory is painfully low. Fine, large, expensive automatic machines, developed in the United States, were standing idle for want of competent workmen. They had tried to operate them with rough workmen, only to find that the machines were being destroyed. Russian workmen cannot read drawings; therefore, models have to be made for the worker.

The manager used to come to me with his troubles. One question that worried him a lot was, 'Does my company wish me to keep control of this factory? Does it not, rather, want to abandon it?' Before the Revolution it cost 25 per cent more to make farm-machinery in Russia than to make it in America and deliver it in Russia; and this difference was made up by a bonus from the Tsar's Government. Now that the better workmen were gone, the moral foundation destroyed, and no prospect of a government bonus after Bolshevism, he was greatly in doubt whether his company in America did not desire to abandon the factory. When the British subjects were sent home, that took the superintendent and several of the office and executive staff, still further crippling the manager, who stuck to his post.

His workmen used to complain that they had to work for the money they drew in wages, while in neighboring plants the men drew wages and attended to personal and private affairs. The workmen and foremen were constantly asking him for permits to leave. At first he granted their requests (it must be remembered that one cannot quit his job — one can scarcely breathe in Russia without an official permit); but then he saw that they were not bettering themselves, so he decided to grant no more discharges. In one city office, the manager told me, he had twenty clerks and helpers, but the work they did was less than would have been done by two clerks in the old days. But he could not complain, for they would answer that they were cold and hungry. If he urged them, or threatened discharge, they would reply, 'Good, give me my discharge; I shall be glad to be free to go to the country.'

I speak at length of this International Harvester factory, for there conditions have been such that, if anywhere in Russia, successful production was possible. It only proves that, under Bolshevism, factory production and success are unthinkable and impossible.

Another factory that deserves attention is the Russian-American Instrument Company. This is looked upon as one of the most successful factories in Russia, and is pointed to with pride by

the Bolos as an example of what they can do in factory management. The driving force behind this factory is a group of mechanics who some years ago emigrated to America. There they learned American methods, and organized a coöperative factory for tool-making. When the Revolution came, these men returned to Russia, from patriotic motives. During the war they were making $50, $60, and even $75 per week in America. Many of them had American wives. They returned to Russia in 1918. Finally, after many delays, they found a spinning-mill in Moscow, which was idle. They took the spinning machinery out of this new concrete building and installed their American tool-making machinery. This was in the fall of 1919. They have been two years getting this little factory running. But their difficulties have been very great. Little matters of shafting, hangers, pulleys, belts, nails, screws, and the like, require lots of time and long delays. They are making taps, dies, reamers, drills, for other metal-working factories.

Their difficulties are the old story of shortage of material, food, fuel, transport, and so forth. The raw stock is from the old pre-Revolutionary days, and picked up from all over Russia. The quality is bad. They tried to increase their working force by taking some of the new Russian emigrants from America; but this proved a failure, so they have trained women and unskilled workers to operate machines which they themselves prepare. In July of 1921 they had a working force of about 350 persons. They received a pound and one half of bread daily, which was more than the hands in other factories got. At noon they got a little soup, served at the factory. Once a month, they got some vegetables and meat for home use. The 60 tool-makers made the highest wages, but none of them could live on the wages and food they received from the Government. Every week they were selling in the market clothing brought with them from America, safety-razors, and personal things, for bare necessities in the way of food. The shoes and clothing they were selling they would need badly in the coming winter; but they said that they dared not think of the winter or of the future. They could consider only their present hunger.

In July they demanded better food and clothing and living conditions, of the government. One of them confided to me that they knew that the Government could not meet their demands, for it had nothing to give. In case of failure, they said, they would quit this factory and start a coöperative of their own. Before leaving Moscow, they had received a refusal from the Government, and had started their own coöperative. They were the life of this factory and their withdrawal meant its certain destruction. They had brought a certain skill from America and had enthusiasm. Because they had been somewhat successful in America, the Bolos were anxious that they set an example of American manufacturing methods for the rest of Russia. Therefore, they were given more freedom, and because of that freedom their very small success was possible.

III

During my two years in Russia, it has been my impression that most of the reporters visiting that country have been men without knowledge of Russian life, and without experience in industrial and economic affairs. They have come to Russia under severe restrictions. They are assigned a Bolo interpreter, who lets them see and hear just what passes the Bolo censorship. They are given a fine house to live in, good food, an automobile to ride in, and they are piloted as often as possible to the

theatre, the ballet, and the concerts (which in Russia are the best in the world), and shown the Bolo show-places. The brevity of their stay in Russia and their ignorance of the language cut them off from an understanding of the real conditions.

I recall one striking example of this. He was a reporter on a well-known American daily. He had been in Moscow, I remember, about three months. His Bolo interpreter had never allowed him to get into a factory, or to see anything of the real deprivations of the average man or of the destruction of the economic foundation.

At the time he came to 'interview' me, he expected to leave Moscow in two or three days. On going to Russia he was quite strongly pro-Bolshevist. On the day previous to his call on me he had interviewed Rikoff, head of the Supreme Council of National Economy (controlling and operating all means of production and ways of communication). Rikoff's story, as related by him, was substantially as follows. The condition of industrial Russia was all that could be desired. The coal-mines in the south were running about 75 per cent capacity, and were rapidly approaching full pre-Revolutionary standards. Locomotive-building had been standardized, — a big locomotive and a little one, with standardized parts, — and American mass-production methods had been introduced, running at 80 per cent of normal capacity. Similar ridiculous figures were given for the shipping, the mines, the general factories, the transport, the telephones and telegraph, and general business. And all this he had cabled the previous day to his paper in America.

I asked him if he believed all this Bolo propaganda, and he was quite shocked and insulted, and said, 'Of course, you can't doubt figures coming from such a source.'

I replied, 'Is it possible you have been here four months, and know so little of the Bolsheviki?' I told him I did very seriously doubt the accuracy of his interview with Rikoff; and that, if he would pay the droshky-hire, I would give my time to show him some actual conditions in the wonderfully efficient industries.

To this he agreed, and the next day we set out exploring. I selected the big Gouzshon factory, which had been, previous to the Revolution, one of the finest and most important of Russia. Formerly they employed about 6000 men, and made basic raw products for other industries — such as structural iron and steel, wire-rope, steel-plate, and tin-plate. I took my reporter friend to one of the former chief officers of the plant and asked him to show us around.

The greater part of the factory was entirely closed down, the roofs leaking, the equipment damaged and rusty.

As we walked through the idle buildings, I asked the officer (for the benefit of the reporter) what was the greatest need of his factory; and he promptly replied, 'A proprietor.' The sheet iron that they make, when it is squared up, leaves a lot of bulky waste strips of iron. This they put in a 'baling press,' to compress it into compact cubes for return to the melting cupola. The uneducated, inexperienced workman who ran this press is now general manager of the entire factory; that is, he is chairman of the workmen's Soviet.

This was a magnificent pre-Revolution factory, and a necessity to Russian industrial life; but now it is dead. The official figures of the factory show less than two per cent of the normal capacity. The old managers have no control. Discipline is destroyed. The technical manager cannot hire or discharge. The workmen have a room set aside for their meetings, and many times a week, when someone suggests something, they

all drop their work and assemble to discuss the matter. It is not hard to understand the result when one realizes that the incentive to work is gone.

I gave my journalistic acquaintance a list of the other principle factories of the Moscow district, and he stayed over another month, dodged his Bolo interpreter, and got his first look at real Bolo Russia uncensored. As a result, he had become, when he did leave, one of the strongest anti-Bolo writers.

One day I visited the fine new locomotive-building factory at Moorem, a night's ride east from Moscow. I had two special cars of guides and experts, most of whom, I found later, volunteered their services because it was a chance to get into the country to buy food. We arrived at Moorem Saturday morning, and at once secured droshkies and proceeded to the Saturday market, where the forenoon was spent in making purchases — potatoes, butter, flour, bread, meat, and vegetables. The wagons were secured and the party started back to our cars; but the Department of Food inspectors were at the station where our cars stood, and they did n't dare to break the rules so openly. Therefore, the switchmen were bribed, and our cars were taken to the roundhouse under some pretext. There the wagons came, and the supply of provisions was loaded on and the cars taken back to the railway station. There the inspectors were suspicious, and wanted their tip: so they threatened to invade our cars. This required more bribing.

By this time it was late afternoon, and we took a hurried walk through the locomotive works. Sunday morning, shopping was resumed, and in the afternoon the party went to the old company dining-room — a fine brick building which the Bolos had turned into a movie-theatre. Much time was spent in discussing plans for its enlargement and improvement as a place of amusement. Later, we looked at the houses formerly belonging to the factory. A landscape gardener was in the party, and there was much talk of beautifying the place and enlarging the housing capacity.

By this time it was night, and we started back to Moscow. On Monday our train was late, arriving at noon. Our cars were stopped far back in the yard, to allow the food to be taken off and smuggled out to wagons, to avoid the law and the food inspectors. This required much more bribing. Here was a group of high government officials spending their official time breaking the law and smuggling in food in violation of the food-rules. I should say that fully 90 per cent of our time was spent on the food-problem, and, say, eight per cent on the impractical ideal socialistic amusement-and-beautifying question, and two per cent on the sober question of actually building locomotives. I went to Russia to see the effect of Bolshevism on industry, and the above is a fair example of the result. It is my desire to make clear the vivid impressions which I received in this respect, and therefore I must point to still other examples.

IV

Near Moscow, at Podolsk, a private company had almost completed a wire-cable factory. It was suitable for locomotive-repairing in just one respect — it was big. The Bolos decided to turn it into a locomotive-repair plant. To appreciate this, one must remember that Russia had several locomotive-repair and building plants, standing idle for want of raw material, workmen, fuel, power, food and clothing, transport, and the rest. But it was finer propaganda to be able to say that they were building a new factory according to improved Bolo standards, than to let it become known that they were failing to

operate the finely equipped existing factories. The new factory idea diverted attention and made the people think they were doing some real work. At my first visit to the factory, they had had a thousand men working for several months. They had developed highly theoretical plans for scientific management, according to American standards, — only improved, — and production plans galore. A few weeks later they repaired their first locomotive, and, according to the locomotive-repair decree, mentioned above, they took it with a train of cars, and went to the country for food.

How characteristically Russian! Think of it! A locomotive, a train of cars, a thousand men weighing each, say, four poods, going two hundred versts in the country, tying up railway equipment and the whole factory for three days, and each man bringing back an official allowance of two poods of flour. I admit that each man broke the law and brought more than his legal allowance, but it does n't change my picture very much. And what happened in this case was happening in all plants where locomotive-repair work was being done.

At Podolsk is also the big American Singer factory. It is cold and dead, except that it makes a few small locomotive parts for its neighbor, the locomotive-repair factory above referred to.

In Moscow is another small factory where the conditions for success are very favorable to the Bolos. This is a scythe factory — the simple little farmer's instrument for cutting his hay and grain by hand. It must be remembered that the Russian farmer not only has not the American mowing machine and reaper, but is extremely short of such simple instruments as scythes and sickles.

This factory has enough fine Swedish steel specially suited to scythe-making to last it for several years. This was bought by the old government, and therefore the Bolos are put to no expense for material. Since there was an unlimited supply of material, the Bolos decided to supply the factory with plenty of fuel and power, it being so necessary to have scythes for the farmer. Without production here, there is danger that in a short time the farmer will lose his crop because he has no means of harvesting it. At the time I visited the factory first, the workmen were getting a ridiculously low salary compared with the cost of living, and only five eighths of a pound of bread daily, with food-cards calling for certain monthly supplies. The workmen could not live, and the manager complained that he must close down if aid did not come. His skilled workers were constantly leaving. Their earnings were increased a little, as in most other factories, by systematic stealing of goods to be sold in the market. Power-hammers were used, but no dies, and great skill was required in drawing out the slender blade. One false blow spoiled the scythe. A long time was required to train new workmen. Because there were many such, the scrap was very large. Here the causes of failure were greatly reduced. It could be ascribed only to lack of incentive, and this in turn was due to the Bolo standards and foundation-plan, as well as to lack of proper food, clothing, and living conditions. But the fact remained that, under conditions most favorable to the Bolos, there was no appreciable success.

Early in 1920, after the coal-fields and the south of Russia had been won back, there was much talk of the wonderful new development that would come now that they again had coal. As I was talking one day with Lenin, he asked me to go down to see the locomotive factory at Harkof. He told me that,

since they needed locomotives and now had plenty of fuel, this factory would at once be put in full operation. As I left Lenin's office, I met on the street a Mr. Shure, formerly a mechanic in the employ of the International Harvester Company, in America, and now head of the 'Gomsa' or machine-building branch of the Supreme Economic Council. I told him what Lenin had suggested, and he replied: 'Oh, if that plant runs we must supply fuel from Moscow — and a great chance it has of getting fuel, has it not?'

His department was responsible for the operation of this locomotive factory, and he and his associates had just made a trip south, to inspect the situation. He told me, what I afterward confirmed, that there was almost no coal in the south. There were the coal-mines to be sure, but they were not operating. The alternating periods of war and anarchy had left them prostrate. They were flooded, the machinery out of order or completely destroyed, and there was no timber for mine-props. Also, there was not enough labor, and practically no skilled coal-miners. The coal-mines have never operated, and even to-day there is practically no production. The production comes from the small mines which have not been nationalized.

Much more might be said of the general factories in the Moscow district, and of the railroad shops which I saw personally, but there is nothing of sufficient interest to justify mentioning it here, except that there is no appreciable production, or sign of life or improvement. In fact, there is every indication of continued destruction. Buildings are going to pieces, and machines are suffering for want of repairs. The production is infinitesimal compared with the requirements of great Russia; and the little that they do get is only at the expense of the stock of raw material inherited from the previous government. And what is said of Moscow may be said of the whole of Bolo Russia, except that in no other city are the prospects and possibilities so favorable as in Moscow.

V

From my first acquaintance with Russia, in 1919, I have said that Germany is the only solution for Russian Bolshevism; that Germany is the only power that can restore order in Russia — that can rebuild Russia. Germany needs Russia, and Russia needs Germany. Germany knows Russia, her people, her character, her weaknesses, her natural wealth. Russia needs and must have the executive ability, the technical skill, and the military discipline of the German. Russia has the population, the farms, the raw material, and the natural wealth, and Germany has the organizing ability and the manufacturing resources.

I see in the world to-day no power that can prevent the union of Germany and Russia. Both will quickly rebuild, and both will regain their power; but the power will be directed by Germany. Germany has had her commerce, her shipping, her colonies cut off from the West, and her salvation is in Russia. This is the inevitable result, and the sooner we in America realize this, the better. If, instead of fighting the inevitable, we face the facts, and join our capital and wealth and knowledge of big business with Germany's knowledge of Russia, and her favorable location and ability to solve the Russian question, we shall profit.

That all of Russia is in danger of death by starvation, nobody doubts. Those of us who have watched during the past two years the wholesale slaughter and destruction carried on by the Bolsheviki, expected nothing else. I have discussed with hundreds of people

the inevitable coming of the day of hunger and nakedness for all Russia. The food-production has been rapidly decreasing, because of the complete killing of initiative in the peasant, and of the large number of peasants in the Red army, and the absence of farm-tools, seed-grain, clothing, horses, harnesses, and stock. There has been no appreciable production in the past four years, and the consumption has been largely at the expense of the pre-Revolutionary supply. The Bolos have stolen from their predecessors locomotives and transport equipment, telegraph and telephones, clothing, automobiles, tools and factory equipment, the houses they live in, and gold and jewelry. And now, as the end is reached, starvation and nakedness are inevitable.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

SILK STOCKINGS

I know that this is a theme whereon one must, like Agag before the prophet Samuel, step delicately.

Ever since that first life-size raisin pie appeared in full color in the advertising pages of our magazines, during the war, all mankind, I suppose, has been drawn to a closer study of that illustrated section. I wonder if anyone else has been distressed, like myself, by the curious fact that, while a spade is a spade in the advertiser's art, a silk stocking is not a silk stocking. For instance, if, under the picture of a spade, or an alarm-clock, or a rubber tire being carried off to bed by a yawning little boy with a candle, you scratch ever so feebly your name and address on the row of tiny black dots in one corner, back to you, in time, will come a spade, a Big Ben, or a non-skid tire. But if, on the other hand, you accept the invitation to 'Sign Here To-day,' under a pair of silk stockings, what a miscellany of articles will come parcels-posting unexpectedly into your front hall.

Once, a full-page vision of a shapely ankle, sheathed in the most gossamer of silken hose and dainty Cinderella slipper, hung lustrous in my dreams for days; until a sudden little jump in my pay envelope furnished me the wherewithal to write for one pair, extra-size. When the order was all but addressed, I discovered that the Cinderella slipper, and the wondrous silken sheen from ankle to delicately draped knee, lived in Art but to press a tiny hitherto-unnoted button for the new peaceful Starting, Lighting, and Ignition of Automobiles!

Since that time I have kept a vigilant lookout for silk stockings that are silk stockings. Over the shoulder of a man ahead of me in the train, I catch sight of a pair of silk stockings sitting cross-legged before a fire in a cheery wainscoted library. The coloring, the firelight, play up, obviously, the silk stockings as the centre of attraction. I pull out my glasses and peer credulously at the name of the firm. Over his shoulder I read, 'Knotless! Crackless! Use Beaver Board for Walls and Ceilings!'

Again, blown open by a gust of wind, the *Evening Post* flaunts to passers-by a half-page picture, on which I catch a glimpse of brightly colored silk stock-

ings. I pay my five cents and, once more at home, open it with scientific curiosity. Flung like a fringed rainbow against the sky are a dozen silk stockings, alluring to the eye of any maid; but underneath, 'Easy Terms if you Buy Now — Electric Washing Machines.'

Silk stockings, prominent under a widespread parasol with a dim tennis-court far in the background, mean only 'Aromints! Five Flavors!'

Silk stockings, flashing into view on a wind-swept hill overlooking the roofs of a doll-house village below, mean 'Send for Free Booklet! Neponset Shingles!' Silk stockings, three-quarters displayed by every member of the family, quite obscure the half-hidden corner where stands the object which would come back to you, securely crated, — an 'Æolian-Vocalion, Greatest of Phonographs.' Silk stockings, a-shimmer on a score of dainty misses dancing across a full page, mean 'Mother's Blouse Made New — Use Dye-Flakes.'

I am looking, almost any day now, to discover a silk stocking that will mean a new kind of raisin pie. I am resigned to the theory and practice of the advertiser who permits spades to be spades, and toothbrushes to be toothbrushes, and fountain pens to be fountain pens, but does not yet firmly resolve that silk stockings shall be silk stockings.

ON THE TAXABLE POSSIBILITIES OF EXCESS CONVERSATION

Has it occurred to anybody in all the discussion of sources of tax revenue, what a steady income might flow from a levy on excess conversation? If the scheme could be put into operation before the next summer-hotel-and-boarding-house season, the national treasury might find itself in November, 1922, computing a surplus instead of concealing a deficit.

Not that this implies any taxation upon good talk. Real talk should be subsidized, not taxed. But when a young and feeble idea carries a load of language heavy enough to support one of Kant's categorical imperatives, ought not such open extravagance to pay a luxury tax?

There 's the ejaculatory woman: 'A red *rose*. A *red* rose. How beautiful! How wonderful a color! Did you ever see anything more beautiful? Now if you saw that color on a hat you would say it 's horribly crude! I do love red roses. All roses, of course, are lovely, but I always say, give me red roses. Alice, my sister, always says, 'Maude loves red roses.' Have n't I always said red roses are my favorites, Lucy? — and I think I am as fond of flowers as anybody, don't you? Red is so cheerful! Now a red rose just cheers me up, no matter how I feel. Is n't this red rose lovely, Mrs. Smith? Does n't a red rose always cheer you up, Mrs. Jones? Is n't it wonderful what nature does!'

Or the reminiscent woman: 'A red rose. Is n't it pretty? Father was always so fond of red roses. He died in 1900, you know — yes, years before I knew you; such a long illness. Just that summer we took him to the mountains, and he was so ill at the hotel. Everybody was so kind. That was the summer I met those charming Curtises from Chicago — you must have heard me speak of them. Where was I? Oh, yes, the rose. We always had red roses at home. I remember Cousin Selina's husband's sister sent us the first bush. Cousin Selina was n't really a cousin, you know; just father's brother's adopted daughter, and this was her first husband. She married a second cousin of mother's. That was when I visited them in Illinois. She had two children — one of them died — very sad case — accident it was, and Selina did n't get over it for years. That's why they

moved to Wisconsin finally. Her second husband we never knew much about — a good bit younger than she. But it was the first husband's sister that sent father the rosebush —'

Individuals vary, but the type is fixed. There is always the talker who fears silence more than bombs, whose chief idea of social amenity is oral verbosity, who persistently garners a sentence a second from a mental fertility capable of producing hardly an idea a day.

On public highways a definite relation must be kept between the dimensions of the truck and the weight of the load. There is even a clever little mechanical device for establishing the actual ratio in testing for violation of regulations. Are ruts in macadam roads so much more dangerous than in mental highways?

Might not the Government standardize loads of language in relation to tenuity of idea? Some genius might even devise a word-gauge for easy self-determination. Then, with a fixed maximum, not to be exceeded under heavy penalties, a rising scale of taxes could be imposed upon all words over the effective minimum.

However staggering the amount of the resulting revenue, its exaction is in accord with the more advanced theory of the ability of the surplus to bear taxation. Such a levy would ensure a nice adjustment between public income and public need. Times of public stress, sessions of Congress, political campaigns, revivals, and drives would yield large revenue. The public that endures might find its reward in the availability of larger appropriations for community education and community art.

Of course, exemptions in private life would need to be worked out meticulously. Liberal allowances should be made for first babies, family disagreements, late callers, and golf blunders. For public and semi-public living, the system should be a deal more rigid.

Dinner conversation at boarding-houses ought to be strictly standardized. A heavy tax should be assessed upon any non-essential talk earlier than the meat course. Before the dessert, only the most general topics should escape a levy. A good story or two over the coffee must be wholly exempt; but heavy surtaxes exacted for dawdling converse after the finger-bowls.

The theories of protection and revenue have been linked together for a long time in our taxation system. Taxes upon excess conversation combine the two principles. Either way we cannot lose. If, between acquaintances, the result is more frequent intervals of blessed silence, we are thereby eased of traffic strain wearying to mind and spirit. If ease does not come, and the load of surplus language continues to rut and ruin our mental pathways, we may yet achieve a certain emotional release. For courteous attention becomes then a patriotic duty, helping to divert increasing revenue to the service of the State.

FISHING THROUGH THE SNOW

There seems to be a latent relationship between the pen and the rod. Since the days of Walton, the angler has wielded the pen with consummate skill, and to-day we read of great men resorting to fishing as the most desirable of all antidotes for an overdose of penmanship, be it in the cause of politics or of literature.

Not being skilled in either pursuit, my fish-story differs from theirs, and the reader is warned beforehand, lest he may be led into the error of thinking this a chapter from Burroughs's *Nature Study*, or a bit of valuable advice from some such authority as Stewart Edward White.

The simple fact is that, being no fisherman, I started the other day upon a fishing excursion, urged on by my wife. Our youngest was celebrating his fourth birthday, and had expressed a desire for some 'goat fish!' It was an easily translated wish, to be fulfilled, seemingly, at small effort and modest cost. But we had just indulged in an avalanche of snowstorms, one storm coming upon another in such quick succession as to prove how unstable our existence really is when Nature takes the bit in her teeth. Consequently, the simple act of going to town and back was a day's task in itself.

From sheer habit I said that of course I would get the goldfish, and hurried for my train. As I waited at the station, it came over me that the purchase of goldfish to-day was a nuisance. However, I was in for it, and, furthermore, I wanted the little chap to have his heart's desire.

It so happened that there came a lull in the day's work at noon, and I decided to run over to the little bird-store a block away, where goldfish enjoy a temporary habitat. When I entered and asked for four goldfish (one for each year seemed an appropriate number), the clerk looked at me with what seemed a disagreeable astonishment. 'We have n't had a goldfish in here for a month,' he said in a disgusted tone. 'The demand is greater than the supply.' (I had heard the term applied before to sundry essentials of life, such as sugar, but it had not occurred to me that the war had affected a change in the status of goldfish.) 'Even if there were goldfish to be had, they could not be transported in such weather. Nothing ever comes through on time'; with which statement I heartily agreed, having had some difficulty myself of a similar nature in the office.

This news was very depressing. I remembered sundry youthful birthdays of my own, and I recognized that no substitute would quite take the place of goldfish on this occasion. I returned to telephone to my wife.

I knew that her disappointment would be as keen as mine, and I found it even keener. 'Why not try another place?' she suggested.

This was a good idea; but I knew no other store, and it was snowing hard, and I said so.

'Perhaps I can find out where So-and-So bought hers,' she ventured.

'Why not borrow hers for the day?' I inquired brilliantly, anticipating relief. But no, that would not do. About ten minutes later the telephone rang, and my wife triumphantly gave me the address of three likely stores where goldfish were to be had.

The telephone operator in my office is a friend in need. She immediately joined in the hunt, and I felt as if my task were done and she would have those goldfish neatly caught in a small tin pail and placed on my desk before the hour of departure. But not so. The three stores all reported the same depressing information. No goldfish. The thing became critical. The whole office became interested.

'How about Mr. So-and-So? He has goldfish,' suggested my resourceful secretary.

So-and-So is one of my classmates, who drops in once or twice a week and carries me off for lunch. He is an ardent collector of oddities and, among them, goldfish; and in times past he has had a good deal to say about them — too much, I thought at the time. Unfortunately, he was ill and away in the South.

Why not call up his wife? Here was a good idea. I might borrow a few of his fish and return them promptly, for it was the birthday that counted; and so I once more resorted to our operator.

It was some little time before she

reported. It seems that my partner's goldfish are old family friends, a part of the family almost, and, unfortunately, his wife was to give a reading on the following day when a number of her most intimate friends were to be present. That made it impossible for her to lend the fish just at this time. She was very sorry because, loving goldfish, she would like to have my little boy have some on his birthday; but of course I could see how impossible it was.

That was the message, and, naturally, I saw how impossible it was; but at the same time I wondered whether the goldfish were indispensable to the reading or to the friends. I tried to think of some poem which must be read beside a bowl of glowing goldfish, and failed. Then I attempted to picture a gathering of middle-aged women all dependent upon the presence of piscatorial charmers; but finally gave it up and was preparing to go to lunch, when the little operator herself hurried into my room to tell me that she had found fifty goldfish in a little store kept by foreigners about a mile from the office, and that they were holding the lot subject to my orders.

I could have embraced that little girl on the spot. She never fails to produce results. She certainly produced one this time, for it seemed that one of our office-boys was out ill and the other out upon sundry errands, which would keep him for hours. It was, therefore, clearly up to me to go after the fish, which I did, through streets four or five inches deep with snow and slush, with a high wind blowing particles of ice and snow into every crevice —into ears, eyes, and nose. In short, it was a memorable journey, for it was taken on foot, as the street-cars failed to run in that particular direction.

However, I secured the fish — poor, small, anæmic-looking chaps. 'It's a hard winter for us all,' said the woman to me as she dipped the fish from the tank into a little cardboard box, — they had run short of tin pails owing to the demand, — and I agreed.

The trip back was even more difficult, for it was slippery, and I knew that, if I fell, the box would burst and the fish perish; but we managed to make the office, and I signed my letters before leaving for home.

When I arrived at the railway station, the storm had increased to such proportions that the suburban trains were hopelessly delayed. After waiting about in the steaming train shed for half an hour, I gave up hope and tried my luck with the electric cars. The idea was not original, and I found myself surrounded by a mass of irritated humanity, whose deportment was not at its best. The struggle to keep the paper box intact was hard, and the journey long. To travel the scant six miles from the office to my home took two hours and a half; and when I arrived, I felt as if I had engaged in one of those historic football games between Harvard and Yale; but I had the fish, and they lived.

As I was late, the party was all but ended. However, we hurried into the china closet to find the large glass bowl, the permanent home for these golden treasures.

My wife is generally a placid soul, but on this occasion she was hurried, and I do not blame her in the least. She wanted our boy to have a perfect time. And so, as she placed the bowl hastily beneath the faucet to fill it with cold, clear water, she unfortunately held it too high, and faucet and bowl came together. The faucet had the better of it and the bowl was smashed into many pieces. But when a man had gone through what I had in the last three hours, a bowl was not to spoil the day; and before many minutes had elapsed a new bowl had been rushed from my

mother's house across the way, and the goldfish were swimming contentedly before the chubby and delighted countenance of my four-year-old.

I have heard that fishing takes patience, that the lone fisherman tries one place and then another, philosophically following the lead of both judgment and intuition, sometimes up to his waist in water, chilled to the bone, but still game. As I retrace in my mind this fishing excursion, it is wonderfully like the accounts one hears of fishing-trips; and yet, what fisherman will read this screed without calling out anathema?

FROM A UTOPIAN

This spring — for the fifth time — aunts and uncles are sending me graduation presents, and their congratulatory notes are beginning to savor of exasperation, even disgust. They demand unsympathetically, 'What are you going to do — if you ever stop graduating?' One zealous aunt persuades me to spend vacations with her, then makes life uncomfortable for us both in her efforts to marry me off.

It is no morbid collective instinct that sends me over the continent gathering diplomas. My father is primarily responsible. He, being a professor, introduced me into a dream-colored world. He brought me up in an atmosphere of material poverty and spiritual abundance. I have had an affection for professors ever since the paternal hands first caressed me. There is a gentleness about them, a delicious vagueness and absentmindedness which draws the sting from the bitterness and ugliness of ordinary life. They live too much with ideals to be chronically disagreeable in the tired-business-man fashion. The teaching profession offers only such rewards as would interest humanitarians; hence, some mercenary and monotonous features of the business world are eliminated. People are a more ultimately satisfying interest than possessions. Combine with this the charm of truth-hunting, and you have a vocation worthy of its followers. Because they get stable results, they have confidence in their profession, and having faith, they are more sincere than others. Sincerity is the foremost product of intellectual training. There is no place for craftiness and deception with truth as the goal.

My academic Utopia has other features besides that of likeable professors. The charge is frequently made that people go to college nowadays for the social life. Whatever the first attraction may be, the social advantages are undeniable. Your associates have congenial tastes; they are in sympathy with you; they are bound together by unity of standards, common experience, identity of interests. The feeling of working together is a tremendous stimulus — it assures the value of that for which you work. There is frankness in expressing opinions and in making friendships. A wealthy girl accustomed to suave social precautions is jolted into abandoning her protective creed, because in college there is no place for exclusiveness. The leaders are chosen for their likeableness and their ability. The dress-standard shrinks to one of utility. What requires the least thought and time is the most acceptable for everyday life.

Nowhere can be found such blitheness, such animation and curiosity, and such sympathy, as one finds in college life. Students are happy because they are too busy for prolonged brooding. Tears cannot be indulged in safely when someone may burst in upon you at any moment. It would be absurd to indulge in self-pity when you are attending a recitation in Charities or hammering away upon a three-legged stool to enthrone Cæsar in the next

Hall play. Lively discussions in the classroom, the dining-room, or your own study give you a large-sized view of life. Vague opinions are brought out for airing, drenched in the storm of your associates' superior knowledge or argumentative force; and when you take them in again, they are so shrunk that they have to be either discarded or made over. Such discussion does not intimidate you as it would in the presence of older and wiser audiences; it rouses the fighting blood.

When you go to college, there are many fears you leave behind — fears of family quarrels and nagging, of loneliness, of going about unprotected, of your own weaknesses. You have to work in order to survive, and unsuspected resources are discovered. Never a personality so barren but that four years of college will make it flower.

Aside from human relationships, college offers its wealth of literary and artistic advantages. The exquisite joy of escaping from a noisy dinner-crowd into a quiet, soft-toned, soft-shadowed reading-room, a haven tucked away from a bustling world! You finger volume after volume of the books you have always wanted to read, and you set about making up for lost time. There is a book for any mood, a book for any length of time you can spare. It seems as if all the writers of the past were shedding friendly thoughts to illuminate your darkness.

Conte referred to it as the ministration of all the dead for the enlightenment of the pittance of those living. A few hours of your time will buy the story of a Cellini, the sustaining wisdom of a Marcus Aurelius, the beauty of a Keats; the creed of a Socrates: 'Give me beauty in the inward soul; and may the outward and inward man be at one. May I reckon the wise to be the wealthy, and may I have such a quantity of gold as none but the temperate can carry.'

Starting with a feeble, half-understood desire to know, I have been drawn into a world of such beauty and delight that the intensity of the response awakened baffles expression. To withdraw from that world would be for me a denial of life itself. The most acceptable excuse I can offer the practical-minded is that dallying in Utopia is my real business.

The quest of truth has been sung by poets of all ages. Alastor, Empedocles, Paracelsus — could one have more indubitable proofs of an honorable calling? The meanest slave wants to know why he lives; and the more he advances in philosophy, the more he wants to know the best way of living. Plato and Aristotle put thinking above all other activities. Admitting their partiality for their professions, I am still too dazzled to admit other claims. The intellectual world offers happiness, tranquillity, and moral justification. Professors may be very ungodlike, but out of their efforts to discover Utopias they have succeeded in creating small Utopias in their own universities, where the fortunate spend four years and the blessed find permanent residence.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Thanks to a considerate public, the Atlantic's *circulation is greater than at any time in its history. The edition for this month is 143,000.*

* * *

Rabbi Joel Blau champions the Modern Pharisee, who 'cries out against the Romans not alone, but also against the Sadducees in his camp. He views the Jewish problem, not merely from the standpoint of the outside world, but also, and chiefly, from that of his own inner world. The spiritual crisis through which his people is passing is his chief concern.' Rabbi Blau's synagogue is Temple Peni-El, New York City. It is many years now since **Dr. Charles M. Sheldon's** name became a household word, but his tract *What Would Jesus Do?* is still vividly remembered. For some years Dr. Sheldon has been editor of the *Christian Herald*. **Chauncey B. Tinker,** collector, teacher, and man of letters, has left his chair at Yale for a half-year's holiday in England. **Florence Converse,** of the *Atlantic* staff, records some of her impressions of a recent English holiday.

* * *

Albert Kinross, whose papers on Egypt, Islam, and England appeared not long ago, is a British contributor long familiar to *Atlantic* readers. For years he has been a literary man, but the war taught him proficiency in many other things — the nice art of chaffering with Greek farmers over supplies for the commissary, an adequate understanding of the psychology of camels, and the way to edit an army newspaper for General Allenby's forces. Regarding his tribute to the grizzly's nose, **Enos R. Mills** writes: 'This is the biography of a real bear. Most of the facts were furnished by Julius F. Stone, who assisted in the capture, and by Guide Galloway, who succeeded in trapping the bear. The scene was near Richfield, Utah.' **Moorfield Storey,** who began his career as secretary to Charles Sumner, is a leader of the Boston Bar. **Frederick L. Allen,** a former member of the *Atlantic's* staff, has since seen service with the *Century Magazine*, and is now in charge of the publicity-work of Harvard University. **Caroline F. E. Spurgeon,** Professor of English Literature in the University of London, was a member of the very important Committee on British Education, whose revolutionary report she here so ably analyzes. **Jean Kenyon Mackenzie** and her story, our readers are privileged to know. **L. Moresby** will, we hope, become a familiar name. **The Abandoned Spinster,** like the unreconciled bachelor, for delicate reasons of her own, declines to unmask. **Theodore Maynard,** a poet new to the *Atlantic*, sends us his sonnet from California. **Gamaliel Bradford,** seventh of his name and race, has in his analysis of character something of the traditional divination which marks the 'seventh son.'

* * *

S. Miles Bouton, an experienced correspondent of the Associated Press, has, since the Armistice, spent a great deal of time traveling in Germany, making good use of the opportunity offered him for the analysis of German political and social sentiment. **Julius Kruttschnitt,** one of the most distinguished veterans in the railroad world, is now Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Southern Pacific Company. **E. T. H. Shaffer** knows what it means to grow cotton — and other things as well. He is President of the Colleton Products Association in South Carolina. **Royal R. Keely,** an American engineer, went to Russia in 1919 to investigate Russian manufactories and determine upon the possibility of rehabilitating them. Welcomed in the first instance by Lenin, he was given every facility to travel about Russia. Even an automobile was placed at his disposal. Unfortunately, the investigation taught him too much, and the Russian autocrat, thinking that his knowledge might prove inconvenient, arbitrarily had him arrested, without definite charges or accusations. It is only recently that Mr. Keely has attained his freedom, indirectly through Mr. Hoover's negotiations with the British Government.

The *Atlantic* gladly calls attention to the proposed Woodrow Wilson Foundation, 'created in recognition of the public services of Woodrow Wilson, twice President of the United States, who was instrumental in pointing out an effective method for the co-operation of the liberal forces of mankind — the men and women who love liberty and who intend to promote peace by the means of justice.'

Mr. Frank I. Cobb, Chairman of the Fund, writes us a letter, from which we quote: —

It is proposed to raise by popular subscription a fund of at least a million dollars, the income from which would be used according to the following terms: The awards shall be made to the individual or group making the most practical contribution to the liberal thought of the world with regard to human rights, or international relationships.

Checks of any size may be sent to the Central Union Trust Co., of New York.

* * *

'Extra-curriculum' has taken on a new significance in the college dictionary, and such as might have startled professors of an earlier generation. 'The Guild of Students' is matter for discussion among undergraduates and administrators as well.

Dear Atlantic, —

As a college student, I am very much interested in Professor Abbott's article in the November *Atlantic*. I wish it were possible for me to present some strong justification for the action which he believes the students have taken; but the more I read the article, the more convinced I am that he is fair in his estimate of the question.

During the past three and a half years, it has been my privilege to be a student in one of the older, but less famous, colleges for women. When I consider the matter in the light of Professor Abbott's paper, I realize that, in every week of my college course, the maximum amount of time expended on academic work has never equaled that spent on 'outside activities.' Until a few weeks ago, I would have looked on this as the normal state of affairs; but since one of my instructors attempted to persuade me that this is the only year I can study, I have tried to look at the matter differently. But I have not succeeded in being persuaded, for her argument is not true. This is the last year that I can participate in the college activities which I love, but it is not the last year that I can devote to study; for I certainly intend to do graduate work.

In our college we have a 'point' system, whereby each student is allowed only fifteen 'points' a semester, and each phase of student activity is graded with a certain number of 'points.' In this way, no one is supposed to have too many interests; but even fifteen 'points' are too many. My only solution to the problem which Professor Abbott has presented is to limit each student — do I dare suggest it? — to one activity.

With countless other students, I stand meek before Mr. Abbott's accusations, but I believe that the remedy lies in the hands of the faculty, for the youth of to-day will never retrench as long as it feels that it is master of the situation. I hope that Professor Abbott will some day have the satisfaction of seeing the faculty and students of America working together instead of at odds, for I fear that only then can the 'guild of students' give way to the intellectual ideal.

A College Senior.

Dear Atlantic, —

Twice have I read Professor Abbott's article, 'The Guild of Students,' wondering how much of it was irony, how much a confession of the futility of education. Perhaps it is both. At any rate, let us look at the comparison of the mediæval with the modern institution of learning from a different angle. All will agree that the university of the Middle Ages was immensely popular and overcrowded with students; but most of us will also admit that seldom was ignorance more dense, scholarship more barren and trivial, than at that time. Is the same thing happening to-day, when thousands of students go through our overcrowded institutions with as few intellectual contacts as a swarm of cockroaches passing through a water-pipe? It is true to-day, as always, that the boy with an instinct for learning will attain his object, no matter how much he may be discouraged by college canons of good form, which condemn the 'greasy grind.' But the average student takes his tone from his surroundings and will do those things which give him the present sense of power.

Going to a big game, and watching the picturesque enthusiasm, or laughing at the half-clever, half-ridiculous doings of the dramatic club, one feels like a churl for even suggesting that these and kindred performances are not the sum and substance of college life; and so they are, to all those good fellows who 'flunk out' and thereby become the college's most devoted sons. But in taking these activities seriously, in finding here the key to culture, are we not cheating ourselves, faculty and students alike? Substituting for disciplined training the easy ways of amateurism? 'Thought is tough,' says George Meredith. It certainly is; tough for the student who has never tried it; tougher for the instructor, who knows how many have failed to 'unscrew the inscrutable.' Unfortunately it is an essential factor in our civilization, not to be avoided unless the watchword is, 'Back to the jungle!' If the college man is not a thinking man — why the college?

Out of curiosity I asked a well-known man, not long ago, what colleges he felt the most confidence in? He answered without hesitation, 'West Point, Annapolis, and Boston Tech.' This was significant. He named three institutions that have never let the side-shows run the circus, as the phrase is; that have never mistaken their purpose; that have never allowed sickly sentiment

to color their attitude toward their mission.

A word more about the side-show and the circus. What becomes of an organ that is never exercised? Atrophy, of course. And atrophy is the fate of the faculty that flinches from its duty to teach vigorously, to mark hard, and to make every candidate fight for his degree as hard as he fights for his class letter. It is the fight a man wants. If degrees are handed out like buckwheat cakes at an agricultural fair, they will be just as cheap. Not for one moment should a professor admit that anything is more important than his teaching. If he really feels that his subject is of less importance than dancing and pole-vaulting, for example, he is a fraud and had better seek some honest way to earn his living. Atrophy was, in fact, the fate that overtook more than one famous mediæval university. Let me mention, for example, the Inns of Court in London, once crowded with students of the Common Law. There teaching became somewhat of a bore — it was so much easier to let the students go their own way. As a consequence, legal education in England was reduced to the farce of eating a certain number of dinners in the great hall of the Inn; and the slackness of legal education in this country is in part due to the inheritance of this poor tradition.

So do not let anyone indulge in the pleasing illusion that he can go on forever drawing a professor's salary, however modest, and let the students educate themselves in their own jolly, but haphazard way. If what is taught is not worth teaching — why teach?

WM. H. LLOYD.

* * *

With the sin of a heinous misprint on our conscience, we offer what reparation we may to the merciful shade of R. L. S.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

It looks as if the proof-reader, or the printer, or the writer of 'The Mystic's Experience of God,' or all three of them, owed an apology to R. L. S. Certainly one cannot suspect that the writer of an article as humanly penetrating as the one I mention would intentionally do what has been done in the November *Atlantic;* and I am quite willing to attribute like humanity to the printer and the proof-reader. Perhaps they simply have not read those feeling lines of R. L. S. to W. H. Low, 'It [a favorable notice by Mr. Gilder and Mr. Bunner] pleased me the more, coming from the States, where I have met not much recognition, save from the buccaneers, and above all from pirates who misspell my name. I saw my book advertised in a number of the *Critic* as the work of one R. L. Stephenson; and, I own, I boiled. It is so easy to know the name of a man whose book you have stolen; for there it is, at full length, on the title-page of your booty. But no, damn him, not he! He calls me Stephenson.'

M. E. R.

* * *

Any battle of the ladies, however mild, is a storm-signal to all good men everywhere. We therefore repair to our editorial seclusion, without rash comments or delay.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The author of 'Conversations' in the October *Atlantic* complains because clever bachelor girls assume that a girl like themselves, after she is married, no longer has ideas on the subjects of which she was a master before she changed her name. I wish to suggest that unfair assumptions are not made wholly by the unmarried.

Several intelligent matrons of my acquaintance persist in making remarks which imply that any girl still single after she has reached a marriageable age must be quite lacking in charm. The worst offender hesitated a good long while before she decided to accept the man she married; but she seems to have forgotten that. In speaking of one of my friends, she invariably remarks, 'Is n't it queer L—— is n't married? I think she is much more attractive than her sister, Mrs. B——.' It does no good to try to explain that L—— could have married six men to Mrs. B——'s one — she is n't married and that settles it; or that she had preferred to continue to think of art, architecture, or poetry, instead of marrying a man who was not interested in any of those things. Her John has never appeared.

The married sisters must realize that there are pricks in every state of existence, and it would not be fair for all of the advantages to be attributes of the state which they have been fortunate enough to achieve. EDNA HAYES FROST.

* * *

We are still holding the check-book open as we ponder this query.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Can you use a 3000-word article on parades and parading? It will cover the various forms of parading, from the college snake-dance to the solemn funeral procession, and between. The story will be told from the standpoint of the marcher as well as from that of the onlooker. Included are: Liberty Loan parades, football victory dances, graduation processions, firemanic parades, and others.

About how much is this worth?

Certainly Walt Whitman would serenade that prospectus. One can fancy him pouncing upon it with barbaric outcries: —

I celebrate the Parade!
The parade of the graduates, the Elks, the policemen,
The Boy Scouts, the Odd Fellows, and the Knights of Columbus;
The snake-dance on the university campus,
The expert parades of the soldiers and sailors,
The victory dance at the triumph in football.
Parades! Processions!
The funeral procession, solemn, uninterrupted by traffic!
Processions, both Liberty Loan and firemanic —
Parades!

But Walt is in his grave, which makes more or less difference to us.

* * *

This vision of tropical insects parading upon a tropical railway-track should capture the imagination even of those who used to share with Stalky, Beetle, and Co., a certain prejudice against all 'Bughunters.'

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

My eyes were first opened to the interest of insect-life down here in our Honduras regions by Mr. William Beebe. His articles became intensely alive, because it was always possible to verify his accounts of insect-life and to *see* the animated evidence in a perfectly good jungle of my own. It took me many a weary hour to finally locate an Attas' thoroughfare in the mountains, but I did succeed. And of course there was a thrill in seeing for myself how the 'minims' rode the bits of leaves and stole an overhead march on their betters.

It was when I found that the Attas had a weakness for the tender, succulent banana leaf, that I chanced upon a discovery that Mr. Beebe, by virtue of his environment, would in all probability never make; namely, that the leaf-bearing ants found the steel rail of a track very satisfactory for all practical purposes, and might often be found, in all their glory of vaunted vernal pennants and miserable migratory minims, trooping gallantly along the great iron road. Admittedly this was not a discovery calculated to revolutionize the science of entomology; but it was, nevertheless, an original observation that might pave the way for other more pertinent contributions from Central America.

EDMUND S. WHITMAN.

TELA, HONDURAS,
CENTRAL AMERICA.

* * *

So few morals are taken home by the reader that the following example interests us.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I am but two years out of college and rather hesitate to express my opinions to you; and yet, after reading the discussions about 'Our Street' and 'Courtship after Marriage,' in the November issue, it has occurred to me that something might well be said about just our home.

Our home is, I believe, a fairly good exponent of many other homes. In our home, even though we love, honor, and respect one another's wishes, there has crept in that destructive attitude of, almost unconciously, being at one's worst instead of best after the 'busy-ness' of the day; of letting down tired nerves, of relaxing utterly, and being happy in one's own thoughtless, even selfish, way. For instance, I like nothing better, after a long day, than curling up in the corner of the big, comfy davenport, and reading to my heart's content, while all the time I know that mother would rather I would visit with her. Then in comes father — 'Dad' we call him. He is tired, too; so, in his own way, he picks up the evening paper, and is soon lost in politics or market-quotations, until dinner is ready.

In the meantime, of course, Sis has also come home. Now, some way or other, Sis has that magic gift of retelling the most commonplace occurrences in such a way that they become unusual, attractive bits of throbbing life.

Herewith I think it is time to point out the connection between what I am saying and a certain quotation from Confucius, which Mr. Bachelor cited in his article, 'Courtship after Marriage,' namely, 'A man and his wife should be as guests to each other.'

Why not apply this to the entire family? What if I should treat mother as I would a guest, and visit with her more, and leave my reading until later on? What if Dad would talk to us during dinner in his capable, entertaining way, just as he does when guests are present? I wonder if American fathers, as a whole, realize that we, their daughters, are interested in hearing them tell about that fine speech Mr. So-and-So made at the weekly Rotary luncheon, or the splendid plans that are being made for the Shriners' ball.

So I wish to thank you, Mr. Bachelor, for the root of this idea, which I am going to try my best to carry out — that is, to treat those whom I love the best, the members of our family, with the consideration and courtesy I would use toward honored guests.

A DAUGHTER-IN-THE-HOME.

* * *

The *Atlantic* has always believed in the Democracy of Letters.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Your letter anent the *Atlantic* versus the laundry process prompts me to write you.

A husky, dusky, and amazingly efficient laundress had been summoned from an agency to assist me in excavating and renovating our apartment after a summer of solitary occupancy by my husband. As she put the last tool away, after a day spent in the heaviest kind of archæological labor, she remarked that she was to begin her last term at a night high-school that evening. She explained with pride that she was not taking a business course, but the general English course.

'No s'nograpy for me,' she said. 'Me, Ah like to fool aroun' the daid! I'se goin' to be an embalmer!'

My prejudice against her chosen career was overcome by her enthusiasm for 'General English'; whereupon I grandly offered her a few recent issues of the *Saturday Evening Post* to take home.

'Yas'm, thank you. Ah like to read. Ah ain't never read the *Post*, but Ah noticed you all had a pile of *Atlantic Monthlies*, and Ah sure does like to read the book-reviews in that magazine.'

Meekly, I placed five salmon-pink copies beside her hard-earned wages for the day.

HELEN POWELL SCHAUFFLER.

ATLANTIC SHOP-TALK

A TRAVELER of our acquaintance in the Kentucky mountains once drew rein at a cabin doorway and asked if there was any corn bread to be had in the country. 'Yes, stranger,' said the hostess of the cabin, 'corn bread is jest what we ain't got nothing *but*.'

The shop-talk editor was reminded of this story one gusty morning, when he steered an unruly umbrella around the corner of Marlborough and Arlington streets, and nearly collided with a bachelor friend of his who was standing in the rain gazing at the display of books in the windows of the Atlantic bookroom.

'Five birthdays,' said the bachelor a trifle cynically, 'are coming due next month. I want some books with presentable exteriors and readable interiors. Something you 'd like to get for yourself, you know.'

'Right this way!' said the editor, rushing his friend up the steps and stacking both umbrellas outside the bookroom door. 'That 's just what we ain't got nothing *but*.'

After fifteen minutes of prowling among the open shelves, the bachelor had found his five books, inscribed them with appropriate degrees of affection, left each to be sent at its proper date, and put away his fountain-pen, satisfied. He had chosen *Collectors' Luck* for his mother, who specializes in old copper-lustre and mahogany; *The Great Quest* for his high-school nephew; *The Letters of William James* for his brother; *The Firelight Fairy Book* for his partner's little girl; and *The Little Garden* for the hostess of a country home whose house-parties know him well.

The editor, much pleased with his own prowess as a book-dealer, went upstairs to look over the morning's mail.

The first letter on the pile was a formal petition from a group of our favorite readers: —

'We, the pupils of the Freshman Class of Junior High School, Lexington, Kentucky, want to know who wrote the story "Jonas and Matilda" in our Literature Book, *Atlantic Prose and Poetry*. It was sent in by the Contributors' Club, but we had a debate as to whether a man or a woman wrote it. Please answer at your earliest convenience.'

And so, at our earliest convenience we looked the matter up. The story of Jonas and Matilda appeared in the *Atlantic* nearly twenty-five years ago, and attracted the attention of the compiler of *Prose and Poetry* on account of its fresh and lively interest. If the member of the Contributors' Club who wrote it is still present, she may like to add the petition to her minutes of that long-ago meeting of the Club. For the benefit of the curious, we may add that we were able, after consultation of the archives, to tell our petitioners that the writer was a lady from the city of Buffalo, who would doubtless fully enjoy this twentieth-century debate over her identity.

* * *

Atlantic Prose and Poetry, by the way, is a close rival to *Story, Essay, and Verse*, and *Youth and the New World*, companion collections of supplementary reading for schools and colleges. Favorite chapters in one of these books are indicated in the following letter: —

'I have read *Youth and the New World* with interest. For some time we have wanted just such a group of timely speeches and essays, and so you see I may well be interested in the Atlantic book. I 'll say this about it — the title suits. There is something of the New World and something of Youth as well.

'I have chosen for special study the essays and speeches called "The Other Side," "A Letter to the Rising Generation," "Some Blank Misgivings," "The Calumniated Collegian," "On the Fence," and "Enlarge the Place of Thy Tent." I would n't omit one. All the subjects are of interest to students, and there is a good range. Youth likes change, it seems, and does better for it.'

* * *

In the days when safety-zones in crowded squares were a new thing, an old policeman once pointed out with a great deal of pride the white lines that marked the recommended route for pedestrians. 'That,' said he, 'is the safety-zone for Presbyterians.' Pedestrians, of whatever denomination, are sure to seek sometimes the pleasure of wandering free from safety-zones, out of the line of traffic, on to a true old-fashioned earthen road. For such ramblers afield, Samuel Scoville Jr.'s *Everyday Adventures* are a delight. He writes of the adventures to be found within the reach of the city-dweller who likes to walk. His exploring in woods and meadows not far from towns is a revelation to those who think that they have to wait for summer vacations in

the Canadian Rockies before they can expect to meet old Br'er Rabbit, and old Mr. Tarrapin, and all the other creatures on the Big Road. The book's illustrations from photographs are part of its charm: 'The Crow Chorus,' 'The Dear Deer Mice,' 'The Junco on the Watch-Tower,' 'The Great Horned Owl,' and a whole series of what Mr. Scoville calls 'Zero Birds,' to be met with by winter adventurers. The book makes capital mid-winter reading for storm-bound nature-lovers.

* * *

Adventures of quite another sort are being enjoyed by the boys of America and England who are reading **Charles Boardman Hawes's** new sea-story, *The Great Quest*. If we can judge at all by statistics, this book has already won a place of popularity beside Mr. Hawes's earlier story, *The Mutineers*. All boys (and, we confess, many of us who are boys no longer) will always like a stirring story of seafaring, buccaneering, and beating around the reefs in dangerous storms. In this latest book, there is plenty of excitement to be had with Captain North and the Brig Adventure, on the voyage to the Gulf of Guinea.

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Every day we are discovering new uses for **Mr. Ives's** book on *Text, Type, and Style*. We have permission to quote from a letter by James Melvin Lee, Director of the School of Journalism in the University of New York, who suggests the possible advantages of the book in business offices. Mr. Lee kindly tabulates his points.

'(1) The book should be extremely helpful to the editors of employees' magazines.

'(2) The book should be a splendid work of reference for all those who take dictation. Many an executive has been saved a bad slip by his stenographer, even as you and I have been saved slips by proof-readers.

'(3) The book should be useful in the preparation of business literature, whether for sales or not. I have long maintained that business English lost none of its force if it was good English, just as the marble pillar does not lose an iota of strength by being polished.

'(4) The book should be in every plant-library where there are classes in English. I question very much whether you know how many industrial plants are offering courses in English for employees. Here is a book that will decide difficult points.

'(5) Officials in the advertising department ought to read this book for the same reasons which have been given elsewhere in this letter.

'(6) The business executive himself — even though he may not be willing to confess it — ought to have this book. For obvious reasons, we will put the soft pedal on number six.'

Some of us still remember the stir that was caused a few years ago by the discovery of that unusual legal document, the Last Will and Testament of Charles Lounsbury. After bequeathing all varieties of selected beautiful things in the world to his various legatees, — to young men, parents, boys, old folk, — he wrote his bequest to children as follows: —

'*Item:* I leave to children inclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, the flowers of the fields and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks, and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors of the willows that dip therein, and the white clouds that float high above the giant trees. And I leave to children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night and the moon and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject nevertheless to the rights hereinafter given to lovers.'

All this out-of-door heritage 'devised' to children is part and parcel of the spirit found in the poetry and pictures of two new books: *Zodiac Town*, by **Nancy Byrd Turner**, and *Many Children*, by **Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer.** These two, we think, in both text and illustration, really belong to the class of what John Ruskin used to call 'beneficent books for children.'

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If all the reviews of **Bliss Perry's** *Life and Letters of Henry Lee Higginson* were assembled and compiled, they would form, not an Essay in Criticism, but another biography. Each reviewer is reminded of facts about Major Higginson; each has his own personal tribute to add; and the result has been a very significant series of comments upon that distinguished life. One reviewer, indeed, after two columns of reminiscence and delightful appreciation, comes back with a start to the realization that he is writing a review, and remarks, 'Who reads this book can learn.'

In the same way, the casual reader forgets that he is reading a biography. It seems more like an autobiography, so adroitly has the author thrown into relief the conversations and letters of Major Higginson himself. One lingers instinctively before turning the last pages, wishing that the great Life need not come to its conclusion. And yet one never forgets the conclusion of the book, where the author says: 'One who was honored by his friendship and has striven to tell the story of his life may be permitted to salute him in the words used by Charles Russell Lowell in a boyish letter to Henry Higginson on March 13, 1858: "I often think of you, sir, and wish to see the light of your removed countenance. Good-bye."'

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AMERICAN MISGIVINGS

BY CORNELIA JAMES CANNON

O such themes — equalities! O divine average! — WALT WHITMAN

I

THE World War brought us many strange revelations, perhaps none more unexpected than the discovery that intrinsic values inhere in the supposedly purely ornamental aspects of our intellectual life. Before the spring of 1917, our meteorologists had been for years pursuing their innocent vocation, unnoted and unsung. They had sent up their kites from obscure little hills by day and by night; they had charted the layers of air-currents above our indifferent heads; they had made pictures of clouds and studies of storm motions, with an ardor that seemed to require no appreciation from us. We had tolerated them on the theory that curiosity is in itself a valuable asset, and that, having once given this particular aspect of it a professional status, we must philosophically accept the lean with the fat.

When we had joined the Allies, these quaint enthusiasts were found to be the only persons in the world who knew enough to advise our aviators and to protect them from the terrors of the celestial deep. From previously unheeded laboratories the meteorologists were proudly brought forth into the light of day. They were asked to serve on important committees, and to spend much of their time imparting to thousands of eager students the knowledge they had acquired through years of patient study. Prophets are seldom so honored in their own country.

Another group of searchers for the truth, the psychologists, had likewise borne their years of indifference from the multitude, and of active opposition from the ignorant. They had spent such money as was available from vested funds, and such leisure as university duties allowed them, to pursue the study of mankind. Their particular penchant was the mind of man; its qualities, its capabilities, its methods of functioning. They had gone up and down the scale of creation in their search for light. Every type of reaction to the universe of which the brain-substance seemed capable was tabulated and analyzed. These activities were tolerated, though the knowing shrugged their shoulders at such fatuous endeavors.

Then upon America fell the task of selecting and preparing, within the

short space of a few weeks or, at most, months, millions of men for a great diversity of duties requiring varied and different abilities. It was instantly clear that the selection could be done neither by rule of thumb nor by any haphazard game of counting out, however rapid and easily administered such a method might be. Those who knew something of the delicate art of choosing a man for a job must come to the help of a nation facing a desperate emergency under conditions of the greatest stress.

As it happened, we were better able than any other of the allied nations to undertake this responsibility, for the methods of measuring human abilities, initiated by Cattell in America and Binet in France, had been carried to a higher degree of perfection in this country, and tested out on a far greater scale, than in any other country in the world. The intelligence-rating in our army was the fruit of 'preparedness' on the part of the American psychologists. In the first weeks of the war they threw themselves into the work of preparing tests to be given on a gigantic scale; and as soon as the drafted men were in the cantonments, and the assistance psychology could render was recognized by those in authority, their work of making the tests and grading the enlisted men was begun. During the anxious and strenuous months of 1917 and 1918, when the army was being built up for its fateful activities in France, the psychologists were rapidly putting in the hands of the army officers data concerning the mental alertness of the enlisted men, to be used as an aid in the assignment of each individual to the task to which he was best suited.

The tests did their important service during the days of war, but they have left in our hands, for the days of peace, data the value of which is just beginning to be realized.

II

The army intelligence tests were given to 1,726,966 of our officers and men, in the years 1917 and 1918. The tests were of two types: the Alpha examination for those who could read and write English readily; and the Beta examination for the illiterate, the non-English speaking, and for those who could read and write English, but without facility. The first, which comprised a series of eight markedly different tests, although it required almost no writing on the part of the subject, did demand ability in using written and oral instruction. The second type was, in effect, the first translated into pictorial form, in which written and oral instructions were replaced by pantomime and demonstration. Individual examinations were given to those making a very low score on one or both of the standard examinations.

The object of the tests was to sift out the mental defectives not qualified for military service; to classify soldiers according to their mental capacity for proper assignment in the army; to discover men of superior ability, for report to their officers; and to select men with marked special skill. The tests were carefully devised and given; in the early stages of critical study of the data, each record was checked, so far as possible, by comparison with the actual performance of the individual tested, and by the practical judgment of his officers on his ability. The results have been carefully analyzed, so that we have in the totals a significant psychological picture of the young manhood of the country.

What is the kind of intelligence these tests were devised to grade? Our newspapers and magazines have been flooded lately by popular so-called intelligence tests — a mixture of catch-questions, inquiries about facts not worth knowing, and upheavings of the dust-bins of

general information. They are, of course, utterly valueless as a measure of mental ability as well as of discrimination in the accumulation of details. The army intelligence tests were distinctly not of this type. They were, in the first place, not tests of verbal or literary proficiency; for as high a grade could be attained by the non-English-speaking individual as by one readily conversant with the language. They did not measure educational acquirement or general information; for the illiterate was at no disadvantage with the most erudite university graduate. Nor were they tests of rapidity of mental processes; for though the time was strictly limited, control-tests given with double time showed only a slight improvement in the records of the lower grades of mind. This was doubtless due to the fact that the tests were not primarily tests of memory, in which associations could be slowly summoned to mind, but tests of intelligence, which was once for all capable or incapable of recognizing the situations which the questions presented. Nor was there discrepancy due to the two types of examination; for those who took high rank in the Alpha examination took equally high rank in the Beta, and those who took a low rating in the Alpha did the same in the other.

The intelligence the examinations were primarily designed to test was capacity to see things in relation, ability to grasp situations as a whole, and power to reason. These are innate qualities, independent of circumstance, yet characterizing the individual's every reaction to his environment. The men were grouped, according to their standing in the tests, in five grades, from A to E. A and B represented superior intelligence, the two being recommended for officer rank; the C group was average intelligence, varying from fair non-commissioned-officer type to average soldier; and D and E indicated inferior to very inferior intelligence, in some cases fit for certain kinds of low-grade service, in others only for dismissal from the army. Men of the superior grades were found in all ranks, officers and privates, the educated and the uneducated, but the individuals stood out markedly from their fellows.

In terms of mental age, — a classification used by the psychologists, based on studies of the capacities of schoolchildren of different ages, the range of the drafted men was from eighteen years or over, the superior grade, down to a mental age of below nine years, the inferior grade. In civil life a moron, or high-grade feeble-minded person, has been defined as any adult with a mental age of from seven to twelve years. If this definition can be interpreted as meaning any adult below the mental age of thirteen, almost half of the white draft, 47.3 per cent, would have been classed as morons. It is clear that a very much larger proportion of low-grade intelligence must exist in our population than has been heretofore suspected. The totals from all the tests give the following percentages of the different levels of mental ability found in our white drafted army: superior men, 12 per cent; average men, 66 per cent; and inferior men, 22 per cent. Probably this is, roughly, the average of the community as a whole; for the men of superior ability, kept out of the draft for work in essential industries, and officers not included in the total, were offset by the feeble-minded and the defective rejected by the draft boards and never sent to the cantonments.

There are several reasons why the results of these examinations possess particular authority and significance. In the first place, they worked. When the grading was used with care and discrimination, a man's actual performance corresponded closely to the prob-

abilities forecast by the examination record. The officers found it a rapid method of ranking men according to ability to do the tasks required in army service, so that fewer men wasted time attempting work beyond their capacity or burning their hearts out at inferior duties. The army authorities have recognized the value of the tests as an adjunct of the service, and the examinations continue in use in the permanent military organization.

The tests were applied on so huge a scale, and with so complete an elimination of personal slant on the part of the examiners, that the data are of unprecedented and enormous value — almost in a class by themselves. Even making every allowance for errors in individual tests, the numbers are so great as to give assurance that incidental errors balance one another. We can therefore feel justified in using, for the wiser organization of our democracy, the new insight into the mental make-up of our people which the tests have brought. We must ask ourselves how far these revelations of our intellectual quality as a nation affect our judgment of the value or futility of the different governmental expedients — representation, the initiative, referendum, and recall, direct election of senators, education for citizenship, restriction of immigration and naturalization — with which we have been experimenting; and from what mistaken courses in the use of these devices of our national life they may rescue us.

III

One interesting use that the army organizers made of the ratings from the intelligence tests was in apportioning the proper percentages of men of the different mental grades to each company according to its type of service — aviation, machine-gun, engineer, signal corps, or work-battalion. The discovery of the proportions that yielded the best results was a matter of practical experiment; and a fine middle-ground had to be chosen, between putting in an undue number of inferior men, making the company heavy and unmalleable, and wasting ability by mixing in more of the superior men than were needed to leaven the lump.

Our industrial concerns might well take a leaf from the experience of the army experts, and seek out that admixture of men of the different grades, both in small groups and in large, on technical jobs and on crude manual processes, which is most certain to make the perfect working unit. A railroad would require a proportion of the various abilities quite different from that most effective in a coal-mine; and a university might find it difficult to function with as many inferior men on the faculty as could be profitably utilized in a cotton-mill. A street-cleaning squad could use to advantage a high order of moral excellence, but it could do its work with a very much smaller percentage of individuals of superior mental ability than could a laboratory of inventors, wherein new and intricate machinery is being devised.

From the point of view of our national problem, the developing of democratic institutions and forms of government, what are the proportions of citizens of the varied mental abilities which promise to bring, most certainly and speedily, the desired end of universal justice and happiness? Would democracy flourish best in a community made up entirely of D men, or in one made up entirely of A men? Is true democracy attainable only when natural equality is coexistent with political equality? The assumption in any discussion based on questions of this character is that intelligence is of positive value, a yardstick by which human worth is to be measured. Is this a just

estimate of the importance of intelligence in community life, or would its absence create only a momentary inconvenience?

So many of our criminals and perverts, our socially maladjusted, have been found to be feeble-minded, that the general public has comfortably assumed that lack of brains is the root of all evil. More careful and exhaustive study has shown, however, that, although feeble-mindedness does, indeed, play a large and important part in many types of delinquency, it is not the sole, or perhaps the determining, factor in crimes against society. Defects of will, uncontrolled impulses, wayward desires, consuming egotism bring at least as many to disaster as does defective intelligence. We do not know the distribution of moral qualities in relation to intellectual, but we are safe in assuming that they are not the perquisite of any particular level of intelligence. May we therefore conclude that we can get along without good minds if we can only cultivate good wills? We might desire both, but which can we least afford to do without?

On any throw, the dice seem to be loaded for intelligence. Feeble-mindedness is not a desirable quality in itself, and its possession does not exclude the possibility of additional defects of will, so that one disability may in reality be two. Given brains, there is a chance that the will may be fortified, since moral excellence depends in part on judgment, and that in turn on mental alertness; but without intelligence no nature is proof against the chance sowings of noxious weeds. In whatever measures we take to reduce the number of the mentally inferior, we cannot hope that the strain of defective mentality will soon die out of the race; for the number of feeble-minded in the United States undoubtedly runs into the millions. The general level of intelligence will be in no danger, either in our lifetime or in that of our children, of rising unduly high.

During the war the men of superior intelligence proved of transcendent importance. They were the brains of the army. The average men were as helpless without them as frogs without their cerebrums. But do days of peace have the same need of these abilities?

If the theory of evolution holds any truth, it strengthens in us a conviction that intellectual capacity has developed by some selective process working on the occasional superior types which were the offspring of earlier inferior forms. Man has not always possessed his present insight and powers. The geniuses of his race have discovered, at different periods of development, how to plant seeds, to domesticate animals, to control disease, to master the air. As man, under the guidance of these gifted ones, has acquired a partial control over his environment, he has spread across the continents in ever-increasing numbers. He has built cities, and railroads to connect them, and ships to sail the Seven Seas. He has invented gunpowder and poison-gas, chained the waterfall, and forced the air to carry his messages. His world is a very different one from that in which the Java Man first saw the light of day. Is the lower type of man, the D grade of intelligence, our modern Java Man, able to cope with this Frankenstein that the genius of the race has created?

The high-grade feeble-minded can be trained to simple motions, repetitions, imitations, activities that require no complicated mental processes, and are able, under proper supervision, to live a useful and harmless life in a simple community. Indeed, those born on farms seldom come to schools for the defective, or appear in the annals of the state, save as they are born and die. But our farms are rapidly ceasing to be

a possible refuge for the lower grades of intelligence. Not only is our civilization no longer a rural one, but the agricultural pursuits are themselves becoming more elaborate. The elimination of crude hand-labor, its replacement by complicated farm-machinery, the increase of urban contacts, and an intensified community life in the country districts, reduce the usefulness of the farm as a recourse for the intelligences unable to cope with the complexities of modern society.

In cities the inferior-minded are speedily recognized as a problem, and often as a handicap and a menace. Some psychiatrists affirm that our civilization is based on the labor of these unfortunates, as other civilizations have been based on the labor of slaves: that our sewers are dug by them, our railroads built by them; that they perform the mechanical processes in our factories, load and unload our ships, pick our cotton, mine our coal. The problems presented by their presence in our midst is, however, no less difficult than that presented by the slave; for they contribute more than their quota to our juvenile courts, our reform schools, our jails and houses of prostitution. They are the drifters from job to job; the first to be dropped from employment, the last to be taken on; the patrons of municipal lodging-houses; the loafers on the street-corners, as well as the patient plodders at the unskilled tasks. In the future, the inferior type is certain to be far more of a perplexity; for we cannot expect a less complex civilization until the race is born again. But what are the present prospects of reducing the 22 per cent of inferior intelligences already in our population?

IV

The army intelligence tests have been analyzed on the basis of country of origin of the foreign-born. Some data of quite appalling significance are assembled. The white draft, as a whole, had 22 per cent of inferior men: those of the draft who were born in Poland had 70 per cent; in Italy, 63, in Russia, 60. Of all the foreign-born, 46 per cent were of this very low grade of intelligence, with an almost negligible number of superior individuals.

We could argue that from these inferior strains might emerge, in some future age, a race of superior capacity; for from some such undeveloped types must have evolved the best strains of our day. But our problem as Americans is immediate. We cannot make our decisions in terms of geological eras when we discuss the referendum, universal suffrage, the segregation of the unfit, and the reduction of tubercular infection throughout the country. We must have a population to which these words convey some meaning, if we are to share alike in the privileges and responsibilities of democracy. In the light of recent revelations as to the country of origin of those now pressing for entrance into the United States, these statistics are like the handwriting on the wall. Our melting-pot may fuse these elements with the others, but the resulting metal does not promise to be one to stand heavy strains.

We cannot draw comfort from the thought that residence in this country will alter the mental characteristics of the immigrant and transmute the lead into fine gold. An analysis of the draft on the basis of length of stay in this country does not bear out any such assumption. The tables show a very slight difference in favor of those who had been here longer; but the difference is so slight as to lead the examiners to suggest that it may be an artifact of the method of examination itself.

There is no doubt that to throw our gates open to these groups is to add to

our racial stocks the poorest that Europe has to give. The eastern European comes to us with a slant toward revolution, a hatred of whatever power there may be, engendered by centuries of finding that every power was inimical. His admission to a country engaged in the hazardous task of working out a self-governing community might seem somewhat of a risk. Given a high grade of intelligence, however, the danger is negligible; for education can train in the ideals of democracy, and each national group would have opportunity and ability to make characteristic contributions to a solution of the complexities of democratic society.

But what chance of this is there with the inferior grade of intelligence? Such individuals form the material of unrest, the stuff of which mobs are made, the tools of demagogues; for they are peculiarly liable to the emotional uncontrol which has been found to characterize so many of the criminals who come before our courts. They are persons who not only do not think, but are unable to think; who cannot help in the solution of our problems, but, instead, become a drag on the progress of civilization. In a crude society they have a place, may even serve a use. In a society so complex as that which we are developing, they are a menace which may compass our destruction.

We might well eliminate the D and E intelligences which are not home-grown by stiffening the exclusion laws and more adequately backing our medical-port officers in their efforts to keep down our intake of defectives. If our legislative intelligence is not sharp enough to realize that we might keep out many of the persons of average ability, to our ultimate advantage, there can certainly be no two opinions about the exclusion of the inferior mind. It is not only the individual whom we exclude, but that ever-widening circle of his descendants, whose blood may be destined to mingle with and deteriorate the best we have. Theoretically the inferior-minded are ineligible for admission to our country. How liberally this provision is interpreted, and how ineffective is the exclusion practised, may be surmised from the proportions of this type found among the foreign-born in the draft.

A democracy is the most difficult form of government to perfect, because it demands of each citizen so much understanding and coöperation. Its achievement halts because of the imperfection of its component members. However much the forms of democracy may be clung to, when the majority of the citizens of a country are of a low grade of intelligence, an oligarchy is inevitable. Contrast the so-called democracy of Mexico with the so-called monarchies of England and Holland, whose nationals in our army ranked in intelligence above those of any other nation in the draft, and far above the average for America as a whole. An enthusiast for education might see in this disparity evidence that the sole impediment to the coming in of a true democracy is illiteracy. Let all the potential citizens learn to read and write, and the difficulties will vanish. But the differences in the liberties of men in these contrasted countries lie deeper than any difference in the dissemination of education; they run back to the gray substance in the brain-cases of the people themselves.

If the building-up of democratic institutions in a population composed in large part of inferior men presents difficulties, what would be the case in a world of superior men? Would the citizens of such a country be high-strung, nervous, exacting, unwilling to do, and perhaps incapable of doing, heavy physical labor — the flower of civilization without the roots and leaves?

Australia and New Zealand have a population more homogeneous, on a higher level economically, and, judging from similar communities in our own country, — for example, Oregon, Washington, and Montana, whose citizens were tested in the draft, — of a higher general level of intelligence than is found, perhaps, anywhere else in the world; and yet their pleasant lands are not free from problems. Their very homogeneity and equality develop sharp jealousies and antagonisms between labor and capital, which threaten to destroy them both. Stagnation seizes many of their industries, and internal dissension dries up the sources of their wealth. In the life of the family in New Zealand, the labor of the woman who has a home to manage is so unrelieved, the aid that the community brings to the reduction of her burden so slight, that late marriages and small families are becoming the rule and not the exception. A country in which the men will not adjust themselves to doing the exacting tasks of a developing civilization, and the women will not bear children, is a country which is doomed. Can it ever hold the 'Islands of the Blessed' in the South Seas, against the pressure of a fecund race of fierce industry and diversified talents, such as the Japanese, for instance?

We may well doubt whether a civilization composed wholly of inferior, or wholly of superior men and women would be a complete success. The subject cannot, unfortunately, be put to experimental proof, because the laboratory would have to be the world, and men are not so tractable as guinea-pigs. There is nothing left for us save to observe the proportions of mind of the different classes in that democracy which seems to serve best the interests of all its citizens, and take those proportions as the working basis for a balanced community. Given our own country's present distribution of mental abilities, — 12 per cent of the best type and 22 per cent of the poorest, the average lying between, — what adaptation of governmental organization would be helpful in bringing about the most successful functioning of the groups?

V

What do we mean when we say that a country is not ready for self-government? Do we mean that the citizens are illiterate, that they have not studied history, or been taught how to cast a ballot? or do we mean that they have not yet evolved sufficient intelligence to grapple with the problems incident to the administration of a democracy? In the first interpretation, we could name a date for the coming in of freedom. Fifteen years of schooling and a little practice in running the machinery of government would make a nation ready to manage its own affairs. In the second interpretation, we might feel that generations must elapse, and even then nothing entitled to the name of self-government would characterize the type of political organization which such people might devise.

What are the qualities essential in human beings for the running of a democracy? The difficulties of administration are inherently great. So many men, so many minds; such conflicts of wills and wants; such need for endless patience and tolerance to make compatible the inevitable incompatibility of political equality and natural inequality! To work out these never-ending problems of the adjustments of man to man demands mental abilities of a high order, inventiveness, inexhaustible ingenuity. So far as we can judge, it promises best in communities where there is homogeneity of language and of ideals, and at least a fair average of intelligence. What prospect of suc-

cess is there here in America, with the average of intelligence of the citizens already so much lower than we could have expected, and with an unceasing influx of potential citizens who are destined to bring the average still lower?

The ideal of our constitution-builders was that of a representative government. There has been of late years a wave, perhaps past its crest, of desire for more direct government through the initiative, the referendum, and the recall. In theory, these forms promise the purest and surest democracy, a method of making the voice of the people heard and the will of the people immediately effective. In fact, they have everywhere disappointed the high hopes of those who advocated their adoption as an advance in the art of freedom. They have not worked for progress. It is difficult to say why, though indifference, inborn conservatism, ignorance of the issue, and reluctance on the part of the voter to make the effort to understand the issue, have all been given as explanations for their failure. The recall has made self-respecting men unwilling to take positions from which any disgruntled faction could recall them, and in which their effectiveness would be limited by the constant need of conciliating the malcontents.

The trade-union movement, itself an experiment in democracy, has had to give up the high hope with which it hailed the expedients of the initiative and the referendum, and admit the non-fulfillment of their original promise of good.

Is it not possible that the failure of these devices of democracy is due, not to any imperfection inherent in the devices themselves, but to a fundamental inferiority in the average intelligence of the voters, which makes them unable to use the methods wisely? How can we expect a man with a mental age of less than ten years to deal intelligently with the complicated questions submitted to the voters in a referendum? Has not the impossible been demanded of a nation, nearly half of whose population is under the mental age of thirteen? How can such men and women determine the relative values of the sales tax and the surtax, or display a discriminating preference for a tariff on lemons over a tariff on wheat?

Our forefathers, who were a canny lot of men, in spite of the handicap of being behind our times, organized a representative government because they felt that there was one thing that every man could do intelligently — select leaders to represent him. Man shares with many lower forms of animal life a desire to follow leaders. The elk, the buffalo, the wild geese, the sheep, the creatures that hunt or feed in flocks or herds, follow leaders who are, so far as we can judge, the most intelligent, the best equipped, and the speediest in reaction-time of all the group. If we could develop as sound a sense of the type of leader we need as seems to come intuitively to the lower animals, our worst difficulties might be overcome. Can we be trained to recognize and choose the best to lead us? Can we learn not to weary, as did the Athenians of old, of hearing Aristides called 'the Just,' and refrain from selecting a good mixer in his stead?

The psychologists have not as yet offered us tests to detect in the individual an ability to recognize wisdom in others. We do see in children, however, an almost eerie understanding of the character and capacities of parents and teachers. Their failure to use the same unerring instinct in adult life may be due to the fact that the opportunities to observe those to whom they must look for guidance in later years

are not so great as in childhood. Perhaps the problem of the future is to bring about more frequent and intimate contacts between the potential leaders of our democracy and their sovereigns, the voters. We must teach our children to look for the qualities that characterize the able, and to reject the cheap attractions of the demagogue. They must see and hear in our schools the persons of ability and character in the community.

Our tendency in this country is to deplore our selection of leaders, to throw up our hands in despair at the choices of the electorate, and make no effort to create new standards of choice. In so far as we can, we must imitate in the large cities the safeguard of first-hand information as to the qualities and abilities of those to whom we plan to entrust our common interests, which was possible in the early days of the Republic. It may be that the final test of our civilization and the assurance of the continuation of our democracy will be our capacity to recognize and follow the true leaders of our race.

If we can train our electorate to choose honest men of the superior type to represent them, we can count on protection from our worst dangers. The very basis of representative government is the opportunity for knowledge of the many-sided problems of government possible to the representative, but impossible to the individual voter. From the conflicts of minds and ideals in representative groups, truth, and finally wisdom, may emerge.

The A and B man may appear from any social group in the community; the only point the C or D man need consider is, that it is to the interest of all to be represented by those possessing the highest abilities. He is choosing, not a master, but a servant. He must learn that his best servant is not the politician who gives him a turkey on Thanksgiving, but the representative who insists on clean streets and the prompt collection of garbage. The average man can learn this in time; the inferior man may not be able to grasp a situation presenting so many complications. Indeed, we may have to admit that the lower-grade man is material unusable in a democracy, and to eliminate him from the electorate, as we have the criminal, the insane, the idiot, and the alien.

The direct election of senators was hailed as a great step forward. As a matter of fact, the senators so chosen show no distinct rise in quality. The men sent to the Senate by the older method had their defects, and the system its dangers; but the innovation is at least of problematic value. We try one type of city charter; then, in desperation, we try another; but, in the end, we are about where we were at the beginning—inefficiency appearing where we should have efficiency, and dishonesty where honesty is the prime requisite. Is it possible that we might be brought to recognize political offices as technical jobs, requiring a technical training which could be determined by examination? Then, if we still wished to exercise our prerogative of choice, we could elect, from a list submitted by the examiners, the officers of our preference.

We have shown an eagerness to naturalize the newcomers to our shores as promptly as possible, and an inclination to make the way easy and discrimination difficult. Is this the part of true wisdom? Should not the goal of membership in the great Republic be attainable only through special effort and distinct merit? How much do we augment our collective wisdom by adding inferior minds to it? Has not the time come to withhold the privilege and responsibility of citizenship from the majority of the newer immigrants, whose quality shows so marked a falling-off from that

of the immigrants of fifty years ago, and whose intelligence is so far below that of the ordinary American, and bestow it only upon carefully selected members of the group?

VI

What light do the intelligence tests throw on our educational problems? The tests here are of a peculiar cogency, for they are tests of intelligence, which is a measure of educability. We are committed in a democracy to the fundamental thesis that each citizen must have opportunity to get as much education as he can or will take. Nothing is, however, more obvious than that the differences in ability to take education are as extreme as the differences in intelligence itself. The A man's meat may be the C man's poison. What would feed the D man's mind might starve the B man. A common-school education for all alike is a practical possibility, but it must be so organized that the A minds pass forward rapidly; that the C mind is spared stagnation because of slow advance, by a broadening and enriching of the curriculum at each intellectual level; and that the D mind does not suffer humiliating contrast with its more competent fellows, but is educated in those ways best suited to its particular capacities.

The subjects basic to a civilized community life must be given alike to all: the three R's, some knowledge of the ideals of a form of government such as ours, and the duties and responsibilities of citizenship therein. But beyond the earlier stages of education, is not the community entitled to a pretty rigorous process of selection? The wisdom of a civilization old and experienced in the ways of human nature was evidenced in the Chinese method of determining their Mandarin class by the elaborate system of examination of the literati. Foolish as many of the criteria seem to-day, those individuals who survived the ordeal were the fittest in intellectual quality and staying power. In any country is not education necessarily a process of establishing a group trained for greater responsibilities than the average? In each generation such a selection is made. The imperative need in a democracy is, not that this training be given to all, but that the opportunity for such selective discipline be available to the qualified, wherever and whenever they appear.

The higher education is the most costly and elaborate of all the types, and the public, which pays the bills, may feel justified in excluding from any attempt at mastering its intricacies those who have already shown themselves incapable of taking advantage of it. Educational processes are helpless in the face of native incapacity. Not more than a pint can be poured into a pint receptacle; the rest sinks into the ground and is lost. Professional training is becoming more and not less expensive, and the community has the right to decide to whom this higher education is to be given. We cannot afford to invest our largest sums in our second-rate men. For our own sakes we must select our best for the types of training that demand a high order of ability.

The data from the army tests concerning the negro present the first concrete material, on a large scale, by which we can check up the partisan asseverations of the friends and critics of the race. Of the entire negro draft 80 per cent were in the D grade, 89 per cent under the mental age of thirteen. Compare this with the white draft, 22 per cent of the D grade and 47 per cent under the mental age of thirteen. The differences are sufficiently startling to convince us that, in the education of the negro race, we are confronted by an educational problem of a very special kind. Emphasis must necessarily be

laid on the development of the primary schools, on the training in activities, habits, occupations which do not demand the more evolved faculties. In the South particularly, where in some of the states the percentage of D men among the negroes of the draft ran over 90 per cent, the education of the whites and colored in separate schools may have justification other than that created by race-prejudice. Of course, the ideal line of cleavage is on the basis of the individual child's ability, irrespective of color; but the problem of the education of the larger group in the two races presents marked contrasts. A public-school system, preparing for life young people of a race, 50 per cent of whom never reach a mental age of ten, is a system yet to be perfected, if indeed we have so far recognized the urgency of the need for adequate grappling with the problem.

Vocational guidance started as a more or less haphazard effort to direct schoolchildren to jobs and to special training opportunities, acting both as an encourager of education, and as a bureau of information about factories, employment-offices, and work-certificates. It has rapidly developed from that, to a study of the child's abilities, and advice based on such knowledge. The achievement of the army officers in adjusting, with the help of the intelligence-rating, millions of men, in a minimum of time, to tasks which brought victory to the American arms is indicative of the possibilities in vocational guidance.

Vocational guidance depends on an intelligence-rating of both the individual and the job, and a competent matching of the two. Personal preferences, family limitations, community facilities, character, are all variants to be considered, but the rock-bottom determining factor is the ability of the individual, the mental capacity, which holds priority over every other element involved. To send the grade D boy to make a Widal test is as cruel as to set the grade A boy to breaking coal, and as wasteful of the resources of a world all too poorly furnished with outstanding ability.

The average man belongs to that group which gives significance to the history of the race. He conserves the achievements of the past, keeps our machinery of the everyday life going, does the work that the superior man will not and the inferior man cannot do, and by his steadiness, his patience, and his control, keeps the world from tearing itself to pieces. But he cannot better his fate without the help of the men of superior ability. To them he must look for leadership, for an understanding of the way out of the dark and tragic stages in our evolving civilization. They are the men who invent our machinery, make possible the telephone, the wireless, the electric light, the steamship, the airplane; who wipe out disease, write the great literature of the world, organize our industries and our methods of distribution, make the laws, write the constitutions, guide the revolts for freedom, destroy superstitions, read the mystery of the rocks, study the motions of the stars, interpret the evolution of man. They are the members of our race who have led us up from barbarism and keep us from sinking back into it. There is nothing of the wisdom of the ages which can be offered to them, no opportunity for advancing them, which does not bring rich dividends of added prosperity and happiness to the rest of us.

One happy finding of the army tests was the very large proportion of the A and B men who had had the advantages of higher education. This does not extenuate the deprivation of the hundreds who had not, — our country is so much the poorer for that, — but it does show

how difficult it is to keep real ability from coming into its own.

Our civilization halts, and our unsolved problems pile up in the lean generations; then the powers that watch over us smile upon us, and fill our cradles with wonder-children, as in 1809, that *annus mirabilis*, and the world leaps forward again. The highest wisdom demands that we cherish those in our midst who show even a flickering of the divine flame, and guard against the dying-down of the sacred fire because of our preoccupation with matters of less importance. In a democracy, our major hope, as well as our major responsibility, must always lie in the discovery and development of those among us who are endowed with the capacity to inspire us, and the ability to lead us to a fuller life.

BOSWELL TAKES A WIFE

BY CHAUNCEY B. TINKER

I

In the little village of Adamtown, not far from Auchinleck, there lived, in the year 1767, a widow by the name of Blair. Her daughter Kate, the heir to the fortune which had been left by the late Mr. Blair, was eighteen years of age, and described, after the manner of the period, as being sensible, cheerful and pious, and of a countenance which, though not beautiful, was 'agreeable.' During her minority her relative, the Laird of Auchinleck, had been one of her guardians; and of a Sunday she sat dutifully in the Master's pew of the little church on the estate.

In the eyes of the young Boswell, just home from his travels, this Scots cousin of his was the finest woman he had ever seen; and her charms were in no way injured by the fact that she possessed great wealth. What a Mistress of Auchinleck she would make! Her picture would adorn the family gallery — 'Catherine, wife of James Boswell, Esq. of Auchinleck.' Her children would be as clever as their father (or his friend, the Reverend William Temple) and as charming as their mother. Here, at any rate, was a flame of whom one's father might approve. She would, the boy explained, add her lands to the ancestral estates, and he, as her husband, might have, at once, 'a pretty little estate, a good house, and a sweet place.'

'I wish you had her,' said the father laconically.

To her estate James accordingly repaired, and began his suit. He so far succeeded as to prevail upon Mrs. Blair to come and make a visit at Auchinleck, and to bring Kate with her. The visit lasted four days, and there, amid the romantic groves of the family seat, he adored her like a divinity. She was henceforward the 'Princess,' and before the month of June was out, James rather prematurely referred to her as 'my charming bride.'

When Temple came to Edinburgh to visit the young advocate, he was told

that he must ride across country to Adamtown, on a romantic errand, and inspect the goddess. He should have his 'consultation guineas' for such expert advice as he, a lifelong friend, knowing the full story of James's foibles, might care to give.

One of the most highly characteristic of Boswellian documents is a sheet of instructions, which the young fellow wrote out for his friend and entitled 'Instructions for Mr. Temple, on his Tour to Auchinleck and Adamtown.' It is well known, but we cannot afford to forego the information which it contains; and a portion of it may be reprinted, as given by its first editor. The sheet has been, unfortunately, separated from the manuscript of which it was originally a part, and its present location is unknown.

He will set out in the fly on Monday morning, and reach Glasgow by noon. Put up at Graham's, and ask for the horses bespoke by Mr. Boswell. Take tickets for the Friday's fly. Eat some cold victuals. Set out for Kingswell, to which you have good road; arrived there, get a guide to put you through the muir to Loudoun; from thence Thomas knows the road to Auchinleck, where the worthy overseer, Mr. James Bruce, will receive you. Be easy with him, and you will like him much; expect but moderate entertainment, as the family is not at home.

Tuesday. — See the house; look at the front; choose your room; advise as to pavilions. Have James Bruce to conduct you to the cab-house; to the old castle; to where I am to make the superb grotto; up the river to Broomsholm; the natural bridge; the grotto; the grotto-walk down to the Gothic bridge; anything else he pleases.

Wednesday. — Breakfast at eight; set out at nine; Thomas will bring you to Adamtown a little after eleven. Send up your name; if possible, put up your horses there; they can have cut grass; if not, Thomas will take them to Mountain, a place a mile off, and come back and wait dinner. Give Miss Blair my letter. Salute her and her mother; ask to walk. See the place fully; think what improvements should be made. Talk of my mare, the purse, the chocolate. Tell you are my very old and intimate friend. Praise me for my good qualities — you know them; but talk also how odd, how inconstant, how impetuous, how much accustomed to women of intrigue. Ask gravely, 'Pray don't you imagine there is something of madness in that family?' Talk of my various travels — German princes, Voltaire, and Rousseau. Talk of my father; my strong desire to have my own house. Observe her well. See how amiable! Judge if she would be happy with your friend. Think of me as the 'great man' at Adamtown — quite classical, too! Study the mother. Remember well what passes. Stay tea. At six, order horses, and go to New Mills, two miles from Loudoun; but if they press you to stay all night, do it. Be a man of as much ease as possible. Consider what a romantic expedition you are on. Take notes; perhaps you now fix me for life.

Whether the young clergyman took notes enough to satisfy the future biographer, and whether he showed a subtle skill in uniting an indulgent account of Boswell's inconstancy and impetuosity with a eulogy of his good qualities, I very much doubt. The rôle of ambassador in affairs of the heart has ever been fraught with peril; moreover, Temple was a somewhat stiff and solemn young man, with a personal — and professional — disapproval of Boswell's propensity to intrigue. *He* was neither odd nor vivacious; and though he loved his friend for his eccentric charm, it may be doubted whether he quite succeeded in communicating it.

One incident of Temple's visit was peculiarly alarming. At Adamtown he met a merchant named Fullarton, recently returned from the East Indies, — the whole episode reads like a chapter out of *Roderick Random*, — who is thereafter called 'the Nabob.' His presence there dismayed Boswell, and caused him to cry out, 'The mare, the

purse, the chocolate, where are they now? . . . I am certainly not deeply in love,' he added, 'for I am entertained with this dilemma like another chapter in my adventures, though I own to you that I have a more serious attachment to her than I ever had to anybody; for "here every flower is united."'

Boswell had, in truth, got himself into the emotional rapids. The speed at which he was traveling was thrilling, and the constant change of scene and mood afforded him infinite entertainment; but the point toward which he was plunging he could not clearly foresee. To begin with the least of his difficulties, he was still in correspondence with both Zélide and the Italian Signora. The former let him know that she talked of him without either resentment or attachment; the latter wrote 'with all the warmth of Italian affection.' Kate Blair was better suited to him and to Auchinleck, to be sure; but the vivacious Dutchwoman and the passionate Italian offered a life of novelty and excitement. One of the Signora's letters, indeed, moved him to tears. And so he fluttered, in thought, from flower to flower, and tasted the sweets of each; but he returned ever and anon to the heiress.

His was an embarrassment of riches. We are dealing now with the most dissipated period in a life which was never conspicuous for self-restraint. It may be questioned whether it is right to bring to bear against a man the information that is privately conveyed in a letter to his most intimate friend; or whether, even after the lapse of a century and a half, a writer is justified in setting down in cold print the facts that he has read in documents that ought never to have been preserved. The public is harsh, and the critics are harsher, if not actually hypocritical, in dealing with erring mortals who are no longer here to defend themselves or to destroy the evidence against them. 'The important thing,' it has been said, 'is not to get caught'; and the adage is as true of the mighty dead as it is of the living. And yet the man who has chanced upon new facts in the biography of a great writer may perhaps be pardoned for giving them to the world; for unless he actually destroys the evidence which he has found (which of course he has no manner of right to do), he must reckon with the certainty that some later investigator will turn it up and put it into print. The scholar is not responsible for the original recording of the facts; he merely reports what he has found; it is not his office to apportion a great man's meed of praise or infamy. Such a practice has at least the approval of Johnson. When, years later, Boswell proposed to print the autobiography of Sir Robert Sibbald, which he thought 'the most natural and candid account of himself that ever was given by any man,' Mrs. Thrale objected, and gave the usual reason: 'To discover such weakness exposes a man when he is gone.' 'Nay,' said Johnson, 'it is an honest picture of human nature.'

The fact, then, is that Boswell had sought out the company of other 'charmers,' notably that of a brunette, whom he habitually describes as his 'black friend,' and who was known to his friends as 'the Moffat woman,' because he had met her at the town of that name. Her real name is, fortunately, unknown to us. Temple was eager to get his friend married off, in order to rescue him from this artful female.

> I startle [Boswell said to Temple] when you talk of *keeping another man's wife*. Yet that was literally my scheme, though my imagination represented it just as being fond of a pretty, lively, black little lady, who, to oblige me, staid in Edinburgh, and I very genteely paid her expenses. You will see by my letter to her that I shall have a house and a servant-maid upon my hands,

Nevertheless, he could not break the disgraceful bond. Perhaps he had neither the will nor the inclination to do so; in any case, he could not at the moment, for the woman was about to bear him a child. In December she gave birth to a daughter, who was named Sally. Boswell makes one reference to her, in a letter to Temple, and then is silent forever. Of Sally we hear no more.

All this happened in the midst of the negotiations for the hand of the Princess Kate. One can but wonder whether the heiress heard any rumor of the irregularity of her lover's life at the moment when his devotion to her was supposed to be all-absorbing. It is certain that she did hear gossip of another kind. Boswell had been rash in talking about his 'Princess' and her 'wary mother,' and had even spoken of their wish to make a good thing out of any future alliance. This he referred to metaphorically (and indiscreetly) as their system of *salmon-fishing*. Gossip came to the ears of Mrs. Blair, and the Princess, not unnaturally, left Boswell's letters unanswered.

Boswell, too, heard gossip. Miss Blair was, a friend told him, a well-known jilt. Yet the situation never became so strained as to result in a quarrel. The ladies were, indeed, 'wary.' Why should they not be so? James was decidedly a good catch, a clever and entertaining young fellow enough, if only, to use his own words, he could restrain his flightiness. It was not necessary, the ladies thought, to break with him; but only to administer a snub. He was allowed to think that the Nabob was winning the day. New rivals appeared. Boswell fretted and fussed. He wrote more letters. At last a temporizing reply was sent by the Princess. Her calmness brought him once more to a state of subjection, in which he was convinced that he was at last genuinely in love.

Then, suddenly, Miss Blair burst like a star on Edinburgh, the guest of Lord Kames, the intimate friend and companion of her cousin, Jenny Maxwell, the young Duchess of Gordon. Boswell flew to her at once. She was capricious. At first, she seemed glad to see him there. Again, she was distant and reserved. Probably the duchess had opinions of the suitor which were not within influence. Yet the two were together often. Boswell accompanied the young ladies to the theatre to witness a performance of *Othello*, and in the jealous Moor he saw the very likeness of himself. How many a lover has been emboldened by the mimic scene! At this moment he put his arm about her waist, and fancied that she leaned toward him. He watched her tears, and often spoke to her of the torment that they saw before them. Still he thought her distant.

At last the young duchess went away from Edinburgh, and Boswell was glad of it. He went again to his Princess. The story of his interview is as vivid as anything in the *Life of Johnson*.

I found her alone, and she did not seem distant. I told her that I was most sincerely in love with her, and that I only dreaded those faults which I had acknowledged to her. I asked her seriously if she now believed me in earnest. She said she did. I then asked her to be candid and fair as I had been with her, and to tell me if she had any particular liking for me. What think you, Temple, was her answer? '*No;* I really,' said she, 'have no particular liking for you; I like many people as well as you.' (Temple, you must have it in the genuine dialogue.)

Boswell. — Do you indeed? Well, I cannot help it. I am obliged to you for telling me so in time. I am sorry for it.

Princess. — I like Jeany Maxwell (Duchess of Gordon) better than you.

B. — Very well. But do you like no man better than me?

P. — No.

B. — Is it possible that you may like me better than other men?

P. — I don't know what is possible.

(By this time I had risen and placed myself by her, and was in real agitation.)

B. — I'll tell you what, my dear Miss Blair, I love you so much that I am very unhappy. If you cannot love me, I must, if possible, endeavour to forget you. What would you have me do?

P. — I really don't know what you should do.

B. — It is certainly possible that you *may* love me, and if you shall ever do so, I shall be the happiest man in the world. Will you make a fair bargain with me? If you should happen to love me, will you own it?

P. — Yes.

B. — And if you should happen to love another, will you tell me immediately, and help me to make myself easy?

P. — Yes, I will.

B. — Well, you are very good. (Often squeezing and kissing her fine hand, while she looked at me with those beautiful black eyes.)

P. — I may tell you as a cousin what I would not tell to another man.

B. — You may, indeed. You are very fond of Auchinleck — that is one good circumstance.

P. — I confess I am. I wish I liked you as well as I do Auchinleck.

B. — I have told you how fond I am of you. But unless you like me sincerely, I have too much spirit to ask you to live with me, as I know that you do not like me. If I could have you this moment for my wife, I would not.

P. — I should not like to put myself in your offer, though.

B. — Remember, you are both my cousin and my mistress; you must make me suffer as little as possible. As it may happen that I may engage your affections, I should think myself a most dishonourable man, if I were not now in earnest; and, remember, I depend upon your sincerity; and, whatever happens, you and I shall never have any quarrel.

P. — Never.

B. — And I may come and see you as much as I please?

P. — Yes.

O reader, is not this scene worthy of the great Trollope? More modern in tone than Fielding or Fanny Burney? Do you not hear the very language of the eighteenth century more distinctly than in the words of the Narcissas and Sophias who crowd the pages of its fictions? Somehow, I cannot but like the black-eyed Kate. She was a coquette, of course, — much more of a coquette than Zélide, — but I should think all young ladies would be grateful to her for her retort to our hero: 'I wish I liked you as well as I do Auchinleck.'

Of the art of a man who could thus set down the very words of his courtship in a letter to a friend, not much can be said; for most readers will be thinking rather of the breach of decorum than of the perfection of the art. It would certainly be difficult to discover a passage in any work of fiction which sets forth more vividly the uncertain emotions which surge over a young pair who are discussing the very vital question whether or not they wish to get married. It is all very droll, of course. But then our Boswell was one of the drollest men who ever lived. 'Curious' was his own word for the scene: —

> My worthy friend, what sort of a scene was this? It was most curious. She said she would submit to her husband in most things. She said that to see one loving her would go far to make her love that person; but she could not talk anyhow positively, for she never had felt the uneasy anxiety of love. We were an hour and a half together, and seemed pleased all the time. I think she behaved with spirit and propriety. I admire her more than ever. . . . She has the justest ideas. She said she knew me now. She could laugh me out of my ill-humour. She could give Lord Auchinleck a lesson how to manage me. Temple, what does the girl mean?

What *did* she mean? It was clear only that she was leading him a chase — he knew not whither. The thought

of his rivals dismayed him continually. There was, in particular, a young Member of Parliament, who was also a knight and an officer in the Guards, Sir Alexander Gilmour, said to be worth £1600 a year. What chance was there with such a competitor? Boswell, who realized that it would be 'a noble match,' began to feel that the game was up.

And then, suddenly, who should appear in Edinburgh but the Nabob! He was himself no happy suitor, but had concluded, from his own experiences with Kate, that she intended to take Boswell. This he himself explained to Boswell when they met. For meet they did. James, it would appear, scraped acquaintance with Mr. Fullarton by way of discovering how he stood with the charmer. The Nabob was all friendliness, and together they joked about the situation in which they found themselves. Together they went and called upon Miss Blair. They were surprised to find that, though she behaved exceedingly well, her reserve was more than ordinary. When they left her, they cried aloud with one accord, 'Upon my soul, a fine woman!'

In a burst of friendly admiration, Boswell proposed that they should sup together at the house of one of his numerous cousins, and talk matters over. Perhaps, between them, they could get something accomplished. 'I do believe, Mr. Fullarton,' said Boswell 'you and I are in the same situation here. Is it possible to be upon honour, and generous in an affair of this kind?'

They agreed that it was possible. After supper, they adjourned to a tavern, where we may be certain that they drank the lady's health, and canvassed the situation. Boswell repeated to Fullarton his friend Dempster's opinion that all Miss Blair's connections were in an absolute confederacy to lay hold of every man who had a thousand pounds a year, and repeated his own *mot* about the salmon-fishing. 'You have hit it,' cried the ingenuous Nabob; 'we're all kept in play; but I am positive you are the fish, and Sir Alexander is only a mock salmon to force you to jump more expeditiously at the bait.'

The new allies sat together till two in the morning, by which time they had agreed that both should offer themselves once more to Miss Blair, *privatim et seriatim*. Boswell was to offer first.

In the morning — or, rather, later in the morning — he presented himself once more before the Princess. She received him, and made tea for him. It was well for Boswell that he had come first, for the lady was feeling gracious, though she had apparently decided to put an end to the affair. She begged Mr. Boswell not to be angry, though she must be honest with him.

'What, then,' said Boswell; 'have I no chance?'

'No,' said she.

He asked her to repeat the rejection 'upon her word and upon honour,' and she did so.

> She would not tell me [he adds] whether she was engaged to the knight. She said she would not satisfy an idle curiosity. But I own I had no doubt of it. What amazed me was that she and I were as easy and as good friends as ever. I told her I have great animal spirits, and bear it wonderfully well. But this is really hard. I am thrown upon the wide world again. I don't know what will become of me.

It was, I have said, well for Boswell that he had gone first to try his fortune. The other victim got short shrift. Alas, poor Nabob! With his appearance on the scene a light must have dawned upon Miss Blair. Despite the 'serious and submissive manner' in which the Nabob came, she had grown suspicious; for, as he confided to Boswell, she would give him no satisfaction, and treated him with a degree of coldness that overpowered him quite.

II

Well, our Boswell was destined to learn the true nature of a coquette. Zélide had never treated him like this. Perhaps, after all, he had made a mistake. Meanwhile, his mind was diverted by a visit to London, where he was delighted to find that he was at last, in truth, 'a great man.' His *Account of Corsica* had appeared, and had brought him no small amount of fame. He now had his reward for his audacity in visiting the island. A crisis in the fortunes of Paoli and the Corsicans was rapidly approaching; the future of Corsica was becoming a matter of international significance and public interest. Boswell's book was bought and read. Among other readers was Zélide. She wrote Boswell about the reception of the book in Holland, told him that two Dutch translations were under way, and proposed herself to render the book into French.

Boswell was delighted. Zélide was a woman worth knowing! Correspondence with her flourished once more. 'Upon my soul, Temple, I must have her!' he wrote in March. 'She is so sensible, so accomplished, and knows me so well, and likes me so much, that I do not see how I can be unhappy with her.' He had persuaded his godfather, Sir John Pringle, who had seen Zélide on the Continent, that she was perfectly adapted to him, and wrote to his father begging permission to go over to Utrecht and propose. He had already broached the matter to Zélide, and she had suggested that they meet without having pledged themselves in any way, and see whether they would dare to risk an engagement — if not, they might still be friends for life. 'My dear friend,' she wrote a little later, 'it is prejudice that has kept you so much at a distance from me. If we meet, I am sure that prejudice will be removed.'

But Temple, being a clergyman and English, disapproved of the foreign woman. 'What would you think of the fine, healthy, amiable Miss Dick, with whom you dined so agreeably?' Boswell asked Temple, parenthetically. And then he sent Zélide's next letter to his father that the Laird might see for himself what a lady she was.

> How do we know but she is an inestimable prize? [he wrote to Temple in April]. Surely it is worth while to go to Holland to see a fair conclusion, one way or other, of what has hovered in my mind for years. I have written to her, and told her all my perplexity. I have put in the plainest light what conduct I absolutely require of her; and what my father will require. I have bid her be my wife at present, and comfort me with a letter in which she shall shew at once her wisdom, her spirit, and her regard for me. You shall see it. I tell you, man, she knows and values me as you do. After reading the enclosed letters, I am sure you will be better disposed towards my charming Zélide.

How arrogant is man! Zélide took offense at last, and sent to Boswell an 'acid epistle,' the flashing wit of which, he complained to Temple, scorched him. She was a lady, brilliant enough, to be sure, but likely to become a termagant at forty — and already she was near thirty. Suddenly a fear attacked him that his father would *consent* to his proposal to go over to Utrecht and woo. But luckily Lord Auchinleck was firm. He would have no Dutchwomen at Auchinleck; and so his son now gladly obeyed his behest to let the woman alone. 'Worthy man!' cried the boy, 'this will be a solace to him upon his circuit.'

> As for Zélide [he wrote to Temple] I have written to her that we are agreed. 'My pride,' say I, 'and your vanity would never agree. It would be like the scene in our burlesque comedy, *The Rehearsal*: "I am the bold thunder," cries one; "the quick lightning I," cries another. *Et voilà notre ménage.*'

But she and I will allways be good correspondents.

This final renunciation occurred in May, 1768, more than four years after the establishment of their intimacy at Utrecht.

How Boswell weathered it out till summer, it is not easy to say; he was now, to use his own words, 'thrown upon the world again.' But a man who unites with an extreme susceptibility a fixed determination to marry cannot be long bereaved. In the course of a visit to his cousins, the Montgomerys of Lainshaw, he met the 'finest creature that ever was formed,' and named her at once *la belle Irlandaise*. She was an Irish cousin of Margaret Montgomery, and so no time need be lost in preliminaries. She had a sweet countenance, full of sensibility, and was 'formed like a Grecian nymph'; her age was sixteen. Her father (who had an estate of £1000 a year and 'above £10,000 in ready money') was an Irish counselor-at-law, and as worthy a man as Boswell had ever met. Father, mother, and aunt were all in Scotland with *la belle Irlandaise*, whose name was Mary Anne. Father, mother, and aunt all approved of James. 'Mr. Boswell,' said the aunt to him, 'I tell you seriously there will be no fear of this succeeding, but from your own inconstancy.' It was arranged that Boswell should visit Ireland in March, and, furthermore, that in the meantime he should correspond — with the father.

The thought of a visit to Ireland added a glow to wooing; the theatre of his adventures was widening once more. The *Account of Corsica* was being printed in Ireland, — a so-called 'third edition,' — and its success had given the father and mother — Boswell seems habitually to have encountered 'wary' parents — an opportunity of flattering the suitor.

But what of Mary Anne? A study of this young lady in her native land does not seem in any way to have diminished her charms. During this period no letters were written to Temple, so that we miss the opportunity to follow every shift in the lover's mood. But the confidences reposed in Sir Alexander Dick are no less frank, though much less voluminous.

'I must not forget *la belle Irlandaise*, who is really as amiable as I told you I thought her. Only figure me dancing a jig (or strathspey) with her to the tune of Carrickfergus, played by an Irish piper.'

This, I regret to say, is the last of Boswell's utterances about the Irish beauty. What it was that cooled the ardor of the young people, we do not know; we must await the discovery of other letters written in the early summer of 1769. Perhaps the parents put an end to the affair. Be this as it may, before the month of June was out, Boswell was engaged to be married to his cousin, Margaret Montgomery, who had accompanied him on the Irish expedition.

Could anything be more unexpected? Hitherto, in Boswell's correspondence, Margaret had been a mere lay figure; not once is she mentioned in connection with love. She was a quiet and admirable person, of whom Boswell's elders must have approved. They must have deemed her an eminently safe person — was she not a cousin? She was not a foreign woman, who would introduce a strange note into the society of Auchinleck; she was not wealthy, but she would do. It was really essential to get James married off. Since his return from the Continent, his life had been growing ever looser. There was need of a steady, feminine hand. Therefore, it would seem, they took care to throw him with Margaret, trusting in the effect of propinquity. Even before the expedition to Ireland, Boswell speaks to Sir

Alexander of Miss Montgomery as sitting by him while he writes. Sir Alexander himself lent his influence to the plans that the family were working out. He told Boswell that he would find his cousin's conversation 'nutritive,' and the word pleased the young man. 'Indeed it is such as nourished me,' he replied, 'and like sweet milk tempers and smooths my agitated mind.'

Mrs. Boswell was one of those kindly, long-suffering women whose lives are a quiet blessing to men; unhonored by the world, but eternally dear to a few who are privileged to be near them. Through a long wedded life, through years in which bitterness must have been her portion, she was a devoted wife to Boswell. He loved her, and after her death never ceased, in his own garrulous fashion, to lament her loss.

But her husband's ways were not her ways. His enthusiasms she could not share. It is to be feared that his restless hero-hunting was to her a source of shame. At the very best, it could have seemed no better to her than the eccentric taste of a man who collects exotic animals as pets. 'She disapproved,' says Boswell, 'of my inviting Mr. M——sh, a man of ability but of violent manners, to make one in a genteel party at our house one evening. "He is," said she, "like fire and water, useful but not to be brought into company."'

Mrs. Boswell was not interested in making social experiments, in mixing different kinds. She would never have seated Samuel Johnson and John Wilkes at the same table. In a word, she never really understood what her husband was about, and never assisted him in developing that very strange variety of genius which Nature had bestowed upon him.

Just at the end of Boswell's Commonplace Book there is a sheet headed, 'Uxoriana.' It is one of the most pathetic pages ever traced by his cheerful pen, for it is his attempt to Boswellize his wife. Its pathos, to my mind, consists in its brevity — there are but four anecdotes set down, and they are dull. There was in the lady nothing to Boswellize. Did he ever, I wonder, in the long dull evenings at Edinburgh and Auchinleck, let his mind wander back to the Utrecht days, and to a young woman who had told him that she did not have the talent to become a subaltern in his life?

From morning to night, I admired the charming Mary Anne. Upon my honour, I never was so much in love. I never was before in a situation to which there was not some objection; *but here ev'ry flower is united*, and not a thorn to be found. But how shall I manage it? They were in a hurry, and are gone home to Ireland. They were sorry they could not come to see Auchinleck, of which they had heard a great deal. Mary Anne wished much to be in the grotto. It is a pity they did not come. This Princely Seat would have had some effect. . . . I was allowed to walk a great deal with Miss. I repeated my fervent passion to her again and again. She was pleased, and I could swear that her little heart beat. I carved the first letter of her name on a tree. I cut off a lock of her hair, *male pertinaci*. She promised not to forget me, nor to marry a lord before March.

Temple was not the only friend who heard of the passion for Miss Mary Anne. The whole story was confided to Sir Alexander and Lady Dick. The latter had reached the cynical conclusion, shared perhaps by the reader, that Boswell was eager to marry money. Of this sordid motive Boswell speaks in a letter to Sir Alexander, a paragraph of which is here printed for the first time. The reader may make what he can of it.

The Irish heiress whom I went to see at Lainshaw turned out to be the finest creature that ever I beheld, a perfect Arcadian shepherdess, not seventeen; so that, instead

of solid plans of fortune-hunting, I thought of nothing but the enchanting reveries of gallantry. It was quite a fairy tale. I know that, if I were to tell this to Lady Dick, she would not believe a word of it, but would maintain that I am disguising, even to myself, my old passion for gold. The truth, however, is that I am in love as much as ever man was, and if I played Carrick-fergus once before, I play it a hundred times now. I was lately at Adamtown, and had a long talk with Heiress Kate by the side of her wood. She told me that the knight Sir Sawney was never to rule her territories. But alas, what could I say to her while my heart was beyond the sea? So much for love!

A very dangerous relapse, however, in favor of the Princess now occurred. Sir Alexander Gilmour (or Sir Sawney, as Boswell had nicknamed him) had made off, and the wary mother, it seems, was not unwilling that James should again be received as a suitor. Once more, therefore, did he walk 'whole hours' with Miss Blair, and once again did he kneel before her. Letters were written in the old manner, designed to melt down Kate's coldness. And then 'came a kind letter from my amiable Aunt Boyd in Ireland, and all the charms of sweet Marianne revived.'

This was in December. In the spring, somewhat later than had originally been intended, the proposed visit to Ireland was made. Boswell had, as a companion, his cousin Margaret Montgomery, the particular friend of Mary Anne; at Margaret's home in Lainshaw, it will be recalled, he had first met *la belle Irlandaise*. It is odd that Boswell should have said so little of this visit. It is not mentioned in the *Life of Johnson*. Indeed, practically nothing has been known hitherto of Boswell's visit to that remarkable island; but the discovery of a letter to Sir Alexander Dick, written from Donaghadee, on May 29, 1769, lights up the whole of this obscure period in Boswell's life.

In Ireland Boswell ran true to form. He was careful to meet the Lord Lieutenant. Why should one cross the Irish Sea and fail to meet the most prominent man in the nation? But how to approach a lord lieutenant? As a friend of Corsica. Nothing more natural. By this device he had obtained an interview with William Pitt, the Prime Minister of England, three years before, when he had called on the great man, dressed in Corsican costume, and pleaded for his foreign friends. He now found the Irish naturally well disposed toward the Corsicans.

> The Lord Lieutenant was remarkably good to me [he writes]. And I assure you I have not met a firmer and keener Corsican. I believe something considerable will be raised in this kingdom for the brave islanders. I am indefatigable in fanning the generous fire. I have lately received a noble, spirited letter from Paoli. This I have shewn to numbers, and it has had an admirable effect.

Boswell liked the country as well as the people. He thought Dublin 'a noble city,' and the life there 'magnificent.' He visited a number of country seats, and saw some rich and well-cultivated land. He planned, before his return, to visit Lough Neach and the Giants' Causeway. He would like, he said, to come back and see a 'great deal more of Hibernia.'

STUDIES IN PATRIOTISM

BY WILLIAM McFEE

I

An author of merited fame, for whose masterpieces the present writer entertains a certain wistful admiration, has published, as an item of literary interest, a formidable list of the works that he consulted in the course of writing one of his most successful tales — a novel dealing with bygone ships and the owners of them; men who sought adventure and worthy aggrandizement in far countries and the islands of the sea. The interest of such a revelation was indisputable, yet one had to decide whether the precedent could be tolerated, bearing in mind the well-known facility with which literary men follow one another, like sheep through a gate. The present writer decided it to be a matter of taste, not to be argued about. A matter, moreover, quite out of his own way, since his books deal with things and persons so colloquial and immediate that the conventional author's study is a strange place to him, and he regards with apprehension a workroom lined with books.

But it gave him an idea. Just as there must inevitably be a fascination in reading the names of books consulted in the building of a work of art, in studying the shores and cradles on which the vessel was raised and which floated away from her as she slid down the ways at her launching, so there must be a certain glamour in the recollection of persons and moods partly responsible for the growth of a tale. I say 'partly,' because it has always seemed to me that men do not rightly understand how a story grows. It is assumed here that a story ought to grow piece by piece, the design well thought out and pondered, every section and drawer and sliding panel a smooth, hand-fitted affair, bearing the trade-finish of a craftsman, rather than that it should be hastily fabricated and glued together and flung on the market, with the varnish sticky and the hinges out of alignment. This is what I understand by the old Latin tag, that 'Art is long.' It does not mean that the artist has a right to be lazy. It implies that there should be a period between the action and the presentation of it. So, to resume, there are persons and moods only partly responsible for the growth of a tale, because those persons and moods have what one may call a merely catalytic action upon the author's mind. Here you have the secret which torments the plain people who want so much to know all about the thing 'as it actually happened.' No one has ever discovered why these folk read novels at all, since the information they crave is so ably purveyed in the daily press.

There are, of course, authors still alive, who honestly believe they are 'drawing from life' in their fictions, unaware that, in so far as they are correct, they diminish the value of their work. They have mistaken their vocation, and should go at once into the photographic business, where such claims are considered, and paid for at the market rate.

Moods and persons, then, whose advent is instrumental in precipitating in the author's mind those soluble and shadowy elements which are the basis of a work of art: the moods and persons pass, and are possibly forgotten; or they may return and evoke yet other moods and persons, shadows of shadows, in whose communion the artist can see the faint beginnings of another tale. A professional analogist might easily depict the business as a species of transcendental procreation; a sort of manure-bed of dead and decomposing memories, out of which proceeds the fantastic fecundity of the imagination.

Something of this stirred in the mind of the present writer some five years ago, as he sat in the Garden of the White Tower at Saloniki, drinking lemonade and meditating, while a casual companion talked amusingly of his adventures in the Ægean. It was necessary to cultivate one's own soul in those days, and to seek spiritual support in the contemplation of eternal principles; for, as a nation, or a corporation of nations, at war, we were apparently in a bad way. Our armies seemed to get nowhere. Our navies were, by a process of attrition, disappearing either beneath the waves or into the fogs of censorship. We were, indeed, in danger of being defeated by our own censors, who, for example, proclaimed our own Macedonian front 'quiet,' while all the time the shattered battalions were being carried past us to the hospital ships in the harbor. We were getting nowhere; and our enemies, as was evident from their insistent and powerful wireless messages, were feeling extremely fit.

Moreover, we had just witnessed an event which pessimists attributed to our own incompetence against an alert enemy. The city had been destroyed by fire. From where we sat, coils of smoke could be seen rising above the ruins, and the earth shook at intervals, as naval parties fired charges beneath perilous masses of still-standing masonry. We were drinking lemonade, because there was no malt liquor or any means of transporting it. The waiter who loitered near us had already endeavored to negotiate the purchase from us of our old garments, such merchandise having suddenly assumed the value and scarcity of bales of oriental purple. With a glint in his Hellenic eye, he had informed us that all the Jews were burned out and were offering great sums for clothing. He was puzzled at our calm reception of this news, not having lived in England, where such functions are tacitly left in Israelitish hands.

The immediate disaster, however, was only a sample of the broad general fact that we were not getting along. We were not rising to the occasion, to use a phrase whose meaning has been obscured by incessant abuse. What preoccupied the present writer, in spite of his companion's amusing remarks, was the grayness of the future. The war was going on, but it seemed more a matter of momentum than of vitality. An observant eye noted that the steam-pressure was dropping, as if the fire had gone out. Patriotism, as it was understood and felt in 1914, seemed to have shot its bolt. Here we were, English, French, Italian, Greeks, Serbs, and Russians, scarcely civil to each other at the Cercle Militaire, living our own lives apart, suspicious, critical, and ill-tempered. In our hasty construction of this huge and complicated war-machine, we had forgotten to put any oil on the countless working parts, and the heat of friction was absorbing all the power. And this was evocative of a still wider sweep of thought. Looking ahead a few years, ignoring whether we won or lost, — since, at the rate we were going, nobody would care at the last, — the question loomed up, what would be our

inspiration in those coming days? In other words, what should we write about?

The man of affairs may conceivably smile at the naïveté of a person who sat looking at a burning city, as Nero fiddled at Rome, in the midst of so huge a conflict, and thought it important what sort of novels would be written in ten years' time. But the man of affairs is reminded that literature is an integer of nationality. It is the gauge that registers for us the form and pressure of the time. One can imagine, for example, that, if that early Continental Congress had been provided, by some miraculous dispensation, with advance copies of Mr. Tarkington's *Turmoil*, E. W. Howe's *Story of a Country Town*, and Hamlin Garland's *Rose of Dutcher's Cooly*, there would have fallen a silence, while judgments were adjusted and short-sighted eyes brought into focus.

At the time, however, when the present writer sat listening to the dull thump of the dynamite charges, and watching the white clouds of brick-dust rising and spreading over the ruins, his interest centred in this question of Patriotism. The scene was a garden behind a collection of buildings devoted to pleasure. Seated about us were officers in all the uniforms of the Allies. Most of them bore on their breasts various ribbons. It was a regular joke in each army to disparage the decorations of the foreigner. The Britisher's amusement at the Croix de Guerre was only surpassed by the Frenchman's dry wit at the expense of the Military Cross. The medals of such folk as Russians and Greeks were too funny for words. The beautiful and romantic names of the Latin-Slavonic orders were the butt of wine-bibbers and sensualists.

This derision was a symptom of the formidable paralysis of soul creeping over us at that now-distant time. We no longer believed in each other's patriotism. And it was while thinking this over, that the present writer suddenly began to pay some sort of attention to his companion. This gentleman had been in action three hundred times, — in the Ægean, with enemy submarines and so forth, — and his activity had culminated in his ship being sent to the bottom by a mine. He was talking about a very mysterious case of a ship losing the rest of a convoy in one of those fogs that beset the mariner in among the Cyclades, or, as we used to call them in the old days, the Grecian Arches. She was a small ship, loaded with stores, owned by a local firm, but requisitioned by the Allies. And her master and mate were Englishmen. No, he did not know them personally. The mystery lay in the fact that this ship had been captured since by our forces in the Black Sea. She was taken into Custenje by a Rumanian gunboat, he had heard. And the skipper, one of those Englishmen, instead of asking to be returned to his own crowd, had bolted from Custenje and made his way back to Constantinople, where, my informant added, they had news that he was living with a woman. Now, what did I think about that?

Which was precisely what the present writer was unable to say. This question of patriotism had resolved itself so often into a mere case of desire for adventure, that he was weary of making a hasty decision. He had heard an exasperated shipmate say that he would take a master's job from the Germans to-morrow, if they offered him one, he was so sick of waiting for promotion. He had heard a seaman bawl at a naval officer that he, the seaman, had been better treated in a German jail than in a British transport. We had more condottieri than we imagined. He recalled a certain figure who had bulked largely in his early life — a man who had defaulted, and ruined half the

prominent citizens of the town, and then had run away to Constantinople, and become a Bey, or some such person. No, he would not do. He was earmarked for another tale anyhow, and he was too old for an adventure like this. For the tale would begin, of course, before that little ship quitted the convoy in the fog. Men don't bolt away into horrifying mine-fields on the off chance of meeting a foreign woman, to live with her. It was suspected that the woman was a secondary factor in the affair. And yet, admitting the breakdown of morale, the gradual wearing away of patriotism, it was a risky thing to assume that an Englishman would take so long a chance merely for money. But, in certain moods, seamen of any race will take prodigious chances for no particular motive at all; and it was this possibility, together with the mistiness of the outline of the tale, that made it a fascinating problem.

There was another angle. My companion, with his three hundred actions, revealed no feelings of indignation toward this possible traitor. In fact, the picture of romantic experiences evoked by the description of this silent, inarticulate renegade fleeing back to Constantinople, 'to live with a woman,' seemed to rouse in him a certain degree of envy. To him, surfeited with obscure actions, silken dalliance behind green jalousies in Pera or Stamboul appealed strongly. 'Lucky blighter!' were the words he let fall, smiling.

Lucky, and plucky, too, we agreed, since it was obvious that some fortitude and enterprise were implied in the whole adventure. Much loyalty was born of prudence, it had been observed. The more one looked into this question of patriotism, the more complex the fabric of it was seen to be. For instance, how many such, actual or potential, could one find, if a census were taken? Or, given the opportunity, how many of us could stand the strain and nobly reject the subtle lure?

II

So one of us took away with him the germ of a tale, a study in patriotism born of a mood which sought to investigate the roots of a virtue. After the manner of germs, however, it remained invisible, propagating in darkness while time rolled on. The next scene lay off Gibraltar, where a sporting character in a submarine got himself entangled in the very middle of our convoy, and launched his last torpedo at us, and, fortunately for this narrative, missed by a good ten feet.

That, however, was a day's work for a day's pay. The interest concentrated upon Fritzie, one of our own company, a young gentleman of extensive scientific attainments, who had abandoned his post in the engine-room at an inopportune moment. Fritzie, which was the name wished on him by unscientific naval ratings because of his knowledge of German, was the product of advanced university culture, and represented for many of us a new and revised version of patriotism. He it was who translated for us each day the gnarled and cacophonous German wireless — translated it with unconcealed pleasure; for it transpired in conversation that he sincerely held the Germans to be our superiors, and he regarded their triumph as inevitable and desirable. This was an interesting variant of the popular view of the war, and it was extraordinary how tolerant most of us were, and how respectful in the face of a degree from a Northern University. Even the obvious fact that he had scuttled away to sea to avoid conscription was condoned. It was assumed that even a votary of Science would reveal at the appointed time that elusive yet indispensable character which is all most of us have, to confirm our faith in the soul

of man. We had freaks of all kinds in the forces, and our clumsy English charity covered them all so long as they stood the test at the critical moment. This the bachelor of science failed to do. At the signal for more revolutions, and at the sound of gun-fire, he abandoned everything and climbed into the neighborhood of the boats. It will thus be seen that a training in natural science may prove a safeguard against sentimental folly at the most unexpected times. He, too, it may be surmised, had looked ahead into the future, when popular opinion would be against war, and racial animosities so blurred that no one could make them out. A mere temporary embarrassment, caused by the contempt of men who knew nothing of science, was a cheap price to pay for a share in the good time coming. So he passed out of our view, and is probably forgotten by all save the present writer, who found in him yet another reagent to test the radio-active principle of patriotism.

For, in the meantime, the story had grown, had got itself a name; but for lack of a clear perception of that high note upon which we believe a piece of literature should end, it had lain more or less inert. You must get that, or your labor will be drudgery, and all your skill of no avail. This must not be confounded with what is called a 'happy ending,' though the happy ending is a shrill attempt at the high note. What was needed was a view of the main character as the episode closes. One had to take into account the changes in England as well as the changes in the men beyond the seas. To leave him behind those green jalousies in Pera or Stamboul was an attractive but improbable suggestion. He was not the sort of man whom the author of *Désenchantée* describes. To bring him home to England was just as embarrassing; for what kind of England would it be? To end him in a fight would be simply a cheap evasion. So the inventor of a tale dealing with patriotism left the thing in abeyance, while he went on with another tale, for he had learned the folly of proceeding too fast in a fog, so to speak.

And in the meantime the war got itself to a conclusion on what may be called a high note. How high that note was, we seem to have forgotten for the moment! And, coincidently with that event, the present writer appeared once more in London, one of an orderly swarm of men seeking demobilization. Though they did not know it, they were getting something else besides demobilization. They were getting a glimpse into a new and perplexing England. They had been away, in Egypt and Syria and Macedonia, in Persia and India and East Africa, and the England whose image they had treasured in their hearts through those hot and dusty years was gone. Old fidelities, old bonds, old social orders had disappeared; a new generation, who had been at school when the war began, was in the streets now, and in the offices and factories, and they moved among their elders as easily as among cattle. This was the only England *they* had known; and the present writer was conscious of a vague desire among a few stranded derelicts like himself, to leave the young people undisturbed in their enjoyment.

He found this feeling less vague, one day, in a gentleman who came running across a ploughed field in Berkshire, to beg a ride into Basingstoke. He was in naval uniform of warrant rank, with the solidly built body and austere expression of feature, as if he were holding himself in with an effort, that seems to mark most warrant officers. He was welcomed, of course, and the hired car, in which the journey to a vast and lonely hospital had been made, proceeded toward the town.

The present writer has found that

the shortest way to obtain information from a stranger is to talk about one's self. What one says about one's self is often fanciful and sometimes fictitious; but the trick works none the less easily for that. The stranger, on the other hand, has no object save in pouring forth the truth in all sincerity. With most of us it is a master-passion to be right, and to have the approbation of men. As you may discover in the smoking-room at sea, or in the smoking-car ashore.

In this particular instance, however, as we bumped and swung along that bleak and wind-swept road into Basingstoke, very little trickery was required. He saw a uniform he knew, and he was beholden to the present writer for a convenient lift into town. It poured out of him. He was in the grip of a concentrated emotion, yet he had not lost his wits. His wits were all about him: in his indignant eyes, in the depressed corners of his scornful mouth, in the turned-out thumbs of his hairy and capable hands, in the set of his alert and bulging haunches. And when we had reached the station, and entrained for London, whither it seemed he was bound, and when, in the privacy of an otherwise empty compartment, he poured out his tale, one could not be surprised.

For he had experienced what some might call the Ultimate Disillusion. After three years on active service, during which time he had sent his savings home to his wife, he arrived in England to find her gone. Gone away with a stranger, to America, as far as he was able to make out. She had sold the furniture and told the neighbors she was going to join her husband in London, and settle there. What did I think of that? No letters for six months, and him getting anxious, of course; but he 'd been moving about so much, between Dar-es-Salaam, Suez, Constantinople, and Bizerta, that nobody on his ship had had any mail for ever so long. And that was that. He'd just been down to see his old mother; but she was n't so old for that matter, and here she was married again. There you were again. He'd been down to say good-bye. Because, if I thought he was going to stay in England — Go after her? What for? No! If I wanted to know, he had a very good thing in view. A friend of his had spoken to him about it the other day in London, and he'd put it off because he wanted to stay a bit in the old country. Now he wanted to get out of the old country as soon as he could. And never set eyes on it again. He breathed heavily and looked out at the quiet English fields with dull anger. Now, well, he would take that billet. He had his bonus and a couple of months' pay, and a bit o' prize money. Say four hundred pound. Enough and to spare. There were no expenses out where he was going. A friend of his was going harbor-master in a little place in the West Indies, and he had been asked to bring out a man to look after the oil-tanks. It was the very thing. A couple of hundred dollars a month, free quarters, and three months' leave after two years. And no white women for miles. He was finished, fed up, through. He'd take it!

And there was very little animus against the woman, either. His quarrel was with the whole business whereby he had been made an outcast in the new England. He made fragmentary remarks concerning the working-classes, who, he said, had 'been making big money' during the time of the war, and who were now behaving like cantankerous children.

Two young women entered the train and began to smoke; and he stared up at a photograph of Windsor Castle, which was fastened under the baggage-rack, as if his emotions were rending

him beyond endurance. Well, it would n't be for long. Not for long.

That night, as we walked down Sloan Street toward the river, and turned westward along Cheyne Walk, he afforded yet deeper glimpses into his disturbed mentality. He drew, in short, broad strokes, the place as he figured it, in that West Indian station. And no allusion to the loneliness or the heat, to the exacerbating proximity to a debased population under an alien flag, could diminish his dream of what one could reasonably call a better world. He had faith in something, though he had lost his faith in the principles of his life. As we moved along under the long line of golden globes, and saw the broad stream in flood under the dark barriers of the bridges, and as we came abreast of patrician windows, where the old order moved on as if we in the street had never existed, he who had been preserving that old order with his body looked up, and his bold unflinching eye defied them to defeat him.

He had no suspicion, walking thus with a casual acquaintance toward his lodging off the King's Road, of his extraordinary value as a character in a novel. He knew nothing of novels, he said, and merely remembered a man who lost his memory by reading too many. So he could never realize how much of a caricature he himself was, and how he would have to be diluted and modified and strained before he could appear with propriety in a novel. He became monstrous in the intensity of his preoccupation with his own destiny. He saw himself — out there. He saw the sun setting behind long lines of purple mountains; the mist swathing the gray-green immensities of the eastern ranges; the jetty reflected in the motionless water; the light flashing from the point in an amber haze; himself walking in the gloom beneath the green domes of the Indian laurels; the gaunt lines of the great oil-tanks on the hillside above the roofs; the glow of his cigar, as he sat in the screened porch and listened to the coon getting the supper; the incandescent eyes of great beetles crawling across the path; the divine peace of the tropic night, as he lay in his hammock and thought of the beneficent years in store. He saw all this. It was implied in an eloquent gesture toward the patrician windows. At Oakley Street he shaded his eyes with his hand and looked toward the glow of a brass cupola over in Battersea, as if he already stood on his verandah and saw the sullen radiance of a cane-fire in the distant valley.

So he, too, passed, having served his purpose in the scheme of art. It was, if he had only known, his apotheosis. Never again will he be so much alive, never again reach so near to authentic reality, as when he stood in the gathering twilight, between the bridges, looking southwesterly, and then turning with his eloquent gesture toward the world he had abandoned. Out there, behind the long roll of white surf, behind the green bluffs where the native fisherman paddles mysteriously in the shadow of the overhanging trees, where there are neither cash-registers nor social registers, he will achieve a certain mystical completeness. But even as he achieves, he will fade. He will become no more than a shadow reaching a little way across the world. And soon that, too, will fade, as fade the shadows of the trees at sunset. He will discover, as time goes on, an unexpected penalty. He will have no adequate proof of his own existence. He will doubt that distant time when he strove with life. And he will not even know that he lives on, in another form, not so glorious perhaps, but more credible; a character showing up sharp and clear some of the perplexing variations of the bygone idiosyncrasy — patriotism.

JACK THE ROBBER

BY A. H. SINGLETON

THE road which leads uphill from a picturesque little country town in one of the midland countries in Ireland would, if followed by many bye-roads and turnings, eventually bring the traveler to Dublin, some sixty miles away. At one time this road was shaded by the overhanging branches of large trees growing in the high hedgerows on either side; but near the town, these trees have been cut down to make room for the laborers' cottages which have lately sprung up around every town or village in Ireland.

On one evening late in October there was rejoicing in one of these cottages. Laurence Smith had for some time been in receipt of his old-age pension, but for some occult reason it had hitherto been denied to his wife. Now, however, it was no longer withheld; and on that eventful Saturday morning Smith had returned from his weekly visit to the post office with ten shillings in his hand; a sum which, to him and his wife, was positive riches. The good news had spread, and the neighbors crowded to their cottage to congratulate them on their good fortune.

'God be wid the good owld times!' said Michael Donovan, an old man who had been sitting smoking in silence and did not appear to take any notice of what was going on.

'Amen,' answered most of those present; and looked at him inquiringly.

'God be wid the good owld times!' he repeated, even more impressively. 'I mind the times when it wud n't be sittin' an' talkin' av nothin' at all, but ivery man 'ud be tellin' stories — rale owld stories worth the listenin' to. They knowed a quare lot av stories in them days, but they 's all forgot now. People does only be talkin' av the neighbors, or maybe th' weather an' th' crops, or th' cows an' pigs (God bless thim), but the rale owld ancient stories is forgot.'

'Do you remimber anny av them, Michael?' asked Mrs. Casey, a lean, eager-looking little woman, a grandmother, and, as she said of herself, 'near qualified for the pinshon.'

'Maybe I do, wan or two av thim, but it 's long since I heerd anny av thim an' me mimory is n't what it were. We 'd be goin' wancest or maybe twicest a week to aich other's houses afther the childher was in bed, makin' "Caileys" we did be callin' thim; an' thin we 'd sit be the fire an' tell thim owld stories. But that was before th' famine year, an' th' bad toimes, an' th' agitation come an us, an' th' counthry 's niver been the same since.'

'An' why wud n't we do it agin?' asked Mrs. Casey excitedly. 'Sure, now, the min cud bring their pipes an' terbacca, an' the women their knittin', an' ivery wan wud take a turrn to tell a story, an' thim as had n't anny story to tell wud n't be let to join the company.'

The idea was hailed with enthusiasm. Laurence Smith proposed that the meetings should take place at his house once a week, 'Herself' being too 'dawny' to lave the house in the cowld evenings; and that the first story should begin at once,

'As it were Mickey who made the first proposial to hould Caileys among ourselves, he has th' right to tell the first story; an' mind ye tell a good wan.'

When the whole party was ready, the youngsters sitting on the ground, looking up with eager expectation into the old man's face, Mickey began impressively, pleased at having so large an audience.

'This is th' owld story of Jack the Robber, which I heerd tell when I was a bit av a gossoon, no bigger nor you, Patsey Holohan.

'There was wance upon a time — an' a very long time ago it was, too — a gentleman that lived in a lonesome part av the country. He was terr'ble rich and had great estates, an' he had a steward who looked afther the farm and the workmen for him. This steward was a dacent quite man, but he had a son called Jack, an' he was the rale young vagabone, always up to some divvlemint or other. He was the terr'blest thief iver ye seen, an' he had his father an' mother's hearts clane broke thryin' to put back the things he'd stale unbeknownst, to save him from gettin' cot.

'Now the Master had a grear wish for Jack, be raison av the quare thricks he did be playin', an' ses he to the steward: "What are you goin' to do wid Jack? Sure, it's at school he has a right to be these times."

'"Well, yer Honor," ses the steward, "there's n' only the wan place to send him, an' that's where he'll larn the only thrade he's fit for."

'"An' what's that?" ses the Masther.

'"It's where he'll larn to be a proper thief that won't get cot; bekase there's nothin' in the wide worrld that ud keep him from thievin', an' he'd ha' been turned out av any other place long ago. I've been makin' inquiries," ses the steward, "an' I heerd tell av a grand thief to send him to; but his terrms is very high. All the same, it would be betther to pay them nor to have him sint out av the counthry."

'Well, the Masther thin tried to pershwade the steward to sind Jack to a reformatory, or some place where he'd be larnt a thrade, but he wud n't listen to rayson. So Jack was sint to the thief, to larn his thrade; an' at th' ind av three years, back he comes wid a letther from the master robber sayin' he was as perfect a thief as he could turn out, an' no fear av him gettin' cot. Well, the steward shows the letther to th' Masther, an' he said to send Jack up to him in th' mornin' an' he'd give him a job that 'ud show was he as good a robber as he said he was. "But, mind this," ses th' Masther, "if he does n't succeed, I'll have him up for thryin' to rob me, an' have him sint away out av the counthry."

'Well, the steward wint home an' tould Jack that he'd have to mind himself, bekase th' Masther was determined to catch him if he could. When he said that, Jack began to laugh, an' ses he, "there is n't a job the Masther can set me that 'll bate me, an' let him not be afeered."

'The next marnin', up goes me brave Jack to the big house, as bowld as brass, an' axes the Masther what was the job he had for him.

'"I think I've a job that'll puzzle ye," ses the Masther. "It is to stale me best hunter out of his sthall to-night an' four min watchin' him. If you do it," ses he, "I'll give you five pounds; but if you get cot, I'll have ye up for thryin' to stale me harse."

'"Och, sure, that's aisy enough," ses Jack. "Never fear but I'll bring you the harse in the marnin', an' do you be ready wid the gould," ses he.

'Wid that Jack goes home to lay his plans, an' the Masther goes to make his plans to catch Jack. The Masther gets four big, strong min that he thinks he

can thrust, an' tells thim they must sit up wid the harse all night, an' an no account to lave him for a minit. Two was to be in the sthall an aich side of the harse, the way that whin wan was thryin' to get a bit av shlape, the three wud be awake watchin' Jack. The harse was to be fastened to the manger wid an iron chain wid a padlock an it, an' the biggest an' strongest av thim was to keep the kay in his pocket; an' if they cot Jack, he'd give aich av them a pound in the marnin'.

'Well, you'd think that wid all that plannin' Jack would n't get a chanst of stalin' the harse, but he made his plans, too. First, he wint to the town an' he bought four bottles av the sthrongest whiskey he could get; an' when it was black night, an' the min quite in the sthable, he tuk a sup out av another bottle that he brought wid him near empty, the way they'd get the shmell an him; an' he goes to the pigstye, which was convaynient to the sthable, where there was a valuable sow, an' a man did be watchin' her ivery night bekase she was goin' to have young wans, an' he was afraid she would ait thim if he was n't there when they was born. But this night he was in the sthable helpin' to mind the harse. Well, Jack crep' into the stye an' lies down beside the sow; an' then he takes another sup av the whiskey, an' puts the empty bottle down beside him; an' he takes his knife out av his pocket an' gives the sow a prod wid it, an' the sow lets a squeal out of her that rouses the min in the sthable.

'"What's wrong wid the sow?" ses the man that minded the pigs. "I'd betther go an' see. Do all av youse keep a good lookout for Jack."

'Wid that he goes to the stye, an' what did he see but Jack lyin' dead dhrunk beside the sow, an' the empty bottle in his hand. So he goes back to the sthable an' tells the others, an' all av thim wint out to look at Jack, an' him snorin' his best; but it was only pertendin' he was, an' he listenin' to ivery worrd they did be sayin'.

'"There's not much fear av him annyhow," says the pig man. "It's the fine laugh we'll have at him when he wakes! But what 'll we do wid him at all? We can't lave him here to be annoyin' the sow."

'So they settled to bring him into the sthable, where they'd have an eye an him, an' give him up to the Masther in the marnin'.

'So they lifted Jack, an' brought him into the sthable, an' put him down in wan av the sthalls beside the harse. As they was carryin' him, the bottles in his pocket kep' rattlin' agin each other, an' the min laughed an' said it would be a grand thrick to play Jack, to drink all his whiskey on him, an' wud n't he be mad in the marnin' to see the fool he made av himself. So they set to work, an' it was n't long before they was all lyin' drunk, an' the bottles empty beside thim.

'Jack waits till it were light, an' he feels in the man's pockets till he gets the kay of the padlock that was on the harse's head-collar, an' the kays of the door an' the yard; an' thin he goes to the harness-room, an' gets the harse's saddle an' bridle, an' away wid him for a ride in the cool av the marnin'.

'Well, the Masther comes out rale airly to see did the min get Jack, an' he finds the sthable door on the latch an' the four min lyin' dead drunk in the straw. An' was n't he in a proper rage! While he was standin' lookin' at thim, he hears the tramp av a harse's feet in the yard, an' there he sees me brave Jack facin' him.

'"Good marnin', sir," ses Jack very polite. "I've brought the harse in afther his marnin's exercise; I did n't think anny av them chaps wud do much good wid him. I'll thrubble ye

for that five-poun' note if ye plaze, as soon as I've rubbed down the harse, an' give him his feed."

'"Well, Jack," ses the Masther, "ye're cliverer even nor I expectid. If ye comes to me when ye've done up the harse, I'll give ye the money an' set ye another job, to see what sort av a hand ye'll make av *it*."

'Well, when Jack went to the Masther an' got the money, he axes what was the next job he had for him.

'"Do you go to the field where the men is ploughin' to-morrow marnin', an' stale the two harses out av the plough, an' four men wid thim," ses the Masther. "If ye does it, I'll give ye another five pound; but if they catches ye, I'll sind ye to jail for thryin' to rob me."

'"All right," ses Jack; "if I goes an at this rate, I'll soon be a rich man."

'The next marnin', before it was light, Jack wint to a place where there was a lot av rabbits, an' he felt in all the holes till he got a nest av young rabbits that was just ready to run about, an' puts them in his pocket. Well, a little before the time that the min would be beginnin' to plough, he goes to the field an' lays down in a clump of furze-bushes an the side av the hill, close to where the plough wud be passin', an' watches a good opporchunity. Well, the plough wint up the hill, an' it wint down the hill, till at last it come to near where Jack was lyin' consaled in the whin bushes; an' just as it were passin', he lets out wan av the little rabbits, but the min did n't take no notice av it. An' the plough goes up the hill, an' down the hill, till it comes agin close beside Jack; an' thin he lets out another little rabbit, an' there was the two av thim playin' about in front av the plough, but still the min did n't pass any remarks. So the next time it come near him, did n't he let out the whole lot, an' there they was close beside the plough, an' not a sign av Jack anywhere.

'Ses wan av the min, "A couple av thim would do me well for my dinner."

'"So they would," ses another; an' wan man slips away afther the rabbits, an' then another chap thinks he'll catch a few for himself; till in the end was n't iv'ry wan av them runnin' afther the rabbits, an' forgettin' all about Jack. An' the little rabbits run down the hill, an' round the carner; an' then me brave Jack slips out av his hide-hole, an' in wan minit he had the traces cut an' was up an the back av wan av the horses an' th' other in his hand, an' away wid him into the yard; an' who should meet him at the gate but the Masther, who was coming out to see did the men catch Jack yet.

'"That job did n't take long, sir," ses Jack. "I'll thrubble ye for that five pound, if convaynient. Ye'll have to set me somethin' harder nor that if ye wants to have me cot," ses Jack, wid a grin an him that driv the Masther mad.

'"Well, I must think av wan," ses the Masther, thryin' to put a good face an it. "Come up in the marnin'," ses he, "an' I'll see what I can contrive, to circumvent ye."

'"All right, sir," ses Jack; "but all the same I'd like well to see the color av the money first," ses he.

'Well, Jack gets the money; an' afther the Masther's breakfast the next marnin', he goes up to the big house to see the job he was to get.

'"I've been thinkin', Jack, an' I've been consultin' wid the Misthress, an' the two av us is agreed that there's no thrustin' them greedy divvles. First they is afther the dhrink, an' next afther young rabbits to ait; so we'll thrust none but ourselves this time. Do you stale the sheet av the bed from undher the Misthress an' meself this night, an' if ye do, there'll be another fiver for

ye, an' if ye is cot, ye knows what 'll happen ye."

'This time Jack was rale bet, an' thought for a long time, till he tuk a notion in his head, an' wint to the town to see what was happenin' there. He met a man who towld him av wan that died in the hospital that marnin', an' was in the dead house till his frinds came to fetch him to get buried.

'"I'll risk it," ses Jack. So he goes to the hospital an' sees the porther, who was a frind av his, an' offers him five pounds for the loan av the dead man, an' ses he'll bring him safe back in the marnin', wid not a ha'porth on him.

'Well, the porther agrees to do it for the five pound, but Jack must be sure to bring him back before his frinds come to fetch him in the marnin'. An' Jack gets the lend av an ass-cart, an' went, as soon as it were dark, to fetch away the body. He gets some owld clothes av his own an' puts thim an the dead man, an' ties a rope undher his arrms, an' thin he climbs up to the top av the big house, an' lets the body down the chimbly av the Masther's room. He listened till he heerd the boots sthrike aginst the grate, an' thin he keeps a tight howlt av the ends av the rope.

'Well, whin the Masther heerd the boots sthrikin' aginst the fender, he ses to the Misthress, "There's Jack; howld an till I get a shot at him. I'll just hit him in the leg," ses he, "an' that 'll stop him makin' aff."

'It were only just beginnin' to get light, an' the Masther could just see the legs av the man in the chimbly, so he aims a shot at thim wid a small little pistol he had consaled undher the piller, an' Jack lets a screech, an' lets go av the rope, an' the dead man tumbles right down the chimbly into the room.

'"What will we do now?" ses the Masther. "I'm afeerd," ses he, "I hurted him worse nor I intinded." So up he gets, an' ses he to the Misthress, "Bedad, he's dead an me; an' if the polis hears av it, it's meself that will be tuk up, an' that 'ud be a poor job for a man like me, an' a magisthrate, to be had up for murdher."

'"I'll tell ye what we'll do," ses the Misthress. "The sarvints is none av thim up yet, an' they shlape in th' other ind av the house. We'll just lift him our two selves an' carry him out an' lay him an th' road, an' not a wan will be the wiser."

'So the Misthress gets out av bed, an' puts a warrm cloak over her; an' the Masther, he puts his coat an' throusers an him, an' they carries the dead man out av the house, an' lays him in the ditch be th' roadside.

'When Jack hears thim both away, what does he do but gets down the chimbly an' has the two sheets aff the bed, an' away wid him to where he lift th' ass-cart wid the dead man's own clothes in it, an' has him back at th' hospital before the porther was found out. If the porther was n't glad to see Jack come back wid the body, who was?

'The Masther an' Misthress was that cold an' frighted, that they niver missed the sheets aff the bed till there comes a knock at the door, an' in walks me brave Jack, wid the sheets done up in a nate parcel undher his arrm.

'The Masther an' Misthress was rale glad to see him, for they did n't want to kill him at all, only to give him a fright, an' maybe a small little shot in th' leg to tache him to mind himself. Well, the Masther ses, "You're too clivver a robber for this counthry, Jack; you're only wastin' yer time here. Ameriky's the place for the likes av you." So he pays Jack's passage out to New York, an' what the ind av him was, not a know do I know.'

THE IRON MAN AND THE MIND

BY ARTHUR POUND

I

MEN go to machines under the same compulsions which have sent them into field and forest, ocean-lane, and battlefield, since ever the world began — their needs and their instincts.

Continuing attempts by the innovating animal, Man, to feed, clothe, and satisfy himself with the least effort, brought forth naturally, and in process, the application of machinery to production, at first haltingly, but latterly with a rush which finds this generation well on its way to as complete automatization as human nature is capable of sustaining. The limiting force resides, not so much in the ability of our most enterprising selectmen to mechanize the planet, as in their seemingly more restricted ability to make the job appear worth while to those who come to grips with machinery in action — the common folk.

Economic Man is an abstraction essential to scientific enquiry, though nowhere found in the flesh, and, where approximated, not pleasant to have as a neighbor. Homo Sapiens is Social Man and Political Man and Religious Man, as well as Economic Man. He loves, mates, breeds, fights for and labors for his wife, his home, his children. And presently he dies, in the hope of an extension of life beyond the grave, and is buried with honor by his kind. In his life he has many governors; among them the state is sovereign and the shop *parvenu*.

This composite mystery enters the shop and takes his place beside the machine, to use a small but definite fraction of his powers in assisting it to produce and distribute goods. Call him Number 3141 if you choose; nevertheless, he differs from Number 3140 and 3142 and all other men living or dead. No one, from this time forward to eternity, ever will be cast in exactly the same mould as he. Labor is more than labor; each labor unit is also an individual, immeasurably dear to himself even in despair.

What the shop precisely wants, it cannot hire. It may want, though never wisely, mere hands and feet and backs; they do not exist detached from lusts, faiths, superstitions. It may want eyes, sensitive fingers, or specialized knowledge; they are not to be divorced from nerves and prejudices. Instead, the labor market presents men and women in infinite variety; but in each is incorporated something, be it little or much, which the shop cannot use. The shop picks and chooses, combs and examines, consults records; nevertheless, the chosen ones carry inside the gates that which may result in an appeal from its regimen to the anarchy of force, or to the authority of the state — the appeal to Demos or to Cæsar.

This mental luggage, largely superfluous from the standpoint of immediate industrial need, may be catalogued for analysis; but the catalogue, however extended, remains a convenient lie, since each element merges with all

the others and affects all the others. With this attainder established, the mental luggage of the man going to the machine may be listed briefly as instincts, emotions, traditions, beliefs, habits of thought and conduct — those qualities of mind and spirit which, in their interplay, not only establish the individuality of their possessor, but also govern his reactions to authority and to the responsibilities involved in home and social relationships.

These primary qualities of the mind have their roots in the dawn of life on this planet: in Creation, if you deny Darwin; in intertidal scum, if you accept Wells. But, whatever their origin, they are the fruits of race-experience through many generations; and under the lash of sex we shall pass them on, perhaps with minor changes, to our successors. Our contribution to the subconscious mind is not likely to be as rich and important as the press-agents of our braggart era declare. Indeed, we may influence the subconscious more than any preceding generation, and yet add but a mite to its store, so ancient is its origin and so vital its accumulations. The subconscious mind may be reckoned the reservoir of human experience; here is the cause of Man's rise to command on the planet; here the rough foundations of his social and political institutions; here the explanation, perhaps never to be unraveled, of his greeds, wars, sins, as well as of his virtues, loyalties, and visions.

Subtract the subconscious from high intelligence — the residue is not Man, with his hates and loves, urges and repressions; but a monstrosity of greed and reason. Subtract it from a person of low intelligence; and the result is a semblance of the bestial. Both asocial: the one, a menace through his efficiency; the other, a menace through his deficiency. Therefore, it is of the subconscious mind that one may say: 'This is the reality of human existence. The truth about human affairs is not to be found altogether in what is written in the bond and certified to in the records. You must consult the instincts; you must go back to the wells of life. Peer into those misty, uncertain depths diligently enough, and you may get some hint, however faint, of the reality of the human spirit in travail or in joy.'

Comes now this heavy-laden, complex Ego to the machine. Pleasant, indeed, for both parties, if the management could separate the workman from such mental luggage as is superfluous inside, and check it at the door, to be reassumed upon return. How simple if the mental man could shuck his cravings as the physical man doffs his coat! Yet, until we know more of the meaning of life, it is perhaps just as well that Man is indivisible, and that the shop must take the useless with the useful, the bitter with the sweet. For it is the unknown and unassayable which gives life its zest, labor its hope, and industry its adventure.

No doubt, those mental traits and prepossessions which we group and label under the convenient title, 'subconscious,' at one time had clearer economic significance than they possess at present. However men compete for their livings, those attributes which make for survival tend to be passed on, while those less utilitarian are eliminated under the stern pressure of necessity. Every piece of subconscious luggage which the modern carries to the machine must at some time have been of conscious value to enough of his ancestors to fix that trait for survival. Else it must have been sunk without trace in the laborious business of keeping alive.

Labor is the price of life. The tree labors in growth; the field-mouse labors in each search for grain. Man differs from other animals in that he is con-

scious of his labors and articulate concerning them. Labor-pain stirs him to thought and expression; but he may be even more distressed by, though less conscious of, his indirect labor-strains. Industrial labor-pain, being easily recognized for what it is, can be alleviated or compensated for inside the shop; labor-strain, on the other hand, less simple of diagnosis, has a way of eluding direct action and spreading out and down, until, massed and complicated, it presents itself, not to the principals in their principal relation, but to society and the state — to the principals, that is, in their more remote relations as neighbors and citizens. Labor-pain, by and large, gives us labor-problems into which the state injects itself only as a last resort; while broad and continued labor-strain begets social and political problems, powerful cross-currents of opinion, which first agitate the homes of the humble, and in due course agitate the parliaments of the world.

With this distinction between labor-pain and labor-strain established, but remembering always that the twain are more easily separated on paper than in the flesh, let us examine the effect of automatic and semi-automatic machinery upon the minds of its attendants, the mill operatives.

Such machines make relatively small demands upon the wits of their companions; the operative's job is more passive, mentally, than active. Once his limited function is learned, once the man knows how to place standardized material in proper, predetermined fashion, he can earn his pay without further mental effort. He must be attentive, dot and carry one exactly so, because the machine is valuable, and failure to move when and as directed may cost his employer more in spoilage than the operative's yearly wage. The man is not driven, so much as paced; his usefulness depends upon his never failing the strident call of the Iron Man. He nurses his charge, feeds it, relieves it of produce, and perhaps makes slight repairs in a jam. But, if the case is serious, he calls a machinist, just as an infant's nurse calls for the physician in emergency.

I watched a man shove metal rings across six inches of space, to a guide from which they were taken automatically through the machine, emerging slotted some seconds later, without more human ado. That was his job from morning until night, his pay depending upon how many slotted rings passed inspection. Eyes concentrated on his little platform, one hand moving thus, the other so, in unending repetition, he missed not one revolution of the wheels, which were grinding out his life even as they ground out the goods. Economically he was part of the machine — an automatic feeder who chanced to be flesh-and-blood-and-mind. Presently, no doubt, he will be relieved of that particular job by a mechanical extension of that particular Iron Man, since the human was doing nothing that could not be done better by metal in motion.

Assembling of interchangeable machined parts proceeds, in efficient plants, with almost equally minute division of function. Your automobile frame, let us say, is hoisted so that it may acquire axles. Then it moves along a conveyer, before gangs of men, each of whom performs thereon a certain specified task for which just so much time is allowed, because the conveyer moves at a fixed rate of speed, and each gang is allotted a space alongside, and moves forward and back in that space as the conveyer works. One attaches the right front-wheel; another the left rear-wheel; a third tightens certain screws with a pneumatic wrench. Let a single human fail in his assignment, and rather than permit that delay to clog

the whole line of cars in process, the lagging unit is pulled out of line to await the next shift. Thus, within an hour from the time a naked frame starts down the assembly line, a shrewd and swiftly moving division of labor has completed thereon a finished motor-car, capable of moving to the loading docks under its own power. Its power-plant has been both painted and dried within the hour. To it have been given a body highly polished, curtains, cushions, tools, and, finally, a tag setting it apart for someone near or far — Doc Kennicott of Gopher Prairie, or the Gaekwar of Baroda.

In that swift progress hundreds of men have worked upon each car, combining into effectiveness the work of other thousands, whose produce is brought up by truck from storerooms and source-factories, and rushed into assigned positions. Each man performs the same task over and over: tightens identical nuts, lifts identical parts off a rack, and applies each one of them precisely to something like its predecessor to the thousandth of an inch. This accurate, monotonous toil goes on swiftly, amid hissing air-valves and paint-streams, roar of drying ovens, clatter of tools, thunder of trucks arriving and departing. As evidence of the organizing faculty in master minds, as a study in unity and synchronized power over divers beings and things, the action is impressive, in totality almost beautiful; but for its individual contributors it leaves something to be desired as an expression of the art of life. Not altogether for this, surely, is Man made.

Some of these operations involve much muscular effort, others little; but, whether little or much, each operative uses the same set of muscles for approximately the same length of time in each repetition of his assigned operation. Roustabouts enjoy far more of the luxury of variety in toil than machine-tenders in automatized factories.

The operating of automatic and semi-automatic machinery evolves evidence tending to show that fatigue, instead of being simply weariness from muscles stretched too much or too often, is rather a pathological condition, due to the poisoning of the system through over-secretion of the endocrinal glands. Whatever the theorizing as to endocrinal glands, it is probably true that there is an excessive outpouring under nervous tension, when effort is prolonged beyond the normal fatigue limit, which outpouring causes pathological fatigue, indicated by preternatural activity. This theory, held by competent investigators, and advanced by them with reservations proper in a matter where exactness is difficult, seems to explain, as well as receive support from, many of the reactions of our industrial operatives to their labors.

In general, machine-production of goods involves less muscular and sensory strain than that put forward under the handicraft system. Fatigue in industrial workers must be ascribed more to monotony in movement and problem than to foot-pounds of energy expended. One may use merely his finger-tips feeding metal discs into a machine, and yet be as weary in the evening as if he had been swinging an axe. The lumberjack's weariness is an all-round fatigue, and he is ready for bed at sundown; while industrial workers seem moved to abnormal activity after working hours.

My fellow citizens, most of whom work in factories where the industrial function is minutely divided, and where machines set the pace, display astonishing energy in after-work pursuits. The married men reëstablish their equilibrium by gardening prodigiously, and tinkering furiously around their homes — a socially satisfactory adjust-

ment. The homeless rush hither and thither by motor when they are flush; or wander aimlessly around the streets when they are broke. Books and quiet conversation are a bit too tame for men who feel that, while they get their living in the shop, they must live their lives outside the shop. This may be explained as Nature's effort to correct a nerve-distortion resulting from the exercise of certain muscles and faculties while all others are held out of use. Glandular secretions, roused by an over-stressed fraction of the anatomy, spread beyond that fraction to stimulate the rest of the man into heightened activity. These men are in a condition parallel to that in which many a business man finds himself after prolonged concentration upon a problem which defies satisfactory solution. He becomes too tired to sleep; works feverishly; and, unless he lets down, breaks down. Either type is apt to seek relief in stimulants, and to crave thrills temporarily blotting out the discontent that overlays their lives.

II

At the root of this discontent lies the difficulty of adjusting human beings to modern industry. Race-inheritance fits us for other, simpler pursuits. For unnumbered generations we white folks have been building up resistance to, and recovering from, the fatigue which follows muscle-labor. Except for the comparatively small fraction of our ancestors who went in for learning, trade, or the handicrafts, the life of the masses, until the Industrial Revolution began in England, about 1765, had been the slow life of soil and water — agriculture, hunting and fishing, with occasional relapses into war; occupations requiring intense physical exertion through short periods, and allowing frequent let-ups. Until so recently Man worked by the sun and the seasons instead of by the calendar and the clock. Even the villein ploughing his lord's glebe could stop for a chat with his neighbor passing on the highway. Thrills a-plenty filled common lives; there were the touch-and-go of the chase, rustic ceremonies at seedtime and harvest, a chance to look in through the servant's door upon the festivities of the manor house; and always a close, if servile, relation with his boss. Bond the villein was, but his bond held both ways — upon master no less than upon man. The worker at least had the blessing of security in his job, now so uncertain: he could not be fired, even as he could not hire himself away.

That simple existence seems to be the kind of life for which the common man is constituted. Physically, he goes his best gait for a hundred yards, fells his third tree more accurately than he fells his thirtieth, ploughs his straightest furrow toward the rising sun. He needs a measure of monotony in toil; shifting at quick-step from this job to that bothers him: but the work which gives him most satisfaction, and which, all things considered, he does best, is that furnishing variety in detail with sameness in essentials. Were every tree placed exactly like every other tree, to be felled from a like stance in the one direction, with no nice problem of adjustment presenting itself to the common sense and skill of the axe-man, then our lumberjack would return to his shack, not only more fatigued in body than usual, but infinitely more weary in his mind. If a high-grade carpenter faced the prospect of building identical houses all the rest of his life, with never a chance to revel in a bit of improvisation, would he relish that prospect? Hardly. What he wants — what every man above the grade of moron craves in toil — is a chance to express his personality within the limits of a specialty in which he knows him-

self proficient. Even the scavenger is not without his craft-pride. Your carpenter desires no other trade; he would rather build a hen-coop than paint his own dwelling; but inside his trade he wants a bit of leeway to devise ways and means, and a living hope of quiet adventure. Not enough variety to upset him, but enough to stimulate the exercise of his full powers in security — such is the common man's ideal job.

Variety in minors compensates for the major monotony. In the beginning, and for æons thereafter, when Man, in an environment niggardly in food and crowded with dangers, was 'getting set' in build and character, labor — the price of life — must have been a constant succession of adventures. Merely keeping alive involved prowling and stalking, sally, pounce, battle, flight. Power to put all into a single effort determined whether one returned to the home-lair or died miserably on the heath. Little by little, to satisfy accumulating economic wants and social ambitions, Man tied himself down to occupations more prosaic — to agriculture, to the tedious shaping of tools from stone, and the application of manual skill and fire to earth-materials. Ability to withstand monotony then acquired survival value; but there continued that zest for variety inside the frame of monotony, that zest for projecting his unique self upon his environment.

From the projection of these individualities upon matter through toil followed many of the subsequent changes in Man's estate. Simple tools, now standardized, must have measured the individuality of their originators and adapters, just as innovations in modern mechanics publish to a critical world the personal triumphs of those who dare to originate. The more play we allow this instinct for variation, the swifter economic evolution must be; and, conversely, when it has no play, innovation ceases. Civilization, on its material side, has been built little by little, through trial and error rather than design — by the personal energies of the world's artificers and organizers rather than by the plans of its statesmen.

Monotony in labor, then, is the price men pay for living together in order and security — one of the returns that society exacts from the individual in exchange for safety, comfort, and opportunity for advancement within the group. But monotony intensifies labor-strain; and unless the laborer can find release therefrom, through variations of physical and mental effort in the minutiæ of the job, his weariness sits upon him like an incubus. Let him do this thing a little differently from that; let him use what ingenuity he has; and his Ego, somewhat different from all others under the sun, is compensated in a degree for the surrender of his freedom in the larger concerns of group-living, which surrender society demands and enforces through law and custom.

But, lacking this compensation of variety in toil, human nature finds the social order oppressive. This seems to me at least as definite a cause of the present resentment against the established order as those more frequently cited; and the situation is not altogether relieved by reflecting that, as long as the instinct toward variation is repressed by the machines themselves, its consequences will continue in some measure as long as machines are operated, no matter whether they are owned by private persons or by the state.

How long may a person's innovating tendencies be repressed without dulling his mind? Suppose our first-rate carpenter undertook a two-year stint laying identical floors in identical one-story houses. Would he be as good an

all-round craftsman, as good a stair-builder and roof-builder, at the end of his grind? Obviously not. He might grow more deft in what he had to do; but surely he would grow more clumsy in what he has no chance to do. He would emerge from that job less efficient for the all-round work of the community, less sure of himself, less secure in his home and his living, less interesting as a personality and less valuable as a neighbor and citizen. To what extent this decline in the individual might affect his descendants, and through them the race, is an interesting question reserved for future discussion.

This devolution of the individual is what Secretary Hoover notes when he says: 'The vast, repetitive processes are dulling the human mind.' And again: 'We must take account of the tendencies of our present repetitive industries to eliminate the creative instinct in their workers, to narrow their fields of craftsmanship, to discard entirely the contributions that could be had from their minds as well as from their hands. Indeed, if we are to secure the development of our people, we cannot permit the dulling of these sensibilities.'

So far as the great majority of the workers are concerned, modern industry presents this phenomenon — the dulling of the mind — on a scale unequaled in extent, and to a degree unequaled in intensity, by anything on record in history. Slavery of the galley was not more uninspiring, *per se*. Military orders may be more imperious than those of industry; but at least the military life provides change of scene and problem from time to time, some release from routine on pay, much companionship, and occasional thrills — all appealing to the common man because they fit in so neatly with the inherited memories lying at the back of his mind. Industrial efficiency calls for the elimination of many of these boons — for close concentration upon the unvarying task, for suppression of variations in toil, for rigid control of the work-environment, for elimination of distracting excitements, for subordination of personalities, for the reduction of the common man to the status of automaton.

III

Who is this common man? He is the fellow who made up the ranks of the army as examined for the draft — an adult male, with an intelligence by test of from fourteen to sixteen years. He is a dependable being on the average, capable of taking care of himself and his family in ordinary times and not too complicated situations; fairly adaptable; amenable to law and social usages; requiring and accepting leadership in all pursuits calling for special knowledge or quick decision; fundamentally loyal to his country and its institutions; inherently conservative and provincial; shaking down after the first flush of youth into a steady, plodding citizen, more prone to excitement over little things than to thought over fundamentals; strongly sexed, but controlling his sex-calls more or less successfully with the aid of church and state, of which institutions he is ever the pillar and support. Not a complete portrait, but 't will serve!

This is he who, in the main, mans industry; and upon whom modern industry grinds. It grinds less upon those definitely above or below this level. More effective, more adaptable persons, keen in devising, sage in planning, and strong in pushing men and materials into action — these find in industry broad and lucrative outlets for their relatively stronger instincts toward dominance. Men of this sort find capital, invent machines, improve processes, route materials, organize shops,

produce goods in quantity, and sell them to the ends of the earth. No danger of repetitive processes and automatic machinery dulling these high-powered minds; on the contrary, these are as manna to their hungry souls. By reducing room for error in operations, by contracting the play of human fallibility in toil, by increasing man-power, the Iron Man has freed business of important limitations, relieving enterprises of what were once serious difficulties.

But the slack so gained is more apparent than real. Competition, never resting, drives them on ever and ever to more refined machines, better coördination of effort; and presently they find in social unrest, plant obsolescence, high labor-turnover, and lowered morale, that they have merely substituted one sort of executive vexation for another. In the old days of more skill and less machines, the executive problem was to master materials; now the executive problem is to a much greater degree the handling of men.

Neither does the Iron Man get on the nerves of those below the average mentality. He is a consistent friend of the defective. Just as deafness is an advantage in certain industrial occupations, — our shops employ many mutes with satisfaction both ways, — so mental lacks may become assets for certain industrial purposes. Given enough sense to master simple routine occupations, and enough appreciation of duty or fear of relatives to come to the shop regularly, the below-average person can soon be adjusted industrially. And, when adjusted, the moron will be found immune to many of the pricks which irritate the normal man into seeing red, less fretted by monotony, less worn by rhythmic clatter. The less mind one has, the less it resents that invasion of personality which is inseparable from large-scale and mechanized enterprises. I have heard industrial engineers and welfare-workers say that industrial efficiency, as it is working out in our day, puts a premium on mental deficiency.

Men who take more to the machines than do the morons are subjected to a rigid selective process by the Iron Man. The law of 'use or lose' begins its inexorable operation upon their minds as well as upon their muscles and nerves. Just as muscle or nerve, unused, refuses to yield its utility without a struggle, causing its possessor pain and inconvenience, so those mental qualities unused in toil continue to struggle for existence to the limit of their strength. It is easy to find in any industrial town the shop-sick man — upset, out of sorts, doubtful if he can stick it out. The man is out of harmony with himself; his mind is divided against itself. The weaker the Ego at the start, the shorter the struggle, and the more quickly does the individual become 'shop-broke.' Some refuse to wait so long, and get out, either fired for insubordination, which is more often an attack of 'nerves' than meanness, or going out voluntarily to search for jobs more to their liking. Sometimes they merely shift from one shop to another; every factory town has its disappointed rainbow-chasers, who never stay put, and who never learn that the Iron Man is about the same everywhere. Many, however, drift back to the farm and other less mechanized occupations.

Labor-turnover is heavy; that is where this labor-strain shows in the shop records. The workman and his boss may adjust, in one way or another, disputes on wages and shop-conditions; but of necessity they have difficulty in treating this intangible, indefinite, not always recognized or recognizable, work-neurosis arising from the cleavage between old and new, between the innovation — the Iron Man — and that ancient inheritance of the human —

the mind. So one man goes, and another, and another; their several departures, listed together, become evidence of so many loss-items to the shop. The expense of breaking in a single novice may be small; but multiplied many times, it becomes something to reckon with in quantity, and a definite economic back-lash. Let a key machine be idle even a few hours, and bang goes far more than sixpence!

So the leaders of industry are forced, from strictly economic motives, to consider the psychological aspects of toil. The remedies they apply are of infinite variety — shifting men from one job to another as an antidote for monotony and a cure for maladjustments; more rigid selection in employment, with growing emphasis on the mental as well as physical fitness of the novices for the jobs open; welfare-work in all its phases: housing-developments, grievance committees, shop-councils, employee representation, bonus and profit-sharing plans — all aimed at relieving in one way or another, either directly or by distraction of interest, the nerve-tension under which the average man suffers when he is brought into double harness with the Iron Man.

However, the best friend of both man and master, in this connection, is habit — simple, old-fashioned habit. If one does the same thing over and over, action tends to become automatic. Attention may be trained through use even to the point where the tender of the machine may do his work accurately without undue strain, while his mind busies itself elsewhere. The strain increases, of course, as the work is prolonged; but given reasonable time-limits, there is ground to believe that a man thoroughly shop-broken and well adjusted to his job may get a good deal of pleasure from this autistic thinking while at work. But autistic thinking may be painful as well as pleasurable. The day-dreaming of a well-balanced, not too highly organized mind, at peace with itself and with the world, is one thing; the fretting of a mind under worry or injustice is quite another. If we conceive habit to be a barrier behind which the mind may shelter itself against fatigue, then we may say that the assaulting force must succeed if the work-period be stretched unduly; and, moreover, that it will carry the habit-barrier much sooner than that, if the mental forces behind the barrier are discordant and undisciplined. Consequently, the constructive effort to harmonize automatic machinery and mental health must take a threefold path: first, to select individuals carefully for given jobs; second, to adjust both pace and hours to the individual's powers of resisting fatigue; and, third, to hasten such changes in the shop, home, and community as will tend to content the common man with his lot, reduce his worry and envy, and increase his delight in life.

At the automatic machine a man must stew, mentally, in his own juice; in so far as he thinks at all, his thought must range away from his task. If he fears dismissal, if he thinks of himself as bested by unknown forces or cheated by individuals, if he finds himself and his home the playthings of tragedy or the butts of injustice, then his autistic thought is bound to be subversive. One sort of man becomes melancholy; another rages against things as they are. On the other hand, he whose life is even and sustained by faith, he whose memories and prospects are alike pleasurable, has time inside the task to plan his holiday, turn over again the delights of last week, and settle the small but inspiring problems of his home and garden.

To put the machine operative into this frame of mind, where he is insulated more or less against the early com-

ing and more devastating inroads of pathological fatigue, must ever be a first concern of industrial society, as well as of the shop which profits by his content. The state must do its bit by seeing that he gets full measure of justice; the community by providing facilities for mental and physical recreation; and the shop by internal adjustments calculated to increase the worker's confidence in the security of his job and his sense of coöperation in the enterprise.

All-important, also, is the cultivation of self-discipline in the individual. Much restlessness arises from envy, lack of disposition to make the best of things until better appears, and failure to train the emotions toward cheerfulness. Mental hygiene in home and school is a positive need for a rising generation destined so largely to associate with machines and coöperate in large-scale enterprises. How the emotions may be schooled is set forth briefly in Dr. C. B. Burr's trenchant book, *Practical Psychology and Psychiatry*, now in its fifth edition — and a mine of wisdom. 'The relation of emotion in the abstract to muscular expression is profitable for study,' says Dr. Burr, 'not only because of its psychological interest, but because of its practical bearing upon human conduct. Clench the fist and shut the teeth firmly, and there immediately arises in consciousness a sense of resentment, of pugnacity. Draw down the corners of the mouth, and the emotional tone takes on a shade of depression. This has an important relation to mental development. To cultivate the muscular play that accompanies pleasurable states [of feeling] must inevitably affect the disposition of the individual in a favorable manner.' Thus he who does the necessary with a show of willingness finds, before the task is done, that he is truly willing its accomplishment.

'Be good and you'll be happy' is a precept of practical religion. 'Make good or you'll be miserable,' is a precept of business which seems to have crowded the older ideal out of public education, and to have jostled it sadly even in the home. An educational system over-emphasizing efficiency must needs wreck itself in time, because there can never be quite enough of the good things of life at hand to satisfy all. A homely philosophy of give-and-take, a gospel of endurance as contrasted with acquisition, the truth that life's best values are spiritual rather than economic — these the school should teach, no less than the home, to young folk who presently shall take their places beside the machines in industrial routine.

Yet such preparation will not be sufficient of itself. As those once more potent ideals of contentment in toil have been pushed aside so strenuously by industrialism, so also they cannot be rehabilitated in any compelling measure until the industrial *status quo* is modified by state, community, and shop in such wise that training for contentment may withstand the attrition of work-relations in adult years. As long as life renegs on promises made to youth that joy, honor, and abundance shall reward toil, sobriety, and loyalty, it is idle to expect any generation of American factory-hands to bear stoically their participation in industry.

However successful these efforts may be, there is likely to remain an unavoidable residuum of labor-strain. This, spread as it is over the mass, filters down upon home and state, generating social problems which, in a democracy, shortly become political. In our average man, the will to survive is more potent than the will to power; security means more to him than opportunity; he is static rather than dynamic; and the state is the highest expression of

his dominant ideal — to live comfortably under conditions in which he can be true to his not-too-demanding nature. To the state, therefore, the man of the masses gives, as clearly as he can, his mandate. First, labor-strain rouses thought, then speech, then writings in the press, then debates in parliament, then — if checkmated all along the line — in mobs and armies. The politician with his ear to the ground serves this function, at least — he gets the case of the plebs before the state. Ensues then a new phase of the old, old duel between the state and the captains, going forward in our day as the State *versus* its legal children, the Corporations, in which the captains, for greater power and profit, group themselves.

One finds in the current phase of this contest small promise that the state, by legal processes, can relieve the common man from the labor-strains incident to automatic production. It may relieve his feelings temporarily, with restrictions that are more noise than substance; he may draw some comfort from seeing the state crack its long whip over the boss; but political coercion has its limits, both economic and constitutional. Regulation toward fair play in industry is right and proper, but may so easily be overdone that the state's most telling contribution to the mental hygiene of industry may be considered that of education — the marshaling of the public schools for the teaching of contentment in toil and culture in leisure.

Because mind must be cured by mind, or stay sick; because human maladjustments yield only to the human touch, the mental phase of the problem of automatization in industry challenges particularly the community and the shop; to them we must look for the chief ameliorating influences which shall permit the common man to withstand, without deterioration of mind, association with the Iron Man. And because the man at the desk moves more swiftly than the folk in the town meeting, the shop may well become the more effective of the two. Once management grasps clearly the situation created by the grinding of the automatic machine upon the mind of the worker, the challenge to proximate service and ultimate interest cannot but inspire the directing intelligences of American industry. Their hegemony, indeed, depends upon their leaping into this breach without delay.

TIME

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES

They see amiss who picture Time as old,
A stooping baldpate with his wrinkled hand
Clutched on a scythe. Not so I understand
My comrade of a lifetime, who has told
This listening heart from childhood manifold
Strange stories of the past as through the land
We ran together, while the glad winds fanned
Back from his forehead locks of youthful gold.

But these my mortal limbs may not much longer
Maintain the ardor of his quickening pace;
I find him ever younger, swifter, stronger,
Singing no more of strifes and splendors gone,
But panting for the goal of his great race,
As the importunate vision sweeps him on.

THE PASSING OF NEW ENGLAND

BY MARGARET BALDWIN

I

The individuality which has always characterized New England is passing. From the days when our forefathers guarded their steps with the flintlock and the prayer-book, to the present generation, there has always been that about New England, vivid and compelling, which has set it apart from every other place. But the day is at hand when this is becoming a thing of the past. It is being fused psychologically with the common stock.

Anyone who has known its rural regions for thirty or forty years, where ways and manners alter slowly, knows how great the change even in that short space of time. Local color has faded. Community customs have vanished. Household methods and arts have disappeared. The strict piety of the elders has relaxed to an easy tolerance. Sunday is a day of pleasure and recreation, rather than of rest or religion; and the social side of life, even in its simplest forms, is far different from that of other days.

These might seem, at first, things of minor importance; but changes which begin at the hearthstones of a people are fundamental. City life is bound to absorb individuality; but when the change reaches beyond, the general and essential difference is complete. That all the world changes, we know; but the significance here is in that which made New England its distinctive self — the ways of life, the type of people, which grew out of its elementalness. But who deals with the elemental now?

Any exception to the rule is of rare occurrence; but once in a while it is to be found — a lone individual, always a woman, left by some untoward fate to live out her life alone, and in whose house and personality are still preserved old customs and aspects. She still clings to old ways of doing things, to something of the old manner of viewing life. When such as these are gone, the last example of earlier New Englandism will have vanished in their going.

Within the year it has been my privilege to spend a little time with one of these uncommon persons, to revive a long-past acquaintance, and get a glimpse of old days and ways in much of their old setting. This is the more unusual for the reason that her house sets on the high road which leads to a populous summer region, little more than five miles away, where the bright and modern life of summer people is in full swing four months of the year. Yet she is as far removed, in spirit and in truth, as if she lived in another world. And indeed she does, in a way; for it takes little stretch of the imagination to feel that one who still makes practical and personal use of a garment sixty-three years old does dwell in a world of her own — lives by the light of a vanished order, a solitary keeper of its creeds and secrets.

It is thirty years since she was first left alone on her farm. A few years later she married, but was soon left a widow. Her only child died at birth. These things make the only touch of romance, however plain, which has ever entered her life, and she is now past sixty years old. During all these years her steps have followed in what she calls the old paths — paths of the field, the pasture, and the wood-lot, through all seasons and all weathers.

She is a farmer, practical and efficient, earning her living and laying by something always for taxes, insurance, sickness, and emergency. Being strong and well and nearly six feet tall, there is little about her farm which she does not lay her own hand to. Her firewood, cut from her own land, she hires someone to saw and split and put under cover each year — an enormous shedful, two or three years' supply ahead; and her ploughing, though done with her own horse and plough, she turns over to another. But planting and harvesting and haying are her own work, and to my questions about it all, her quaint answer was that there were but two or three things about the place which she ever had to have 'a man-person for.'

II

I had come late in the day, and we had had 'tea' — that meal which, in rural New England forty years ago, was

always called 'tea' when there was company, and supper at all other times. I had caught the old word in her speech, when she had pressed upon me a hospitality so real and undeclinable that I could not escape it. When her night chores were done, — her three cows milked, the two calves she was raising fed, pigs and chickens tended, and many doors shut and buttoned, — we sat down in her pleasant kitchen for our first talk in twenty years.

This kitchen was the one touch of the modern in her house — a shining place of varnished floors and woodwork, and a big range in full panoply of wonderful polish and much nickel. It seemed absurd that anyone should presume to think of cooking upon it. There was a veritable tallow candle, in an ancient pewter candlestick on the mantel, beside the ancient little clock; and the chair I sat in was a fine old comb-back Windsor. Against the wall was a one-armed Adam chair, the exclusive property of the cat, and an adorable little ladder-back colonial which still haunts my dreams. My hostess sat in one of those old Boston rockers with the beautifully curved arms. It was plain, however, that the old chairs had been relegated to the kitchen, as the less important part of the house.

But it was the woman herself, revealed in her work, her words, and her ideas, who revisioned a vanished time; though there was also the originality of one who is left much to her own observation and reflection. There was a homely directness, a way of seeing things as they were, which gave soundness to her judgments of the times about her, and convincingness to her simple philosophy.

'You know,' she said, 'country life in these parts used to mean small farms, — with now and then a larger one, — neighbors and children. That is all past. There is nothing of the kind now. There are no farms, because nobody farms. The places are there, but they are mostly turned into summer homes. There are more than twenty houses in this district alone, a distance of two miles and a half, that are closed the year round except for the summer months. It is the same everywhere hereabouts. If there are any remnants of the old families still remaining, they do not get their living on the farm, except in one or two instances. They work, instead, for the summer folks down bay, or run a garage, or paint or carpenter away from home — anything but work the old place.

'But there are n't any remnants to speak of. Four sons grew up on the Cap'n Ezra place below here. Not one of the four left a boy of his own. Deacon Hill had five sons. Among them all they managed to leave five boys, but only three of those have any family at all, and only two or three children at that. It is so right through — the old names are dying out — the old stock disappears.

'Only forty years ago the schoolhouses of every district were always full. There were never less than forty or fifty scholars. I went winter terms till I was past nineteen. Now a town conveyance gathers up all the children in the three districts in this end of the town, and carries them to the Cove schoolhouse; and I am told they have twenty-six this year.

'As for neighbors, I have two, both over seventy. But that is all. Younger people have n't time, and they don't know how. People have changed in their minds just as much as in anything else. Getting around, entertainment, change, seems to be the rule of life. There is not much time to waste just sitting and talking, these days. There is too much going on outside — and outside means anything from ten to twenty-five miles away. It is better, no doubt, but — it is different.

'In my younger days, when the evenings began to lengthen, in the fall of the year, Uncle Silas and Uncle James, with their wives, not to mention a good many other people, always spent two or three evenings a week here. The women knit and visited, and the men discussed vessels and ship timbers; for you know our folks were in that business. They built a good many schooners, first and last, from tight little coasters to good-sized bankers. It was a great day when one of them passed down river and headed out to sea on her maiden trip to the Banks. There were not less than six or eight sailed out of here. But it was always a greater day along in September and October, when news came up the Point that a banker was sighted down bay. Our folks always hitched up and drove down, to make out which one it was. And they knew the minute they got a look. They made a grand picture as they forged along, winged-out, and decks to the water with a big fare.

'Brother John was fourteen the first trip he ever made on one of them. A few years before he died, — he was past seventy then, — we were talking one day of old times, and he told me he had fifty dollars for that run. I asked him what he did with the money. He told me he put it in the bank. "And," he said, "it is there now."'

This brought to mind a forgotten memory, that this old family for generations had been known for two chief characteristics — its dry common sense and its thrift. And I surmised that in this, almost its last representative, the same qualities might still exist.

But thrift, in the days of which she spoke, seemed a much more universal rule. Economic and domestic conditions were conducive to it. There was not only less money, but there was not the merchandise, and not the easy means of reaching it if there had been more.

For instance, the evening knitting of which she had spoken was a necessary feature of every household. All the hose of the family — men, women, and children — were produced at home; and our recent war-time knitting makes it better understood, perhaps, that such production was a business of a good deal of importance. Because, not only were they knitted at home, but the yarn also was produced there. Every farm, little or big, had its flock of sheep. Usually there was a woolen mill within reachable distance, — fifteen or twenty miles away, — and after the fleeces had been washed and dried, and carefully picked to pieces to remove all foreign substances, a familiar sight, any time during the summer, was the great balloon-like bundle of wool, tied in a clean old quilt or sheet, bulging far out of the back of the farm-wagon as it was carried to mill to be carded into rolls. These were spun into yarn at home, and mother's or grandmother's even, monotonous tread in the ell-chamber, and the subdued mournful sound of the spinning wheel, in the early fall days, were characteristic of every New England farmhouse, forty or fifty years ago.

Apropos of the hose, still more foreign to the things of to-day were the shoes very generally worn. To the day of her death, my hostess's mother wore shoes made by the town shoemaker. For church and funerals, she wore them with her best alpaca; with her poplins and calicoes for all other occasions. Of wonderfully good shape, toe and heel, though lacking in finished appearance, there was no convention of country life which precluded their habitual use. Working or dancing, common approval had made them fit.

These shoes were less than two dollars a pair; but there was the surprising difference from these days, that people generally furnished their own material. A tannery, some twenty-five miles away, enabled farmers to send their

calfskins to be tanned for their own private and particular use. 'Dull calf,' fashion elects to call exactly the same material to-day; and we deem ourselves well shod and in irreproachable good taste when we select it. This is not to say that the shoes described were the only ones. Cloth boots were in vogue; and, in sea-going families especially, there was brought home, with their delaines and their cases of wine, a finer footwear.

The difference between the footgear of those days, and that of the expensively shod, silken-hosed people of the present stands, we know, for the improvement and progress of the times, as well as for the decrees of fashion. And we are not disposed to question it. But one ventures to wonder a little, sometimes, albeit secretly and uneasily, — for it takes courage to admit it, — if there is not anywhere a halting-place, a climax, where improvement might tend to soften a little, once more, into the simpler and the plainer — a sort of golden medium of progress. For utility and durability and neatness, in a high degree, if not so much of beauty, obtained in the earlier instance, and these must always be the basis of a best order of things. Such are not always the qualities most in evidence to-day.

There are lessons which have often to be unlearned. The eagerness to discard the old for the new, to accept whatever progress and invention bring forth, has resulted only in making the belated discovery, sometimes, of the real value and merit of the older and the simpler. As, for instance, milady is doing just now, when she seeks hither and yon for the domestic-made rug, and the home-loom blanket, — which she calls 'flannel sheets,' — to enhance the attractiveness and, incidentally, the comfort of her often elaborate and beautiful home. These two things were devised and made for exactly these two purposes in the beginning, but were overlooked by the rising generations, for no better reason perhaps, than because they *were* rising.

Of course, touching upon this division of the subject of rugs does not remotely relate them to the valuable rugs, the semi-precious, to borrow the jeweler's phrase — our orientals, for instance. They are apart — things of high art, with their mystery and charm and imperishable texture which seems to gather into itself all the beauty and all the civilization of the people that produced it. The subject of our attention is only the plain art of a plain people. Nevertheless, there is something about them that attracts and endures, that holds its own, in fitness and desirability, even after the lapse of forty or fifty years of change and competition. Already there is a certain famous little town in New England where the industry of the old-time rug has been revived by far-seeing enthusiasts, and is flourishing apace. Is it a degree of reaction against extravagance, or is it a coming back to a better appreciation of that basis before cited, — simplicity, serviceableness, moderation, — and that peculiar interest which attaches to wayside records of human steps in art or beauty?

III

As we came in through the long shed on our way from the barns, three big brass kettles, of different sizes, upturned on a bench, held my eye. They had been, as I rightly guessed, the dye-kettles of the family for a hundred years. And I found they were still in use.

Now, dyeing has been among the finer arts of the world ever since before the days, when Tyre, sitting 'in the midst of the seas,' fished for the molluscs with which she dyed the crimson and purple robes of all the kings and queens of her known world.

Dyeing in New England used to be the necessary and familiar habit of every thrifty household. All the useful, and many of the handsome, colors were in the list, and among them a blue, so royally and richly beautiful, that it would have impressed Ezekiel himself, who wrote in exile of his memories of Tyre, 'blue and purple from the isles of Elishah was that which covered thee,' and of her 'blue clothes . . . and chests of rich apparel.'

New England's blue has been authoritatively declared one of the most indestructible and beautiful blues in the world. This, and all the soft browns and modes, dull greens, and rusty yellows and rose — my hostess knew the secret of them all. She had never descended to the quick and easy method of the cheap commercial dyes, whose possibilities of glaring crudeness and lack of fastness have wrought such havoc in the realm of color for the last several decades, both at home and in foreign lands.

Also, and equally to the point, she had never given up her little flock of sheep. 'Only six, to be sure,' she said, 'but six more than there are in this half of the town, where there used to be hundreds. I cannot keep house without my own hanks of yarn. They keep me in sweaters and mittens, and a good many things that people need in these winters on a farm. I always feel, too, that I am spending an afternoon with mother or grandmother when I spin. It is company.'

I felt my eyes widen. Here was revelation — a heart's solace unto itself, without need of cult or creed. I was dumb in the light of it.

'Besides, I always enjoy my coloring days as much as anything I ever do. They are nice days. There is nothing that gives a fresh look to a room like a fine new piece of color. The old way takes time and a good deal of work, but it is the only way worth while. Once set, sun or rain, wind or weather cannot change them.' And the big soft skeins of yarn she showed me were entirely comparable with that of the best of our fashionable winter 'heatherblooms.' Thus, I perceived, I had the explanation of the still bright brass kettles.

She rose and, opening a door, took from the inner side a garment. She spread it across our knees and related its history. It was a skirt, long of length, and voluminous, three yards wide at the hem, and still firm and of good substance. It was in a design of stripes running around instead of up and down.

'This,' she explained, 'was made in the fall of '58, woven in the home-loom from wool which had been carded, spun, and dyed here in the house. They seem to have come into fashion from somewhere, for they were called balmorals, which certainly is not a home name.'

The stripes, varying from half an inch to an inch in width, were all separated from each other by a fine white line, which gave brilliancy to each color. There were seven colors in all, many times repeated: a velvety black, rich brown, the gray-blue we now call cadet, dull green, a beautiful tawny yellow, soft wood-drab, and the royal blue. Most of these dyes were made from materials gathered in the woods and fields, — the bark of certain trees, hay-scented fern, herbs and blossoms, — and all of them, including the few necessarily bought at the city drug-store, were of animal or vegetable origin. Skill and knowledge in their use was still a prized and valuable household lore to this woman. She considered it an art well worth knowing.

The garment was, of course, exclusively a winter one, but it has been worn by different members of two generations for many consecutive years. It was

used by its present owner only for special occasions, as she explained. 'Always when I have a long drive in cold weather, I wear it; and when John's boy comes down from New York late in the season, and we go on some long automobile ride.'

It was a thing which a modern girl would have fallen upon with open arms. With quick intuition of its apparent stamp of the foreign and imported, a Russian blouse would have come out of it, bearing every earmark of the exclusive and unattainable, and especially of something Russian. It possessed a peculiarly Eastern look, though its name, balmoral, made it purely Scotch.

We talked far into the twilight of the evening. Her autumn work lay before her — the banking of her house, which meant the cutting and hauling from her wood-lots of numerous loads of thick boughs and small evergreen trees; smoking the hams; the sale of much poultry; gathering the apples, and general harvesting, all of which, with her stout horse, she did herself. There was, besides, all the indoor business which every season entails on a farm, and especially in late summer and autumn. Her well-stored shelves and pantries revealed the old-time excellence of her housekeeping. The hams she smoked under a barrel — a painstaking piece of work which she would have allowed no one to manage but herself.

Beyond all this lay the long winter, with its deep snow, its great storms, and often its bitter cold. Her buildings were not connected, the barns being several rods distant, which meant the shoveling of many paths and facing all weathers in the open; for her stock must be fed and watered and faithfully cared for at all times.

Now all of these activities were work — what seems, to most people, the ceaseless routine of a dull and monotonous life. What was the *motif*, the inner color, the mental outlook, which maintained the unchanging morale — the contentment and courage and peace of mind of all the years? What were her diversions, her relaxations, which, by every law of human experience, must exist?

From my very cautious feeling toward a solution of these things, I perceived the true secret of them all. Pure strength of character, the old traditional New England type, was the key-note of the woman's personality. Force of conditions, the quality of life itself, in the present age, develop most of us with the procession of the times. We are products of modernity. But with this woman, who had escaped the stress and pressure of her day, there had unfolded with the years what was in her ancestrally. The proverbial firmness and repression of her New England forebears were reshadowed in the plainness of her life and the simplicity of herself. Much of her pleasure of life lay in her very work, its daily success and thoroughness.

Her satisfactions were, taking care of herself, earning her money at strictly reasonable gain from a ready patronage, living helpfully and honestly and independently, in her own way. She was never lonely — she was too busy; and a long day of work brought her at its close to her welcome hours of reading and rest. Her diversions and social contacts were of the simplest sort — the Grange meetings, an occasional outing to a fall fair, the commonest of small neighborhood events: birth and death and burial.

And back of it all was that secret of the different life — free, original, elemental; that mystery, that sixth sense of life in the open, which none not having it can possess or understand. For they are born dumb and blind to its lure and its power.

The tall spire of the old church, rising above the splendid elms surrounding it, was in full view of her window, and it came, in its turn, into our conversation. Her comments were illuminating and comprehensive.

'In years past, we always went to church and Sabbath School every Sunday, and to prayer-meeting Friday nights. It is very rarely that a church service is held there now, and it is many years since there were prayer-meetings. They seem to have gone out of style; at least they are not counted as they used to be. But then a good many things have gone by. If there is n't as much religion as there used to be, what there is is more reasonable sometimes. I remember Deacon Hill would never allow his wife to commune with them. From her girlhood, she had belonged to another church, where they were only sprinkled instead of being baptized. She always had to get up after the sermon on Communion Sunday, and take a seat far back in the church. People who were not regular members never could get over it, for she was one of the best Christian women in the world. But the deacon was a stern man. Now-a-days, we don't hear much about such things. People don't do things in the *fear* of the Lord, as they did once.

'I do not know but there is one thing I would have a little different, perhaps. That is our funerals. Now Captain Haskell passed away this summer. They had a quartette come over with the minister from the city. The music was beautiful. The minister read a good deal of Scripture and that poem about the islands. That seemed very suitable to me, for Captain Haskell had sailed the world over, and that made us think of his life. But that was about all. He was a man of importance to us. He was an educated man and he knew the world, but there was no sermon about *him*. I should never have known it was Captain Amos Haskell that was being laid away. It may be better, but it seems to me that, when it is *their* last occasion, it ought to be taken that way.'

The hour of my departure had come. I left her with no least feeling of any smallness of her life, or of old-fashionedness or narrowness, but exactly the reverse — a sense of its largeness. And not only this, but a sense of its beauty and peace. For, as I came out, the beauty of the September night lay before me. Faint sounds came from far away. The mauve dimness of a dry autumn was like a veil on the land; and when the moon came up, it hung like a great pale rose above her gray fields, where crickets sang all the night long.

THE BUYING OF BOOKS

BY CARL S. PATTON

I

I HAVE always felt that it was commendable to buy books. I grew up with a liking for reading my own books, instead of someone else's. This preference I still have. I have my books strictly for use. I turn down the pages. I even tear out a few, if I need them. Books that I really use are much the worse for wear when I get through with them. I always mark them. When I read one of them a second time, which I seldom do, I generally can't remember what I meant by the marks I put in it the first time. But it gives you a feeling of having dug deep into the book, and it intensifies your sense of the ownership of it, to make big black marks down the side of it as you read. So I have always felt that one should buy as many books as possible. They are not like food, of which one should buy only as much as one can consume at the moment. Nor like clothes, of which a wise man will buy as few and as cheap as he can get by with. But of books he should buy all he can.

I am not defending this attitude toward the buying of books. I am merely saying that I have it. This attitude has met at home a larger indulgence than it has been entitled to. But I have grown a little ashamed of it myself, now and then. And in this mood, hesitating to bring home some literary purchase, I have hit upon several devices which I do not mind sharing with any of my readers who may profit thereby.

Sometimes, when I have bought a book that I did not seriously need, and could not afford, and am a little ashamed to go home, I make an inscription in it: 'To my dear wife, upon her birthday; many happy returns.' This works, up to a point, the chief drawback being that it is applicable to only one brief period of the year. So I substitute for it sometimes a formula that can be used in the spring instead of in the fall: 'To my dear husband, from his loving Harriet'; or, 'From Harriet to Carl. Many happy returns.' I recommend these methods, merely suggesting that their success will necessarily depend somewhat upon the tact and skill of the performer — as also upon the temper of the party of the second part.

Sometimes I employ a method with still more indirection in it. I go into Holmes's Second-Hand Bookstore, — and, truly, as his advertisement has it, 'There is no place like Holmes,' — and there I find a half-dozen novels. They are finely bound, and printed in good large type, and constitute a series. The name of the original owner has been scrupulously removed, and they are in fine condition. One of them is Smollett's *Humphrey Clinker*, another is Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*, a third is Charles Reade's *It Is Never Too Late to Mend*. There are six of them, and they can be had for the ridiculous price of $3.35. No man in his right mind would pass up such a bargain. So I buy them. I take them to my study at the church. I carefully distribute them around

among the stock already on hand, so that none but an extremely discerning person would observe that anything had been added. After a few weeks, I take one of them home, and carelessly leave it on the sitting-room table.

'What is this?' says the head-of-the-family, as we sit down before the fire in the evening.

'What is what?' I ask, as if unaware that there is anything.

'This book?' she says.

'Which one?' I ask. 'Oh, that,' I say, looking hard at it as if to recall some old, forgotten circumstance; 'that's something that has been kicking around down at the study for quite a while.'

The six books, being all alike on the outside, can thus be introduced, one after another, into the house, in a period of a few weeks, without commotion of any sort.

Some few books I have, of course, that I have not bought. It pleases me to remember that, when my father died, thirty years ago, he had on his study table John Fiske's *Idea of God* and *Destiny of Man*, and Robertson Smith's *Old Testament in the Jewish Church;* they were new at the time, and they were indicative of the position to which a man who got his theological training before the Civil War had worked himself out. I prize also a book of Scotch poems, called *Scotia's Bards*, not merely because my father used to read aloud out of it, but because I remember when my mother planned to buy it as a birthday present for him, and the local dealer had to send to Chicago for it, and all of us who were in the secret feared it would not arrive in time; but it did. Some such books carry a lot of personal immortality with them.

But I have others that I have not come by so honorably. I have in particular one set of gorgeous books on Norse literature. Now if there is anything I don't know or care anything about it is Norse literature. But these books are all in leather, some red, some blue; they are lettered in gold, and there is glorious gold chasing on the backs and sides.

I was once making a pastoral call on a lady in Columbus, who said, 'What shall I ever do with this set of books? I bought them for my husband and he won't read them. Do you suppose the University Library would like them?' 'Certainly,' I replied; 'a university library can use any book ever written.'

'Well, I wish they had them; and I wish they had them right off, for I want the space in that bookcase for some other books.'

I took advantage of this opening, and said, 'I will take them home, if you want them out of the way; and I 'll call up Professor Taylor and ask him to come over and look at them and see if the Library can use them.'

Now, I knew Joey Taylor well. And I knew that when I called him up he would say, 'Sure; probably very valuable; be over in a day or two and look at them'; and that he would never think of them again. There are no books in my establishment that lend quite such an air of prosperity to it as these dozen or fifteen on Norse literature. But this method of obtaining books cannot be pushed beyond a certain natural limit. And most of my books I have bought.

One book I should like to buy if I could get my hands on it; only in this case I should want the identical, individual book; it is a particular copy of Pope's *Essay on Man*. Somebody must still have that particular book — or has it been ingloriously fed to the flames long ago? How or why I should ever have hit upon Pope's *Essay on Man* is a mystery; but it was the first serious book I read, as a boy. Up to that time I had read chiefly Beadle's 'Dime Novels'; but these I had just abandoned,

because I had grown so familiar with Dick Dead-Eye that I knew what he was going to do before he did it, and so I could not see the use of reading anything more about him. But Pope was different. For some time after I read the *Essay on Man*, I regarded the acquaintance with it as the one infallible sign of an awakened mind. What led me, later, to discard this criterion was the fact that, so far as I could learn, no person among my acquaintances had read it; and I got tired of being the only awakened mind in a town of four thousand people. Some I found, who had heard of it; my father and mother knew it at least by reputation, had perhaps read portions of it, or extracts from it; but in my own generation, even my older brother, who was in college at the time, had not actually read it. I have never read it since those days.

II

But I do not mean to speak at length of particular books. Apropos of nothing in particular, this reminds me of the haphazard way in which I began to buy books when I got out of the Seminary. I had never heard of philosophy, practically, till I went to Andover. In the good old days when I went to college, they did not cast such pearls before swine. But I must know something about philosophy. So I go in for it. No use to start at all unless you do it thoroughly. So I buy a whole set of Herbert Spencer's *Synthetic Philosophy*. All the first winter of my first pastorate I read him, understanding generally some small portion of what he is getting at. I shudder now when I think what sort of fodder I must have given my people on Sundays while I was reading this stuff between times. I have carefully destroyed all the sermons I wrote during that period, lest, coming upon them unexpectedly in my barrel, I should be tempted to do myself bodily harm. But, at any rate, I did read these books. And in the footnotes I observed that Spencer referred to the books of various other writers of philosophy. Those that he mentioned with evident disapproval I eschewed. But those that he mentioned with approval I bought. Then I bought those that these gentlemen mentioned in their footnotes.

There are two difficulties in this method. First, it leads to an ever-widening circle, just as each man has two grandfathers, four great-grandfathers, sixteen great-great grandfathers, and so on. Second, it keeps you going backward, since every new book you buy was written before the one in which you saw it mentioned. It gives you a feeling like riding backward in the train. It took me some time to discover that this was what I was doing; and, indeed, I was so ignorant about this particular topic, that it made no difference whether I went forward or backward.

But I finally abandoned the practice, and wrote to Professor Royce, asking him to tell me what to read. The only difference in the result was that he advised me to begin with Plato and work down, instead of with himself and work back to Plato, as I was doing. Through this period I usually bought so-called 'Introductions' to things — Introductions to Philosophy, Introductions to Sociology, and so on. I did this on the principle that, knowing absolutely nothing about these various subjects, not knowing them even by sight, what I needed was to be introduced to them. I needed, first of all, a mere speaking acquaintance with them. But titles are misleading, and some introductions are unnecessarily formal.

But this is a digression. I go back to the reason why I have bought some of my books. Most of them I have bought because I wanted to read them. Twenty years ago I never bought a new book

until I had read the old one. And in those days I used to feel that I had to read every book clear through. How else could you be sure you got your money out of it? Besides, I never could quite rid myself of the feeling that I had carried over from boyhood, that somewhere, on some particular page, probably 321, — or 463, if it were a larger book, — I should come to what the author really had to say — to his one great secret, which he was to impart to me and which I could find nowhere except in him. I was always more or less conscious that I had not learned anything in particular from him yet; but sometime I should turn the right page, and there it would be! But how could I tell what page it would be? And what was left, under those circumstances, but to read all the pages?

This habit of reading every word, and not buying new books until I had read the old ones clear through, was to be recommended from motives of economy, as it was such a long time before I could justify myself in buying a new batch of books. At last, however, I perceived that I should never become a cultured man in this manner, or acquire a houseful of books, at least not in a lifetime of ordinary length. So I lapsed from this primitive and economical level, and permitted myself to buy a new batch when I could see that sometime I was going to get the old one read clear through.

This change of method has resulted in my having on my shelves an ever-increasing number of books that I have not read. But it is very hard for me to let any of them go, for I have not yet got my money out of them. Nor can I lightly bring myself to sell any books, even though I have read them, or have given up the hope of doing so. I did indeed sell four bushels to the second-hand man just before moving to California; but that was only because I was hard-up. While I lived in Maine, I thought I would try selling some of the books I had read, or had had around a long time without reading. So I made up a box, the contents of which had originally cost me two or three hundred dollars, and sent it to Bartlett in Boston, who gave me twenty-five for it. But in that box — I remember it well — was a copy of Scrivener's *Plain Introduction to the Textual Criticism of the New Testament.* I remember it, not because I had read it, but because it was a big purple book that took the eye on the shelf. And once after that I wanted it; and there was no copy of it, so far as I could find, in town. Especially as I could not see that I had any more money than before, I made up my mind never to repeat that experiment.

But some books I have bought because, while I did not need them, and did not propose to read them at once, I felt that I might need them sometime. Among these are anthologies, collections of poetry, mostly duplicating each other; especially, in recent years, the annual anthologies of magazine verse, and collections of the 'New Poetry.' I say to myself, 'What if I should be writing my sermon some Saturday afternoon, and about five o'clock I should want to quote something from Sara Teasdale? Not that I ever did want to, or that I even know what she has written. But then, I might want to; and how would I feel if I should have to stop at five o'clock on Saturday afternoon and go clear down to Parker's,[1] to buy an anthology with some of the poems of Sara Teasdale in it?' In a world of uncertainties like this, it is well to be prepared for any contingency.

Other books I have bought because I thought that sometime I should get around to read them. I once started in to read F. H. Bradley's *Appearance and Reality,* better described by the nick-

[1] To live in Los Angeles, and to like a book, is to know 'Parker's.' — THE EDITOR.

name given to it — 'The Disappearance of Reality.' In the introduction, the author advises the ordinary reader to read the first three chapters and then skip to the ninth, as the intervening chapters will probably be too technical for him. I ploughed through the three chapters, getting a little more hazy all the time as to what it was about; and then, with great relief, skipped to the ninth. But something must have been contained in those intervening five chapters that was necessary for the elucidation of the subject; for, when I arrived at the ninth, I was in total darkness. This experience showed me that I probably could not read Bradley. Whereupon I went and bought his book on logic. It was as I expected. I could make neither head nor tail of it. But if a man's reach does not exceed his grasp, how will he ever spend his income? as Browning says. So I have this book of Bradley's; and I value it; it is a sign of that good time coming, when I shall be brighter than I am now and can read it. Once in a while I take it down, to see if the time has come yet. No. Not yet. But what is life without a goal?

Books of the English philosopher, Bosanquet, I buy for the same purpose. I remember having in my hand, one day on the street corner, his *Value and Destiny of the Individual*. A lawyer friend of mine came along, looked at the title, and with the despicably concrete mind that some men have, asked, 'Which individual?' 'Search me,' I replied; and the search, to this day, would reveal nothing.

III

Some books I buy, I fear, from curiosity. So I buy a copy of *Who's Who*, to see how many of my friends have got into it. No matter really, but I am curious about it.

Which leads me to say (the subtle connection will appear in a moment) that some books I buy because they minister to my pride. I am not a scholar. But sometimes I have imagined that, if anyone had caught me young enough and encouraged me hard enough, I might have been. This pleasant illusion I keep up by buying certain books. There are the Loeb Classics, for instance — with the Greek text of Plato's dialogues and Sophocles's dramas, and other such light stuff, on one page, and the English on the other. I amuse myself sometimes by trying to make some of the Greek words fit into the English. But that is not what I have these books for. I have them so that somebody may come into my study some day, and pick one of them up, and turning the pages thoughtfully, may say, 'What a whale of a man this Patton is!' I have not realized largely yet on my investment in these books, since nobody has actually done this. But it may happen any time.

And there are some books that I buy because I have looked at them so long in the bookstore, and so many clerks have stood around watching me, and have asked me periodically whether I have been waited on, that I really could n't do anything else. And once in a while I buy a book because Mr. Parker advises me to. And what a book one will occasionally get in this disinterested way! There is the *Amenities of Book-Collecting*, by A. Edward Newton. It is the kind of book you bring home of a winter evening, when you ought to be writing your sermon, or making out a list of calls for to-morrow. But you sit down with it, before the gas-grate in your study. At ten o'clock your wife comes in and asks if you are not going to bed. You reply that you are, at once. At eleven o'clock you rise to go, but reflect that in a few minutes more your wife will be more sound asleep and will not know how you have kept your promise. Sinking back into your chair,

you read on; when you look at your watch again, you are surprised to find that it is twelve o'clock. You reach over and turn out the gas, taking off your shoes meanwhile, so that your simian tread through the hall will be the more absolutely silent, and the first thing you know the clock downstairs has struck one, and you wonder why your feet have got so cold.

And, finally, on this matter I have to confess that there are some books on my shelves which I cannot see any reason for having bought, except that I did n't have any more sense at the time.

If I may add a word or two here that do not really seem to 'belong,' I should like to say: —

'Editions' I never buy. I don't really know one from another. The only thing that interests me about a book is the inside. When I see a book that has cost a thousand dollars, as I occasionally have seen one, what I think is, how many hundred books of my kind — books that are n't really good for anything except to read — that would buy.

One day I was in the study of a ministerial friend of mine, and looked at one or two of his books, and remarked that I was acquainted with them. 'Yes,' said he, 'the average preacher's library is about the same the country over.' I was surprised to hear him say it, and did not believe that he was correct about it. I believed that each individual would develop idiosyncrasies of his own in the buying of his books. To test this out, I once made a list of twenty books in my library, and read it to twenty ministers, with the offer to buy a dinner for any man who had one of them. I lost two dinners on the proposition to one man, who confessed that both the books he owned out of this list had been given to him.

Here is the list; I might easily have made it harder. *The Migration of Fish*, by Meek; *The Prisoner at the Bar*, by Train; *Forty Years of It*, by Brand Whitlock; *Father and Son*, by Edmund Gosse; *Value and Destiny of the Individual*, by Bosanquet; Bradley's *Principles of Logic; Some Aspects of the Religious Life of New England*, by George Leon Walker; *Beginnings of Animal Husbandry*, by C. S. Plumb; Dewhurst's *Dwellers in Tents;* Ward's *Principles of Psychology;* Montefiore's *Commentary on the Synoptic Gospels;* Bosanquet's *Logic;* Graves's *Peter Ramus;* Lodge's *The Ether of Space; The Revival of Religion in England in the 18th Century*, by Simons; Havelock Ellis's *Studies in the Psychology of Sex;* Karl Pearson's *The Grammar of Science; A Short History of Science*, by Sidgwick and Tyler; *The Scientific Method in Philosophy*, by Bertrand Russell; *The Life of Samuel Wilberforce*. I believe that the library of any man who has had the habit of buying books will show a similar divergence from the beaten path.

I seldom get around to read a book a second time, though that is partly what I buy them for. I often think that I will, but there are still too many that I have n't read even once. Like everybody, I have read some plays of Shakespeare innumerable times. But of whole books in the ordinary sense, I can think of only three that I have read more than once: — *Vanity Fair, Treasure Island*, and Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. This last book I had lying around on my table, the first time I read it, for three or four years. It seemed to me like a few grains of wheat in whole measures of chaff. The second time, I read it more consecutively and more rapidly. So far as I know, my memory has been enriched by only one gem from this double reading; but that gem is a real one. It is that of the conversation in which Boswell remarked that Sheridan was naturally dull. 'Well,' said Johnson thoughtfully, 'Sherry is naturally dull. But he must have attained his

present state of dullness by persistent effort. For such dullness as he now displays is quite beyond nature.'

I had an experience with Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*, much like that I had at first with Boswell, except that I never read the *Leaves* through from cover to cover a second time. But I had it lying around, and would try to read it from time to time; it seemed too much like the invoice-sheet of a crockery store; or, as the stranger said of the Episcopal service when he attended it for the first time, 'He seemed to spend too much time reading the minutes of the last meeting.' I was about to give it up, when I ran across John Burroughs's book, *Walt Whitman: a Study*. That book I read with delight. Then I went back to the *Leaves*. I was still some four or five years getting it all read; but Whitman has this advantage for that kind of reading; you can stop whenever you want to, merely turning down the page; and you can begin at the same place, no matter how many weeks afterward, without any particular feeling of having lost the connection. But I grew extremely fond of Walt Whitman.

Of the three books that I have read a second time, the second reading of at least one failed to bring back the flavor of the first reading. Twenty years ago I was tramping in the White Mountains. We had saved one day for hiking up the trail of Mount Washington. When the day came, it was raining torrents. We sat in the barroom of the little Darbyfield Inn, away around on the back side of the mountain somewhere. The hotel was full of woodsmen, drivers of coaches, lumber-jacks, drinking, smoking, talking. Under one edge of the inn ran a mountain stream that roared over the boulders, and rose constantly nearer to the floor of the room. The wind whistled, the roof leaked, the lumbermen got more and more boisterous or more and more sullen; and I sat there until far into the night, reading *Treasure Island*, until I was afraid to go to bed. I have looked into it for a moment occasionally, since my second reading of it, but the chief result of it has been to convince me, with Wordsworth, that there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

Encyclopædias, for some reason, I don't get much out of. The *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*, for instance, of which I have ten volumes, and for a new volume of which I continue periodically to disgorge good money — how do the editors manage to secure articles of seventy or eighty pages on subjects nobody cares about, and nothing at all on some simple matters that might interest one? Which leads me to say that I was once introduced to a man in Detroit who was said to have read the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* through. I asked him if this report was correct. He said no, but explained the persistence of the myth by saying that, when that monumental work was published, he was out of business and, as each volume came, he did go through it and read everything that interested him.

Dr. Johnson expressed the opinion that the best sort of book was a small one that one could 'carry to the fire.' I have sometimes improved upon this sentiment of Dr. Johnson, especially in the reading of German and French books. These books are often published in paper covers and sewed together apparently with a single thread. It is a matter of a few moments to split a five-hundred-page volume into five parts of a hundred pages each, and to take each part to the printer's and have the wide margins trimmed down, until you have a pamphlet of handy size to carry in your pocket. Such pieces of books I have not merely 'carried to the fire,' but carried in every conceivable place, reading them on the street-cars and

while I was waiting my turn in the barber's or the dentist's chair. When I have thus been stealing a few minutes to read, I often envied the people who had more time to spare. But when I have observed how many people have oceans of time, but carry no books in their pockets and spend no time reading, I have wondered whether we do not value even our highest opportunities better if we do not have too many of them. Thus I say to myself when, leaving my automobile at home because I cannot read while I drive it, I take my seat in an unobserved corner of the street-car, and pull from my pocket a copy, or even a fragment, of one of my books.

We should all be grateful for a certain perversity in human nature. In my own case, what doubles the pleasure of reading is the subconscious feeling that I ought, most of the time, to be doing something else.

HOW LINCOLN CAME TO SCHOOL NO. 300

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD, JR.

IT was a solemn occasion.

The benches were hard, and one should sit still and keep the eyes on the blackboard. It was that one had been bad and hence detained after hours.

The virtuous had departed noisily long since, and only the unregenerate remained by way of punishment, in order that they should experience a change of heart and sin no more the sin of violence after the manner of the Irisher and the I-talian.

Aaron was experiencing no repentance. It was wickedness, no doubt, in the eyes of 'Teacher,' to have pushed Rebecca of the ringlets off her bench on to the floor; but how could he explain that it was done in sheer admiration? He realized the futility of any such explanation and did not make it.

There was, however, one soft luminous spot in the otherwise loathly schoolroom — Rebecca had been asked to remain also, for she had rebuked Aaron with a good sound slap in his face. To Aaron, that should have ended the matter to the satisfaction of all concerned; but Miss Clark, ruler of their universe, thought differently.

A blackboard is not in itself a thing of beauty or of interest. To keep one's eyes upon it as long leaden minutes crawl slowly into fives, tens, and fifteens, and then, repeating, drag into other fives and tens, endlessly, is beyond all discipline.

Starting at the lower right-hand corner and traveling the entire frame, noting all inequalities in the oaken border, Aaron's eyes soon finished with the blackboard and sought other torpid entertainment. At length they rested on the portrait of a man which hung over the door — the door through which Miss Clark might at any moment enter. There they met the serene eyes of the Martyred President.

Aaron gazed long and thoughtfully. At length he shifted a quick glance toward Rebecca, and noted that she also

had sought the kindly portrait as a relief from the black Sahara in front of them. The silence had become unbearable.

'He looks on me the most,' said Aaron.

'He should look on you, I don't think, when you stays on the school fer shovin',' retorted Rebecca.

'He sure does look on me the most,' repeated Aaron, in tones persistent, not belligerent — as one merely stating a self-evident fact.

'He looks on you sorrowful fer shovin'.' Rebecca exercised her right to change her mind to seize an advantage.

'He looks sorrowful, but it ain't fer shovin' or fer slappin',' continued Aaron thoughtfully.

'He should listen from you, he would laugh the whiles.' Rebecca had not forgotten the push.

'He could n't to laugh on me; he is friends.'

'He looks he has got a awful mad on,' continued Rebecca, determined to oppose.

'It ain't a mad he's got, it's a sorrowful for us we stays on the school.'

'He looks somebody should get hit off somebody a smack in the face. Ain't it fierce how black he makes. Und he was boss from America. Sooner he was my teacher, I should make myself a sickness and get excuses by my fadder.'

'I guess you dunno what it is, a president. You should better ask Teacher to learn you our history.'

'You could n't to learn me nothing from President Lincoln, what he makes the Civil War from niggers und from rebels.'

'Nobody could n't to learn you nothing. You needs you should know something. Niggers was working like my fadder tells how *he* was working by Russia — fer nothin'. Stands Lincoln und says, "You're free," und gives 'em jobs und union wages.'

'Sure, you could n't to learn me nothing, und then they fights, my world, how they fight! und Lincoln gets killed off 'em the whiles he becomes our ancestor, Teacher says.'

'Und he ain't got no mad, und he did n't want to kill nobody, und he was friends from men what has to work fer nothin'.'

'But he is Krisht!' Rebecca could not concede everything — even to Lincoln.

'Sure! Und what fer a man is that! what gets killed the whiles he should get jobs fer niggers. He iss friends from America, und from Russia und —'

The door under the portrait opened, and entered Miss Clark.

'I hope you have been quiet while I have been gone.'

'Yiss ma'am!'

'Teacher, yiss ma'am!'

FACING THE PRISON PROBLEM

BY FRANK TANNENBAUM

I

THE prison is a makeshift and an escape. It is not a solution. We would hide our sins behind its walled towers and barred windows — conceal them from ourselves. But the prison is an open grave. It returns what we would bury behind its gray walls. Its darkness and isolation only make the sins we would forget fester and grow, and return to stalk in our midst and plague us more painfully than ever. We would cover up our sins of omission — for that is what crime and criminals largely mean in the world — by adding sins of commission. That is imprisonment. Having failed to straighten the lives of criminals in childhood — to bring sweetness and light, understanding, comfort and good-will when it was needed, we justify our negligence by scorning the spirits we have thwarted, by breaking the bodies we have bent.

It is our attempt to escape accountability for the crimes we have committed against the men and women we call criminals. The prison is a reflex. It mirrors our hardness, our weakness, our stupidity, our selfishness, our vengeance, our brutality, our hate — everything but love and forgiveness; everything but our understanding and sympathy, everything but our intelligence and scientific knowledge.

Properly conceived, the prison should be our special means of redemption. It should be a healing ground for both the spirit and the body, where the unsocial should be socialized, the weak strengthened, the ignorant educated, the thwarted made to grow; where a kind of resetting takes place for the tasks of life, and where the strength to meet responsibility is returned to those who have lost it and awakened in those in whom it has remained dormant; a place where the joy of living and laboring is born anew. Crime is a consequence. It is not a cause. We are responsible for its existence.

II

'The first thing is politic, — just politic, that is it, — just politic. You get a Republican and maybe he is a good sucker, and then in a year or two you get a Democrat, and he is a bad one, or the other way around.'

One of the others interposed: 'Jimmy is right. He knows what he is talking about. Why not make the prison like a business, where you pick the right man and let him stay as long as he makes good.'

Here Jimmy broke in: 'Let him stay — I tell you it's all politic.'

We were sitting around the large stove in the yard of Auburn Prison, talking about prison problems. The stove, a large field range, was surrounded by about thirty prisoners, who were busily cooking extras. Some were frying pancakes, some broiling steaks, some were cooking tomato soup, and a group of Italians was preparing spaghetti. While this was going on, others were feasting on the food already prepared,

mostly seated on the ground in groups of three or four, with boxes as improvised tables. There was chattering and good-humor the circle round. It was Saturday afternoon, and the men were out in the yard — eleven hundred men. While the group I was with busied itself about the stove, others were playing handball or checkers; still others were walking about the yard, talking. Some were sitting in the shade, reading; some, congregated in groups, were throwing horse-shoes. It was a busy, quiet, cheerful crowd.

I had been let loose in the yard to visit with the men — and had found many friends. I was told by the sergeant, a tall, broad-shouldered, red-headed, round-faced fellow, with large blue eyes and a quiet voice, a man possessed of enormous reserve powers, that this stove was one of the campaign pledges which this administration had promised to the men — the prisoners' administration chosen at the last election. 'We carried this pledge out, but the others have been more difficult. Our campaign pledges included the organization of an automobile class, a drawing class, and the stove. So far we have only one thing — the stove; and I say the boys enjoy it.' That was quite obvious to me who had shared a large plate of spaghetti.

I had asked what, in their opinion, was the first need in prison and they had agreed: 'Take politics out.'

That is a good place at which to begin. Professionalize penal administration. The ordinary warden is chosen for his political allegiance; a good political reason, that, but socially no reason at all. The prison problem looked at from the administrators' point of view is a problem of education and health, complex and many-sided. It involves deep knowledge of human nature, insight into the complexities of social life, appreciation of the possibilities of personal growth and of human motives, willingness to face questions of sanitation, personal habits, hygiene, workmanship, and coöperation, in a careful, scientific, and deliberate fashion. It is not merely a job to hold down, but a problem — or, rather, a thousand problems, requiring analysis, examination, and experiment. A man, to be fitted for the job, — and ideally there is no such person, — approximately fitted, in spite of all the shortcomings of human weakness, must be the best-trained and best-prepared person in the field, and must have a broad basis of human sympathy and understanding.

The small henchman, from which class the average warden is recruited, is not an expert in anything, — least of all in education and health, — nor does he usually possess an imagination active enough to embrace the thousand opportunities in a prison field. He is usually ignorant. There is hardly a college man among the wardens of our penal institutions. I do not insist that a college education is in itself a full requisite; but it is, by and large, better than no education at all.

Let me illustrate by describing a typical warden. I first saw him in the death-house. He was standing near the electric chair, explaining its details to two old ladies — small and wrinkled, gray-haired, and both over sixty. He is a tall, broad-shouldered man, with a long head, large nose, big mouth, and large gorilla hands. He was explaining in great detail how the electric chair operates. With his sagging stomach and huge bulk, he stood, a giant, beside two white-faced, white-haired pigmies. He talked in broad drawling tones and he said, 'The man's head is fitted in here and strapped, the middle of it is shaved, the arms are strapped this way, and the feet here — with the trousers torn open for the current. The witnesses stand here, the re-

porters here, and the electrician stands here, with his hand on the switch. When all is ready and in good shape, I step forward and raise my hand,' — pointing a long finger to his breast with an expansive gesture; 'the electrician pulls the switch, and bump goes the man. And if he does not go bump, we do it over again.'

I watched his pantomime and listened to his recitation with amazement. A boy saying his prize piece before an admiring audience of elders could not have been more self-conscious, and better satisfied with himself. The little, old ladies were captivated by the show, and beamed. We walked into the prison proper, and while sauntering through the corridors, the warden spied a retreating figure in gray. Stretching out his long gorilla hand, he bellowed: 'Hey, Willie, come back here.'

Willie was a half-witted prisoner. He was small, round and squatty, with a partly bald head, and a foolish grin, which stretched to his ears. He approached bashfully, with his eyes cast down.

'Sing a song,' bellowed the warden.

'I don't want to sing,' appealed Willie.

'Sing I tell you.' The warden's voice was louder still, and more authoritative.

Willie opened his mouth, and in a cracked voice began the song, 'Sweetie, my sweetie.'

The warden towered over him in all of his satisfied bulk. Willie had hardly begun, when a keeper in the next hall shouted, 'Goddamn you, shut up in there!'

Willie hesitated a minute, glanced at the towering figure in front of him, and continued. The keeper, club in hand, rushed out of the next corridor, noticed the warden and the visitors, and scuttled off hastily. Later, in his office, the warden leaned back in his chair, his stomach protruding over the desk, lit a big black stogie, and said with a satisfied smile, 'I treat my boys right.' He does, according to his lights. He gives them moving pictures once a week.

Such a situation must be made impossible. A centre for the training of prison officials should be established. This school might best be situated near, or in conjunction with, some large penal institution, itself a model of modern administration, and no one should be appointed to a position of responsibility in prison unless he has a good collegiate education. In addition, a prison official should have taken special post-graduate courses in penal problems. No man should be a warden unless he is a certified and trained professional; just as no man is placed in charge of a hospital unless he is a graduate of a recognized medical school.

III

We must destroy the existing prison, root and branch. That will not solve our problem, but it will be a good beginning.

When I speak of the prison, I mean the mechanical structure, the instrument, the technique, the method which the prison involves. These must go by the board — go the way of the public stocks, the gibbet, and the rack. Obviously the penal problem will remain. That is here anyway. The prison does not solve the penal problem — it does not even contribute to the solution. It is only an aggravation. It is a complication of the disease. It is a nuisance and a sin against our own intelligence. Let us substitute something. Almost anything will be an improvement. It cannot be worse. It cannot be more brutal and more useless. A farm, a school, a hospital, a factory, a playground — almost anything different will be better.

The suggestion for the destruction of

the prison building is not revolutionary. It is not even novel. It is a practice of old standing, to keep prisoners outside of prisons; a practice not universal, but sufficiently widespread to justify the suggestion that it could be made universal without prejudice. In many prisons a number of the men are kept outside of the prison proper. Men building roads, men working on prison farms, trusties around the place, are often allowed to remain outside the walls — in some cases, hundreds of miles away from the prison, with only a guard or two. In the United States Naval Prison at Portsmouth, during the war, more than half the prison population lived in wooden barracks, surrounded by a small wire fence, and with only prison inmates for guards. In the South — Mississippi, Florida, Arkansas, Louisiana — the men live so much outside the prison that the old structure is useless and an anomaly. In Arkansas, for instance, I found that the prison, built to hold six hundred men, contained thirty — most of them condemned to death; the rest were away on a farm. Prison farms are not ideal, but they are an improvement on the old cell-block. Those who argue that the old prison, with its isolated cells, its narrow windows, its high walls, its constant dampness and semi-darkness, is essential to the proper handling of the prison population are simply revealing their own incompetence, fear, lack of insight into the technique of association. The old prison is a relic of a dead past. It is a hang-over; a weight, and a hindrance against the development of new methods and new ways.

An old prejudice dies hard, and the old prison building is an ingrained prejudice carved out of stone. It is saturated with the assumption that criminals are desperate, vicious, sin-ridden, and brutal beings, who needs must be confined in buildings founded on despair and made strong against the craving for freedom; that man is incorrigible and hard, and that hardness and pain are his proper due. But all of this is mainly prejudice. The men in prison are unfortunate rather than vicious, weak rather than bad. They need attention rather than neglect, understanding rather than abuse, friendship rather than isolation. Those who would redeem the community from constantly sinning against the prisoner must achieve this new attitude toward the man behind the bars. The buildings are by-products of our prejudice. That is the first thing that must be battled against.

This hang-over is still so strong, that there are at present two prison buildings being constructed out of newly chiseled stone. The stone is new and white, the plans are penciled upon paper still unspoiled; but the spirit, the idea, the belief, the ideology, in which these buildings are being reared, are old, worm-ridden, petrified. But they are being constructed. Two of the largest states in the union — Pennsylvania and Illinois — are constructing them, spending millions of dollars upon a useless and condemned type of institution.

The Pennsylvania structure is simply a modern adaptation of the old cell-block type; essentially the same thing, but with new trappings. The building in Illinois is of greater pretensions. It is reputed to be escape-proof, and is hailed as a model of modern ingenuity. As a matter of fact, it is not new at all. It is an old idea. Jeremy Bentham, in 1792, suggested it under the entertaining title of 'Panopticon,' and described it as a 'mill for grinding rogues honest, and idle men industrious.' In its modern form, it is a circular structure containing some five hundred cells. It is built so that there is air and sunshine in every one of them. Its unique feature is that one prison guard can watch the

population of the whole building all of the time. Placed in the centre of the structure, like the hub of a wheel, raised about three stories, protected by iron walls and a closing trap-door, he can control all the cells from his point of observation.

More than that, he can look into all the cells all night and all day. The cells are made of glass and iron, and he can see straight into them, and watch each and every movement that any man makes at any time. There is to be no escape from watchfulness. That is what the guard is there for. The men are never to be by themselves. There is to be no privacy. In the old days you could get away from the hard look of the keeper for a while. You were counted frequently, it is true, but the keeper did not stand in front of your door and stare into your cell the twenty-four hours of the day. He added you up and walked on, and you could hear his footsteps go down the aisle, hear his numbering grow faint with distance, and know that for a time you were free from observation. The little trafficking, the passing of a contraband note, the exchange of a little tobacco, the quiet whispered conversation — all of these then began again and made prison life endurable. To be eternally watched is maddening. Now, there is to be no escape from the watchful, suspicious, hard look, which questions every one of your motions and is doubtful of every one of your attitudes: now the look will never waver, and the prisoner will feel a hole burning through his back even in his most serene moments. This is what we are being offered in the name of reform. And millions of dollars are being spent upon it.

A large tract of land, a big farm, small barracks, plenty of sunshine and air, and the money for education and for health, for the building of character — these are substitutes for the raising of useless and perverting stone and iron cages, where men may confine their equals for deeds which they themselves might have committed if placed in their fellows' circumstances. Professionalization of prison administration and the destruction of the present prison buildings are essentials in any programme for prison reform. But they are only beginnings.

IV

As important as these, and in some ways more fundamental, is the abandonment of the notion of punishment. Punishment is immoral. It is weak. It is useless. It is productive of evil. It engenders bitterness in those punished, hardness and self-complacency in those who impose it. To justify punishment, we develop false standards of good and bad. We caricature and distort both our victims and ourselves. They must be all black, we all white; if not, how could we impose upon others what we would not admit as applicable to our own flesh and blood. But that is not true. The difference between us and them is mainly relative and accidental; and, where real, it is a difference which may be rooted in ill health, in broken spirit, in a deformed temper, in a neglected childhood, in bad habits, in lack of education.

The penal department — the department set aside for punishment — must be eliminated from our state organization. The function of the state should be, not to punish, but to educate. The place of the penal department ought to be taken by a new bureau, dedicated to health, education, and industry — entrusted to experts in these respective fields.

V

The prison is a great equalizer. All men are fit for it — all they need is to

break the law. That done, one is stamped as a criminal, and all criminals are sent to similar places; as if all crimes were alike, and as if all men who committed them were cast in the same mould. There is practically no classification, no examination, no distribution, no elimination — break the law, and you are fit to abide with all men who have done the same, be the mood and temper as varied as the shadows that creep over the earth

But men are not alike. They do not commit crimes for similar reasons, even if their crimes are the same. Yet often the old and the young, the weak and the strong, the normal and the erratic, the unfortunate and the vicious, the near insane and the psychopaths, all are herded together. Like the old workhouse, which contained the adolescent and the senile, the vagrant and the felon, the epileptic and the maniac, so the modern prison is an open mouth for all whom we cast aside out of the highways and byways of the world.

One of the essentials of any programme of prison reform is disintegration of the prison population. A general centre for examination and classification of the men and women who are convicted must be provided, and the various groups weeded out and sent to institutions fitted for them. The imbecile, the psychopath, the maniac, the diseased, need not and should not be housed with the healthy and the normal. New York State is now building an institution for the examination and classification of men convicted of crime. Such an institution ought to find its place in the scheme of every state that undertakes to deal with penal problems in a scientific and broadly liberal spirit.

VI

With the reorganization of control and the proper grouping of the prison population should go a fundamental attempt to face the problem of health — using the word in its broadest sense. The average prison has a poorly equipped medical department. The prison is often dirty, unsanitary; the food is often poor, the ventilation old fashioned and insufficient, and the health activities inadequate. The doctor, instead of being the independent and self-assertive individual whom the prison environment needs, is often but a tool of the warden, and remains there at his pleasure. He is usually held in general contempt by the prisoners, and has the unenviable name of Dr. Pill (because a pill is supposed to be his cure for all complaints). A distinctly new attitude to the problem must be developed. The physical condition of the men coming into the institution should be carefully examined into, as many come there with diseased bodies, with old festering sores, with bad teeth; some of the men need minor operations, others general rehabilitation; ill health often lies at the root of their failure. There are only a few institutions about which one can speak favorably in this regard — and one of these is San Quentin prison. There one finds a really definite and sincere effort to face the health problem, and a doctor in charge who might well be the boast of any institution.

VII

Work is a problem in prison. It is an unsolved problem. The prisons are not only houses of bad temper and bad humor, but they are often houses of idleness. It is no exaggeration to say that about one third of the men in prison are idle. They sit about in houses of indolence and sloth, they lie around in their cells, locked up with nothing but futility for company, or they loaf in the prison-yard. Those who work are also idling. There is no

incentive to labor. There is no stimulus to do a good job, there is no joy in the work done. The machinery is antiquated, the management bad, the product poor. The men do not like the work, they do not learn anything while doing it, and are literally unpaid for their labor. It is slave labor. It is not free. It is not interesting. It is not remunerative. It is done under compulsion, in fear and brooding. Not more than one or two prisons, Stillwater for instance, are comparable in their industrial equipment to the ordinary factory where similar work is done; and the men are assigned to their tasks without regard to their aptitude, and without any attempt to discover their interests. The results are poor all around. The institutions with a few exceptions, are not self-supporting; the men do not earn any money; the work is badly done. In some institutions the men get nothing for their labor, in some a cent and a half per day, in some two, or four cents. There are a few men in a very few institutions who earn as high as a dollar and more per day, but these are highly exceptional.

If we are ever to escape from the unfortunate condition in which our penal institutions find themselves, we must reorganize the prison industries, provide work that may become the basis of a trade in the world outside, and pay the men for their work. Pay them what they earn, and make earning possible. Give some basis for zest and interest, for ambition and motive. Give them an opportunity to support their families and keep their home ties alive. There is no need to rob a man of his earning capacity just because we have found it necessary to take his freedom of movement from him. It serves no purpose but to kill ambition, to develop laziness, to engender bad habits, to destroy workmanship where it existed, to kill the joy of life, and to return men to the world less fitted to face its hardships and meet its problems than they were before being committed for violation of the law. A little imagination, a little good-will, a little interest, a little freedom from the interferences of the politician, and the whole thing could be readjusted and made to fit in a new and better way than it has ever done before; but this cannot be without a fundamental educational reorganization of the prison. The proper kind of education is one of the central needs of the prison problem.

VIII

Imprisonment is negative. It takes all. It gives nothing. It takes from the prisoners every interest, every ambition, every hope; it cuts away, with a coarse disregard for personality, all that a man did and loved, all his work and his contacts, and gives nothing in return. It is this that makes education so essential. Education is always a challenge. It is constructive. To educate is to give something. It is to give the means to a new life, a new interest, a new ambition, a new trade, a new insight, a new technique, a new love, a drawing out of self, a forgetfulness of one's failings, and the raising of new curtains — the means to self-discovery.

All of this is a novel undertaking for the prison. Education is a charm and challenge — not only a means to a better livelihood, but also a means to a better life. It is not only what the man learns that is important, but what happens to the man while learning. One cannot acquire a new skill, develop a new interest, be brought into contact with a world of new ideas, without becoming different — essentially different — in one's reactions to the world about one, and in one's demands of it.

There is no systematic educational effort in the American prison system. The warden is not often interested in education. Being himself usually un-

lettered, it is probably too much to expect that he should be. As one goes across the country, from prison to prison, the situation is almost heart-rending. Here are some hundreds and thousands of men, who have years of their lives to give to education, but are denied the opportunity. It is true, of course, that most prisons have what they call education; but that word is used to describe the teaching of the three R's to illiterates, and upon occasion an insistence that the men complete the sixth, and more rarely the eighth, grade.

But even this teaching is poorly done, in a bad spirit, and under poor organization. What one finds beyond that is little enough. Education is often frowned upon, and made impossible. I remember one poor fellow telling me, with tears in his eyes, that he wanted to take a course in mechanical drafting from a correspondence school, but this was not allowed because a man could write only one letter a month, and that on a single sheet of paper. It is true, of course, that here and there one finds a few prisoners taking correspondence courses, but it is rare, and always much boasted of.

There is only one institution which has undertaken to face the problem seriously, and that is San Quentin. San Quentin is not a model prison. It has many faults. But its health and educational activities are real contributions to the prison problem. There I found a genuine interest in education, and an ambition to attempt the experiment of turning the prison into an educational institution. Some nine hundred men were registered in eleven hundred individual courses. The chaplain who is in charge of the work, has, with the coöperation of the University of California, made a genuine beginning of what is the most interesting and promising educational experiment in the American prisons. He has succeeded in building up a staff of inmates as assistants, and the University provides an occasional lecturer. The work was in full progress, and gave evidence of much enthusiasm.

This undertaking is valuable and significant, but it does not meet the needs of education in prisons. The courses were mostly cultural in character. History, economics, literature, mathematics, and similar topics — with shorthand and typewriting well to the front, and one course in mechanics. All this, of course, has its value. But the men in prison are not essentially adapted to academic training, and can make little use of it.

What the men need, and what the prison needs, is something different, and something new in educational work — new, at least, so far as the prison is concerned. The prison must be viewed as a community — with manifold community problems and with much community work. Such a turning of attention upon the prison as a community provides a wide field of educational activity and interest, and would lay the foundation of trades and knowledge that could be used in the work-a-day world when the men were freed.

Work in prison should be made to have educational value. There are the problems of sanitation, of heating, of feeding, of clothing the men. All kinds of work find a place in the prison, from upkeep to production; and prison education must be so organized as to provide a professional interest in and knowledge of the work done. There is, for instance, kitchen work. It is difficult to maintain an efficient and interested kitchen staff. It does not appeal to the men. Most of them are not going to follow this profession after they are released. The cooking is bad and the sanitation worse.

Professionalize the work. Give it an

intellectual and scientific setting. Organize a course in dietetics in connection with your kitchen; teach the value and composition of the various foods, their preparation, the whole question of health as bound up with food, the origins of the various foods, their market — in fact, give all that can be given which has a bearing upon the problem and method of feeding many people. Give all the science, from chemistry to physiology, which would go to make the work interesting, intelligible and valuable as a means of livelihood outside; and, not to be forgotten, which would go to increase the efficiency, the interest and the willingness of the men in prison. This same method could be followed in all work done in the prison; and no work which cannot be done with this kind of educational programme should be permitted.

There is the problem of lighting a prison. Make the electrical apparatus and the electrical needs of the prison the basis for an extensive course in electrical engineering. Give the men all that is possible about the subject — give them something for their time. There are the men working in the boiler room — give them such knowledge of physics, of heating methods, of coal, of the properties of steam, of the organization of the heating-plant, of boiler construction, of the mechanics involved, as would help them to a good job in the world outside, and make them interested and efficient men inside.

Take such a prosaic thing as the making of clothing, of shoes. Organize a course in designing; in the properties of cloth, or leather; in the nature of modern machinery; in the character of the clothing-market, in the organization of the industry; permit individuals to specialize as their aptitude makes it possible.

Almost every prison has a chicken farm of some kind. Organize, in connection with that, a course in poultry — the feeding, raising, marketing, and care of chickens; the construction of coops; the proper care of incubators, and their types; the diseases of poultry and their prevention. This could be done with the farm as a whole, and with fruit-raising. The piggery could be put to similar use. The dairy could be made the basis of a course in dairy-farming, the care of cows, how to judge them — everything connected with the problem of a scientific dairy could and should be given.

Again, there are such things as painting the prison or the barns — the nature of paints, their proper mixing, their chemistry, the estimates involved, and all other things essential. The same method could be followed with road-construction: grading, machinery, materials used, and other aspects of road-work could be studied in the course dealing with this subject.

Such an educational system would return tenfold in the efficiency resulting, in the interest and good-humor and the new outlook upon life which it would create. A new technique involves a reorienting of the whole individual to his own and other people's problems. Such training should be compulsory, — just as the work is, — and should be considered a part of the work.

Of course, none of this involves the elimination of the purely cultural courses, but it does involve an emphasis upon this particular type of education and an attempt to give ordinary prison-work the educational value which it lacks. It must be remembered that the men are there for many years, and that there is the time and the opportunity for such an undertaking, lacking in the world outside. And if the men are in prison because of lack of adaptability, such education would prove an efficacious means to readjustment, to the development of character, and to raising

the level of initiative and the increase of insight into the problems of the world.

IX

It is not possible in a single article to cover all of the needs for a proper prison technique. At best, one can suggest only the most important things. But, before closing, I wish to discuss three more points that should go into any prison programme. The indeterminate sentence, parole, and self-government.

The indeterminate sentence is essential to prison reform. It is stupid to assume that a flat sentence is a proper way of settling the question of crime. As one boy put it to me, 'Why don't they gas us, or something. They give a young kid of nineteen or twenty, fifteen, twenty, and sometimes thirty years. What for? What good does it do? Do they think we will be better for having rotted for a lifetime? Do they think that we will be reformed! If they want to get rid of us, why don't they just gas us and put us out of the way!'

The indeterminate sentence suggests that a man sentenced to prison be released, not when an artificial time-period, imposed by a judge in some passing humor, has expired, but when he is fit to return to society. Such a basis of release, to be made possible, would call for the adoption of all the suggestions made in this paper, and, in particular, the educational system. That might well become the best, and certainly an essential, basis of judgment in any release under an indeterminate sentence law. I am speaking of the absolute indeterminate sentence as against the minimum-maximum sentence now in vogue in many states.

With this, or before this can become a universal practice, there should be a much broader development of the parole system. There are many men in prison who ought not remain there a day longer — who ought never to have been sent there. Their release is impossible because of the arbitrary demands of the law, that a certain legal infraction carry a particular time-punishment. In going across the country, I asked the wardens with whom I came in contact the same question: 'Your present parole system proves that somewhere between 70 and 95 per cent of the men paroled 'make good.' You parole about 10 per cent of your inmates each year. In five years you will have paroled 50 per cent. If, instead of waiting five years, you released that 50 per cent right away, would you have just as good results?'

The answer was, almost always, 'Yes, I think we would.'

As I proceeded, I became bolder and, when I found a particularly intelligent warden, I asked him the same question, but made it 75 rather than 50 per cent. He reflected a few seconds, and said, 'I think 75 per cent is pretty high, but I feel sure that we could release 50 per cent of our inmates on parole to-night, and get just as good results as we are getting with the 10 per cent that we release during the year.' On the testimony of the prison wardens themselves, one half of the prison population could be released without proportionately endangering the safety of the community. And every man kept in prison a day longer than the interests of the community demand means an unnecessary cruelty against a helpless individual.

X

This leads to my last point: community organization. Community organization in prison is Mr. Osborne's contribution to the subject of prison reform. It is fundamental. Without it no real solution of the problem is possible. It is the one essential element in any programme, and without it all reforms are

bound to result in failure. There is a peculiar drive in prison administration under autocratic management, which tends toward abuse, toward cruelty and indifference. Self-government is necessary for the men, but also for the officials.

The testimony of such an experienced warden as Mr. Moyer, former Warden of Atlanta and the present Superintendent of the District of Columbia Penal System, that self-government is a great help to the prison administrator cannot be disregarded. And anyone who has seen it in practice knows its value as a means toward spiritual growth for the men. Those who deny this, who look upon it as a fad, who help to destroy Mr. Osborne's work, do not understand what they are doing.

In Portsmouth prison the Mutual Welfare League, the instrument for self-government, was discarded, despite the fact that for four years under Mr. Osborne, and later under Commodore Wadhams, self-government had proved a blessing to the men confined, an experience and education which started many an inmate upon a better and happier life than could have been possible under any other penal system. Those who destroy this new movement are of the past; their minds are prejudiced and their hearts filled with fear. For it is fear and prejudice that stand aghast at attempted community organization in prison; at attempts to give to the men behind the bars a part of the responsibility for solving the manifold problems which a prison imposes, and which have never been solved so well, so humanely, so cleanly, as under Mr. Osborne's administration.

WE CREATORS

Let us go on with experiments;
Let us pore, and dream, and do;
Some day we may make a world
With a buttercup in it,
Or a swallow's wing.

ATTENTION!

And if a daisy look at me,
The wheeling earth
Seems then to stand
Contentedly
At journey's end.

OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN.

OUR COMMON ENTERPRISE

A WAY OUT FOR LABOR AND CAPITAL

BY WADDILL CATCHINGS

I. THE IMPOSSIBLE SITUATION

ALTHOUGH much might justly be said as to what labor-unions have secured for wage-earners, and as to the necessity for such organizations, in case employers are not willing to do what is fair in relation to their employees, yet, from the point of view of the man responsible for the operation and success of a business, the labor-union is a militant organization, to get results by force. Whatever may be the motive, there is the purpose to compel. Force need not necessarily be physical; but reliance upon pressure or force, of one sort or another, underlies the union's effort.

The labor-union makes its own decisions regarding policies and standards, and, as far as possible, compels employers to accept these decisions. From the point of view of the labor-union, the employer must be forced to do those things which, for one reason or another, the labor-union regards as desirable or necessary. In fact, at the very foundation of the labor-union is the conviction that economic or other force or pressure must be brought to bear upon the employer, to get him to do those things which otherwise he would not do.

The strike is the great weapon of the labor-union. This is the economic, and often the physical, force which the labor-union brings to bear upon the employer, to compel him to act. Always the labor-union seeks to make the strike-weapon more and more effective. Many times, the actual use of the strike-weapon may be avoided, if its forcefulness and effectiveness are manifest. The mere threat to strike is often sufficient to accomplish the purpose; just as the pointing of a gun often accomplishes the purpose without the need of actual firing.

Wherever the labor-union can establish the closed shop (a shop where only union members can be employed), the strike-weapon is obviously more effective. Therefore, the labor-union seeks the closed shop. Conditions frequently make it undesirable to raise the issue of the closed shop; but inevitably, and of necessity, the labor-union works toward the closed shop; and, wherever and whenever possible, realizes its aim.

To make the strike-weapon even more effective, the labor-union opposes the forces of law and order. The militia and the state constabulary, when used to afford the protection of law, weaken the effectiveness of a strike; and therefore the effort of the labor-union is, constantly and unceasingly, to seek freedom from this interference. For the same reason, the labor-union finds itself in opposition to the courts, and particularly to the use by the courts of the injunction, the power of law designed for the very purpose of preventing the destruction of property and other prospective violations of law. Recently the American Federation of Labor, in a for-

mal document, announced the determination that, under certain circumstances where the labor-union disapproved of the court's decrees, they would be resisted, 'whatever may be the consequences.'

In a similar way, the effectiveness of the strike-weapon is reduced if the labor-union is legally responsible for its acts. Consequently it seeks freedom from such responsibility. Not only does it oppose incorporation, but it endeavors to secure exemption from long-established laws imposing responsibility for collective action — the laws against conspiracies, combinations in restraint of trade, and the like.

Another effort of the labor-union to make more effective the strike-weapon is the intimidation of workmen — the workman who declines to strike and the workman who works in the striker's place. The word 'scab' and other epithets are used for this purpose. Likewise, so-called 'pickets' are placed around the work-place. Even if there be a sincere effort to maintain 'peaceful picketing,' physical force and violence are almost certain to follow, so great are the emotions aroused in industrial conflicts.

Other efforts in the same direction are the 'sympathetic strike' — the bringing of outside pressure to increase the power of a strike; the use of the 'union label,' and the word 'unfair,' — which seek to bring other workmen in related business, or the consumer himself, to the support of the strike; the refusal of other unions to supply material, to permit the use of product, or to furnish transportation. Much work that has actually been done — electrical wiring, plumbing, carpentry, masonry, what not — has to be torn out because some union is using its power to increase the power of some other union. All these methods have the same purpose.

From the point of view of the business man, not only is the labor-union this great force in opposition, — this great power to compel action, — but it is part of a broad movement to improve the workers' position, and is therefore concerned, not with the problems of a particular company, but with the so-called class-struggle. Even to business men who are in sympathy with this broad effort, operation of a particular business provides no opportunity to cure the great economic ills of the world.

The labor-union seeks to get more for the workman and to make it possible for him to work less. Whatever the workman gets, the labor-union is interested in seeing him get more; however little he may work, it is better if he works less. Apart from this, there is no goal for the labor-union. In other words, there is no definite programme, the accomplishment of which would mean ultimate satisfaction. For example, after the eight-hour day comes the forty-four-hour week, and then the seven-hour day, the six-hour day, and so on. No amount of pay is satisfactory if more can be obtained.

As illustrating this general principle, there is the demand for the basic eight-hour day. Here advantage is taken of the popular support of a true eight-hour day, in order to secure increased pay. The workman, under the basic eight-hour day, often actually works nine, ten, or more hours, as before, but gets more pay by getting his original pay for the first eight hours of work and increased pay — usually time and a half — for the other hours; the intention, all the while, being to work the full time.

In this same spirit, and for a like purpose, the labor-union seeks to limit a workman's output. In defiance of the fundamental facts, that the world can enjoy only what is produced, and that there is no immediate possibility of producing all that the world has the

capacity for enjoying, the labor-union has always proceeded as if there were only so much work to be done, and this work should afford the maximum of employment.

Restriction of output is brought about in part by insistence on a uniform wage — which means that there is no reward for hard work, and loafing on the job is encouraged rather than penalized. The advantages and benefits of the piece-work system of pay, when fairly administered, are manifest, but the labor-union opposes this system with its utmost power and vigor.

In fixing the standard of a job, the labor-union not only seeks to have it set low, but constantly endeavors to reduce it. For example, when even a poor workman could lay, say, a thousand bricks a day, the standard has been reduced from time to time, until often 300 or 400 is the maximum permitted.

With like purpose the labor-union opposes the training of workmen, by establishing rules regarding apprentices which not only limit unduly the number who may be trained, but fix such long periods for training that, long after a quick man has fully qualified himself to do work, he is not permitted to get the benefit of his knowledge and experience.

Not only are there these efforts to limit output, but there are similar efforts to increase the number of men who must be employed. There are the so-called 'full-crew' rules of the railroad unions, rules which have been embodied, to a great extent, in legislation. These often require that more men be used for the movement of cars than are needed for safety or efficient operation. There are, likewise, the rules of the Plumbers' Union, the Machinists' Union, and numerous others, requiring the employment of a 'man and helper' for work that is often not enough for one man.

For a similar purpose are the elaborate rules governing the nature and extent of the work of the carpenter, the electrician, the machinist, the boilermaker, the housesmith, and other union members. Often carpenters must suspend operations for hours, until electricians come to do a piece of work which a carpenter could do in a few minutes. These rules are well illustrated in repair-work on locomotives, where frequently six or eight men — a 'man and helper' from each of three or four different unions — are required to stand by to do, one after another, little pieces of work, when the whole job could be done by any one of the six or eight in less time.

One very serious effect of these efforts of the unions comes from the fact that at times they cannot agree among themselves regarding the work to be done by each union, and then great so-called 'jurisdictional' rows tie up operations. Meanwhile, the employer is helpless; for, if the work in question is done, say, by the electricians, the machinists strike, and *vice versa*. Sometimes all the building trades in a given locality are idle for considerable periods, because of such internal disagreements.

The business man, on his part, is struggling always with the problems of his particular company — how to meet the demands of the market, how to meet competition, how to keep the company solvent and successful, by producing at a cost lower than the price at which he must sell. These problems of each company and each business are lost sight of in the broad labor movement. In fact, they are not considered at all. Even if a business man comes to realize that the employer and employee are in many respects engaged in a common enterprise, he cannot discuss with union men the all-important question, 'How can we make our company successful?'

On the contrary, the union makes it necessary for the business man to deal with union officers, who do not work in his company and are not concerned with its success or failure. These officers, elected as they are by union men in many different companies, must show 'results,' in order to hold their jobs as union leaders. These results are usually shorter hours, more pay, more men employed, less work to do. Often these results prevent production, or sustained operation, and sometimes they bring business to a standstill.

Thus the success of a union builds up a control of an industry outside of the industry itself. When an industry is fully unionized, a small group, sitting apart from the industry and having at their command the powerful strike-weapon, can virtually decide under what conditions the industry shall be operated. This is well illustrated in the case of the great railroad unions, which have exercised this power for some years. This power, it is to be noted, is without responsibility for satisfactory or successful operation. It is also to be noted that this outside power is not under the control of the Government, and is therefore not subject to action by the public, through the Interstate Commerce Commission, or Congress, or otherwise.

The exercise of this far-reaching power by successful labor-unions is largely emotional. In the great meetings decisions are reached by mass action. Great bodies of men sway; they do not deliberate. Furthermore, when strike votes are taken, and the individual members are appealed to, the decisions are apt to be reached on a wave of emotional enthusiasm.

Even when the leaders of a union are disposed to be thoughtful and deliberate, they cannot overlook the conditions under which appeal is made to their followers. Men who appeal to the emotions have great power in the unions. The following that such men get sometimes creates an irresistible temptation. Conditions such as those in the New York building trades, where the strike-power has been bought and sold, are not unnatural.

Mention has been made of the disputes between unions regarding the right to do certain classes of work — for example, who is to put in a fireproof window-frame, the carpenter or the metal-worker? These disputes are promoted by the natural desires of union leaders to show 'results' to their followers. Successful unions have an advantage of position in the strike-weapon over the less powerful; and as unions grow in strength, there is a temptation to struggle for coveted work. This power of might has not been controlled, and is not likely to be controlled, by the American Federation of Labor.

The control exercised by a successful union has one effect of far-reaching consequence. Workmen know that, if they are discharged for not following the foreman's instructions, for flaunting his authority, for loafing, or what not, the union can compel their reinstatement. This tends to break down necessary discipline, to slow up production, and, in many respects, seriously to interfere with the successful operation of a plant.

The very nature and basis, therefore, of the labor-union movement arrays employer and employee in battle. The organization is for struggle — to compel an adversary to act against his will. Throughout the whole movement is the thought of class-antagonisms. For generations the campaign has been organized in this spirit and for this purpose. There must be no fraternizing with the enemy. All efforts to develop a common enterprise are opposed. The campaign is for contest and struggle. The weapon is the strike. The goal is more pay, less work.

The labor-union encourages and openly invites similar organization on the part of employers — founders' associations, coal-operators' associations, building-trades councils, a national organization of railroad executives. The struggle is always to prevent a company from dealing with its employees, to prevent a railroad from dealing with the employees of that railroad. This is natural, and for two primary reasons. First, the more widespread the organization, the more potent the strike-weapon; and second, when all producers in an industry must suffer alike from union limitations and requirements, there is less incentive to the producers to resist the efforts of the union.

For example, the consequences of a strike in the coal-fields, or on the railroads, are so far-reaching, now that these unions have grown great, that many concessions will be made to avoid strikes. Furthermore, as the different coal-operators in the union fields must each operate under the union rules, and the costs of each are equally affected, there is not much incentive to resist the union demands. In fact, the miners and the operators in the Middle-Western fields were jointly indicted for agreeing among themselves upon large increases in costs, and larger increases in selling prices to the public.

For years the railroads made little effective resistance to union demands; for, whatever the cost, the public paid. It is only recently, since freight-rates have been so increased as manifestly to destroy industry, that the railroads have learned the importance of economical management. Now it is a question whether the unions are not so great in power that efficient management cannot be established.

During the war the unions greatly increased in strength. This was due to two main reasons. First, there was a shortage of labor, a condition which naturally gave greater power to the unions in the struggle against the employers. This condition alone would have caused much growth in union strength. But the growth was still greater because the United States Government conferred with, and relied upon, union leaders throughout the war. Many employers who had steadfastly resisted the unions were compelled to deal with them by the attitude of the Government. This gave the unions an extraordinary opportunity for growth.

The recent open-shop movement has been a natural reaction. The surplus of labor would have caused a reaction in any event, for the struggle between unions and employers sways back and forth: in times of inactivity, when there is a great demand for jobs, the strength of the union wanes.

With the end of the war and the withdrawal of the Government as a big factor in industry, those employers who had been forced to deal with the unions found the opportunity to resume their previous attitude. The open-shop campaign is therefore the direct result of the conditions which existed during the war.

This open-shop movement, however, is not constructive: it is merely protective — a part of the struggle with the unions. During this period of depression, the employers will naturally gain strength and will offset much of the advantage gained by the unions during the war. But the time will no doubt come when the advantage will again be with the unions, and they will grow. Thus the struggle will continue — now to the advantage of one side, now of the other.

In fact, the struggle between the employer and the labor-union is not constructive on either side. The labor-union struggles for power to compel action by the employer; the employer struggles for power upon his part. If he is forced by the union, he 'gives in' as lit-

tle as possible, and bides his time. Later, when economic conditions favor him instead of the union, he recovers, if he can, what he has given up, and gains, if possible, additional advantage in order to prepare for the next onslaught.

This attitude of the employer, and the methods he has used in fighting the unions, are no doubt responsible for much that the unions do. In fact the employee might make a list of the harmful things done by the employer as long as the above statement about the unions; for it has been a hot fight on both sides. In addition, the employer has the responsibility of having initiated the struggle, which originally developed from the attitude of the employer to the employee.

However this may be, the struggle does not promote common effort, and does not tend to greater production, at less effort, of what the world needs. Profit-sharing, piece-work, any method of pay proportionate to work, joint ownership or responsibility — all joint efforts are discredited. Such methods, opposed by the unions as weakening their efforts, favored by many employers merely for strategical purposes and as means of industrial warfare, not as true opportunities for developing sound relations, are often abandoned when economic conditions make them 'unnecessary.'

The most serious obstacle to sound constructive effort in solving this great industrial problem — this relation of employer to employee — is that college professors, college men, and other thoughtful and well-intentioned men outside of industry (and some less thoughtful but equally well-intentioned men within industry) favor the labor-union in a struggle, the underlying conditions of which they do not yet understand. Carried away by their sympathy for what they consider the 'under dog,' they do not analyze the situation. If they realized that success for the labor-unions would mean a disaster quite as great as success for those who see only the need of destroying the unions, they would know that they are lending their effort and encouragement to a struggle where the most that can be hoped is that neither side will win, but that the contest will sway back and forth, — a drawn battle, — with great suffering and great economic loss on both sides.

Thoughtful men must in time see that what is needed is common effort. Production is clearly the true purpose of industry; employer and employee are inevitably engaged in a common enterprise. The endeavor to get great power for the labor-union or great power for the employer must retard sound, constructive development. When the employer is engaged in a hard struggle to resist the unions, he cannot, even if he is so disposed, give the proper support to the development of a relationship sincerely based on this common effort.

Thus the great struggle between the employers and the labor-unions has necessarily made constructive work difficult. Passions are aroused, the atmosphere is one of suspicion and fear. Always there is the need of protection from attack.

II. A WAY OUT

Notwithstanding all this, however, there has already been developed in a number of companies a relationship between employer and employee which gives promise of an ultimate solution of this underlying industrial problem. Even now it is clear that, instead of the future promising, at the utmost, no more than the prospect of a drawn battle, with its disastrous consequences, there is ground for hope of a real common effort in industry, an effort based

on the true principle of a joint enterprise. This is the development to which college men should give their support. This relationship rests upon this great cornerstone — this all-important fundamental: — fair wages, hours, and working conditions are questions of fact, to be decided as such.

This principle demands that the employer shall not, at any time, force upon the employee wages, hours, and working conditions, merely because he has at the time the economic power to do so. Otherwise, it becomes necessary for the employee to force upon the employer the wages, hours, and working conditions which he has at some time the economic power to bring about. In accordance with this principle, therefore, the basic conditions of work are not regarded as the product of economic necessity, or of so-called bargaining, either collective or otherwise.

As industry exists, a workman must be employed in order to live; production by means of factories, machinery, and tools, makes this necessary. If a man is experienced and trained, he is even, to some extent, dependent upon employment in a particular industry, possibly in a particular plant. This is especially true if he owns his home, or is otherwise established in a community. The rise and fall of activity in the business cycle bring times when there is much unemployment, when there are many seekers for a job and, often, at any wage or for any hours or under any conditions which will give a bare livelihood. At such times the employer has a great economic advantage in fixing the wages, hours, and working conditions of his employees.

The underlying principle of the relationship under discussion is that the employer shall not take advantage of the opportunity thus given to him. On the contrary, it is based upon the fact that, at any time, for any company, there is a fair wage that can be paid, if any wage can be paid. The conditions in the company, in the industry, and general business conditions, determine this. Sometimes it is higher, sometimes lower; but whatever it is, it is not to be determined by the amount at which men would rather work than be out of employment. Likewise, this is equally true of hours of labor and of other conditions of work. What this wage is, what these hours are, what these conditions of employment are — these are questions of fact, to be determined as such.

Confusion and harm have come from the use of the expression 'collective bargaining.' What affects a man's very livelihood is not truly the subject of bargaining. With production as it is, most men often have no alternative except to work for what they can get. The wages men receive determine to what extent they and their families shall participate in the products of the world. No true bargain can be struck regarding so vital a matter.

Bargains are reached between negotiators. Where a man must sell, and this fact is known, there can be no true bargain. More and more, in all branches of business, where the buyer and seller are not equally free, the tendency is away from so-called bargaining and toward prices that are fair under the conditions. The thought of 'collective bargaining' rests upon the entirely erroneous assumption that employer and employees are free to reach an agreement or not. With conditions in industry as they are, 'collective bargaining' necessarily involves reliance upon economic pressure — either by employer or employees, or both. If fair wages, hours, and working conditions are regarded as questions of fact, they cannot be determined by 'collective bargaining.'

It is important in this connection, to bear in mind that wages, hours, and

working conditions are part of the cost of production. Moreover, selling prices are largely influenced by this cost of production, and what wages will buy is determined by these selling prices. Great fluctuations in wages and great fluctuations in prices go hand in hand and have harmful consequences, as we have seen in the last few years. This makes it very important that economic pressure (collective bargaining) should not be the determining consideration in fixing wages, hours, and working conditions, and is another strong reason why they should be regarded as questions of fact, to be treated as such.

In the different companies which have adopted this principle, the question of fact — what, from time to time, are fair wages, hours, and working conditions — has been determined in different ways. One way is that of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey.

In March, 1918, this company invited the employees in its refineries to elect representatives to confer with the management. Since that time, all questions affecting wages, hours, and working conditions have been determined in conferences between representatives of the company officers and representatives of the employees. If the question affects only a department, the meeting is with representatives of this department; if an entire plant, with the representatives of the plant; if several plants, with the representatives of these plants. The number of employees' representatives varies with the size of the plant, but it is ordinarily one for each 150 employees.

In any meeting the representatives of the company are never more than the employees' representatives present, and, as each person has one vote, the company representatives never have a majority. In a practice extending now over three years, covering a period of decreasing as well as increasing wages, these meetings actually have decided the action of the company regarding wages, hours, and working conditions. Each decision comes as a result of the consideration of what at that time the company should do, according to sound business principles. The Board of Directors is the final authority; but in actual practice these matters are harmoniously settled in joint conference. This experience alone has made clear that fair wages, hours and working conditions can actually be determined from time to time as questions of fact.

The method of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey is doubtless the most democratic, and clearly one of the simplest. A similar method is in use by the General Electric Company at Lynn, Massachusetts. Other methods are the so-called Leitch plan, — in effect in numerous companies, — and the 'Industrial Republic' of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company. In fact, there are all kinds and degrees of plans, endeavoring more or less successfully to accomplish the same purpose.

It is by no means essential, however, that the method be democratic. Just as sometimes in political life an able and benevolent monarch furnishes a highly successful government, so in industry the officers of a company can actually determine from time to time what are fair wages, hours, and working conditions, with no more than informal contact with employees.

Of this nature is the industrial situation of the Endicott Johnson Corporation, probably the most satisfactory in the United States, possibly the most satisfactory in the world. This corporation, the largest single producer of shoes in the world, employs in its plants at Johnson City and Endicott, New York, not far from Binghamton, approximately 13,000 people. Here, for the settlement of labor-problems, there are no representatives of the employees,

and no other labor-relations machinery of any sort. George F. Johnson, the president of the company, is the unquestioned leader of the employees as well as of the company. He has their full trust and confidence, and his decisions as to what are fair wages, hours, and working conditions have been unhesitatingly accepted for many years. When industrial conditions permit, wages are increased; when necessary, they are reduced. Hours and working conditions are determined in the same way. Always the decision is reached on consideration of what is fair under all the conditions; never what can be forced under economic pressure.

No doubt, in the long run, a democratic method is better in industry, as it is in government. Some day, unquestionably, the Endicott Johnson Corporation will adopt such a plan as that of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, which has been studied and is much admired. But to-day, with George F. Johnson in his prime, no man conversant with this situation — wonderfully successful as it is — would favor any change.

A sharp distinction must be drawn between those plans which are designed to, and actually do, determine what are fair wages, hours, and working conditions, as questions of fact, and those which merely set up committees and company unions as a bulwark against the labor-unions. In both cases there is the struggle with the labor-unions, but in the one case it is in the background. The plan of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey and the situation in the Endicott Johnson Corporation are inevitably bulwarks against the unions, or, at least, make their work unnecessary; but the unions are in the background. In these instances the primary purpose is constructive. In many companies, however, there is no constructive purpose: the committees are merely part of a fight against the unions.

The difference is one of fact. Is the effort directed to determining what are fair wages, hours, and working conditions; or is the effort a smoke-screen to protect the company from attack, while the full force of economic pressure is brought to bear upon the employee? While the distinction is not easy in theory, yet, when an examination is made of what is being done, — how the plan actually works, — the purpose and the accomplishment can be seen and the distinction can readily be drawn.

Of course, the unions fight all such plans to the utmost. Where the plans are not constructive, but are merely defensive, the reason is clear. But even constructive plans like that of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, which are not anti-union, and which, in fact, guarantee employees against discrimination on account of membership or non-membership in any union, are opposed by the union leaders with great intensity, although the union employees of the company do not share this hostility. Here, too, the reason for the opposition is obvious from the previous discussion. If wages, hours, and working conditions are to be determined fairly, as questions of fact, there is no need of the unions. There is no longer a struggle. If all industry were to follow the example of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, it is easy to see that there would be no field for labor-unions.

There is one apparently serious objection to these efforts to determine what are fair wages, hours, and working conditions, and that is the contention that competition in industry makes it impossible for any one company to have fair wages, hours, and working conditions when other companies make full use of economic pressure to get lower costs, and thereby make prices to obtain what business there is when there

is not enough for all. The answer to this is that, even with higher wages, shorter hours, and better working conditions, workmen applying themselves wholeheartedly produce at a lower unit-cost than do those working merely under conditions established by economic pressure.

Fortunately, this is not a matter of theory. The Endicott Johnson Corporation, among others, has demonstrated that it is a fact. With higher wages, shorter hours, better working conditions, this company has for many years produced shoes at the lowest unit-cost — and in the face of the most drastic competition. In this connection 'labor turnover' is an important factor. The Endicott Johnson Corporation has virtually no turnover. With steady, experienced workmen, accustomed to work together, and all endeavoring to do their utmost, the company finds that it has little to fear from competition in costs. Whatever force, therefore, there is in the objection under discussion, it must disappear as producers more and more realize the economic effectiveness of wages, hours, and working conditions, determined fairly as questions of fact.

Furthermore, it is not to be forgotten that the struggle between the employer and the labor-unions will be with us certainly for a long time, and the labor-unions can still be expected to take care of the 'hard-boiled' employer. If the labor-unions become no longer an important factor in this respect, it will no doubt be because employers generally have adopted the principle under discussion; and when this time comes, — if it does come, — the wisdom of the principle will be clearly demonstrated as a controlling force in business.

To deal with employees in the manner described is the natural course for the corporation. Under the law, the corporation is a person, an entity; and, as a matter of fact, this is not a legal fiction, for a corporation is actually an entity — it is a number of people engaged in a common enterprise. It is an entity as a baseball or football team is an entity — as an army is an entity. And it is inevitable that people engaged in a common enterprise will endeavor to work together. The natural, normal desire of a man working for a corporation is to work with his fellows. The struggle between the employer and employee in the corporation is unnatural and inconsistent.

In fact, in the corporation, as it is developing, there is no employer, in the old sense of the word. The corporation to-day is a joint enterprise. The money is supplied by stockholders, bondholders, note-holders, banks. The work is done by men and women. Money and labor together engage in production. The officers of a corporation are employees. If they have no money in the business, they supply merely labor; if they do supply money, so does the humblest workman who buys a bond or a share of stock. A stockholder or other contributor of money may any day sell out to someone else. It often happens, on the other hand, that a workman devotes his life to learning the business, and establishes his home where the company operates. An employee whose livelihood thus depends upon the success of the corporation is more truly interested in that success than anyone else. Stockholders usually distribute their risks among various corporations; workmen often stake everything on the success of one corporation.

In the corporation, therefore, the employer is the company, and this is the entity of those who contribute money and labor. It is, therefore, a natural and normal development for the management (who are employees) to say to all the employees, 'In determining what this company will do regarding wages, hours, and working con-

ditions — we shall sit down together and decide together what to do. Upon these matters depends to a great extent the success of our common enterprise, and we shall jointly reach a decision.'

The Whitley Councils in England are not based upon the principle under discussion. They are part of the labor-union movement. In England, to a great degree, the employers are organized on the one side, and the employees on the other. There the Whitley Councils form points of contact between these great organizations. There the theory is collective bargaining — the use of economic pressure by both sides. The labor-unions in England, as here, accept no responsibility for the success of a company: this is entirely 'up to' the employer. The labor-unions get what they can from the employers, and then leave wholly to the employers the task of making business successful.

In England, no doubt, the Whitley Councils are a great step forward in furnishing local points of contact between organizations of employers and labor-unions; but they differ sharply from such an arrangement as that of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, where there is no dealing with the labor-unions, and where the effort is to develop a common enterprise. In the one, the purpose is collective bargaining; in the other, the joint determination of what the company should do with regard to matters of mutual interest, particularly hours, wages, and working conditions.

It is sometimes thought that the worker wants to have a part in the management of a company. This is not generally true. The worker no more wants to manage a company than does a stockholder or other supplier of money. Both want the company well managed — but both want to leave that to the 'management.' It may be that it would be desirable for the worker to have some part in the management of a company. In view of the growing realization of the part he plays in a corporation, possibly in time he will be compelled to take a part. But his attitude will, no doubt, be that of the average stockholder to-day, who reluctantly assumes such responsibility, and whose highest desires are met if someone else takes the responsibility and runs the company successfully.

Wages, hours, and working conditions are not all that interest the worker. The discussion so far has been confined to these matters, because around them centres the struggle with the unions. Once, however, this struggle is in the background, constructive effort follows in many directions.

For example, if the principle is followed of deciding fair wages, hours, and working conditions as matters of fact, profit-sharing may be successfully adopted. This may become desirable, inasmuch as a well-run business may from time to time earn very large profits. These may come from team-work; they may come from the play of supply and demand, from good management, or from good fortune. They may justify high wages, and still be far beyond the reasonable expectations of stockholders. The Endicott Johnson Corporation, for example, says to the employee: 'If the company pays high wages, and after all deductions earns ten per cent on the common stock, and still earns more, the ownership of these further earnings will be divided fifty-fifty between the employees and the common stockholders.'

In the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, from the conferences concerning wages, hours, and working conditions, and 'other matters of mutual interest,' there have come plans for sickness and accident benefits, retirement annuities, life insurance and death

benefits, and a broad plan for the acquisition by employees of stock in the company — a form of profit-distribution which this company prefers to the ordinary methods of profit-sharing.

It is hardly necessary to say that piece-work, and other methods of pay proportionate to work, also rapidly develop under the conditions discussed. This is likewise true of bonus payments, and other methods of sharing in the gains coming from effective work.

Much has been done, too, toward making the community in which the worker lives a better place in which to live; toward developing churches, hospitals, schools, places of amusement, recreation and exercise, clubs, and libraries. These important matters are of mutual interest. The United States Steel Corporation, which, under conditions of great difficulty, has made some approach to the principle under discussion, has gone far in the development of the cities and towns in which its employees live. Particularly has it developed schools, safety, and sanitation in these places.

A most important matter is helping to make the worker's dollar go as far as possible. Naturally, what a worker gets for his dollars is really more important to him than how many dollars he gets. Many companies operate restaurants, where the workers can get the best food at the lowest cost. Many assist the workers to conduct coöperative stores, with the same result as to clothing, household goods, and other requirements.

More important possibly, in this connection, than anything else, has been the building of good comfortable homes, available at low rental or at low purchase-price. Many companies have either built, or stimulated the building of, such homes, and have arranged for mortgages at low cost, taken by the great insurance companies and others, and in many other respects have increased the opportunities of the workers to get good homes.

All these developments are steps toward solving one of the great problems of the world — the fair enjoyment of the world's products. Fair wages, fair hours, fair working conditions, pay in proportion to work, reward in proportion to accomplishment, profit-sharing, ownership of stock, sick-benefits, annuities, insurance, hospitals, safety, sanitation, amusement, recreation, exercise, schools, libraries, good cheap food, clothes, household goods, homes — each is a step.

More and more we learn that there is no panacea, no cure-all. The problem is not of our creation, but comes to us from the past. One step at a time, a little gain here, a little gain there, and ultimately the problem will be solved — not, however, by blind struggle, but by slow, careful, deliberate, constructive joint effort.

GALLOWS BANK

BY WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

Last night, when I was stepping ben,
Just as the Abbey clock struck ten,
I seemed to hear the tramp of men
  That climbed the Gallows Bank;
And, turning to the open door,
I saw them trudging, four and four,
Breasting the brae with moonlight hoar,
  Rank after ragged rank.

Their arms against their sides were bound:
Their mouths were gagged; and not a sound
Their feet made on the frozen ground,
  Nor cast a shadow there,
As, doggedly, they stiffly strode
Along the unreturning road,
With eyes set on the stob, that showed
  Stark in the snell night-air —

The naked tree of stout ash-wood,
That handy on the fell-top stood
For folk who come to little good,
  Against the star-pricked sky.
Horse-copers, drovers, tinkers, herds,
And wenches flaunting fakish flerds,
An endless gang of gallows' birds,
  I watched them shamble by.

I watched them hirple up the hill,
Drawn up and up against their will,
Those gray ghosts, shadowless and still;
  For only in my heart
Had sounded that tramp-tramp of feet;
And nothing but my own heart's beat

Had drawn me to the haunted street;
When, with a sudden start,

I saw the whole rapscallion rout,
Each man of blood and sleiching lout,
Stop all at once, and wheel about,
And turn their eyes on me;
And, as I watched, the starry skies
And moonlit road and heathy rise
Vanished; and naught was there but eyes
That glowered murderously.

Hundreds of eyes that stared in mine
Of lads and wenches clarty-fine,
Who 'd perished by the banks of Tyne,
Since first it topped the fell,
That stob, new-tarred, with hempen noose,
Straw-colored, hanging long and loose
For any chance-come traveler's use,
To swing him slick to hell.

And then the eyes of everyone,
The eyes of the whole gairishon,
Each daddy's darling, mother's son,
Who 'd danced with heels in air,
Since reivers rode the Borderside,
And men had thieved and fought and died
And wenched and murdered, sneaked and lied,
Shrank to a single stare.

And as, from out the heart of night,
Those dead eyes searched me, wildfire-bright,
I looked into their murder-light,
And, startled, knew, alas,
That I was staring in my own
Scared eyes, where, frozen to the bone,
New-risen from sleep, I stood alone
Before my looking-glass.

PRISONERS OF THE DEAD

BY FRANCES NORVILLE CHAPMAN

I

CHARLES FAILLE stood on the steps of the Imperial House at Firestone, Kansas, wondering why he had stopped off at this ugly little town, when he might have been in Kansas City by this time, or well on his way to Chicago. It was one of those still, hot summer afternoons that give one a strange sense of pause, as if the heart of the world had suddenly stopped beating and earth hung poised, for one brief moment, in the midst of eternity. The suspended stillness filled Faille with a sense of premonition, as if he had only to reach out his hand to touch hovering death.

Faille was a small gray man of forty-five. Few people gave him a second glance, or remembered him after a casual meeting. Only a tailor or a cloth dealer could have judged the excellence of his apparel; only a sympathetic observer would have noticed the sensitive curve of his lips and the intelligence, the seeking friendliness, in his shy brown eyes. He was accustomed to being overlooked — accustomed to the indifference of eyes that met his own, but to-day, as he stood on the hotel steps, it seemed to him that the occasional passer-by regarded him with suspicion and hostility.

It was too ridiculous to think that, after traveling around the world, he should be stricken with car-sickness on the last lap of his journey. He had managed to control his illness through the day; but the moment his head touched the pillow of his berth, an unbearable nausea had overwhelmed him. He was, therefore, making the journey to Boston by easy stages. There was no need for him to hurry — there was nothing, nobody waiting for him. But one had to go somewhere, and Boston had been his home for many years. At Denver he had felt so much better that he had decided to go straight through to Chicago. However, almost immediately, his sickness had returned; and it grew worse so rapidly that he soon realized he would have to stop over at Kansas City. During one of the paroxysms that assailed him, he remembered a traveling man who had told him that he lived in Firestone, Kansas, and had boasted of the good hotel at that place. Firestone was the next station, and although Kansas City was only a few hours farther on, he felt that he could not endure another mile of that jolting, swaying motion; that swimming heat and grinding noise; the smells of orange-peel and exhausted humanity. Underneath the steam-pipe by his seat a fluff of hair-combings floated in the dust, filling him with unutterable loathing. It was the last straw; he could go no farther.

Firestone lay on the flat parched breast of the prairie, writhing, twisting, warping beneath the blazing August sun, which beat down upon it with brazen glare; and Faille had no sooner left the train than he had a frantic desire to get back into it. To his relief, however, he found that the hotel was

surprisingly clean and comfortably furnished; but his room was stifling in the mid-afternoon heat, and although his body cried out for the bed, he could not bring his mind to submit.

There was something depressing and fatalistic in the little square park that faced the hotel. In the centre a cast-iron fountain sent up a thin spray, which seemed to fall back with a discouraged splash into the trough that surrounded it. A few dilapidated benches were scattered along the dusty paths, and at one side stood a battered bandstand, half covered by a wilted vine. Most of the buildings around the square of the park were of frame, sadly in need of paint or repair.

'Can anything really be as hideous as this?' Faille thought; then, irritably, 'Where does this infernal heat come from? Perhaps if I hired a jitney I might be cooler.' But a rise of nausea at the thought of motion drove him back into the deserted office of the hotel. They had sprinkled the floor, and the air was filled with a mouldy, earthy smell, and his footsteps on the bare boards seemed to reverberate, like walking in a cave. However, it was cooler and more restful than his room, and he seated himself in one of the leather chairs near an electric fan whose drowsy hum soothed and quieted him.

The hotel clerk, a boy of nineteen or twenty, with a fat, sulky face, glanced at him indifferently, and Faille was faintly amused to see him take a little box from the desk drawer and begin to manicure his nails with painstaking thoroughness. Presently the boy paused in the midst of his clipping and polishing, to wipe his forehead with the back of his hand.

'Heat's fierce, ain't it? Stayin' overnight?' he inquired languidly.

'Yes,' Faille replied in an exhausted voice; 'and I am wondering if there are any pleasant walks, any points of interest — ' It was not so much the question of a conscientious traveler, as of one who seeks an escape.

The clerk gave a short laugh, but his voice was bitter as he replied, 'No, there ain't any pleasant walks, and if there 's any points of interest around this burg, I never saw them.'

'Then it is n't your home?' Faille inquired.

'Humph! I was born here, so I reckon you'd call it home; but it ain't goin' to be long. I got two good offers I 'm considerin' now. One 's travelin' and the other 's with a Victrola concern in Kansas City. The K.C. job would n't mean as much money, but there 's other things to be considered. I 'd be located right in the city, and that's worth something,' he continued argumentatively, as he polished his nails with the palm of his hand. 'Why, say!' — he grew vehement — 'you can't reelize what it means to live in a place like this. There's absolootely nothin' to *do*. Forepaugh's circus used to make this their winter-quarters, but, honestly, even the animals could n't stand it, and now they take 'em to some town in Connecticut; got as far as they could without jumpin' in the ocean.' He burst into a loud laugh, which broke off suddenly, giving it the effect of a sharp report, as he glanced at the clock. 'I got to make that 5.20 train, and the bus is late, as usual,' he remarked bitterly; and as he replaced his toilette articles and reached for his hat, he added with fine sarcasm: 'No, I could n't recommend any points of interest around this place.'

Faille had the office to himself, and he closed his eyes and leaned his head against the back of the chair, trying to forget his discomfort in recalling the different countries he had seen, the people he had met. It was like a dream — nothing seemed to have touched

more than the surface of his mind. He had stored no real impressions — only a deepening sense of his own loneliness — and his regret — from which there seemed no escape.

II

As he sat half dozing, wholly quiescent, the memory of his wife's face as she lay dead rose before him — that poor plain face; not even death could give it dignity or make it anything but commonplace and peevish. And yet she had never been peevish. Not once, through all the years of her invalidism, had he ever heard her complain. She had been intensely interested in her symptoms and new treatments, just as formerly she had been interested in her Sunday-School class and the meticulous housekeeping that occupied her when Faille was an underpaid newspaper reporter, never dreaming of the sudden wealth that would come to him from a box of half-forgotten shares of stock that had impoverished his father and embittered his mother. The turn in fortune had come too late for his parents, and Faille soon felt that it had come too late for him as well.

When Charles Faille went to Boston from his home in a small New England town, he had no difficulty in securing a place on one of the city papers. He knew how to write, and he considered his job merely an apprenticeship to larger literary ventures. He was the only child of parents who were middle-aged when he was born, and he had grown up in an atmosphere of silent repression. He had been uncomfortable in his home, with its harsh inhibitions, its foolish prohibitions, and he was glad to leave it; nevertheless, he was often hideously homesick as he sat alone in his lodging-house room or wandered the streets at night, looking in at lighted windows where family groups were gathered about the dining-table or engaged in some social diversion.

Once he went into a neighboring church and sat through a long dry sermon, for the sake of being with people who had gathered together with a common friendly impulse. No one noticed him until he was passing out, when a tall, rather faded lady approached him timidly.

'You are a stranger, are n't you?' She smiled nervously. 'I — I think I have n't seen you here before. I'm Miss Parr. I'm on the committee to welcome strangers. Would n't you like to stay to Sunday School and meet some of the young people?'

Faille saw that she was painfully embarrassed, and her kind voice and anxious eyes made him answer gently as he refused her invitation; but all the afternoon he was filled with a little exhilaration, as if something pleasant and unexpected had happened to him.

After that he dropped into the church with more or less regularity, and presently he was being introduced by Miss Parr, he was walking home from church with her, and going in for Sunday-night tea. She was ten years older than he, and she had a small income of her own; and although she rarely allowed him to spend any money on her, she never tried to mother him. Indeed, there was a fluttering sweetness in her dependence on him that touched and appealed to his sensitive nature; and something in the frail droop of her head made him think of a flower, a day before yesterday's flower, left to wilt in stagnant water.

He could scarcely have told how it came about. He did n't pretend to himself that he was in love with her; but she was so kind, and he could see that she cared.

As soon as they were married Amelia insisted on turning her small principal

over to him; which he would not permit, but he never forgot it.

Then, almost immediately, had come the change in their fortunes, but not before he had acknowledged that, despite Amelia's goodness and devotion, she bored him intolerably. She liked to entertain her Sunday-School class, but she was miserable and tongue-tied when he attempted to bring home any of his new acquaintances. She loved to have her house kept in a state of rigid orderliness; but she did n't make it comfortable, and sometimes Faille derived a sardonic amusement from the knowledge that she often locked the door on her servants, and cleaned and scoured her closets and bureau-drawers to her heart's content. Whenever he showed her any of his writing, her invariable comment was: 'Why, that's *lovely*, Charles; you ought to keep right on.'

And although Faille remained faithful to his wife, he gradually withdrew into himself. He never failed in courtesy, and after her invalidism, he was lavish in allowing her every luxury and care; but it was with a physical revulsion that he looked upon her long yellow face, with its faded blue eyes and sunken mouth. The combined efforts of maid and nurse could not keep her sparse hair from falling in straight wisps about her face. He hated to touch her bony hands, with their big red knuckles and dry skin. He often wondered what she thought about as she lay there day after day, week after week, year after year, staring at the walls, or knitting miles of wool into shawls, socks, and slippers, which she sent to the church fairs. She never complained, and she never showed any interest in outside things; and after Faille stopped talking to her about himself, she never showed any curiosity about his doings; she never seemed glad or sorry to see him come or go, when he stopped at her room morning and evening to inquire, with punctilious kindness, for her comfort.

Even that last night, he felt pity, but no tenderness, for her. Her skin, drawn tightly over the bony structure of her face, seemed to glisten like the yellow surface of an egg; her short rapid breath was the only sound in the room. He sat beside her for a long time, pretending to shade his eyes from the night-light, but in reality to avoid looking at her. Presently she moved, and he was conscious of her eyes gazing at him.

'What is it, Amelia?' he asked gently, overcoming a momentary repugnance to lay his hand over hers. A quiver passed over her face, and faintly, like a voice carried from a great distance, she whispered, —

'If you could only have loved me, Charles!'

Faille sat in an agony of embarrassment. He felt that he must speak, and as he groped despairingly for the right word, that mournful dying gaze seemed suddenly not fixed upon him, but to be looking beyond — as if it would break down all barriers, to the very naked soul of things; then her lids fell, and with a long sigh, the fluttering in her breast was still.

Faille was horror-stricken to think that he had let his wife die without saying some reassuring word. He went over every detail of their life together, reconstructed her life as she must have lived it, hungering for his love, yearning for his tenderness. 'If she could only have filled her life with other things!' he mourned. He exaggerated his own coldness and lack of sympathy. He had longed for freedom, and now his freedom appalled him, for often it came upon him like a terror that she was the only person who had ever needed his love, and he had denied her. '*If you could only have loved me, Charles!*' It would have been so easy to pretend.

He knew that he had grown morbid, and in an attempt to escape his obsession, he had joined a party going to Europe. He found a certain interest in travel, and after a time he had gone on alone, until he had been away two years, and had circled the globe.

III

Faille was roused by the sound of a telephone-bell shrilling; and as he started up, dazed, the clerk smiled as he sorted the mail. 'Had a nap, ain't you?' he asked. 'It's cooler too. Supper's ready any time you are, but the doors close promptly at seven-thirty,' he warned.

Before supper, Faille sauntered down one of the residence streets. It was indeed cooler, and the sun fell in long slanting shadows before him. The ugly rectangular houses no longer annoyed him. Once he laughed aloud as he passed a row of new, top-heavy, badly proportioned bungalows. He was reminded of a Boer woman he had met in South Africa; she had the same overhanging brows and broad ungainly girth.

Presently he had reached the outskirts of the town, and, thinking to take a different route back to the hotel, he turned into a side street, — Arbor Street, the lamp-post read, — and found himself facing an old square brick house, surrounded by three or four acres of ground laid out in a vegetable garden. A few fine trees sheltered the house, whose brick walls, beaten and scarred by sun and rain, had faded to lovely neutral tones of pink, citron, and lemon. A vine, heavy with grapes, was festooned upon a trellis, which led from the side door to an old-fashioned well. On the ground near-by was a great heap of tomatoes, which made a brilliant splotch of color against the greenery beyond. An azure filet of smoke from somewhere back of the house brought the faint pungent odor of a bonfire to his nostrils. The place seemed to enfold the stillness of the late afternoon, and for a moment it seemed to Faille that a peaceful hand was laid upon his heart.

As he stood leaning against the picket fence that surrounded the place, a woman came from the side door of the house. She picked up a heavy wooden box that stood on the porch, and something in the ease with which she lifted it, and her free swinging stride, gave him an impression of unusual physical strength and poise. She was a tall woman of about forty years; her black hair was streaked with gray, and her weather-beaten face was ploughed by two deep furrows from eyes to mouth, like arid water-courses.

She carried the box to the well, and seating herself on the curb, began to sort the tomatoes. He wondered if she were preparing them for market.

Presently she glanced up, and it seemed to Faille that her piercing dark eyes registered every feature of his face and apparel; there was no surprise, no inquiry, in her eyes; rather, a bleak impassivity in her level gaze. In momentary confusion, he touched his hat and walked on.

Faille ate his supper without appetite, and despite the change in temperature, he found his room unbearably hot and stuffy; and as soon as his head touched the pillow, the old nausea was upon him, rushed at him, engulfed him, swept him into a whirlpool of horror and nightmare.

A week later Faille opened his eyes to see a strange man sitting by his bedside; his linen was none too clean, and he wore a shapeless alpaca coat frayed at the edges; but there was something in the steady gray eyes and the soft firm fingers on his wrist, which told

him that he was in the hands of a physician.

'Have — have I been ill?' Faille whispered wonderingly.

'Well, I should say you have, and a pretty scare you gave us,' the doctor replied in a booming voice. 'No one knew where you came from or what you were doing here. — Are you a Mason?' he demanded abruptly.

'No,' Faille replied in a bewildered way.

'Elk? Belong to the church? Not that I care a continental,' the doctor chuckled, 'but every society, church, and organization in Firestone has claimed you. It's been a job to keep all the home-made nurses in town from "sitting up" with you. If you had n't gotten better pretty soon, I was going to send over to Topeka for a trained nurse. I judged you could afford it, as there was nearly a thousand dollars in your pants pocket. The clerk downstairs gave it to me, and I got it in my safe at the office. D' you think it 's safe to carry that much money around with you?' he inquired severely — which struck Faille as funny, and he laughed weakly, as he demanded: 'What 's the matter with me? I don't feel sick.'

'Well, you're not sick now. On a guess, I should say you were nervously exhausted; but you had a fever and stomach upsetment that kept me bothered for a few days. However, all you need now is rest. Yes, you been right popular,' the doctor continued after a little pause; 'even old Miss Gaum, who runs a little truck-farm out Arbor Street, inquired for you, and she ain't one to be curious about folks usually.'

Faille lay for a moment trying to remember. Arbor Street — a truck-farm. Then he inquired: 'Does she live in an old brick house with a white picket fence around it?' He could n't remember whether there had really been a brick house or he had dreamed of one.

'Yes,' the doctor replied; 'it's the old Forbes place, but she bought it some years ago. She ain't native to these parts, and the townspeople think she's kinda peculiar, but I guess she just minds her own business.'

The voice trailed off in Faille's ears to a confused murmur. It seemed to him that he lay looking into a garden with heaps of glowing tomatoes scattered about. He could smell grapes ripening on a trellis, and little wisps of smoke from a bonfire floated before his eyes like censer wreaths; an uneven brick pavement, stained with green mould and splashed with cool shadows of late afternoon, led to an old-fashioned well, from which, surprisingly enough, Miss Gaum seemed to emerge, fixing him with her dark, piercing gaze. He did not hear her speak, but he knew that she was inviting him to enter her garden. He put one hand on the picket and vaulted across the fence; and he felt no dismay that he did not land on his feet, but floated with a light buoyancy over Miss Gaum's head into delicious, cool, green depths —

'There, he's off, and he's liable to sleep like that for hours,' the doctor said softly, as he rose from his chair. 'I'll look in on him after lodge, in case he needs anything.'

IV

Faille recovered quickly, but he seemed drained of all initiative. Each day he told himself that to-morrow he must continue his journey; but each day found him sitting on the hotel verandah or in the shade of the little park, and nearly every afternoon he sat for an hour in Miss Gaum's garden; for once, in the early days of his convalescence, as he loitered outside her white picket

fence, she had spoken to him and invited him to enter.

One evening, as Miss Gaum washed her hands at the pump, she said abruptly, 'I believe mebby you better come up here and stay a week or two. You'd sleep better than in that stuffy hotel, and if you don't mind lack of style, I could feed you as good as they do.'

Faille accepted without protest. He liked his big bare chamber, which held everything for his comfort but not a superfluous article. This was true of the whole house. It was the most orderly house he had ever seen — not the fussy orderliness that Amelia had loved to maintain. He remembered two enormous Dresden vases, with elaborate ornamental flowers and figures upon them, that had decorated Amelia's mantel. She had never allowed anyone but herself to touch them, and she used to spend hours cleaning them, wrapping an orange-wood stick with cotton and poking it into every crevice and cranny, rinsing them with hot soapsuds, and drying them with little wads of tissue paper and soft towels. 'It's the hot soapsuds rinse that gives them the *lustre*,' she would explain earnestly as she lifted them back into their places.

After Faille went to Miss Gaum's to stay, he spent nearly every waking hour in her garden. All of his childhood had been spent in or near the country, and during the past two years he had lived for weeks at a time in the vast silences of mountains with snow-capped peaks, rushing cascades, and hidden pools; he had tramped through still dark forests, and had watched the stars wheel through the sky as he lay on the desert sands; but in this little Kansas garden he seemed to touch, for the first time in his life, the spiritual essence of Nature.

But he was not idle, for very soon he began to help with the work. He liked to gather and sort the vegetables for market, and to pump water into the little irrigating ditches Miss Gaum had devised. He could hardly wait for the day they were to pick apples in the orchard, which grew on an up-climbing hill back of the house. And as he worked, he liked to watch Miss Gaum, reaching, bending, lifting; she would walk straight up a ladder as if she were mounting the steps of her house; he had never seen such perfect motor-control or such lack of self-consciousness. He often wondered about her. There were days at a time when she scarcely spoke, days when her dark sunken eyes held a still, controlled despair that aroused his speculation and conjecture. She never asked him questions about himself, and when he spoke of his travels, she listened attentively but without comment. It was when he ventured some opinion of abstract, human significance that she startled him with her instant comprehension, with some comment so wise, so penetrating, that he wondered what form Fate had chosen for her to break herself against.

It was the day they were picking apples that Faille put the question to her.

'What do you think about?' he asked. 'I have the feeling that you are always thinking — not about apples or garden truck, but — *something*,' he ended vaguely.

She gave him a keen glance, and it seemed to him that her face grew gray and bleak as she picked up a basket; and as she walked away, she replied, briefly, 'The dead.'

For a moment Faille felt dizzy, as if he had been walking along in safety and had suddenly come to the edge of an abyss. For days he had n't thought of Amelia, but instantly the whole green garden was invaded by her mournful eyes; her sad, far-away voice.

He turned and stumbled into the house.

V

That evening, after supper, Miss Gaum lighted a fire on the hearth. 'Winter will be here before we know it,' she said, as she added twisted wisps of paper to the blaze. 'You'd better warm a while before you go upstairs; and anyway,' — she rose brusquely from her stooping posture, — 'I guess it's about time you and me had a talk. You say you been watching me think; well, I been watching you too, and if you want to, you can tell me about it.'

And with this queer invitation, Faille poured out his story. He told it without reticence or reserve, as if he were thinking aloud.

'It does n't sound like much, as I tell it,' he finished; 'not enough to send me around the world, but I can't get away — it dogs my footsteps everywhere. Other men could fill up their lives — marry again,' — he stammered a little, — 'but there's a morbid weakness in me. I'm not poor, you know, and I ought to do some big work in the world, but — ' he finished helplessly.

'You might's well go back wherever it is you live,' Miss Gaum replied after a long pause. 'I guess you and me are prisoners, in for a life term.' She smiled a distant, mirthless, inscrutable smile. 'But then, far's that's concerned, I suppose we're all prisoners to something or other; nobody really escapes, not even those men that marry again and fill up their lives. If it ain't a dead person, it's something we've done ourselves that's our jailer.'

'But does one have to submit to the tyranny of the dead — of the past?' he protested.

'Well, it's there, ain't it?' she asked. 'I suppose it was my answering you the way I did this afternoon that's set you off this way. I do think about the dead a good deal, but I guess I think more about that truck-garden, and whether I'm going to keep the blight out of my orchard, than I realized. But I been thinking about you too lately, thinking you better not be hanging around here much longer. You're in good health. I watched you lift them barrels yesterday; you could n't have budged them three weeks ago. You said something about Boston once; I guess that's your home, is n't it?' And as Faille nodded silently, she continued in her toneless, musing voice: 'I been to Boston lots of times, and I should think it'd be a nice place for an educated man like you to live. You see I was n't born out here. You'd never be able to guess where I was born, so I'll tell you — under a tent-top'; and at Faille's interested glance, she nodded slowly. 'I suppose you never heard of the Gaum family of trapeze performers?' At his negative sign she smiled dimly. 'You would n't, but for three generations our family was one of the best known in the circus world. All of my brothers and sisters were born within smell of the tan-bark, and our father and mother began training us before we left the cradle. I was only four years old the first time they took me up on the swings for a public performance. It's a rough, hard life, but not the way people on the outside think. You have to work like a slave, and you'd better believe there is n't much dissipating among the acrobats and trapeze performers, when not only their jobs, but their lives, depend upon a clear brain and steady nerves.

'When I was eighteen my mother died; my father was beginning to get old, and suddenly the family seemed to break up. One sister married and left the circus, another went with Sells Brothers, two of the boys went on a vaudeville circuit, but father and I stuck. At that time he was one of the ring-masters and helped train the young performers. Pretty soon I had a working partner, Joe Capello. Joe was a

Castilian, a handsome fellow with plenty of nerve, but there was something funny about him too — "Jumpy," they used to call him. He was easily affected by the weather, and sometimes, before we'd ever been out in the ring, he'd say restlessly, "This audience don't *feel* good"; and sure enough, those were the days we could n't get any enthusiasm into them. Well, as so often happens in that sort of teamwork, Joe and I fell in love.' There was not a tremor of emotion in Miss Gaum's voice as she continued. 'But our love-making never interfered with our work. As a matter of fact, I always had a queer feeling as soon as I went up the rope — as if *I* was n't there. Kinda like a machine — I forgot I had a will of my own.' She paused over the inadequacy of words to express her meaning.

'I suppose all artists have that peculiar, impersonal motor-control; that sense of acting without their own volition,' Faille suggested.

'Yes, I guess so, but I don't know just what some of them big words mean.' She smiled faintly. 'But anyway, it seemed as if Joe knew what I was going to do before the thought was fully formed in my mind. I was so sure of him that I never hesitated to do anything he told me to. Out I would fly through space, as sure of those strong hands as I am of reaching an apple on one of those trees in the orchard. Like all people of his race, Joe had a bad temper, was often jealous and unreasonable; but circus people are used to that sort of thing, and some way we don't make as much of it as people do who are shut up in houses.

'We had one act that I don't believe has ever been excelled. We called it the Leap of Death, and we practised a year and a half before we gave it at a performance, and then, if you'll believe it, we did it too well, or at least, it looked too easy; anyway, we did n't get a hand-clap. My father fixed up a lot of business to make it look more difficult and dangerous than it really was, and we took more time to work up to our climax. Well, it made a hit then — the audience went wild. Joe loved that. I can see him now, bowing and smiling and kissing his hands and swaggering as we left the tent.

'One night we quarreled. It was n't over a woman — just some silly thing I'd be ashamed to tell you. But Joe was so unreasonable, he said such outrageous things, that I got mad too — a thing I seldom did. I hated him. I hate him now when I think of it,' she said quietly. 'I could n't sleep all night, and the next morning when he began nagging at me, I felt as if I could kill him where he stood.

'The Leap of Death was one of those acts that require every ounce of nerve and concentration that one can bring to bear; a slip of a hair's breadth, a miscalculation of a fraction of a second, would mean a bad spill, although there was n't much real danger, as my father never let us go up without the net. We stood on little platforms at the very top of opposite sides of the tent; and that day as I watched Joe bowing and scraping and showing his big white teeth to the audience below, an evil thought leaped into my brain. Suppose I missed him and he went bouncing into the net below — it would take that vain grin off his face fast enough, and no one would ever know. Suddenly I saw Joe staring at me, and it seemed to me that his face went white. "Is he sick?" I thought swiftly; but just then my father blew his whistle and I forgot everything but the act. Out, out I swung, and Joe swept past me; back again, I fell, hanging by my knees, and as Joe's trapeze reached the tent-top for the third time, I tensed my muscles to catch him as he leaped on the downward sweep. Then my heart seemed to

plunge clean out of my body; I gave a terrified lunge, reaching, clutching — at emptiness. Joe had leaped a second too soon, and as I grabbed wildly for the rope, I caught a glimmer of his desperate, accusing eyes as he crashed into and through the net.'

For a long time there was silence in the room, and the only movement was the soft dropping of the ash from the calcined wood on the hearth, which fluttered down in snowy heaps, like little white graves.

'He read your mind?' Faille asked, in a tense voice.

'Yes, he always could. Clairvoyant, they used to call him,' she answered sombrely. 'But that time he read the impulse of an angry woman, and failed to follow the mind of the artist. Well, his neck was broken by the fall, but no one ever suspected a thing. But as for that, what was there to suspect? Accidents happen in the circus, but not as often as you'd think, considering the risks we take; and if anyone was to blame, it was the management, for using a rotten rope-stake.'

'And then you left the circus?' Faille prompted, after another pause.

'Not at once,' she replied. 'My nerve was n't shaken, at least, not when I was performing, those things become almost automatic. But for a long time I never lay down at night but I'd see Joe's eyes staring at me — sometimes they were laughing eyes, teasing, tender, but mostly they were filled with a terrible, haunting reproach. Sometimes I see them even yet.'

'I know,' Faille shivered, as he bent and stirred the coals to blaze.

'Well, all at once,' she continued, 'I began to have a curious dislike for everything about the circus — the gossiping people, the smells of animals, tarpaulin, tan-bark. I hated the jolting trains, the noisy street parades. And just at that time my father died and left an insurance policy of five thousand dollars.

'I had n't been out here for years, but we used to make it winter-quarters when I was a child, and I'd always remembered the place because one winter we'd taken a little house at the edge of town, as some of the children were sick and my mother wanted to get us away from the quarters.

'Of course, they all thought I was crazy. I was young and making good money. I came from circus people, and I knew nothing of life outside the circus. I guess I ran away, same as you did.'

Faille sat looking at Miss Gaum as she bent forward in profile. Her heavy low-heeled shoes showed beneath the hem of her faded print gown, and her work-worn hands lay folded in her lap. He tried to visualize her in the trappings of her gay and tragic past. All impulsive forces seemed gone; all desires, urgencies. There was something immutable and fatelike in her pose and the dark immobility of her face. Suddenly he felt his heart beating quickly, and he reached out and touched her arm.

'And do you forget sometimes — out there in your garden?' he asked breathlessly.

'No.' She shook her head. 'But when I'm out there it does n't seem to make much difference — not about Joe, nor you, nor me, nor anybody. You'll know what I mean when you get to work.'

'But how — how can I have a garden on a city lot?' Faille demanded with childish literalism.

'That's a funny thing. I don't believe it makes any difference where the garden is — nor whether it is large or small. You can do a lot with a little space.'

'And I'll be able to get away — ' he persisted.

'No.' There was a hint of impatience in her voice. 'It'll always be there. I don't know's you'll want to get away.

You're one of that kind; so 'm I; but we can't help that, can we?'

'No, I don't suppose we can,' he agreed soberly.

'Well, then we got to learn to live with it; after a time, when your garden gets growing, the thing does n't seem very important: it's unreal — kind of interesting, like something you might read in a book,' she finished with the first hint of awkwardness.

'You know,' — she rose and laid her hand for a moment on his shoulder, — 'it — it don't even have to be a garden. I reckon there's plenty of other things you could do.'

In the morning Faille walked up to the hotel and ordered the bus to call for him and his traps the next day.

'Leavin' town?' the clerk inquired with easy familiarity. 'Well, it seems to have agreed with you out here.'

'Yes,' Faille replied, 'but it's time I was getting on my way.'

'Gee, I envy you. I thought I was goin' to get away before this; but nothin' good, bad, or *in*different ever happened to anybody in this burg. Goin' West, ain't you?'

'No,' Faille replied good-naturedly; 'I'm returning to my home in Boston.'

'Good-night!' the boy exclaimed. 'We did n't know but you was goin' in the truckin' business with old lady Gaum. Heard you been helpin' her with her garden.'

'Well, I may make a garden when I get home,' Faille smiled; 'or perhaps I shall write a story about one.'

'That so?' the boy gave him an interested glance. 'They tell me there is n't much money in literchure since the war, but it's absorbin'. I don't suppose you noticed them bus signs advertisin' the hotel? I wrote 'em, and honestly, I was dead to the world while I was doin' it. Funny thing, too, — I had an ulcerated tooth at the time.'

Faille broke into a sudden hearty laugh. 'Did you forget about the tooth?' he demanded.

'Say,' — the boy regarded him tolerantly, — 'I guess you never had an ulcerated tooth. No, I did n't forget about it, but it did n't seem to matter — at least not so much.'

Faille walked slowly over into the little park. The leaves of the trees had taken on the sandal and saffron tints of October, and the vine that festooned the bandstand hung in handfuls of russet lace. The air was filled with tender autumn mists, and once or twice a passer-by nodded him a friendly greeting. He seated himself on one of the benches, and sat idly watching a skinny old man who was digging up the turf at one side of the path, turning it under with vigorous slaps and prods of his spade. Presently the old man straightened up and, catching Faille's eye, gave him a friendly, toothless smile. 'Pity they don't plough up the hull place,' he remarked; 'the grass is deader 'n a doornail, but if they'd jest plough it under, it'd be fine fer next year's crop.'

Faille was a fairly well-read man, but it happened that he had never read Voltaire's immortal handbook of philosophy, and for a long time he sat thinking of all the dead hopes and dreams, the failures and experiences, that are being ploughed under all over the world, ploughed under to strengthen the new crop. And with a sudden sense of revelation, he thought of Amelia with her Sunday-School class, her Dresden vases, and the interminable shawls that she had knitted. 'She was n't nearly as unhappy as I thought she was — and how much wiser than I,' he mused with whimsical tenderness. 'Those things were her garden, poor dear.'

NO COURTSHIP AT ALL

BY ANOTHER SPINSTER

I READ 'Courtship after Marriage' on a mournfully windy Sunday evening, in an empty, underheated college library; but I hurried home to my third-floor front in a glow of warm gratitude. I was going to write an anonymous letter to the anonymous bachelor, to thank him. I was going to say: 'Thank you, and again, thank you. It is comforting to know that a man understands and cares.' Perhaps I might say a great deal more — but I must be careful not to sound sentimental; and, besides, I should have to make it an open letter, so that the editor might read it, to be sure he was n't sending on anything silly, or in bad taste. I was afraid to write that letter, after all. And I sobered into my usual Sunday-night stoicism.

'Afraid.' That is it. We are afraid. I say 'we,' because I am daring to speak for many lonely unmarried women. In varying degrees, according to our various ages, we are afraid of being thought silly, sentimental, cowardly, unladylike; or — worst of all — we are afraid that some recent initiate into the mysteries of psychoanalysis, whom a little psychology has made mad, will announce with triumph that we have a Freudian complex. (If it is a Freudian complex to want a home, a husband, and children, then blessed be Freud.) So it is only when we are still very young that we say lightly, 'When I have five children —.' Soon it is modified to a quiet, 'If I ever have a child'; and later, we say nothing. If we have n't let the hope entirely darken, we are yet afraid to acknowledge the dream.

It would shock, or bore, or disgust the world in general, I suppose, if all the schoolteachers and office-workers who want to marry should suddenly tell the truth. The public prefers to believe that women cherish their economic independence more tenderly than they ever could cherish husbands and babies. And our pride helps to keep up the great delusion. Many of us, especially the older ones, would never admit our loneliness and disappointment, perhaps, even to ourselves; but the majority, I believe, have 'had to tell' someone, — some equally lonely woman friend, — whether or not we told it in words, the story of frustrated hopes, of baffled instincts, of imprisoned powers. We form a kind of great secret society. The initiation is, mercifully, gradual; the dues are endless; the badge may be anything from a commutation ticket to a Phi-Beta-Kappa key; the password, seldom uttered, is always the same — loneliness.

It was a schoolteacher friend who, urging me to read soon 'Courtship after Marriage,' wrote: 'It is comforting to know that we are not the only ones in whose lives passion is a problem.' And when a friend who works in an office came to me, to discuss a problem of passion in her life, and wondered why people did n't 'realize what a starved life business women lead,' I told *her*, in turn, to read the *Atlantic* article. She 's clever, that thirty-five-year-old 'girl.' She holds a position and draws a salary that command my admiration and awe, but not my envy, for I know her real

ambition. It is that of hundreds of women, who are working successfully, and hard, and alone: she wants her own kitchen. She has proved that she can earn her own living; that she need never be a burden on anybody; that she could help her husband, if need be; that she could support her children, if it should become necessary; and there is no prospect of a husband and children for her.

But why not a kitchen, if she is earning an awe-inspiring salary? you ask. Well, for the sake of her elderly parents, she is keeping her home from being sold — the home in which she spends just fifteen short days of each long year. Many of us are in similar situations. We are supporting invalid fathers, or mothers who did not have a chance to learn how to earn their own livings; we are helping the brother who needs to get started in business; or we are putting a sister through college. If it is not relatives for whom our money is needed, permanently, we are temporarily tied, during those valuable first few years when, the books tell us, we should be having children, by the debts we have accumulated in getting our education. Especially is this true of college teachers and professional women. Well do we understand why the men of our own age are not daring to think of matrimony. They have the same debts; they are denying themselves everything, from subscribing to their favorite periodicals to fulfilling themselves as husbands and fathers. Such men have a right, though, if they are courageous and strong, to try to find wives who are willing to be poor and work with them.

We may not do that, modern novels and magazine stories to the contrary. Neither when we are young, nor when we are less young, would most of us venture to call on a man often enough to impress him with our possibilities as wives. We have learned, long ago, much about the patience and self-sacrifice and honesty that marriage requires. If there has been no one whom we had to take care of, there has often been someone whom we elected to take care of — some woman-friend, not so strong, not so capable of fighting her way in the world, or of carrying her own suitcase. We have neither tinsel nor tulle illusions about love and romance, and we have fought the good fight against cynicism and the 'modern' attitude. It is unselfish, brave, and tender companionship that we want to receive and give, not the *grande passion*. (Of passion, indeed, we have had too much. We are weary in body and sick in soul from our vain attempts to endure unscathed the insidious, persistent assaults of passion.)

But how are men, who constantly hear and read the popular fallacies about how we love our independence — how are they to know that we are women who do 'want to be taken care of' just as much as we 'want someone of our own to take care of'? How can we let them know that we ought to be wives and mothers, that we are not hopelessly modern women? We have not even the legitimate means of making ourselves gracious and pleasing. Most of us cannot afford to dress well, and in many cases, we must dress severely. How drab and unfeminine we must seem, especially as the years go by and we learn to hide the light that was once in our eyes.

The most desperate trouble is, though, that we have no homes in which to entertain men — often, not even one hospitable room where we may receive guests. Everyone knows what a boarding-house reception-room is — and is not. Girls in stories always make delicious little suppers for their callers. Where do they find the landladies who allow it? In the stories, I think.

How we want homes! How tired we are of it all, tired of other women's taste — or lack of it — in wall-paper

and rugs, in salads and desserts; tired of institutional meals, especially the sacrosanct Sunday dinner of hypothetical chicken and store ice-cream; tired, most of all, of chilly, badly lighted, inadequately cleaned rooms, with limited closet space and no view — rooms that we come home to alone! We could stand it, if it were getting us anywhere, if there were anyone with whom to share the adventure of cramped, makeshift living — someone with whom we could work in some hope of a future (there is no future for two women friends); a future in which there should be not a room, but rooms, and even an attic and a cellar, and a kitchen.

I insist on the kitchen. That is to me the outward and visible manifestation of the inward longings of my spirit. 'If I ever do go insane,' I wrote calmly in a letter the other day, 'you know what form it will take. I shall wander up and down the aisles of the hardware department in the nearest big store.' Indeed, I have already begun visiting hardware departments, with no excuse except the joy of seeing piles of cool enamel ware, stacks of lustrous aluminum, heaps of dashing, shaggy mops. (I can clean house much better than I can teach.) You might expect me to haunt what is hideously known as the 'infants'' department. No; because there is no use. I may have a kitchen some day, if I can afford it; but a baby will never be mine, I am beginning to be sure. So, during an occasional week-end, I wash the dishes for my tired married friend, and help her take care of the baby, who is teething and not at all poetic.

There is no starry romance about dirty cooking-dishes and a fretful baby. I know it, and we know it — we, the lonely. But we prefer it to the equally unillumined realism of cleaning typewriters, or struggling with the pitiful, sub-normal boy, who 'did n't want to come to school anyway.' The married friend was tired; but how much less we have to show for our weariness. I mean this selfishly, yes. We may be much-beloved social workers or school-teachers, but the love of the poor and the love of 'other women's children' (this is sentimental) is not all we want, nor is it all we need.

Our love for these poor people, for these children, does not use up all our capacities for love. A residuum remains, unconvertible, a strongly burning core; and so we are afraid that we, too, will ultimately 'collapse, either mentally or morally' — as well as physically, if I may add to the Anonymous Bachelor's words. Many of us hide it, for years. We go about, capable, controlled, dignified, wise women, women who are trusted and admired and loved in our work — and justly so, I dare to think. We are well-trained enough to keep the two selves separate: the public self, and the private self that ought to be normal but has become abnormal, a little, or much. How much, we cannot quite judge, ourselves.

A few educators, physicians, and psychologists, who are not afraid of the truth, do not flinch from acknowledging the moral complications that are arising, and, I believe, increasing, as more and more unmarried women live unnatural, lonely, homesick lives. I do not know what the material remedy will be; but surely the first necessity is to be honest; and in order to be honest about the particular applications of the problem, — its pathological aspects, that is, — we all must be honest about the general problem.

And I had meant to be honest myself, to tell without reserves, and unsparingly, of the agony of it all; of the beating against stone walls; of the black despair that even prayer can scarcely lighten; of the incredible cruelty of it — of the waste.

But I am afraid.

THE GERMAN MIND

BY HELLMUT VON GERLACH

I

BEFORE THE WAR

WHILE Bismarck was at the helm — until 1890 — the German people did not concern themselves seriously with foreign affairs. The immense and uninterrupted success of Bismarck's foreign policy, from 1864 to 1891, justified their confidence. They relied absolutely upon his genius.

The surpassing skill of the almost omnipotent ruling Chancellor of the Empire — for the old Kaiser Wilhelm always left the decision to him, the other ministers were only his instruments; the Reichstag majority was pliant, the majority of the people passive — destroyed the German people's inclination to busy themselves with questions of international politics.

In addition, Germany's prosperity was developing rapidly. This favorable economic development continued when Wilhelm II came to the throne, and after he separated from Bismarck, in 1890. Until 1914, Germany's economic life expanded uninterruptedly. The expression frequently used in speeches, 'Germany needs "a place in the sun,"' was only talk. As a matter of fact, Germany had her place in the sun. Her national prosperity increased to such an extent that the universal standard of living was rising constantly; although, of course, inequality of incomes caused discontent among certain classes. People are never contented, — fortunately, perhaps, — but so far as external causes were concerned there was no reason to complain that our economic development was checked.

On the other hand, after 1890, full confidence in the conduct of our foreign policy was lacking. The people felt a nervous hand, where formerly they had been accustomed to a firm one. They listened to big words, but missed useful deeds. A feeling of unrest and uncertainty began to spread, although, of course, the masses of the citizens were entirely uncritical. As long as they were not disturbed in their business, they did not worry about the foreign policy of their government.

The Reichstag remained what it had been — thorough, and sometimes even energetic, in questions of domestic policy; superficial and full of confidence in matters of foreign policy. But, outside of the Legislature, groups were formed, which, on their own account and in a particular way, tried to influence foreign policy.

The Pan-German League was formed. The real founder, Karl Peters, — a man as energetic as he was brutal, — had won for Germany the East African colony. His following was not large, but it was very active. It was composed almost entirely of so-called 'highbrows' — old officers, professors, writers, and, above all, headmasters. Owing to the fact that he gradually drew about all the teachers of the upper schools into his circle, he acquired an immeasurable influence on the psychology of the

young academic generation, which was called upon to take the leading place in civil and national life.

The Pan-German League masqueraded as the successor to Bismarck's policy, but, from the beginning, traveled a very different road. It had two aims. At times, a national one: it wanted to unite and cleanse the Germans. Therefore, it sought to establish a bond between the Germans of the Empire and the Germans living in the rest of the world. For this reason, it tried to purify the Germans from all alleged foreign elements. It made war against the Jews. It was consciously anti-Semitic.

Then, again, it was imperialistic. It sought a German world-policy. In inseparable connection with its imperial aims stood its militarism. As its intellectual offspring, therefore, we must recognize the Naval League, — with its membership mounting into the hundreds of thousands, — and the Military League. Both leagues were remarkably active in securing new appropriations for the army and navy; in supporting the government when it proposed such appropriations; in attacking it when the appropriations did not seem sufficiently ample. The munitions industry, with its enormous resources, naturally supported this welcome agitation. But it would be wrong to say that material considerations alone had been the chief inspiration of the propaganda of the Pan-Germans and militarists. Idealism, misunderstood and falsely directed, played the leading rôle. At first, to be sure, the material support of interested circles helped on the agitation immensely.

In contrast to the Pan-German League stood the German Peace Society — the first and, at that time, the only organization of German pacifism. It never had more than a few thousand members. The mass of the people saw in the pacifists a small group of possibly brave, but unpractical, Utopians. No one really believed in a serious war-menace; therefore, an opposition organization appeared unnecessary. The universal lack of interest in foreign affairs was an especial obstacle. Widespread elucidation through extensive propaganda could not be undertaken, as financial means were lacking. The well-to-do, almost without exception, were indifferent to the pacifist movement. Their ambitions were titles, decorations, patents of nobility — things obtainable only through influence at court; but, at court, pacifism was no recommendation.

The lack of support of the upper classes could, naturally, have been offset by the coöperation of the lower classes. These were the Socialist workers. They were internationally directed and pacifically inclined. But, on the other hand, they were sworn to the dogma of caste-struggle. That separated them from all contact with middle-class organizations. The pacifist was scorned as a dreamer, with whom a real Marxian could have nothing to do; and the class-conscious German laborers all wished to be Marxians. They did not fight the Peace Society, but they opposed it with a superior smile. Scarcely one Social Democrat, at that time, belonged to the German Peace Society.

II

AT THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR

Shortly before the beginning of the war, Pan-Germanism had become a mighty factor. No party of the Reichstag was entirely committed to it, but in almost every citizen's party it numbered influential followers, especially among the Conservatives and National Liberals. A large section of the press was at its service. A succession of books appeared, written under its inspiration.

Speakers went through the country enlisting sympathy for its ideas.

In the spring of 1914, Professor O. Nippold brought out a very interesting book, entitled *German Chauvinism*. This rather extensive volume is nothing but a collection of quotations from the speeches and publications of the Pan-Germans of the year 1913. They all culminated in the glorification of war, in the preaching of hatred toward other nations, in dreams of the expansion of German might. Especially crass was the heckling quoted from the papers and publications of a portion of the Young German movement.

There were certain circles, not numerous, but influential, which, for various reasons, fairly longed for war.

Some saw in war the only way of damning the ever-increasing flow of German laborers toward Socialism. The Reichstag elections of 1912 had given the Social Democrats 111 seats, thereby making them the strongest legislative party. Many people feared that the Social Democrats would gradually win the majority, and then would swing legislation to the side of labor. Through the national promotion of a war, they expected to secure a reaction against the feeling of internationalism inseparably connected with Socialism.

Others longed to secure by means of war an antidote to what, in their opinion, was an ever-increasing tendency toward materialism. They declared that, when a nation enjoyed peace too long, many virtues and ideal aspirations disappeared. Everyone was consumed by the passion for acquiring money and the comforts of life. War was a chalybeate bath, which alone could heal the people spiritually and morally.

Still others argued more temperately, declaring that, with Pan-Germanism in Russia, the thirst for revenge in France, England's commercial jealousy, the continual buzzing in the Balkans, war was unavoidable sooner or later. If this was so, it was better that the war should come soon; for now the military position of Germany was exceptionally favorable: the deepening of the Channel of the North Baltic Sea, necessary for the German warships, had been accomplished; German finances and German arms were at their best, because of the gigantic appropriations of 1912–13. Russia's strategic positions were not yet completed. France had no high-angle artillery. The three-year term of service just agreed upon in France had not yet had time to achieve any practical result. In short, all military chances were, at this moment, on the side of Germany.

In addition, there was the fact that the gigantic military machine of Germany in itself produced a certain war-spirit. Under the influence of Herr von Tirpitz we had built an enormous war-fleet. There were a number of naval officers who longed to prove that the young German navy equaled the old English. The great General Staff had for decades been working out, to the last detail, mobilization plans and war plans. There were many military men who would have liked to show their people that the enormous sacrifices for war purposes had not been made in vain. The inventor of a marvelous machine likes to see it work. Officers who, all their lives, had done garrison duty only, must feel that they had missed their opportunity. They knew that everything would work out. Therefore, they were not unwilling to have things come to a head.

The German Government, however, was not anxious for war. Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg was anything but a militarist or a Pan-German. But he was not energetic. He neither dared to oppose the heckling of the Pan-Germans with the necessary severity, nor

had he the necessary backbone to require of the Emperor that the civil power be placed above the military power. He did not force the war, but he let the war be forced.

The unfairly severe Viennese ultimatum to Serbia on July 23, 1914, literally forcing war, struck like a bomb. The Pan-Germans rejoiced. Groups of students and other young people marched through the streets, singing patriotic songs and inciting to war. The Socialist laborers held mass-meetings against the war. The citizens, unenlightened and undecided as they almost always are, held their breath, waiting patiently for the development of affairs.

In frenzied haste the events of July twenty-third rushed to the decisive fourth of August. Of all that concerned it, the German public learned only so much as its Government thought wise to impart. And that was passing little, and only what was favorable to home policy and unfavorable to the policy of the other nations involved. In especial, the Germans had no idea that the ultimatum to Serbia had been promulgated with the knowledge and approval of the German Government.

Russia interfered because of the requirements of Pan-Slavic power. And Germany had to remain faithful to her Austro-Hungarian allies. This was the aspect of the affair which the German Government chose to put forward, and in this aspect it was seen by the Germans, who had no idea of the news printed on the other side of the boundaries. To be sure, even the German news would have made a critically inclined person critical. But who was critical at that time? The mere expectation of war had caused a war-psychosis.

When the Reichstag met, on August 4, the vote for the war credit was a foregone conclusion. The citizens' parties, equally infected with the nationalistic bacillus, were unitedly for it.

Only the attitude of the Social Democrats was undecided. As, in numbers, they represented only a minority in the Reichstag, their vote did not matter. All the more, their moral influence counted. A war against the wishes of the German labor representation would, from the beginning, have been a lost cause.

Among the Social Democrats, opinions differed; but when it came to the vote, there were only fourteen ballots against the credit. The balance was turned, not alone by the murder of the French Socialist leader, Jaurès, by a French Nationalist, but more particularly by the hatred of Tsaristic Russia. One recalled that saying of old August Bebel's — when it came to attacking Russia, then he would shoulder a gun.

The Government had succeeded in convincing some of the Social Democratic leaders that Russia was the real mischief-maker. The German laborers went gleefully to war, because they believed that the hour had come to settle up with the arch-enemy of the modern labor movement — the Tsarist autocracy.

Unanimously the Reichstag agreed to the war-credit. Even the fourteen dissenting Social Democrats submitted to party discipline, and voted for it. The entire representation of the German people seemed of one accord. The moral effect was tremendous. Whoever might question the good moral right of the German declaration of war surrendered his doubts now. If even the most radical opponents agreed with the Government, the justice of the German cause must be beyond doubt.

I happened to be spending the decisive days at the beginning of the war away from home — in France, England, and Belgium. I returned to Germany only on the fourth of August. My

position was different from that of almost all my countrymen. I knew the facts on both sides, and, therefore, from the first day, was of an open mind. The contrast between the feeling without and the feeling within overwhelmed me. In France I had found only fearful anxiety about the possibility of war. In England, a decided disinclination toward participation in war. In Belgium, wild indignation over the breach of neutrality.

And in Germany? There I found a war enthusiasm without parallel. I felt completely isolated. All capacity for criticism had disappeared, not only among the easily swayed youth, not only among the easily influenced man on the street: the most serious, the most skeptical men believed, suddenly, everything that the official Wolff Bureau and the censored press offered them. They believed in the 24 motors which were to carry masses of gold straight through Germany from France to Russia (and in consequence shot a dozen patriotic German chauffeurs whom they mistook for the drivers of the Russian gold-motors). They believed, at that time, that the French had thrown bombs over Nürnberg. Everywhere in Germany were strange aviators, and on that account the people shot, indiscriminately, clouds and German aviators. They believed that the French had poisoned German wells, and even German rivers. In fact, every report spread abroad by the Government, in order to drive a naturally peaceable people into a frenzy of war and hate, was swallowed whole.

I met old Democrats who, only six weeks before, had preached that distrust is the primary virtue of democracy. Of nothing had their distrust been greater than of the information given by the Government and the military party. Now they believed every word that went out from the home office of the Commander-in-Chief of the army. If one dared express the slightest doubt, one ran the risk of being denounced as a traitor by one's oldest friend, and, at least, of being placed under arrest. It was a spiritual plague. There was nothing to do but to wait until the epidemic died out, or, at least, began to wane. One thought dominated all others: the war will be not only successful, but also very short. In six weeks, entrance into Paris; at Christmastime, return through the Brandenburger Tor. A particularly zealous old general advised the Berlin houseowners, as early as September, 1914, not to rent their windows for the victory parade at profiteer prices.

III

DURING THE WAR

The large majority of the German people, counted on a war of four months, and it lasted more than four years. In spite of this, their spirit remained practically unchanged until the summer of 1918. Only a minority — though a growing one — fell away in the course of the years, had doubts as to the justice of the German cause, grew skeptical about the result, became impatient of the increasing privations, assumed a critical attitude toward the Government, and, finally, took the position that any peace was better than a continuation of the war. The majority persisted in the point of view of August 4, 1914. The exuberance of feeling subsided, it is true. In its place appeared a firm determination to hold out. The people endured suffering, because they were firmly convinced that the end would bring the 'reward of sacrifice.' With almost superstitious tenacity, they clung to two sayings uttered by military authorities: 'Time is working for us,' and 'Whoever keeps his nerve longest will win.'

With each new war loan the Government announced that, if it was only subscribed to sufficiently, it would surely be the last. The people believed this and subscribed to the utmost, some incurring debts in order to subscribe.

And yet, the necessity of a new war loan arose every half-year. But the deceived people were not disillusioned. They subscribed anew, if they possibly could.

From whence came this spirit of firm endurance? For the most part, it was created by the really admirably functioning organization of public opinion. The Germans, as a matter of fact, have a talent for organization. But they brought forth their masterpiece in the organization for influencing the press, created the first day of the war, and continued, and constantly improved, throughout the whole period of the war. Whether this organization was a blessing to the German people is a different question, but as a technical accomplishment, it was unsurpassed.

The press organization was purely military in character. In other words, 'Ludendorff made public opinion in Germany.' Twice a week the Press Conference — representatives of all the Berlin papers and the important provincial ones — met in a great hall, to receive information and instructions. The chairman of the Conference was a superior officer. The representatives of the civil authorities appeared only as subordinate figures. Even the press men were merely the object, not the subject, of the meeting. They could ask questions, but they had no right to demand an answer.

The aim of the conferences was exclusively this: to kindle the determination to hold out and conquer. 'Lying is now a patriotic duty.' That was the *leitmotiv* of everything.

The large majority of the press representatives supported from conviction any measure of the Commander-in-Chief of the army. Open opposition was impossible. Two all-powerful means were at the disposal of the military authorities, to nip every attempt at opposition in the bud — censorship and arrest. It must never be forgotten that, during the whole war, in Germany, the civil authorities were subordinated to the military. The civil authorities were only tools of the military authorities, bound to absolute obedience. The whole country was in a state of siege and was divided into military districts. The chiefs of these districts had the rights of a sovereign. To be sure, they could be removed by the Emperor; but so long as they held office, they were absolute masters in their departments.

The censorship concerned itself ostensibly only with military affairs. By a liberal interpretation, however, all political matters — even theatrical criticisms and announcements — were included in the censorship, as necessary for the conduct of the war. The newspapers which did not submit unconditionally could be commanded to stop publication indefinitely. There was no redress. In the latter part of the war, this state of affairs was, to be sure, ameliorated by some legal guaranties. But these remained on paper. The well-known Communist, Rosa Luxemburg, for instance was locked up for years, until the Revolution, without its being possible to accuse her even of a misdemeanor.

Most people are politically the result of their daily newspaper-reading. And as, during the war, with increasingly few exceptions, all newspapers published only what the Commander-in-Chief of the Army wished to have printed, it is not surprising that almost all Germans went through thick and thin under the domination of the Commander-in-Chief.

The War Press Bureau recognized as its chief task the support of the spirit of

August 4, 1914. To that, according to its conception, belonged two essentials — Hate and Hope. The object of hatred varied. Sometimes it was the Russians, of whose atrocities in East Prussia the most exaggerated reports were spread. Sometimes it was the Italians, or Rumanians, whose treachery was represented as the epitome of depravity. Sometimes it was the Americans, whose chief characteristic was dubbed hypocrisy. The French got off most easily, while the English were the constant object of the bitterest enmity. There were many officers who called them only the Baralongs.

It was hard to keep up the hope of ultimate victory, as disappointments multiplied. But much was accomplished by concealing the unfavorable news, or minimizing it, and by exaggerating what was favorable. It was forbidden to give the totals of war-losses. No news of sunken U-boats could be made public. Statistics of health-conditions, of increase in death-rates and decrease in births, were forbidden. Forced retreats were represented as strategic movements.

Above all, it was necessary, whenever one great hope was shattered, to produce a new one as a will-o'-the-wisp on the horizon. When the Holy War of Islam against England proved a mistake, the starvation of England by the U-boat war must take its place. When the help of Poland proved to be madness, they counted on the Russian Revolution. When hunger in Germany, in spite of all optimism, became more acute, people were hypnotized by the tale that the 'Bread Peace' with the Ukraine would fill the hungry mouths.

When the Americans, in spite of the word of the Prime Minister that they could neither swim nor fly, came in greater numbers to Europe, the people were told that the great spring offensive of Ludendorff would bring the final victory, before the Americans could be put into action. There was always a new and enticing mirage.

And the German people believed because they had blind faith in Hindenburg. The victor of Tannenberg had been crowned since September, 1914, with the halo of a demi-god. Doubt of him was regarded as treachery — almost as blasphemy.

The number of pacifists increased during the war, but only very slowly, for every possibility of proving its contention was taken away from pacifism. The old pacifist organization, the German Peace Society, was crippled soon after the beginning of the war by military enactment.

The newly established League of the New Fatherland, to which Socialist leaders and radical civil intellectuals belonged, disclosed an intense activity in the spring of 1915. It even created, at a convention at The Hague, the possibility of negotiations between Germany and England. But just because it threatened to become influential, every activity of speech and writing was forbidden it. The same thing happened to the newly established Centre for the Rights of the People. This, too, was soon condemned to a fictitious existence. Mere membership in it was a danger.

The suppression of every legal opposition created an illegal one, which came from both sides. The extreme Pan-Germans were dissatisfied with Chancellor Bethmann because he did not agree to their annexation plan. The extreme pacifists demanded from the Government the open acknowledgment of an arbitration peace without annexations and contributions, and no longer believed the fairy-tale of the enforced war and an attacked Germany. A third group displayed a radical Socialistic trend, which, according to the Russian pattern, was working toward a revolu-

tion. Under the inspiration of all three groups, secret writings appeared, which were followed up by the civil government, while the military departments often favored secretly, or even openly, the Pan-German propaganda.

When, in the summer of 1917, widening circles realized the failure of the increased U-boat war, a certain opposition to the omnipotence of the military government appeared for the first time in Parliament. It expressed itself in the acceptance of the so-called peace resolutions. The independent Social Democracy, which refused the war loans, gained adherents among the people. Increasing want on one side, and the immense gains of the war profiteers on the other, caused widespread dissatisfaction.

A certain discontent arose in the army — less because of the length of the war, which was endured with touching patience, than because of conditions within the service. Young upstart officers became the superiors of old reserves of forty-five years and more. Old fathers of families had to remain away from their families and business, while strong young men, because of their connections or money, were exempt at home. The soldiers at the front were poorly nourished, while the officers in the rear could lead a care-free, gluttonous existence. Outwardly discipline still held; inwardly it was gone — with the moral resistance of the great masses. The people began to listen rather to Wilson's messages than to the Emperor's speeches.

The second battle of the Marne, in the summer of 1918, was not alone a military defeat, but also the expression of the fact that the German people were no longer capable, physically or morally, of continuing the war. They had accomplished almost the superhuman in patient waiting. Now they had reached the end of their strength.

IV

THE COLLAPSE

The German people approached the great spring offensive of 1918 with unbounded faith in victory. The Russian opponent in the East, through the peace treaty of Brest-Litovsk, concluded in February, was done away. Immense numbers of troops were thus released. Everything could be concentrated in the West. Purposely the Government, as well as the Chief Command, spread the belief among the people and the army that the offensive was so well prepared that it could not fail. It must immediately lead to the occupation of Paris and the driving of the English across the Channel. Then the war on the Continent would cease, and peace be shortly assured. The people and the army hoped anew. The spirit almost recalled that of August, 1914.

The first reports of victory in March awakened stormy enthusiasm, boundless expectation, and unlimited demands for annexation. Then suddenly the offensive broke. The public was taken aback. The Chief Command soothed it: 'This is only a breathing-spell. Final victory is assured.'

New victories followed; a new pause. The breathing-spells grew longer. The public became somewhat uneasy. Still, things were going forward, even if with interruptions.

In the middle of July came the first great defeat. Foch's reserve army, which the Chief Command had reported as annihilated, appeared suddenly in overwhelming force on the flank of the German army, brought it first to a standstill, then caused it to give way, back over the Marne. The retreat began.

The greater the expectations had been in the spring, the more fatally the disappointment in summer reacted — especially in the army itself; for there one was closer to events than in the in-

terior of Germany, where the censorship could still stifle the truth somewhat. The soldiers became enraged. They felt themselves deceived and betrayed. They had been induced to make the supreme effort by promises of certain victory. Now they saw themselves retreating — not because they had failed in bravery, but simply because the enemy was stronger, and, above all, better armed. They had themselves read that their leaders had announced the annihilation of Foch's army of reserve, and now it appeared that this announcement was a fraud. They simply lost their belief in Hindenburg and Ludendorff, and because they did not believe in their leaders any longer, they did not believe in the possibility of victory. But if victory were impossible, then there was only one watchword for them: 'Now no further useless sacrifices, but peace at any price.'

That was the temper of the army in 1918. Every letter that went home, every soldier on furlough who came to his home-town, carried this word with him. Without let or hindrance, soldiers declared aloud, on the trains or in the public houses, that there would not be another winter campaign.

After the war, the Pan-Germans spread the report abroad that 'a dagger-thrust from behind' had assassinated the victorious front. Nearly all nationalistic Germans believed this fairy-tale. It became the nucleus of all reactionary propaganda intended to discredit the Revolution, and to represent it as the real cause of the defeat.

And yet the Pan-German assertion was demonstrably untrue. To be sure, there was a group of radical laborers who had been working secretly, under the influence of Moscow, toward a revolution; but so few people were involved, that a nation of sixty millions and an army of nearly ten millions could never have been seriously affected by it.

No, the military defeat was not the result of the Revolution, but the Revolution was the result of the military defeat. The desire to make an end first broke out in the army. From the army it spread to the home. The troops, of course, began the Revolution, not the laborers — though not the troops at the front, it is true, but the sailors at Kiel. At the front, this new attitude showed itself only in the passivity which took the place of four years of intense activity.

From August on, leaders and Government became uncertain. They felt that the war was lost; that all that mattered was to ratify a half-way endurable peace. They noticed the growing dissatisfaction and restlessness of the army and the people. But they believed that they could cure this distemper with simple remedies.

At last, they approached the reforms long demanded by the people: the introduction of democratic suffrage in Prussia, parliamentarization of the government; the subordination of the military power to the civil power. Prince Max von Baden, who was considered a liberal non-partisan, was appointed Chancellor, to carry out these reforms.

It was too late. That which, a short year before, would have worked wonders, now proved to be but a straw in the wind.

People and army, at this moment, cared nothing at all for internal political reforms. They wanted only one thing — PEACE — instant peace! And the chief obstacle to instant peace was incarnate for them in the person of Wilhelm II. They had inferred from Wilson's messages that he would not negotiate with the representatives of an autocratic system. Universally it was understood that Wilson, on whom all hopes of peace centred, would procure peace for a democratic Germany, but

never for the Germany of the Emperor.

Excitement in the country grew. The rigor of the censorship had to be relaxed. The necessity of Wilhelm's abdication was eagerly discussed. Even the Government recognized that this abdication offered the only possibility for the maintenance of quiet. Wilhelm alone remained deaf to the wishes of the people, and the Government was not brave enough to press him strongly.

Then came what had to come.

In the first days of November the mutinous sailors had taken possession of the city and harbor of Kiel. They had mutinied because they had learned that they were to go forth to a meaningless last sea-fight with England. They, the most radical and most active element in the German forces, felt no desire to crown a lost war with the useless loss of their own lives. They preferred to depose their officers, and seize the power themselves.

Thanks to the censorship, at first only a little of the news from Kiel filtered through to the rest of the country. Gradually, however, it sifted through everywhere — finally it even reached Berlin.

On the eighth of November, I was asked at noon, by telephone, to preside at a meeting of all the laborers of the Wireless companies. It was an enormous meeting. Similar meetings were held by the employees of all great factories. The purpose of all these gatherings was to ensure unanimous action of the workers for the next day. Everywhere the slogan was adopted: 'If the abdication of the Emperor is reported in the morning papers, then work will be conducted as usual. If not, then a general strike!'

On the ninth of November, early in the morning, the Emperor had not yet abdicated, as desired. Therefore, the factories remained empty. With closed ranks, hundreds of thousands of laborers moved from the suburbs to the heart of the city. The available troops in Berlin and the vicinity were sent to meet them. But when the laborers and the troops met, they fraternized. The officers recognized their own helplessness, and disappeared.

While Wilhelm was fleeing from the front to Holland, in a motor-car, his former capital had passed over into the possession of the laborers and soldiers, without any bloodshed. No Monarchist dared resist. But not a hair of a Monarchist was harmed.

The citizens watched the unaccustomed spectacle of the Revolution curiously. They took no part in it, but they were not hostile to it. The laborers and soldiers alone were the actors in this peaceful drama. They gave expression to their newly acquired power by immediately organizing Labor-and-Soldier Councils.

On the afternoon of November 9, the Social Democratic leader, Scheidemann, whom Prince Max von Baden had appointed Chancellor, announced officially from the Reichstag the German Republic. The controlling power went to the six popular delegates, Scheidemann, Ebert, Landsberg, Haase, Dittman, and Barth: three Majority, Socialists and three independent Social Democrats.

V

AFTER THE WAR

If an election had been held directly after November 9, the result would have been an overwhelming Socialistic majority. Not only the laborers, but even the peasants, the bourgeoisie, and, above all, the soldiers, would have almost unanimously voted 'Red.' Everywhere there was tumultuous joy at the thought that at last the war was at an end, and the upholders of the war-system had been overthrown. Credit for it was given to Social Democracy.

Thanks were given to that party. Reliance was placed in it.

A few weeks were sufficient to bring about a change of heart in important circles. The Government was crippled, because the two Socialistic parties, instead of uniting, were generally working against each other. In the council of the delegates of the people, where they were equally strong, the three votes of the one often neutralized the three votes of the other. Besides, there were, so to speak, two governments: in addition to the six delegates of the people, there were the Labor-and-Soldier Councils, whose chiefs considered themselves, as having rights not only equal to those of the delegates, but, possibly, even superior. And, above all, the Communists were outside of the Government. Their leader, Karl Liebknecht, had refused to join. Hypnotized by the Russian example, they had fought against a Constitutional National Assembly and for the introduction of the Soviet system. They were not numerous, but they were active and noisy.

The Revolution had taken place almost without bloodshed. But in December, and in the beginning of January, 1919, there were bloody street fights, especially in Berlin; not between revolution and reaction, — the reactionaries were at that time, as a body, in hiding, — but between the revolutionary government and the ultra-revolutionaries on the Left. The responsibility for the bloodshed, will not be inquired into here. The result of it was undoubtedly, on the one hand, the withdrawal of the independent Social Democrats from the government; on the other, the turning of most of the citizens and peasants from Social Democracy. For a while after the ninth of November the peasants and citizens had sympathized with the Social Democrats, not from logical considerations, but because of emotional excitement. When their fantastic hopes were not at once fulfilled, but when, on the contrary, every few days the papers were full of bloodshed and destruction, they decided to formulate a citizens' ticket.

The election to the National Assembly on the nineteenth of January showed, to be sure, that Social Democracy was the strongest party in Germany, but it revealed a citizens' majority.

Up to the present this fundamental attitude of the German people has continued. Social Democracy has remained, in spite of all variations at the different elections, the strongest party; but even with the addition of the other Socialistic parties, it has never been able to secure a majority.

According to human judgment, Socialism has no prospect of attaining a majority in Germany in the immediate future, and, thereby, the balance of power. Above all, of course, Bolshevism has no chance. Perhaps outsiders have believed in a Bolshevistic menace threatening Germany, and from Germany the whole world. But this conclusion does not do justice to the facts. The boasts of German Communists and the delirium of the reactionaries were taken too seriously. Both sides — the extreme Left, as well as the extreme Right — had an interest in exaggeration. The one painted everything in rosiest hues, to give courage to its adherents; the other represented everything in darkest colors, in order to drive the anxious citizens and peasants into the alleged sole refuge of the Monarchistic reaction.

As a matter of fact, the main body of German laborers is by nature immune to the Bolshevist infection. The Russian is a mystic, susceptible to Tolstoyan trains of thought, passive, fatalistic, inclined to subordinate himself blindly to a higher power — whether it be called Tsarism or Soviet dictatorship. The

German laborer is a Rationalist — active, critical (if not under a war-psychosis), trained by decades of party work and guild work; Utopian, perhaps, in his plans, but fundamentally politic in his practical activity. He uses, perhaps, in public speeches the phrase, 'dictatorship of the proletariat'; but in reality he clings to nothing so much as freedom of speech and of writing.

The impotence of German Communism showed itself most clearly when the attempt was made at Eastertide, 1921, to organize a revolt in middle Germany. Scarcely a few tens of thousands of laborers answered the call to arms. All the rest of Germany remained quiet. The uprising did not, however, harm capital at all — it harmed only the Communist party itself, which, since that time, has not been free from internal strife. It is in complete collapse. The strength of its propaganda is crippled as much from this cause as by the development in Russia. German laborers used to like to hear from Russia the news that there masters had become slaves, and slaves masters. But since they know that (apart from the new Soviet aristocracy) the alleged ruling laborers in Russia are worse off to-day than ever before, and that, besides, Russia is to-day the least free of governments, they have recovered from all illusions about the so-called panacea of the Soviet system. The reports of the numerous German laborers and labor representatives, who went to Russia as optimists and returned as pessimists, were the greatest aids to disillusionment.

There is no Bolshevist menace for Germany. But there is a very real reactionary danger. Wilhelm II is dethroned, but Wilhelmism is far from being destroyed.

If a plebiscite were held in Germany to-day, on the question, Monarchy or Republic? it is very doubtful what the result would be. It is certain that the Socialistic laborers are all Republicans. But they comprise only about two-fifths of the population. In opposition to them, as a great Monarchistic body, stand the great landowners, the great manufacturers, and the great financiers, the headmasters, the professors, the students, higher officials, and old officers — considerable in numbers, but chiefly to be reckoned with on account of their powerful financial, agricultural, and social influence. Consider that a man like Hugo Stinnes alone controls sixty publications. The decision would lie with the non-Socialist workingmen, peasants, and middle classes which stand between the Socialists and working men who are Republicans by conviction and the upper classes who are equally pronounced Royalists. This middle stratum is neither Republican nor Royalist. Politically it is quite inactive. When the situation is doubtful, it is apt to line up with the stronger party. Neither an attack on the Republic, nor a defense of it, can be expected from this direction. To-day it inclines probably more toward the monarchy than toward the Republic — in the first place, because the newspapers which it reads are overwhelmingly anti-Republican, and again because it compares the agricultural conditions to-day (especially taxes and prices) with those of 1914, and says, 'Conditions were better under Wilhelm.' These unpolitical people are simply not used to political logic. They make the trustee in bankruptcy responsible for the failure.

Except for two considerations, then, the German Republic might be considered in great danger.

The German Monarchists have no universally acknowledged candidate. Neither Wilhelm II nor the Crown Prince is high enough in favor among the Monarchist leaders. The manner in which they, as officers, in 1918,

sought their own safety first, abroad, robbed them of all prestige — especially with the old officers. The Monarchists confine themselves, therefore, to a general Monarchist agitation, not designating definitely the personal subject of this agitation. That, however, makes the agitation absolutely futile, and takes popular strength away from it.

One thing, above all, is to be remembered: the Monarchists are afraid of the united opposition of the Socialist labor party. It is possible to break up these laborers into parties. They are united in their guilds, which include eight millions of members; and these guilds are united when it comes to the defense of the Republic. When a Monarchist restoration was attempted by the Kapp *Putsch*, in March, 1920, a general strike disposed of the conspirators in five days. This lesson has not been forgotten by the Monarchists.

The danger that Monarchism might attain its real aim is less imminent than that it might fill the Republic with a militaristic nationalistic spirit by its activities. The same circles that are consciously anti-Republican are also consciously anti-pacific. They do not believe in international reconciliation. They do not want it. They know very well that Germany cannot make war to-day, but they wish to keep up the war-spirit in the people, or, in so far as it no longer exists, to reawaken it. They preach hate and hope and revenge.

With the masses of the laborers they accomplish nothing. In immense demonstrations held in two hundred German cities, on July 31, 1921, the laborers announced their wish: Never again war! But they have a decided influence on many unpolitical elements, and especially on the youth of the upper schools. Other circumstances help them — many provisions of the Versailles Peace Treaty, which are found to be unjust, or even unbearable; the non-participation of Germany in the League of Nations; the favoring of the Poles through the French; the military occupation of the Rhine territory. France has become the chief object of hatred, while the United States, through the work of the Quakers, has become almost popular, and Lloyd George is considered a clever business man, with whom one can easily come to an understanding.

Nationalism and pacifism (the latter upheld principally by the Socialistic masses) are struggling together in Germany. To secure for pacifism the ultimate victory is, of course, in the first place, the task of the German people itself. The problem of the German pacifist, however, the satisfactory solution of which belongs to all humanity, can be materially simplified by the adoption of a correct and in particular a psychologically judicious policy by all the countries with which Germany was once at war.

THE LIMITATION OF NAVAL ARMAMENTS

BY HECTOR C. BYWATER

I

When the first cabled summaries of the American naval reduction proposals reached England, they caused a distinct but not an unpleasant shock. Nothing so bold or so sweeping as the plan outlined by Mr. Hughes had been anticipated. The expectation was that an attempt would be made to arrest the laying down of further capital ships in the United States, Japan, and Great Britain; and, further, that the United States might even consent to break up certain ships which were still in an early stage of construction, as an encouragement to Japan to modify her 'eight-eight' programme. But beyond this the most sanguine prophets did not venture to go. It was universally assumed that the majority of the warships actually building or completing in the United States and Japan would remain outside the scope of the proposals, if only because of the enormous sums of money already spent upon them.

And yet, with the wisdom that comes after the event, we can see now that no plan other than that propounded by Mr. Hughes would have led to the desired result. 'The way to disarm is to disarm.' Had it been decided to leave untouched the ships already begun, and merely to curtail, by international compact, the amount of future construction, the practical results of the Conference would have been negligible. Would Great Britain, for instance, have agreed to confine her programme to four capital ships, when America and Japan were actually building, between them, no less than 22 such vessels? Assuredly not, for in doing so she would have condemned herself to a lower place in the naval hierarchy than that occupied by Japan. Yet, if Great Britain had reserved the right of laying down additional ships, neither America nor Japan would have felt justified in binding herself to abstain from further construction. In fact, a complete deadlock must have been reached, and a Conference held in these circumstances would have been foredoomed to failure.

To the everlasting credit of America's statesmen, they not only foresaw where the difficulty lay, but had the courage to face it squarely, and to suggest the very drastic, but only practicable, method of overcoming it. By so doing, they have set a shining example to international diplomacy.

Already the salutary effects of this vigorous stroke are becoming visible. In Great Britain, the initial feeling of surprise at the sweeping nature of the proposals has been succeeded by a demand for naval limitations of a still more trenchant character. The American plan is criticized, not because it goes too far, but because it does not go far enough. British public opinion, often accused of undue conservatism, is for once revealing itself as decidedly progressive.

In attempting to forecast the future naval situation as modified by an agreement between the leading naval powers

along the lines indicated by Mr. Hughes, one is hampered by the uncertainty that prevails as to what essential amendments, if any, the original plan may be subjected to before it is finally accepted and ratified all round. At the moment of writing (late in November), no fundamental modification has been formally suggested from any quarter. I shall therefore proceed on the assumption that the world's navies, from now onward, will be dimensioned in accordance with the American plan.

The motives which led to the inception of that plan have been widely canvassed in Great Britain, and doubtless in other countries as well; and it may not be without interest to mention certain conclusions that have been reached. Foreigners who make a point of keeping in touch with American domestic affairs had observed, during the preceding months, many symptoms of reaction against the far-reaching naval commitments bequeathed by the Wilson Administration. First and most significant of all was the manifest reluctance of Congress, not only to authorize new construction of any kind whatever, — even when, as in the case of aircraft-carriers, it was represented by the best naval opinion as being indispensable to the efficient operation of the fleet, — but also to vote the necessary credits for continuing work already in hand. Whether this disinclination was due to alarm at the growing financial burden entailed by the programme and reflected in the ascending curve of Federal taxation, or to a belief that the degree of naval strength aimed at was in excess of national requirements, is a question not easy for distant observers to answer. But the fact seems indisputable that enthusiasm for the 'greatest-navy-on-earth' ideal had been cooling for a full twelvemonth before the Conference.

Doubtless there were many taxpayers who perceived the great change that world-conditions had undergone since the passage of the three-year navy bill in August, 1916. At that date none could predict the outcome of the war in Europe, but there seemed more than a probability of Germany's emerging from the fray with her fleet intact, and perhaps considerably more powerful than before; and this was a contingency to which the United States could not remain indifferent. But when, at the close of the war, the German navy had disappeared, it seemed as if the cardinal motive for the three-year programme had ceased to operate.

However, President Wilson and Mr. Josephus Daniels did not take that view. So far from suggesting a reduction of the 1916 act, they recommended large additions to it. Although these latter were not approved by Congress, the original programme remained in force, and the whole number of capital ships — 15 in all — whose commencement had been held up by the war were laid down between 1918 and 1921.

America's decision to proceed with these ships did not go unnoticed in Japan. In July, 1920, the Imperial Diet passed a measure authorizing the construction of eight capital ships and many auxiliary craft. During the preceding debate, several members of the Diet spoke of this large increment of tonnage as having become necessary owing to the rapid expansion of the United States navy; nor is there any question that the Japanese Government encouraged that view, which they may quite sincerely have held.

Meanwhile, however, other circumstances had arisen in the United States to cast doubt on the wisdom of completing the 1916 programme in full. When Congress authorized the 16 capital ships which formed the dominating feature of the act, it did so on the understanding that each unit

would not cost more than a stipulated sum. Then came America's entry into the war, the urgent demand for war-material of every description, and the beginning of that tremendous rise in the cost of labor and materials which reached high-water mark last year. This factor would of itself have upset the first calculations of cost in regard to the projected ships; but it did not stand alone. So long as their country remained neutral, American naval experts had had to rely on second-hand information concerning the technical lessons of the war; but when the United States became a belligerent, they gained access to the confidential data which had been derived from the battle of Jutland and other engagements fought at sea. This enabled them to apply the test of war to their own designs, and the result was seen in a decision to make important alterations in the battleships and battle-cruisers still to be laid down. In consequence of these changes, involving as they did a large increase in dimensions, the estimated cost per ship reached a staggering total. The precise figures do not appear to have been published. The building of the 15 capital ships not yet completed, together with auxiliary craft, docks, and harbor extensions, would probably have swallowed a sum of at least $850,000,000; and once in service, their maintenance would have represented a further heavy and permanent charge on the nation's purse.

In view of these figures, it is not surprising that thoughtful Americans should have challenged the necessity of incurring so vast an expenditure. Without detracting in any way from the nobler motives which inspired President Harding's appeal to the world, it may safely be affirmed that no move could have been more timely from the political point of view. None the less, to take full advantage of the opportunity thus presented, statesmanship and moral courage of the highest order were needed. In proposing so revolutionary a step as the cessation of *all* naval shipbuilding, the President rendered incalculable service, not merely to his own countrymen, but to the civilized communities of the whole world.

II

And now, having examined the economic considerations which unquestionably influenced the President's action, let us turn to another factor which must have played an equal, if not a greater part in reconciling American naval opinion to the proposed sacrifice of so many ships. A few months before the outbreak of the World War, Admiral Sir Percy Scott, whose name had been associated with important improvements in ships' gunnery, cast a bombshell into the naval camp by asserting, in the most downright language, that the battleship had outlived her usefulness, and ought to be scrapped forthwith as an extravagant anachronism. In future, he predicted, the submarine would rule the waves supreme; no great ship dare venture to sea in the presence of hostile submarines; nor would she be safe even in port: for he undertook to force the entrance of any harbor in a submarine, and torpedo the big ships as they lay at anchor. Therefore, ran his argument, the money spent on these obsolete mastodons was money thrown into the sea.

It need scarcely be said that the admiral's views were warmly combated. The Dreadnought type of ship had become the symbol of maritime power, and it seemed almost sacrilegious to impugn its primacy. Of the naval experts who endeavored to refute Sir Percy Scott, many agreed that the submarine had, indeed, become a serious menace, but only in confined waters: it

was not, and probably never would be, an ocean-going vessel, they maintained, and therefore could not contest the command of the seas. A few hardy critics went still further, denying the submarine any practical value as a naval weapon, and dismissing it as a mere toy.

The discussion was at its height when the war broke out. Then, as month after month went by without bringing the annihilation of the Grand Fleet by underwater attack, it became evident that Sir Percy Scott had exaggerated the powers of the new arm. On the other hand, it scored a number of sensational coups, which showed it to possess extremely formidable properties. Early in the war, it became such a menace at Scapa Flow that Admiral Jellicoe found it prudent to withdraw the Grand Fleet from the North Sea for a time — a hazardous proceeding, which might have led to the gravest consequences had the Germans received timely intelligence of it. As the campaign progressed, the submarine began gradually to dominate the whole situation at sea, though not altogether in the sense that Sir Percy Scott had predicted. To this day its powers of offense against the modern battleship remain problematical, because the Germans, after a few abortive attempts against the Grand Fleet, resolved not to risk their submarines in attacking military objectives, but, instead, to concentrate them against merchant shipping. What they did in this direction is ancient history now, but has little bearing on the point at issue.

Broadly speaking, it may be said that the submarine has not proved its claim to have superseded the battleship; and fear of the submarine alone would not have justified the suspension of battleship construction. At the same time, it has compelled naval architects to pay increased attention to the safety of large warships. A demand arose for more elaborate precautions against damage below the water-line, and thus was introduced the now famous anti-torpedo 'bulge.' This meant so much extra weight added to the ship which was already loaded down with massive armor to keep out shell-fire. In the Hood, for instance, one third of the total displacement is accounted for by protective devices. But while the supremacy of the capital ship was still accepted, it was no longer absolute; and before its future status could be determined, a second hammer-blow was struck at the mastodon.

Aircraft enjoyed few chances during the war of operating offensively at sea. The machines then available were not well adapted to such work, nor were they equipped with bombs sufficiently powerful to inflict serious injury on a large warship. A few attacks were delivered by airplanes carrying torpedoes, but with no conspicuous success. It may be mentioned, however, that in the later stages of the war the torpedo-plane was undergoing intensive development in the British Navy, and one large aircraft-carrier was provided with a full complement of these machines. But the war came to an end before the value of airpower as an offensive agency in naval operations had been fully tested.

It was reserved for American enterprise to demonstrate the extraordinary potentialities of aircraft in this rôle, and, incidentally, to administer what may prove to have been the death-blow to the Dreadnought. The surrender of German warships under the Peace Treaty afforded a unique opportunity for practical experiment, of which the American air authorities were prompt to take advantage. Naval men on both sides of the Atlantic were rather disposed to treat aircraft with the same scant respect which they had

paid to the submarine in pre-war days. Nor did the preliminary experiments off Cape Hatteras last June give any indication of the dramatic sequel. Not until the ex-German battleship Ostfriesland came under bomb-attack did it dawn upon the spectators that they were witnessing a trial of the most terrible weapon that human ingenuity has so far evolved. Two one-ton bombs, dropped, not on the ship itself but close alongside, and exploding below water, sufficed to send to the bottom a vessel which had been designed with a special view to resisting torpedo or mine attack. So far as could be ascertained, the explosions had blown in a large section of the under-body, causing damage much greater than would have resulted from the same number of torpedo hits.

It is not my purpose to describe in detail experiments which have already received wide publicity in the United States. But to appreciate their full import, it is necessary to study the conclusions reached by experts who had no incentive to exaggerate matters. In September there appeared the report of the Joint Army and Navy Board, which had been appointed to sift and analyze the results of the bombing tests referred to. Space will not permit of more than a few excerpts from this extremely important document, but special attention is directed to the following passages: —

> The number of dummy bombs which actually hit the target during the experiments with the ex-Iowa was a very small percentage of those dropped. Other experiments, however, showed that it is not necessary to make direct hits on naval vessels to put them out of action, or to sink them provided the bombs drop sufficiently close to the vessel, and the explosive charge is sufficiently large to produce a mine effect of such proportions as to destroy the watertight integrity of the vessel beyond the control of its personnel and pumps. The effective target for the bomb being, therefore, greater than the deck area of the target vessel, the percentage of effective bombs would be greater than the percentage of actual hits. . . . *Aircraft carrying high-capacity high-explosive bombs of sufficient size have adequate offensive power to sink or seriously damage any naval vessel at present constructed, provided such projectiles can be placed in the water close alongside the vessel. Furthermore, it will be difficult, if not impossible, to build any type of vessel of sufficient strength to withstand the destructive force that can be obtained with the largest bombs that aeroplanes may be able to carry from shore bases or sheltered harbors.* So far as known, no planes large enough to carry a bomb effective against a major ship have been flown from, or landed on, an aeroplane-carrier at sea. *It is probable, however, that future development will make such operations practicable.* . . . The most serious effect of bombs is the mining effect when such bombs explode close alongside and below the surface of the water.

The passages I have italicized constitute the most serious indictment of the capital ship which has yet been framed. Reduced to simple terms, they mean that aircraft, working under favorable conditions, can destroy any battleship which has ever been built or would be possible to build. Compared with the cost of Dreadnoughts, and in proportion to its fighting value, the airplane is absurdly cheap. At least 400 of the largest bombing machines that have been designed up to the present could be constructed for the price of one capital ship. For the time being, it is true, their usefulness for operations on the high seas is restricted by their limited flight endurance; but — and this fact is of vital moment — aircraft are still in an early stage of evolution, whereas the capital ship has all but reached the limit of its development.

The authors of the official report from which I have quoted do their best to save the prestige of the mastodon, by describing it as 'still the backbone of the fleet and the bulwark of the nation's

sea defense'; but this opinion is largely negatived by the earlier passages in the same document. Allowance must be made for professional conservatism, which is nowhere rooted more deeply than in the navies of the world. However much sailors may deplore the passing of the Dreadnought, — lineal descendant of the high-charged galleon of Elizabethan days, — sentiment must give place eventually to the inexorable logic of fact, which tells us in the plainest terms that the capital ship can be perpetuated only at the cost of prohibitive dimensions and expenditure, and then only for a very brief period. Her decline is not attributable solely to the menace of submarine and aircraft, though these agencies have materially hastened the process. Even though both were eliminated, the battleship would still remain an investment of dubious value. She would in any case require to have elaborate protection against the torpedoes launched by surface craft, heavy deck-armor to withstand shells fired at long range and falling at a steep angle, and massive side-armor against flat trajectory fire. She must keep outside torpedo range, even when fighting a conventional fleet action; and this postulates the heaviest long-range artillery, with its ponderous mountings, barbettes, and complex mechanism; and she must have high speed, to endow her with adequate strategical and tactical mobility.

According to Sir George Thurston, one of the most eminent of British naval architects, the ideal battleship of to-day would be a vessel of 57,000 tons, 932 feet in length, and mounting eight 18-inch guns. A vessel of this type would cost at least $60,000,000. Reason revolts against such an extravagant outlay on a single and very vulnerable ship of war. When the Hood was completed, two years ago, she was acclaimed as the last word in naval construction, special praise being given to her protection against gunfire and torpedoes. She, however, was designed to resist attack by the guns and torpedoes in vogue in 1916, since when both weapons have attained a much higher degree of power. But it is too late to recover the $35,000,000 put into this vessel. The present period is one of such restless development in naval science that a ship which seems perfect when she is laid down may be obsolete before she is completed.

This idea was, no doubt, present in the minds of the American naval experts who drafted the disarmament proposals. In view of all that has happened during and since the war, realizing how precarious the existence of the capital ship has become, and foreseeing the inevitable further development of aircraft and submarines, they may well have asked themselves whether the interests of their country did not imperatively demand the abrogation of the Dreadnought building programme.

Here, then, were two powerful arguments, one economic, the other technical, in favor of canceling the three-year programme so far as its capital ships were concerned. But, however doubtful American experts may have felt about the future utility of such vessels, it was evident to them that the suspension of Dreadnought construction would entail a certain risk, unless other nations simultaneously took the same action. An international compact to this effect was, therefore, essential. Hence the proposals which Mr. Hughes laid before the Conference at its first sitting.

The plan was submitted at the psychological moment. In Great Britain and Japan, no less than in the United States, the burden of taxation was becoming intolerably heavy; and in both countries there was a marked aversion to the continued squandering of money

on inflated naval armaments. Moreover, British naval students realized the technical objections to the Dreadnought almost as clearly as their American colleagues. Japanese professional opinion was less articulate, for in that country the public discussion of military problems is sternly discouraged; but, on the economic side, Mr. Ozaki's campaign in favor of cutting down expenditure on the navy had evoked a wide response from the masses. Even had the Washington Conference never been convoked it is doubtful whether the Japanese Government would have been able to complete its naval programme in full. In these circumstances, the American proposal was, we may be sure, welcomed with far greater enthusiasm than the Japanese press has seen fit to admit.

III

It is time now to revert to the main heads of criticism which have been passed upon the plan in Great Britain. The proposed ratios of capital-ship tonnage are considered satisfactory, for the British Government had previously announced its acceptance of the principle of naval equality with the United States. It is felt, however, that the utter dependence of the British Isles on imported foodstuffs and other necessaries, which can be brought in only by sea, entitles the British Navy to a larger proportion of cruisers than the plan allows for. In this type of ship, numerical equality with the United States would really connote a British inferiority; for no one will deny that the safety of the sea-routes, which it is the function of the cruiser to ensure, is of even greater importance to Britain than to the United States.

As regards the limit of size for future capital ships, which may be laid down at the close of the ten year 'holiday,' 35,000 tons is considered needlessly high, and as having been inserted as a concession to the partisans of the Dreadnought. Many British naval officers think that the limit for new capital ships should be reduced to 10,000 tons. As one of them has lately said, —

> Our communications and shores would be as safe when guarded by a fleet of 10,000-ton ships as by one of 40,000-ton ships; as would be those of any country with which we might have to fight — probably more so; and millions of money would be saved under this lower tonnage limit. The building of big ships will not make any of us one whit stronger than if we all confined ourselves by agreement to a smaller size.

Another British admiral writes: —

> Why 35,000 tons? What is there in this number that is of importance? Why not 34,000, or 30,000, or 20,000, or 10,000 tons? There is, in reality, no reason whatever for the figure named. A fleet of battleships of 35,000 tons, opposed to another of the same tonnage, can produce no greater results than one of 10,000 tons against another of 10,000 tons. All you have is a bigger battleship. Not only are there no greater results, but the probability is that the results of an encounter between these immense, costly, irreplaceable ships will be smaller than would attend an engagement between lesser vessels. Officers will be less inclined to risk them, and we shall get the same position as that of the Army of the Potomac, of which Sheridan said, 'The trouble was that the commanders never went out to lick anybody, but always thought first of keeping from getting licked.'

Was there not, indeed, something of this kind in the minds of the commanders at Jutland? It is perfectly true that the proposed limit of 35,000 tons cannot be defended on any military grounds. If the present-day overgrown mastodons disappeared from the stage, and were superseded by ships of 10,000 tons, — which, by the way, was the limit fixed by the Peace Treaty for fu-

ture armored ships built for the German Navy, — the relative standing of the world's fleets would remain exactly what it was before. Nothing would be modified save the cost. It is felt very very strongly, in Great Britain at least, that a rare chance has been missed at Washington of putting an end to the wasteful and irrational competition in warship dimensions which has gone on for the past twenty years. But there is comfort in the reflection that when, at the end of the ten-year 'holiday,' the nations are once more free to build mastodons, the cheaper instruments of sea-warfare will probably have become so deadly that no one will dream of constructing a 35,000-ton ship. The eggs will no longer be concentrated in one huge and fragile basket, but spread over a number of smaller receptacles. Posterity may be able to point to such ships as the Hood, the Maryland, and the Nagato, as the curious relics of a generation which had forgotten the age-old lesson of David and Goliath, and wasted its substance on the production of marine monstrosities.

Objection may be taken, on similar grounds, to the latitude which the American plan gives to a new cruiser construction. Paragraph 25, subsection (*e*), provides that 'no surface vessels carrying guns of calibre greater than eight-inch shall be laid down as replacement tonnage for auxiliary combatant surface craft.' Now, a cruiser designed to carry eight-inch guns would have to be of generous proportions — probably 10,000 tons at least; whereas a vessel of half that size would be fully capable of performing all the duties that fall to the lot of the cruising ship. As a matter of fact, no size limit is specified in the case of cruisers, and there is, consequently, nothing to prevent future competition in a type of ship which already costs some $7,500,000 to build. Cruisers of as much as 15,000 tons displacement have been built in the past, so why not again? Was this omission inadvertent or deliberate? The General Board of the United States Navy is known to favor the construction of 10,000-ton cruisers, armed with 8-inch batteries, as the most direct method of balancing Japan's numerical superiority in light cruisers; and it is conceivable, therefore, that the question of future displacement was purposely left open, in order that the vessels recommended by the Board might be built.

A total of 80,000 tons for aircraft-carriers is apportioned respectively to the United States and Great Britain. The latter already possesses a fleet of such ships, with an aggregate displacement slightly in excess of the specified limit; but the United States, with only the two converted ships Langley and Wright, is left with a margin of about 50,000 tons, which would enable her to build without delay several aircraft-carriers of large and powerful design.

In its last annual report, the General Board made the following recommendation: —

> Such vessels — i.e. aircraft-carriers — should be considered as an absolutely essential type in a modern fleet. For the United States Navy they are urgently needed. These vessels are not auxiliary in the usually accepted meaning of the term. They are esssentially combatant ships associated as such with the other ships of the fighting fleet.

The Naval Appropriation Bill for the fiscal year 1921–22 as amended in the Senate, called for the construction of 'two airplane-carriers of the most modern type and equipment and most advantageous size,' at a limit of cost of $26,000,000 each; but these vessels were afterward deleted by the House of Representatives. The present intention may be to convert two of the unfinished battle-cruisers into aircraft-carriers, thus placing at the navy's dis-

posal the two largest and most powerful aeroplane transports in the world. In the opinion of many American naval officers, a few vessels of this character would be of infinitely greater value than a whole fleet of battleships for the defense of outlying possessions in the Pacific.

IV

We come, finally, to the submarine-tonnage totals allotted by the American limitation programme; and this, to British observers, is the strangest and by far the least satisfactory part of the whole scheme. They are at a loss to comprehend why the United States should desire to retain for herself, Great Britain, and Japan so high a proportion of underwater craft, in view of the sinister memories they evoke. As Mr. Balfour pointed out in his speech at the Conference, on November 15, of all the weapons employed at sea none is so liable to be abused, as indeed it was shamefully abused by Germany throughout the World War. In British minds, this type will always be associated with the wholesale destruction of non-combatant shipping, and the slaughter of thousands of innocent seafarers — men, women, and children.

It is admitted, of course, that submarine attack is a legitimate method of warfare, when confined to enemy combatant ships; and no exception could be taken to the development and multiplication of the weapon in question, if it were certain that the evil precedent set by Germany will not at some future time be made the excuse for reviving 'unrestricted U-boat warfare,' with all its attendant horrors. But, unfortunately, no such guaranty can be given. On the contrary, various naval writers in France and Italy have lately begun to agitate for international recognition of the submarine *guerre de course*. In employing her under-water vessels for the destruction of merchant shipping, Germany, they point out, was merely putting into practice the 'sink at sight' doctrine preached by Admiral Aube, of the French Navy, more than thirty years ago. According to Aube, it was undoubtedly permissible for a cruiser or torpedo-boat to sink an enemy merchantman, without regard to the fate of those on board. Germany adopted this plan, and her action is no longer condemned, but warmly approved, by certain Continental critics.

No wonder, then, that the British people should view with real alarm the building of large fleets of submarine cruisers by powers with whom they might one day find themselves at war. If a ballot on the subject were taken in the British Navy, there would be an overwhelming vote for the prohibition of the submarine in any shape or form; or, failing that, for the framing of cast-iron rules against its employment as a commerce-raider. Some may argue that, while the desire to see the last of the submarine is natural enough in the case of Great Britain, which is peculiarly vulnerable to this form of attack, other powers would stand to lose more than they would gain by agreeing to dispense with a weapon which has proved so terribly effective. It is true that Britain has had more reason than any other maritime state to deplore the invention of the submarine. When Fulton laid the plans for his submarine boat before the British Admiralty, in 1804, Earl St. Vincent showed no enthusiasm for the project. 'It is,' he said, 'a mode of war which we, who command the seas, do not want, and which, if successful, would deprive us of it.'

But, because the submarine represents a special danger and inconvenience to Britain, it does not necessarily follow that its retention would prove an unmixed blessing to other powers.

The submarine, indeed, is as great a menace to their own merchant shipping as to that of Britain. In claiming the right to build underwater craft up to a total of 90,000 tons, it is probable that American experts look upon the type as being particularly well adapted to the function of coast defense, as no doubt it is. But the significant fact remains, that the present trend of submarine development is largely in the direction of increased size, radius, and ocean-going qualities. In more than one country, boats are now under construction which will be large enough to keep the seas for months at a time, fast enough to overhaul any but the swiftest ships afloat, and as powerfully armed as a modern cruiser. The cruising endurance of these vessels may be such as to enable them to circumnavigate the globe without replenishing their fuel-supply.

Lest this be deemed an extravagant statement, I would remind readers that the U-cruiser No. 142, of 2160 tons displacement, completed in Germany during the last year of the war, had a cruising range of 20,000 miles on a single load of fuel. The U-135, of 1190 tons, could travel 12,000 miles, and the U-43, of only 725 tons, 11,250 miles, with one filling of the oil-tanks.

Whether such immense distances could be actually traversed without breaking the journey at a friendly or neutral port would depend chiefly on the physical and mental calibre of the crew. In small submarines, where the living quarters are cramped, and there is very little deck-space available for exercise, men very quickly get out of condition, and cannot remain at sea to the extreme limit of the boat's fuel endurance. But in the very large submarines now building or projected, where the berthing accommodation is good and the deck-room less restricted, there is no apparent reason why the human element should not remain at its maximum efficiency for a considerable length of time. This means that the big submersible cruiser will have a longer reach than any other species of war-vessel. It would, for example, be perfectly feasible for a boat of this type to leave its base in Japan, cross the Pacific Ocean, and remain off the American coast for a month or more, doing all the damage that it could — sinking ships, laying mines off harbor mouths, and even bombarding coastal towns within range of its guns.

No other type of warship now extant would be capable of emulating this performance. The submarine cruiser alone could carry the torch of war to the western seaboard of the United States across 4000 miles of ocean; and it is no secret that under-water vessels surpassing in size the largest that Germany built are now under construction in Japanese dockyards. It will be seen, therefore, that the United States incurs a certain measure of risk in setting its face against the abolition of the submarine. From the British point of view, the decision is a matter for regret, though the difficulties of imposing an international embargo on the type are well understood. Fears have been expressed that Germany may one day reassert her right to build such vessels; and it is not easy to see on what grounds her claim could be resisted.

So far as can be judged at the present stage, the strategical situation in the Pacific Ocean will not be radically changed by the American plan for reducing the tonnage of navies. Such modifications as may ensue will be rather to the advantage of the United States than otherwise. As I endeavored to show in the *Atlantic* for November last, even if every battleship and battle-cruiser, authorized in the 1916 programme, had been duly completed, the

problem of defending the Philippines against an Asiatic foe would have been no nearer solution. It is a question, not so much of ships as of geography and base-power; and until proper fleet bases exist in the Western Pacific, the naval operations necessary to safeguard the Philippines could not be undertaken with any prospect of success.

Certain American naval authorities, who are fully alive to the situation and its difficulties, have lately put forward a new scheme for defending the distant islands which constitute the Achilles' heel of their country. Briefly stated, their plan is to dispense with heavy armored ships in the Western Pacific, and to place reliance instead on a system of local defense by means of aircraft, submarines, and shore batteries. There is much to be said for the idea. It is, in fact, the only alternative to vast expenditure on the creation of docks and other facilities for the maintenance of a large fleet of capital ships with their satellites; and if a small proportion of the money thus saved were invested in aircraft and submarine specially detailed for the protection of the archipelago, the danger to which it is unquestionably exposed under present conditions would be sensibly diminished. Aircraft working from a shore base can carry heavier loads than machines designed for transport in a ship. If it were known that a hundred aeroplanes, each armed with one or more bombs of the heaviest description, were held in readiness at Cavite and other strategical points in the island group, a would-be invader would surely hesitate to expose his valuable battleships and crowded transports to the devastating blows they could deliver. And if, in addition to the aeroplanes, a large flotilla of submarines was known to be in the neighborhood, the project of invasion might be abandoned, as altogether too desperate a venture.

It is impossible to speak definitely on this point, because the potentiality of aircraft under actual war-conditions is still more or less a matter of surmise; but certainly there are strong grounds for assuming that the existence of a composite mobile defensive force, such as described, would be sufficient to frustrate a large-scale invasion of the Philippines — provided, of course, that the provision of aircraft and submarines was adequate as to both quality and quantity.

We may conclude, therefore, that the United States, in deciding to renounce the major part of its uncompleted naval programme, is hazarding no vital interest of its own. It does not follow, however, that considerations of his country's interests outweighed or even balanced the higher motives which inspired President Harding to issue his noble challenge to the nations. Be the outcome what it may, the American people will always have the proud consciousness of having taken the lead in ridding the world of a burden which had grown too heavy for the weary shoulders of mankind.

EUROPE: AN IMPRESSIONIST VIEW

BY VICTOR S. CLARK

An American whom familiarity with the Europe of to-day has not dulled to the contrast with its pre-war condition, quickly detects its unhealthy atmosphere. For a moment he may be persuaded by the superficial normality of things that life flows on the same as formerly. He observes little change in the people who throng the streets and crowd the shops, cafés, and theatres. But once the visitor escapes from the thoughtless prepossessions of a tourist, he needs no guide to tell him that he is in a hospital where nations are the patients. Their symptoms vary from the chills of industrial stagnation and unemployment to the fever of inflation-stimulated trade. Unhealed wounds, following the operations of bungling surgeons, drain their vitality. Nightmare visions of Bolshevism and revolution disturb their repose. The morbid antipathies and irritations of illness jar their nerves.

He finds his former European acquaintances abnormally preoccupied with the present. Their thoughts shun the unhappy memories of the recent past. Courage fails them to scan the future. Looking up and looking forward seem forgotten attitudes.

A striking difference between his own countrymen and the men about him impresses itself on his attention. Europeans have lost a faith which Americans still retain — faith in the existing constitution of society and government. His casual conversations with people of the country usually end with a note of hopelessness or a forecast of trouble. If his engagements take him into the right circles he will become familiar with the unconvincing and platitudinous optimism of government officials and other professional hearteners. But even behind their mask of cheerfulness furrows of care are visible.

Are the nations of Europe, then, incurables or convalescents? We Americans naturally rate them on the highway to recovery. We are a youthful people and cherish the illusion of youth that the fountains of health are inexhaustible.

Possibly we are right. Youth as well as age has its peculiar wisdom. Its vision pierces farther, though it may be less cunning in interpreting what it sees. The complacent American abroad may be the truest prophet, little as he looks the part. Wherever we find him domiciled in Europe, he is preparing confidently for a better time to come.

The same is true, though perhaps in a more thoughtful way, of the British. One meets them everywhere, appraising business prospects, and wonders whether Europe may not eventually pay in tolls to their foresightedness all of England's outlay in the war.

So a person who seeks to study seriously the present situation beyond the Atlantic is brought to a pause between local pessimism and imported optimism. Gradually, however, certain facts outline themselves distinctly in his mind.

He recognizes that the old Europe has passed away forever. At first glance some may cheat themselves with the fancy that it will return, like the vegeta-

tion that even now covers the war-seared fields of France. Indeed physical restoration may come apace. It is precisely because he sees reconstruction only under its material aspects that the average American abroad is an optimist. But the spiritual, intellectual, and social Europe of a decade ago, for which so many homesick souls are longing, is already as irrecoverable, and in many respects as remote, as the Europe of the Middle Ages.

We have all heard how the bourgeoisie of Russia was exterminated. Since nature abhors a social as much as a physical vacuum, a new bourgeoisie has rushed in there to fill the place of the old. Less attention has been given to the fact that the same thing is happening, though less dramatically, throughout the war-swept nations. There are silent as well as noisy revolutions; old orders can be strangled as well as blown to pieces. Over large areas of the most highly civilized part of the globe, the middle classes our generation has known are being smothered — quietly, and behind the curtains — under an economic incubus that is no less crushing because it is intangible. Not only familiar faces, but familiar types of faces are disappearing from salons and drawing-rooms, from banquet-halls and fashionable lounges, submerged by countenances of class alien, if not blood alien, type.

Were this a mere change of caste upon the stage of European life, the results might be obliterated in a single generation, and the children of the usurping dynasty be indistinguishable from their fathers' predecessors. But the transformation goes deeper. Both the ascending currents are surcharged with a spirit of unfaith which denies and nullifies the cohesive forces of society. Though the pendulum of public sentiment is swinging just now from the left to the right — from radicalism toward conservatism — its pivot has shifted leftward.

To put it more concretely, thousands of the war-impoverished members of the former middle and upper classes, previously stout defenders of the social *status quo*, have lost faith in the old order because it failed to protect their property and privileges, and above all because, while permitting them to be cast down, it has exalted others whom they consider less fit to the places which they occupied. In victorious and defeated countries alike, it has been the most conscientious and public-spirited men who have been chosen by an ironical and iconoclastic fate to suffer most. They were the ones who, during the stress of war, subscribed 'until it hurt' to public loans and private charities. They may have credits in Heaven for the latter, but their government bonds, measured by the present purchasing power of principal and interest, have shrunk to a microscopic asset. Is it strange, then, that many of these men are inclined to look upon the old society, with its broken promises and belied professions, as a pious swindler? Even in England, where post-war psychology seems by comparison almost as normal as in the United States, an ex-officer, wearing five service ribbons on his breast, said to me, with more seriousness than humor in his voice: 'Out of every pound I receive, I pay six shillings to the government for winning the war, and I doubt whether it was worth it.' One night on a Central European sleeping-car, I was awakened by hearing the former Austrian army officer who shared my compartment talking in his sleep. The burden of his restless muttering was: *Fünf Jahre Krieg — und warum?* (Five years of war — and why?) He was returning from a visit to family connections in Italy, — one of the frequent international marriages across the Alps, — and during our con-

versation the following day commented upon the sameness of mood which prevailed there and in his own country. He saw little worth preserving in the Europe of to-day, and thought God ought to sink the human race under the sea and create a new Adam.

Meanwhile the war-enriched, who in spite of the common talk about their numbers are much fewer than the war-impoverished, are too newly arrived at their present station to have a distinct class spirit. Indeed one doubts whether, in the Europe we have in prospect for the next generation, they ever will form more than a proletarianoid bourgeoisie. They still envy the ease and share the opinions of the man without a collar. Having fished so successfully in troubled waters they find them a not unpleasant element. For the most part their fortunes are still far from being of the solid sort that court the shadow of a policeman. Many are 'Get-Rich-Quick Wallingfords' who play the millionaire with their last banknote. As a body they are the reverse of a stabilizing element in society.

Perhaps this all makes in the long run for democracy. The true proletariat may recruit new and better teachers and leaders among the men of intellectual training, native refinement, and cultured heredity who are descending involuntarily to its ranks. It is too early yet to judge of this. What we see to-day, especially in Central Europe, is a multitude of those who were literally the best people sinking silently, often with a sort of Quixotic heroism, beneath the flood, to be lost in the depths of genteel pauperism or to die. It is easy to say: Let them go to work. But even the trained manual worker, fitted by a lifetime of experience to survive in such a crisis, finds it hard to keep his head above water now. In truth many do die. An extreme but suggestive example illustrating this was related to me by an American occupying a responsible official post in one of the late belligerent countries. He received a call one morning from a gentleman of international distinction both in the field of scholarship and of public service. During their interview his eye involuntarily caught the fact that his visitor's worn but respectable black frock coat, unconsciously thrown open a moment to take a paper from the inside pocket, lacked a lining. The latter had been cut out for more imperative uses. Noting this fleeting but understanding glance, the caller quickly buttoned his coat and abruptly took his leave. Three or four days later he was dead — a victim of privation and wounded pride.

While the old Europe of the middle and upper classes has thus passed away, a new and hardier — though just now somewhat chastened — proletariat has appeared upon the stage. Not only have the working classes won political rights and industrial privileges which they did not possess before, but they have grasped — and this is true of Great Britain as well as the Continent — the idea of proletarian government, even though it be under the forms of democracy rather than a dictatorship, as something possible and tangible — a goal just over the horizon. At the same time, however, faith in millennial socialism seems to have vanished, whisked away during the whirlwind of the war and its aftermath. These have been years of disillusionment as well as attainment for thinking workingmen. State control of production and distribution, and especially of conditions of employment, is not so popular since the experience with government regulation during the war. Labor leaders talk much less of socializing and of nationalizing industry than formerly. These are topics upon which they are evasive and evidently without clear-cut policies.

In fact, political measures — in the larger sense — are taking priority over economic measures in the minds of the thinking proletariat. Its members are intent just now upon solidifying their international organization. They look forward to a united world proletariat, instead of to leagues of nations and the like, as the surest guaranty of permanent peace. This is good political strategy for the leaders, since the workingmen of Europe are interested to-day above all other things in preventing another war.

International organization, then, is not sought as an end in itself. It is regarded merely as a next step — the logical and imperative next step — toward attaining other ends. The first of these is the prevention of war, and the next in order of importance is establishing a world-wide closed shop.

A far more baffling question is the sentiment of the working people toward violent revolution. Were it permissible to judge from chance conversations with manual workers — longshoremen, taxi-drivers, building mechanics, railway yardmen, and the like — it would seem that these classes of labor generally favor direct action. A British railway porter's 'Wait till we break loose,' was typical of this spirit. But those responsible labor leaders whom I had an opportunity to meet in several European capitals and at the Geneva Labor Conference, were clearly averse to tactics of force. In Vienna and Berlin, perhaps because the Socialists of Austria and Germany have had a taste of political responsibility, even workers of the rank and file professed to be conservative. However, their acts were not in harmony with their professions.

One frosty Sunday last November I trudged for several hours through a workingmen's suburb of Berlin, famous in the days of the Red uprisings as a hotbed of Radicalism. I sought out places where distress, if existent, would be most visible. Nowhere in the streets and courtyards — there were practically no alleys — did I see a ragged, ill-shod, or apparently underclad child. Neither did the swarms of children playing on the pavements show evidence of undernourishment. Doubtless behind closed doors the hidden tragedies of want which every metropolis hides were being enacted. But, so far as the surface showed, far worse conditions than were visible in Berlin could be found within five minutes' walk of some of our best avenues in America. To be sure, Communist election posters, picturing bourgeois ogres sucking the blood of emaciated workingmen, and containing exhortations to the proletariat that in our country would have set in wrathful motion all the police machinery of the government, still clung unmutilated to the walls as reminders of the recent municipal campaign. But otherwise things looked like old-time Germany.

Yet the following two days — Monday and Tuesday — the very streets through which I had walked were completely in possession of rioting mobs, which overpowered the police and sacked numerous provision stores and mercantile establishments. Similar incidents occurred sporadically throughout the city — even occasionally in downtown districts — for several days thereafter. Clearly a dangerous habit of direct action has taken possession of the German working classes, whatever their professions. Property is no longer sacred. The doctrine, 'Take what you want, you made it,' has found many willing converts.

Vienna had a still more ominous experience a few days later, when rioters pillaged well toward two hundred of its best hotels, shops, and cafés. It was as if the employees of the East River factories in New York and Brooklyn,

reënforced by the nondescript rabble which every city harbors, had marched up Fifth Avenue and Broadway from Madison Square to Central Park, breaking plate-glass windows, forcing locked doors, and pillaging every fashionable store, hotel, and restaurant along their way. Here again there is no escaping the impression that such acts are less the automatic reflexes of economic despair than the symptoms of a new psychology of the masses, which will not tolerate the social contrasts — the gulfs between the luxury of the rich and the privation of the poor — which were accepted with only muttered protest before the war. For while the condition of many workmen in all parts of Europe is distressing, we have no reason to believe that it is worse in Berlin and Vienna to-day than it has been on earlier occasions. In Germany, at least, wages have risen faster than the cost of living, because rents and food prices are kept down artificially by the government. Nor is there as much unemployment in either Austria or Germany as in America and England. To a transient observer, at least, it would seem that social discontent, seething to the bursting point, does not necessarily imply unprecedented suffering among the people whom it drives to action.

Possibly, therefore, they go too far in their materialistic reaction from the ethical enthusiasms of the war, who ascribe Europe's present unsettlement solely to economic causes. Undoubtedly we can conceive of a degree of material well-being that would make everybody contented, at least until they fell victims to dyspepsia and hypochondria. But it is unwarranted optimism to assume that any amount of economic recovery within prudent forecast will permanently lay the spirit of revolution that still stalks through the mine galleries, the factory aisles, and the tenement courts and corridors of Europe.

To be sure the immediate cause of the Vienna disorders was popular exasperation at the sudden decline of the *krone*, with its accompanying unsettlement of wages and prices. It would be wrong to minimize the effect of unstable currency, and of the impossible public burdens and the international uncertainties from which it proceeds, in fostering an insurgent spirit among the people. But we may admit all this without feeling assured that Europe's dangerous mood will respond to economic remedies. So much of the Continent's physical wealth remains apparently intact, that the impression of post-war poverty is not particularly vivid to the unthinking masses. Houses, fields, factories, mines, and forests remain, to superficial observation, about what they were eight years ago. Indeed during the war industrial plants expanded conspicuously. Except inside a limited devastated area — too small to count in the larger experience of nations — the average man is living in the same physical environment he has always known. The new evils that upset the routine of his life are intangible and elusive. He cannot understand why they should manifest themselves in concrete discomforts and privations. Therefore he ascribes them to the crafty malice of personified capital, the delinquencies of a personified society, or to some other personal devil — usually a foreign power. Such convictions once rooted in his mind are not easily eradicated.

One result of this is that the people of Europe seem to be bound together by common hatreds more than by common loves. The inspiration of class comradeship is hatred of other classes, and national unity is based on antagonism to other nations. Patriotism becomes the sentiment of hating your country's neighbors. It is peculiarly the indulgence of the middle and upper

ranks of society; the working people satisfy their emotional longings with class hatred and are passive or friendly toward the workers of other countries. In fact the most powerful political force in Europe to-day, especially if measured by its prospective development, is the internationalism of the proletariat.

Probably the growth of even a militant class internationalism should be rated a recuperative process. It indicates a partial healing of war wounds. But there are other constructive forces at work of more immediate interest. When a brilliant Austrian economist, after a most mournful review of the apparently hopeless situation of his own country and some of its neighbors, inconsistently admitted that conditions were improving *langsam aber planmässig*, — let us put it, 'slowly but logically,' — the statement was not so paradoxical as it seemed. The feeling is very general that the dead centre in Europe's recovery has been passed, and that such scanty signs of improvement as appear now are self-consistent indications of progress and not the fallacious symptoms of mere temporary rallies.

In the first place it is the common belief that the present cycle of political overturns and violent class revolutions has nearly run its course. This very belief is in itself a factor of safety. A day or two after the ex-Emperor Charles entered Hungary, last October, and while the sensational press was still printing alarmist reports concerning the broken peace of the Danube Valley, delegates from all the countries directly affected were calmly discussing, around a long table in a seaside hotel at Porto Rose, ways and means for restoring facilities of communication and freedom of commerce throughout the natural economic unit which their joint territories form. Not only were these governments and their people too nerve-shaken a year ago to have held a meeting under such conditions, but, had the meeting occurred, its debates would never have ended in the fruitful agreements reached at Porto Rose. Fear, which is the mother of intractability, is subsiding. A spirit of revolution still walks in Europe, as we have said, and a determination eventually to overturn the political settlements of Versailles and Saint-Germain is just as strong as ever; but some instinct bids the discontented wait. They are lulled by the languor of convalescence.

Slowly the mists are rolling back from Russia, disclosing great wreckage and ruin, but also wide fields of opportunity. Russia promises to afford the shock that will liberate Europe from the inhibitions of its present introspective paralysis. We forget our troubles when we are helping others. Russia's reconstruction may stimulate the reconstruction of her western neighbors. It would not do to draw the parallel too closely, but the former empire of the Tsars may prove a Great East that will serve the same function in restoring Europe's economic health, that our Great West performed so salutarily for us after our early panic eras.

An ironical equity inspires the economic laws to which our present world must bend. The war enriched some nations at the cost of others. Switzerland, Scandinavia, Spain, Holland, Japan — to say nothing of our own country — accumulated wealth rapidly during hostilities. Now all these nations are involuntarily disgorging to their needy neighbors. Their citizens are estimated to have made an outright gift of about a billion dollars to Germany alone, this amount representing the difference between the sum they paid that country for paper marks, bought on speculation, and the sum they will eventually obtain from their investment. The people

of these war-nursed countries also buried fortunes in factories, ships, and other enterprises, which are now unprofitable and lying half employed or entirely idle, because their fellow countrymen will not work for the wages current in the war-impoverished nations. Reckoned in the same money, the wages of a German machinist to-day are less than one half the wages of a Japanese machinist, and this discrepancy runs through the whole list of trades. Consequently German goods are flooding even Japan's nearest and longest established markets. The Elbe at Hamburg is crowded with British, American, and other foreign shipping, waiting for reconditioning and repairs, while dockyards on the Clyde are idle and the British government must tax its citizens to support its unemployed. A ton of pig-iron costs less in Germany to-day than it cost before the war, while it costs a third more than its pre-war price in the United States. The Swiss clock industry is at a standstill, and that little country's idle workers number into the hundred thousands, while I bought a German-made clock in Hamburg — a traveler's radiolite alarm-clock of excellent workmanship, in a silk-lined red morocco case — for the equivalent of ninety cents. Were such conditions as these to continue permanently, American, British, Swiss, Dutch, and Scandinavian mechanics and factory operatives would in time become as scarce as white servants in China.

However, this grotesque situation promises to be as transient as it is abnormal. It indicates that pauperism and affluence do not long endure side by side in the modern community of nations, that there is a common level near which the wages, prices, and standard of living in all of them tend to come to rest. We can watch with equanimity what might otherwise seem disconcerting phenomena when we know that they merely mark stages in a normal process of convalescence.

The main thing is not to interrupt that beneficent process by further political indiscretions. Our international politicians and politico-economists suggest at times a board of engineers summoned by some freak of misunderstanding to treat an organic malady. Part of them are eager to rebuild their patient — Europe — precisely as she was before; others, like the architecturally-minded French, wish to adorn her with a political façade, which must not vary in the slightest detail from a preconceived design which they submit annexed to their prescription, leaving the interior unchanged; while for the interior itself a thousand plans are presented by as many schools of social sanitarians and remodelers. Happily for the world these well-intentioned and busy gentlemen work so at cross purposes that they largely nullify each other's efforts, thus giving Mother Nature an opportunity to apply her own restoratives.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

WHAT KIND OF A SNOB ARE YOU?

'NO KIND!' will of course be the indignant reply of anyone who takes the trouble to answer so irritating a question.

'What *is* a snob?' should then be the pertinent query following the impertinent one; and it will doubtless receive a less immediate reply, because, although we all recognize a snob when we see him (unless we happen to be looking in the mirror), we do find that a snob has to be defined with every new generation.

The Century Dictionary tells us that he is 'one who is servile in spirit or conduct toward those whom he considers his superiors, and correspondingly proud and insolent toward those whom he considers his inferiors.' If the snob could be reduced to a formula, this would express him fairly well; yet he is something more than that — something more and something less. The snob has always been one of the contemporary expressions of the changing surface of Society — a bubble that floats on the stream of civilization and shows the direction of the current, when the deeper causes of its ebb and flow are hidden.

In the book devoted to their interpretation seventy-five years ago, the highest authority on Snobs thus classified them: 'You who despise your neighbor are a Snob. You who forget your own friends, meanly to follow after those of a higher degree, are a Snob; you who are ashamed of your poverty and blush for your calling, are a Snob; so are you who boast of your pedigree or are proud of your wealth.' To this summing-up, we of the twentieth century can agree today, thanking Heaven that we are not as other men, and forgetting for the moment that Pharisee is another name for Snob.

Let us glance once more at Thackeray's categorical list of the different varieties of snobs, and see how they compare with their descendants in the New World. First there is the 'Snob Royal' (he has not, of course, his exact equivalent in democratic America). Then follows the 'Military Snob,' who, we trust, will, at not too distant a day, be relegated to the realms of old, unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago. There is the 'Clerical Snob,' still existent at times, though happily less in evidence here than in England. We shall all agree that the 'University Snob' is not confined to Oxford and Cambridge; nor is the 'Literary Snob' absent from gatherings of the Illuminati on the New England coast, the western plains, or the slopes of the Pacific. 'Party-giving Snobs' were assuredly never more in evidence than in these days, when the 'right people' can be invited to their houses by hostesses whose personal friends and acquaintances are, socially speaking, of the blatantly wrong. 'Dining-out Snobs' and 'Country Snobs' still abound at other people's tables and at week-end parties. Yet modern life has created various modifications of these basic types, which must be included in any enumeration of contemporary by-products of the social order.

We all know the Intellectual Snob, who loves to conjure with the names of petty poets and aspiring artists, with whom he has occasionally exchanged perfunctory platitudes over the afternoon-teacup. We have also met the

Provincial Snob, whose eyebrows are raised in shocked surprise if a family is mentioned whose name is unknown in his own very local habitation. The Educational Snob is a particularly familiar phenomenon nowadays, and a childless onlooker cannot fail to be amused at the attitude of parents in regard to the schools they select for their offspring. They take such elaborate pains to explain that it is not at all because the Hobble-de-Hoy Academy is 'rather mixed,' that they are taking their boy out and sending him to the Hand-Picked School; nor has fashion anything to do with little Elsie's being sent to the Seminary of the Socially Secure: it is simply that this particular boy and girl react unfavorably to democratic conditions which are perfectly good for other people's children.

Then there is that singular anomaly, the Inverted Snob, who balances a chip on his shoulder and thinks that everyone of wealth or social prominence is necessarily to be distrusted; that the rich are always pretentious and worldly, while those who have few material possessions are themselves possessed (like Rose Aylmer) of every virtue, every grace. Inverted Snobs should take to heart the admonition of the impassioned Peer in *Iolanthe:* —

> Spurn not the nobly born
> With love affected,
> Nor treat with virtuous scorn
> The well-connected.
> High rank involves no shame —
> I boast an equal claim
> With him of humble name
> To be respected!

It is hard to sail between the Scylla of Social Climbers and the Charybdis of Intellectual Strivers, and at the same time to avoid the hidden rocks and shoals of all the other snobberies. 'A Society that sets up to be polite and ignores Arts and Letters, I hold to be a Snobbish Society,' says Thackeray, thereby indicating another whirlpool.

To most of us the word 'snobbish' (which is almost as much in use to-day as if it were the latest slang) suggests, as the dictionary intimates, either one who toadies to the great, or one who patronizes the humble. Between these two extremes of vulgarity there is a large social area inhabited by the rest of us; but even here, in this zone of excellence, there are far too many who, before daring to do the simple and the appropriate thing, ask themselves the essentially snobbish question, 'What will people think?' What a refreshing relaxation of over-tense nerves would result from the abolition of slavery to conventions — not the conventions which are standardized good manners, but the conventions which ordain that perfectly unimportant things should be performed in exactly the same way by totally different people! The woman who will not ask Mrs. Goldcoin to lunch, because she has to give her peas from the can instead of from the South, is quite as much of a snob as Mrs. Goldcoin would be, if she declined the invitation for the same reason.

If only money (and the lack of it), and social position (and the lack of it) could be taken naturally, and not become beams and motes in the eyes of the observers and observed!

Of course, pretense is of the essence of snobbishness; but who is there so sure of authenticity that he can afford to throw stones at pretenders? It is hard for the star to remember always that his glory can never be the glory of the sun or the moon, and to realize that a genuine twinkle is better than a beam of imitation gold.

The day of the twentieth century, being still young, is much more subtly lighted and shaded than the uncompromising black and white of Thackeray's Victorian noon. We grope in a mist of half-definitions and contradictions. We are no longer *either* bad or

good — we are *both* bad and good. We are sincere and insincere, genuine and artificial, unpretentious, and at times, snobbish. To avoid being snobs, we must learn to look relentlessly at our own motives and our own actions, and to be sure that they always express ourselves, and nobody else. If we live on a corned-beef-and-cabbage basis when we are alone, we need not aspire to terrapin and artichokes when we entertain our more prosperous friends, but can compromise on — let us say — chicken and cranberry sauce. A professor who tries to live like a banker, succeeds only in living like a snob.

'Fate has comfortably appointed gold plate for some, and has bidden others contentedly to wear the willow-pattern.' That is the thrust with which Thackeray finds the weak spot in my own armor; for sometimes, when my superiors come to dinner, I must confess to dusting off my Lowestoft plates and serving coffee out of Dresden china, with the air of one more accustomed to porcelain than to crockery! And so I must answer the question I ask others, by confessing that I am the kind of snob who does not always 'contentedly wear the willow-pattern.'

What kind of a snob are you?

THE LAND OF LOST ALLUSION

It was at the breakfast table at Cousin Eliza's that my present convictions began to take definite form. We were enjoying a family reunion, and Cousin Ellen remarked apropos of the waffles, 'Eliza, these are delicious. I have never tasted better!'

'Praise from Sir Hubert,' answered Cousin Eliza, affably.

'Thank you, my dear,' said Ellen, 'I could never equal these.'

My nephew William, who has a very deplorable habit of taking very large mouthfuls, had his latest one sufficiently adjusted to be able to remark, 'Cousin Ellen slings a nasty waffle herself, if you get me.'

A mystified silence hung over us all. Finally Cousin Robert, who is a bit of a philologist and rather prides himself on his recent researches into the modern American language, came to our aid. 'I believe that, in other words, was what your Cousin Eliza meant to convey by her remark about Sir Hubert. By the way, Eliza, should n't it be "approbation"?'

Then we plunged into one of the good old family discussions of our youth, ending with loud calls for 'Bartlett! Bartlett!' and general grief at the news that Bartlett had fallen to pieces and was being rebound.

William preserved an unblemished silence during the uproar. When the meal was over, he drew me apart. I am his youngest aunt, and as such have the happy position of confidant when he can get no one better.

'Who's the Saint Hubert guy you were all het up over, auntie, and the Bartlett who fell to pieces? Let me in on the big idea, can't you?'

'*Sir* Hubert, William, not Saint. And *Bartlett*! Why William, Bartlett should be to you like Rollo's Uncle George; like the Lady from Philadelphia; like —'

But William dwells in the modern land of Lost Allusion, and had no idea what I meant. I doubt if he has ever heard of Rollo. His early youth was unenriched by the precepts of the inestimable Eric, who accomplished so much that 'little by little' was a byword in my young days. As for the conservative Sanford, and the more inspirational Merton, what message could they bring to this day of Adams's acceleration, Einstein's demonstrations in relativity, and the like?

As for my grandnieces and nephews, when, in the course of time, William

shall establish the next generation of our house, these dear little creatures yet unborn will probably think of me as a curious survival of the genus *Foo-Foo* (an animal much abhorred by their father that is to be).

If I were an educator of the young, which I'm not, there should be classes in allusion in every school, an' I had my say! Beginning in the primary department, I should work up through all grades, ending with post-graduate classes in all colleges.

As soon as the infant had emerged from the maternal instructions in onomatopœia, I should begin with such simple rudimentary allusions as

'*Who* called for his pipe and bowl?'

'The king of *what* country went up the hill and down again?'

'*How* much money had simple Simon?'

By an easy progression we would pass on to the list of articles necessary to place in the hunting kits of would-be capturers of Snarks, memorizing by the way bits of the table-talk of the March Hare and the Hatter, and the more obvious repartees of the Walrus to the Carpenter.

Every child of ten should be, by my method, able to differentiate between the Red Queen and the one who uttered the memorable words

> 'When Fortune's malice
> Lost her Calais.'

And by eleven it should be a simple matter to write clear paragraphs on Flodden Field, Bosworth Field, that of the Cloth of Gold, and — if the musical education is being similarly carried on — Mojacs Field; though perhaps that would better enter into my high-school curriculum.

Along with botany should come simple arboricultural allusions enabling the student to tell in a few words where to find Deodars, the Eucalyptus, the Upas Tree, as well as to recall who sat under the Tom-Tom tree, and where Ygdrasil grew.

In the collegiate and post-graduate courses there would be special facilities for all clergymen, lawyers, writers of scenarios, and advertising men. In these latter groups a knowledge of allusion is imperative. Everyone goes to the 'movies.' Everyone seems to read advertisements. What a chance to make the simple humanities an open book to all. Take Chaucerian propaganda, for example, in street-railway advertisement!

> When that Aprile with his shourës swete
> Has come, buy Hawkshaw's rubbers for
> your feet, —

with a little footnote stating that the original idea had been taken from Chaucer. No young person reading that would ever forget it, and all the world would be equipped as well as is anyone (except out-and-out English professors) to quote Chaucer!

A dear young thing, after hearing Alfred Noyes read about Prester John, slipped her arm into mine confidingly, saying, 'You always know all kinds of queer things, Miss Nancy. Who was that *Proctor James* he was talking about?' Oh, the dear old be-thumbed copy of Baring-Gould's *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages!* I don't suppose any young people read that now.

I expect any day to go into some friend's nursery and find her offspring arranging their radios for a chat with some young sportsmen on Mars, in order to get the reports of the latest canal-race in that planet.

Before the war I should have said that England still preserved the tradition of educating her young along the lines of literary and historical allusiveness; but things are undoubtedly changing there as here, though not so fast.

Well, to each time its customs. It was a good old America, while it lasted

— the land where we capped quotations, and played Authors, and Logomachy, and made like tastes in books, pictures, and music the Open Sesame to the gates of friendship, and even love. It was a pleasant place, now blown into oblivion with *les neiges d'antin*, sunk with Atlantis, dead with the Dodo, flown with the Phœnix. At any rate, with these eyes and these ears, it was permitted me to see and hear the last of it!

'THE GROWING WORLD'

The Growing World came into our household in a mysterious fashion. One day, when the eldest born was still a baby, a tall old negress came to the door with a black book under her arm, and urged my mother to buy it. All the knowledge in the world lay between its covers, the negress said, and out of it a child could learn everything he needed to make him wise and famous.

My mother objected to agents, but she could not quite make up her mind to send the old negress away without at least glancing at the book. Perhaps she was attracted by the cover, with its gilt globe flanked by insets of a golden lady in a shepherdess hat, talking to a golden cherub who leaned fondly against her knee. As she looked at the cover, she may have dreamed of sunny afternoons to come, when she too would be feeding just such an eager little mind. At any rate she looked at the book, and finally bought it; and by the time my sister and I began to take an interest in our surroundings, my brother had learned to read and was able to spell out to us this invaluable guide to the universe opening before us.

The Growing World became the inseparable companion and instructor of our childhood. Why we loved it so, I cannot say. We were perfectly normal children. We reveled in *Mother Goose* and the *Jungle Book* and *Alice in Wonderland*, and our *Swiss Family Robinson* finally fell to pieces from much reading. But when we grew tired of games, and all these favorites palled on us, there was always one sure resort. My brother would bring down the heavy black book, with its crabbed print, and would say, 'Now, girls, sit quiet while I read.' And we would sit spellbound by the low west window, while he chanted the marvelous adventures of Herr von Guldenhorn among the African race 'possessed of but a single pedicle'; or the story of Dahut the beautiful and wicked in the drowned city of Ys; or perhaps a chapter taken at random from a quaint romance that had wandered into the book, recounting the loves of handsome young Captain Devereux and the Lady Constance Delamere.

The style of *The Growing World* was absolutely unsuited to children. The ponderous Latinity of the articles makes me smile now as I read them over. But we were not critical. 'The Planetary System' must have been one of our favorite selections, for its pages are thumbed and worn. There was a thrill about that imaginary trip through the stars that our *Child's Astronomy* could never give us.

'Taking our stand on one of the planets, we wait till evening falls, and look eagerly abroad to mark the altered aspect of the heavens.'

A wonderful beginning that, putting us at once with our heads among the stars. Then what a solemn progress we would make, led by the unknown writer. 'There surely the old heavens will have passed away from over our heads, the old earth from beneath our feet. But no, as the stars steal out one by one from the darkness, there is the Little Bear with its Pole Star, and the Great Bear with its pointers; there are the bands of Orion and the sweet influences of the Pleiades. Past these we go, and on until the sun itself dwindles

down to a star, light fades behind us, and we find ourselves looking into the dark infinitude where God dwells.'

There were other thrillers in the book. My favorite was an article called 'Life in the Ocean Depths.' My sister was partial to the story of truffle-hunting dogs on the Riviera, and Bordeaux shepherds on their stilts. But we were catholic in our tastes, and there was a miscellany of paragraphs on the making of rubber, the intelligence of toads, the grief of the rhinoceros, German courtships, and London bootblacks, that each in turn satisfied some particular mood.

The poetry we did not like, and we marveled at our aunts, who, when we could persuade them to read *The Growing World*, invariably chose one of these uninspired rhymes. If they wanted poetry, why could n't they read us about the forsaken merman, or that wonderful melancholy thing my mother read, about long dun wolds and Oriana? There was poetry for you; but the jingles in *The Growing World* were pitifully unworthy so great a book.

Of course, even among ourselves there were sharp differences as to the relative merits of various articles in the book. My brother had favorites for which we could hold no brief. He liked the story of the Earl of Rivers, dauntless before the loss of two front teeth in battle; of jolly Corporal Dick, who never said die, and whose bull-dog pluck somehow saved the day at Waterloo. Corporal Dick was my brother's favorite. His black eyes would burn as he intoned the story, and he seemed to grow taller before us. 'I'll be a soldier like that some day,' he would tell us; and we would hug our dolls closer and gaze at him with fearful admiration.

His taste in humor, too, was a puzzle to us. There was the story of Baron Munchausen's adventure at the fountain. The Baron, so the story ran, rode into the city gates just as the portcullis was descending. Its sharp iron teeth came down just behind him; but he went on, unaware of anything amiss, until, as his horse was drinking at the fountain, he heard the noise of rushing water behind him, and discovered that he was sitting on only half a horse, the other half having been neatly sliced off by the portcullis. My sister raised a howl every time this ghastly anecdote became the lesson for the day.

'But I don't want the horse to be hurt that way,' she would cry.

'It's only a joke,' my brother would say, with a touch of severity.

'Then why don't it be funny?' demanded my sister; and to that, as near as I can remember, my brother never found an answer.

I don't remember just when we stopped reading *The Growing World;* but I think it was when my brother went away to school. The book itself disappeared; but its invaluable information still followed us wherever we went. The effeminate costumes of the Greek soldiery held no surprises for us, since we had already been introduced to them in *The Growing World.* We could enjoy our first trap-door spider on terms of lifelong familiarity with his ways, and we could even behold the gigantic alligators of the Florida Everglades without fear, remembering that they were 'infinitely more ferocious in appearance than in fact, and never aggressively hostile like their treacherous kinsman, the dreaded crocodile of the equatorial regions.'

Through all the years, too, our conduct has been guided by maxims of unimpeachable worth. 'In this world you are punished for mistakes of the head, in the next world for mistakes of the heart.' 'True bravery is to fear, and yet to stand one's ground.' 'True courtesy saith, "My pleasure is naught, my neighbor's pleasure all." '

Yes, there was surely magic about the old negress and the big black book she brought under her arm; and we find that we have not yet lost the precious talisman. Not long ago a box of my brother's books came home from a stormy journey around the Horn; and as he, returned from even stormier times on the Canadian front, opened them up before our eyes, out fell a shabby volume, its gilt globe dimmed, its golden lady lustreless with time. It was *The Growing World!* And who shall say its usefulness is gone?

A FOOTNOTE TO MR. NEWTON

The literary flavor of old London is now so fashionable that I should like to add, if that were possible, to Mr. Newton's pleasant chats in the *Atlantic*, but to add to them from another angle.

To the American who loves London, though he may not know it half so well as Mr. Newton or his friend Mr. John Burns does, the flavor, curiously enough, is caught more often and more poignantly outside and away from London itself. It may come, rich and strong and sudden, when the branding outfit rides up to the cook-house for supper; or it may, by very contrast, steal on you from behind that farther bush, which the camp-fire does not reach.

In 1914 I pulled in to the town of Mai-Mai-Chen (Buy-Sell Town), outside of Urga, after fifty-eight days of travel by caravan across the Gobi Desert. The town was set there by the Ming emperors of China as a trading-post of the Mongols, and as an outpost of Chinese civilization, to deal with the Mongol Emperor and Pope — the Hucktuctu. Chinamen could not enter Urga across the river without a special permit, but in Mai-Mai-Chen they could set up shop. The nineteenth century added a Russian post, whence both Mongols and Chinese could be observed, and, if need be, controlled, by the agents of the Tsar.

My host there was the very accomplished and courteous Political Agent and Consul-General of Russia, one Mr. Müller. His English was as perfect as mine, and his companionship was refreshing after the two months of desert travel, in which I had been my own guide and my own friend, but had failed at times in being philosopher to the expedition.

The first evening was a short one, because I was travel-weary; and though I had bathed and dressed for dinner, I longed for sheets and for another bath. But the next evening, after the two Russian officers dining with us had left, we sat late.

At first, there was the inevitable fencing of two strangers for an opening. We scanned the world-politics, and I heard, unmoved, that a prince who was nothing to me had been murdered at Serajevo, a fact which might well mean war in Europe. I felt dimly that one ought to be impressed; but it was July in 1914, and one was simply too ignorant to be impressed. My host said that Austria would be up in arms, and that Germany would support her against Russia. I murmured that, in my opinion, this would be a pity. There we left the subject, except for an occasional reference to it which I made, out of a civil interest in something that seemed to matter to my host.

It was not long before England became the topic. Then of course, London, where Mr. Müller had spent some years as consul. Gradually, we warmed to it. Did I know the City, or only the West End? Pity to hear of the best houses by the Adam brothers being pulled down! Soho had rather lost its flavor for eating and drinking; but no doubt one could eat well for the same money elsewhere now. But the docks, now — *did* I know the docks?

It was desultory enough for a while, though I found myself interested and puzzled at the note of possession in the Russian's voice when he rambled east of Temple Bar. At last I plumped out with the question, how could he have got the flavor to roll under his tongue? I myself had a hint of it all, as an American with the usual Anglo-Saxon tradition, but for a Russian to feel it —

The Political Agent and Consul-General crossed his legs and sipped his coffee, which was served Turkish-fashion, in memory of other diplomatic posts in the nearer East.

'When I was a lad,' he said (and I made mental note of the Anglicism of that phrase), 'when I was a lad, I determined to go into the consular service and see the world. My uncle was then at the head of the Bureau in Petersburg and I applied to him for advice. He agreed to appoint me within a few months; and at the time agreed on, I called again to ask him to make good his promise.

'I never shall forget the bantering tone in which he asked me where I wanted to go; and the earnest way in which I answered, "Anywhere but England; I hate the English." He took notes at his desk, and soon dismissed me with the promise that I should have my sailing orders next day. Next morning a messenger came from the Bureau with the official pouch, in which was a note signed by my uncle and countersigned by the Premier. It read: —

'"You will proceed as vice-consul in the service of His Imperial Majesty to Liverpool, England."

'Beneath it, scrawled in his own fist, were the words: —

'"Go to England, my son, and learn to like the English."'

My elderly host smiled in reminiscent fashion and puffed at his Havana. 'Well, I went, and before long I received a consulate in the Midlands, and later I came to London, after several lean years in the Orient. At that time I came into the grip of the eighteenth-century English tradition. I walked all over that great map of a town; I bought books on the geography and history of it. I ate in odd places, and I learned to like the English way of doing things. From the eighteenth-century tradition I slipped gradually to the seventeenth, and then back. I think Kit Marlowe and Moll Tearsheet are more alive to me to-day than our old friend across the river — the Huctuctu and his princely Minister of Foreign Affairs. Did you know, by the way, that the whole basis of English neolithic archæology is nothing more nor less than a stone axe dug up in Fetter Lane?'

The mention of the Huctuctu and his Minister of Foreign Affairs jarred me. I did n't want Mongolia just then; I wanted urban London and a walk down Fleet Street. I pulled out my pipe, not being schooled to the cigar of the Havana, and my host reached across and took it from my hand.

'Yes,' he said, 'with it all came pipe-smoking as a matter of course. I too knew where to get my straight-grains and my bird's-eyes. I too scorned a silver mount. I experimented in sailor's shag, and in twist, and in marline, which I bought on the docks; and later I imported my Virginia leaf and rubbed it with Latakia, after the instructions of old Tupper, who has his shop on the High at Oxford. But now I fear that I am fallen from that high estate; one can't smoke a pipe at an official dinner, and my life has been too largely spent dining. But still that English pipe, with the Oxford maker's name, is good to see after all these years.'

He meditatively rubbed the old briar bowl along the leg of his immaculate dress trousers, with the loving hand of a connoisseur, before he handed it back to me.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Cornelia James Cannon, wife of Professor W. B. Cannon the biologist, contributed to the September *Atlantic* a paper on Philanthropy, which stirred much thought and comment. **Chauncey B. Tinker,** Professor of English at Yale, a collector of distinction and a superlative Boswellian, is taking a midwinter holiday in England. His present paper is a chapter in a forthcoming volume on *Young Boswell*, for which we promise long life and many friends. Chief Engineer now of one ship, now of another, **William McFee** is now with the S.S. Maniqui, outbound for Cuba. Happily he has the talent of holding the tiller in one hand while he writes with the other, and this is perhaps the most productive year of his career. Using an agriculturally unnautical simile, he writes: 'So far from letting the grass grow under my feet, there is no grass in sight.' **A. H. Singleton,** of Scarvagh House, County Down, Ireland, has improved the opportunities of this environment by collecting the old stories of the Irish countryside.

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Arthur Pound, of Flint, Michigan, as a newspaper writer and editor, has had unusual opportunities for observing the social effects of industry. In addition to his recent work in Flint, he was at one time editor of the Akron (Ohio) *Beacon Journal*, and later, for several years, chief editorial writer of the Grand Rapids (Michigan) *Press*. His series, which has evoked great interest, will be included in a forthcoming volume dealing comprehensively and most suggestively with the effects of automatic machinery. The spirit of coincidence was the patron saint of the sonnet by **Katharine Lee Bates:** 'Could any birthday morning greeting be pleasanter or more appropriate,' she writes, 'than a note from the editor of the *Atlantic* accepting a sonnet on *Time!*' All who once read 'The Road to Silence' in the *Atlantic* need no further word of introduction to the work of **'Margaret Baldwin.'**

Dr. Carl S. Patton, pastor of the First Congregational Church in Los Angeles, browses in 'Parker's,' and in other pleasant shops, for books not always of a theological stamp. **William O. Stoddard, Jr.,** sends us his contribution to the country's collection of Lincoln stories for the February anniversary season.

* * *

Frank Tannenbaum's critics, who have not denied his main charges, have complained that his papers are destructive only. Of the cell-system they are, it is true, destructive only; but that his views on prison reform are both positive and sane, we offer the present article as adequate proof. A further paper by an ex-warden of a well-known prison will appear shortly. **Mrs. Olive Tilford Dargan's** reputation as a poet has been long since established.

* * *

Waddill Catchings, of New York City, a member of the firm of Goldman, Sachs and Company, is a director of the Endicott Johnson Corporation, the Studebaker Corporation, the Underwood Typewriter Company, the B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, the Cluett-Peabody Company, and several other large industrial corporations. He was Chairman of the War Committee of the United States Chamber of Commerce. As President of the Central Foundry Company, the Platt Iron Works Company, and the Sloss-Sheffield Steel and Iron Company, he has had experience as an employer. He was responsible for the establishment, about a year ago, of the Francis D. Pollak Foundation for Economic Research, the general purpose of which is the study of means whereby the economic activities of the world may be so directed, and the products so distributed, as to yield larger human satisfactions. **Wilfrid Wilson Gibson,** the distinguished poet whom Rupert Brooke affectionately dubbed 'Wibson' for convenience' sake, sends this poem from his home at Journey's End, in Malvern.

Frances Chapman, who knows both New England and the Middle West, is a contributor new to the *Atlantic*.

The author of 'No Courtship at All,' who for her own reasons withholds her name, is a successful professional woman, far removed from the spinsterland of Massachusetts.

For a long time connected with the liberal press in Germany, and with *Vorwärts* in particular, **Hellmut von Gerlach** recently attracted international attention by his analysis of 'The Spirit of 1914.' He sends this paper at the *Atlantic's* request.

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Hector Bywater's recent volume, published in this country by Houghton Mifflin Company, has been highly praised by Admiral Sims and other competent critics. He represents the best British professional opinion. **Victor S. Clark**, editor of the *Living Age*, has just returned from making in person a comprehensive survey of Europe.

* * *

It is well to warn the Atlantic community against a gentleman acting as a traveling 'Vice-President' of the Atlantic Monthly Company, who asks accommodating friends to cash his cheques on the Shawmut Bank of Boston, and signs the name of the 'editor's brother, Arthur Sedgwick,' to them. The editor never had a brother Arthur, and feels no immediate need of one; but, apart from these supposititious family relationships, we advise our 'Vice-President' to get into a better business and the public to see to it that he does.

* * *

People look at prisons in two ways. Some look back at the crime and some look forward to reform. One of these points of view is well illustrated by the following letter.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Usually, a man is placed in prison because he commits a crime. There you will find the desperate murderer; the burglar; the thug; the professional killer, or gang-man; the embezzler, and all the other classes of criminals and crooks that infest society. These are enemies of mankind. Human nature, in some cases, finds it hard to resist the temptation to commit crime; that is why our prisons and jails are overcrowded. Therefore, in order to make crime less tempting, we have devised hard and strict punishment for the man who breaks our laws. Confinement in prison is the usual procedure. Being a law-breaker, the first thing the prisoner does is to violate the prison regulations in some form. True, it may be a slight infraction; but regulations are made to be obeyed to the very letter, and any minor offense is a contempt for the whole. For this he is punished; usually by having some form of liberty taken away from him. This in turn, makes him all the worse; and he proceeds to break other rules. For this he is more severely dealt with — perhaps by whipping, solitary confinement, or some other punishment more brutal in nature. Very cruel, to say the least: but how else is the warden going to force the criminal to obey the laws?

Right here, we would like a suggestion from Mr. Tannenbaum. Mr. Tannenbaum seems to delight in showing up the lack of education he found in the wardens. Perhaps he would rather have a philosopher or social-welfare worker on the job! Desperate and hardened criminals cannot be handled with kid gloves; therefore, the best warden is the one who can keep order in his own house. We would like to have Mr. Tannenbaum describe his ideal prison warden for us.

Confinement in a cell is grueling to a convict, Mr. Tannenbaum implies. Yes; that is part of his punishment — perhaps the hardest to bear. But when that man committed his crime, he knew he would be placed in a cell, with iron bars and not too much sunlight. Knowing this, he took that chance. Therefore, he should be made to suffer for his crime. The theory back of all punishment for crime is to make it hard for the law-breaker. In order to discourage crime, the punishment should be swift and severe.

The author of this is not calling for undue harshness toward convicts. Their lot is hard as it is. But he is among those few million American citizens who believe that laws are made to be enforced; and that crime should be made as costly as possible; that prisons are places of punishment. He thinks that criminals should be treated as criminals; and that the prisons should not be turned into country clubs, as the author of 'Prison Facts' strongly implies. The very structure of the Constitution is based on law and order; and if this is allowed to be flagrantly and consistently violated, there will be no such thing as Government.

Very sincerely yours,
ARTHUR N. CONNER.

A worker in Massachusetts, a state which has made notable advance in prison reform, writes us as follows:—

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Undoubtedly Mr. Tannenbaum gives a correct version of what he saw in some state institutions; but in Massachusetts the key-note is not punishment, but reformation. Massachusetts, among other states, recognizes that there are far more fundamental things than punishment in trying to help a man become a self-respecting, law-abiding citizen. A visitor of the Massachu-

setts state institutions could find discipline, yes, and punishment for the man not amenable to rules and regulations of the community life, but never the horrors of the cage, flogging, or the underground cell. Massachusetts has substituted in her state penal institutions, industrial training, medical and psychiatric treatment, out-of-door exercise, and a resident chaplain interested in the work and play of each individual.

LUCY B. CRAIN,
Secty. Prison Committee.

To sum up the discussion: the real gravamen of Mr. Tannenbaum's charges is against the use of the cellular system. In frankness we may add that it is the editor's personal belief that fifty years from now we shall think of the prison in its cellular form much as we think of dungeons to-day.

* * *

Patriotism has been variously defined, but seldom so sensibly as in this note.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Do you not love this definition of 'patriotism' by a little five-year-old? During our recent enthusiastic reception to Marshal Foch, the little boy had asked many questions: *Why* the flags — *Why* the parade —*Why* Marshal Foch? After the parade he was making a little sing-song of the word patriotic — patriotic. I asked 'What does *patriotic* mean, Robert?'

'To tell the truth, and love parades,' came the instant answer.

IDA M. SCHERER.

* * *

'My Wife's Address-Book,' in a recent *Atlantic*, serves philosophers with a clue to uncharted areas of woman's mind, and the masculine race generally with a working hypothesis of System in the Home.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In our house it is not an address-book, but a filing cabinet. My wife was formerly a teacher of office practice in the largest commercial high school on earth, and to her the whole world is classified alphabetically, geographically, topically, or by the Binet tests. (The trouble of mere man is that he never knows which.)

She is a great systematizer. There is little to dust and nothing to mend when the morning filing is done. The cabinet now comprises some twelve sections, and stands in the kitchen — there is no other place to put it. At one time or another, I have found in it framed pictures, borrowed books ready to be returned, a pair of rubbers left behind by a guest, the head of my favorite mashie destined for a new shaft, and a copy of the *Atlantic*, filed under B because it contained an article by John Burroughs (on Thoreau), to which I had taken some caustic exceptions; but the poor man died before I got the reply composed, so there was nothing to do — *but file it.*

The other day I wanted to refer to a previous gas-bill. I looked under G, then under U, for United Gas Company; then I dipped into the H's for Household Accounts, turned through B for Bills, and P for Paid. At last I called for the Queen of the File.

Her orderly mind gave answer: 'The boy who reads our gas-meter is named Joseph, and all the gas-receipts are filed under his name.' But I searched through J in vain. The lady herself came to the rescue. She shut that section in haste, pulled out the drawer marked D-C, and handed me the desired paper, all in a fraction of a second.

'Don't you remember,' she explained, 'that story you told me of the man who had given his son a name that began with C; and when everybody had failed to guess it, he said it was Choseph? I put Joe's gas-bills under C, to help me remember the story.'

I took some rather good pictures at the farm this summer and I thought I would have some extra copies printed. So I went to the file for the films. The F's seemed a sure bet for they included both *films* and *farm*. I was wrong, however, — but P covered both *pictures* and *photographs*, so I tried that file, still in hopes. It was only after this second failure that I tried a little character analysis, and decided that the answer was *Glen Uplands*, the name of our farm. My character was bad. I called for help. My character was restored. The swiftest lady in the world at getting things in and out of a file extracted the films triumphantly from the letter S. 'The only thing you took this summer,' she said, 'that you had never taken before was the old Swimming-Hole. So I put the whole packet under S.'

For some ten years there has been a planisphere in an old bookcase drawer, which it is my habit to get out from time to time, of a starlight evening, to refresh my recollection of the constellations. The other night the planisphere was missing. I suspected that the file had claimed it, and looked under P without any thought of possible error. No planisphere! Then I tried S for Stars, E for Evening, N for Night, and a Shout for Her.

'Did you file the planisphere?'

'Yes,' she said. 'It seemed needless to hunt through that old drawer for it every time you want it, so I put it in the file where you would know just where to put your hand on it.'

I assured her, in the words of Ruskin, that 'it was a noble thought but an erring one.'

In a twinkling she produced it from the L's. 'I noticed that it was published in London,' she said.

It is fair to say that in our office-organized household it is presupposed that the file-clerk will wait on all the members of the firm. It is only gratuitous effort when I indulge in these personal excursions. I can only add the fervent hope that, if the file clerk ever goes on a long vacation, she will take me with her.

W. W. D.

'How Wild can a Young Person be?' is a question that undoubtedly troubled Cain's parents. Nor have any subsequent generations been immune.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Apropos of the wild ways of the younger generation, I have just come across this remark in one of Walpole's letters to Sir Horace Mann (Cunningham's edition, vol. v, p. 350), dated Nov. 18: 1771: —

'On the other hand, the young have new words, new language, new amusements; and one can no more talk their talk, than dance their dances.'

Respectfully submitted,

J. D. BURRELL.

* * *

Not long ago, the Contributors' Column exchanged a few lines of poetry with Mr. Christopher Morley on the subject of *nunc-pro-tuncing*. Our un-legal use of the Latin tongue so disturbed one of the editorial staff of the St. Paul *Docket*, that he laid aside the work of preparing a syllabus for a Massachusetts case and dictated the following: —

Of humor this is quite a hunk,
But to the lawyer it is 'bunk,'
Because the handy '*nunc pro tunc*'
In usage is quite firmly sunk.
Tunc does not mean to-morrow;
That is, the lawyer does not say
This Latin phrase in such a way.
It merely means he does to-day
What should have been done yesterday.
These merry rhymesters should straightway
A Black or Bouvier borrow.

We don't know how our accomplice Mr. Morley will feel about this; but for our part we apologize to the legal profession in a last outburst of melancholy song: —

In chastened mood we read this through
And looked up Black *in transitu*.
We 've made an *ex post facto* vow
To cease from verse right here and now.
We know our rhymes were *ultra* punk,
And we plead guilty, *nunc pro tunc*.

* * *

A descendant and namesake of Captain Myles Standish once gave his name and address to a saleswoman in a Boston shop. 'Have n't you got a famous name?' said the clerk. 'Were you named after the Nantasket boat?' The following letter reminds us that the species of fame makes little difference. Captains, Conquerors, Poets, and Sages — all these are grass.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Searching for a low-priced edition, I inquired of the young woman at a certain counter of one of our leading department stores (known the world over as the up-to-datest of its kind), 'Have you Whitman's *Leaves of Grass?*'

'*Leaves of Grass?*' she pondered, '*Leaves of Grass?*' Then lightly motioned me to the other side of the aisle, with a gracious smile saying, 'All our garden and agricultural books are over there. If it 's recent, I know you 'll find it among them.'

Which reminds me of what Lord Tennyson said about Americans, most of them, being ignorant of even the name of the greatest poet their country had produced.

M. B. FEURER.

* * *

When youth is on the rampage, a certain conservatism among our adult classes is hardly reprehensible.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

On a recent railway journey, the chair near me was occupied by a plain but estimable woman, whose solid worth was self-evident. After a few moments of desultory conversation, she asked me what I was reading. I told her that it was the *Atlantic Monthly*.

'Are the stories good?' was her next question.

I replied that I enjoyed them.

Then, settling herself back in her chair with a sigh, she said, 'Well, I was brought up not to read yellow-back novels, and I don't believe I had better start in now.'

Sincerely yours,

MAY LADD SIMONSON.

* * *

A little pessimism now and then adds to the essential satisfactions.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

We 've been glad and sad. Why not strike one more note on the emotional gamut and be mad, or have you had enough?'

RAGE

When I am mad
There seems to be
A raging bull
Inside of me —
He roars and rushes
In my head
Till everything
I see is red,
He is so strong
He makes me do
All sorts of things
I ought n't to,
And oh! the dread-
Ful things I say
Before at last
He goes away.

ISABEL CHIPMAN.

ATLANTIC SHOP-TALK

'They see amiss who picture Time as old.'

SIXTY years is the age for *Finding Youth*, according to the experience of one man who found himself out of a job, without savings, with dependents, and without prospects at that age. 'Most folks would say that I ought to have laid up enough to take care of myself and wife during our old age. Perhaps I ought. But I had n't.' The remarkable story of the way in which this man of sixty, who had worked for wages since he was sixteen, without a break or an original variation from the normal, took Fate by storm, found work, and founded a community made up of other young men and women of his own age, will appear at nine o'clock in the morning of Wednesday, March 15, at the price of one dollar a copy. *Finding Youth*, by Nelson Andrews, is a story of actual experience, and 'Youthland Colony' is an actual place, where every feature of a normal community is managed by people wise with the experience of years — old sea-captains, retired printers, retired manufacturers. They have their canning factory, dairy and poultry farms, small-fruit orchards, English-walnut plantations, and thirty adopted children, who would otherwise have gone to public institutions. The spirit of these young 'Fellowshipers' in Youthland can be guessed from this quotation from their community newspaper: —

'The Fellowshipers are "Next Steppers." That is why they believe in coöperation. For coöperation is the Next Step in Social Progress. The opposite of the Next Stepper is the Hang Backer. Naturally a Hang Backer disapproves of a Next Stepper. A Next Stepper wants to pull a Hang Backer out of his ruts. A Hang Backer calls a Next Stepper an agitator, a dreamer, or, what is even worse, a fool optimist. But even a fool optimist Next Stepper is a heap more apt to get somewhere than a pessimist Hang Backer. For a pessimist Hang Backer fails before he ever starts.

'To be a Next Stepper is to be the companion of the greatest men and women that the race has produced. Eve and Moses were Next Steppers. So was Columbus. So were Gutenberg, James Watt, and Robert Fulton. So were George Washington, Lincoln, and Susan B. Anthony. So are Edison, Luther Burbank and Madame Curie.

'And the most famous Hang Backer was Lot's wife, whom God, disgusted, turned into a pillar of salt — not even a pillar of stone that might have lived through the ages, but just a weak pillar of *salt*, soon washed away.

'So the Fellowshipers are proud of being Next Steppers. And from their Santa Barbara beautiful Home Place, the hand of welcome is ever extended to all other companion Next Steppers.'

* * *

Old age is one problem: Death in youth is quite another. In *Consolation*, by Albion Fellows Bacon, many who have mourned untimely death find something that touches their experience with some measure of comfort. So many requests for copies of this article have been made since its publication in the December number of the *Atlantic*, that it seems best to publish it as a little book at Easter time. The book will be not merely a reprint, for many passages have been added, which could not conveniently appear in the condensed magazine version. Mrs. Bacon, who sets down for others the intensest experience in her own life, explains that the book is for those 'who have no comfort in the thought that either country or humanity were served by the death of those they mourn. No one was saved or bettered by that death, which followed disease or accident or mortal weakness. Only the sum of the world's sorrow was increased, the weight of humanity's misery was made heavier. As children, lost in the dark, are comforted when one cries, "I see a light," so we take cheer and hope from those mortals among us who have the assurance of immortality.

'Then, is there not an obligation upon those who have this assurance to make it known to others who mourn? I believe there is, and, in this belief, have written this sketch.'

One into whose hands the article fell by chance, at the moment when consolation was most needed, sends us the quotation from Emerson that best describes the way in which a printed word seems often to seek out the reader who will most fully understand it. 'Every proverb, every byword that belongs to thee for aid or comfort shall surely come home through open or winding passages.'

* * *

One of the earliest lexicons of the English language gave this definition of the word 'house': 'a structure, especially a fixed one, for human habitation.' There is a certain cautious restraint

about that definition that appeals to the wary temperament. It allows so prudently for such chance exceptions as portable houses and the like. But any householder who has learned to think of his habitation as more or less 'a fixed one' can appreciate the pleasure of working out the permanent problems of furniture and surroundings with durable satisfactions in view.

For all such settled folk, we recommend three books: *Inside the House Beautiful*, *What Makes the House Beautiful*, and *The Little Garden*. The first two, by Henrietta Peabody, are full of instructions, plans, full-page illustrations, and practical suggestions on such various matters as 'The Hospitable Hall,' 'Furnishings Around the Fireplace,' 'Inside Finish,' 'Corner Cupboards,' 'Kitchen Comforts,' 'Groups for Odd Corners,' 'Walls and Curtains,' and 'The Livable Living-room.'

The Little Garden, a manual for those who cultivate, not a landscape, but a part of one, has been, as one bookstore writes us, 'selling like a novel.' In its first five weeks it went into its second enlarged and extra-illustrated edition. The Spring o' the Year would naturally have been the time to offer a book of this type; but recalling the delights of studying the flower-catalogues in February, the Atlantic Press risked a midwinter garden-manual, and learned that all true gardeners can read of borders and hedges, tall irises and Shirley poppies, when every twig in the garden is six inches deep in ice. Indeed, there was one reader who, when her husband asked her what she wanted for a Christmas gift, glanced up from the 'tools, pruning, and spraying' chapter of *The Little Garden*, and said that all she wanted was six loads of fertilizer and the five-dollar Primavera Peony.

'It was for me you wrote the book,' she tells Mrs. King. 'You 've recharged the old dynamo. Of course I have many garden books, all very charming to read as literature; but for direct stimulation and practical good sound sense you have supplied my need with your inspiring, exciting, sympathetic, encouraging little book.'

* * *

Atlantic readers will be interested to know that *An American Idyll*, by Mrs. Carleton Parker, is now in its eighth large edition, and that A. Edward Newton's *A Magnificent Farce*, published in November, is already in its third.

* * *

For those whose affections still centre around Slabsides, and Woodchuck Lodge, and all the other familiar haunts of John Burroughs, the New York *Evening Post* offers this suggestion:

'John Burroughs contributed his first essay, "Expression," to the *Atlantic Monthly* for November, 1860, sixty-one years ago, and in every intervening year he did not fail to publish one or more essays in this periodical. For length and constancy of service Mr. Burroughs's *Atlantic* experience is probably without a parallel in the history of periodical literature. Collectors who like to secure the "first appearances" in magazines, as well as first editions in book form, when they come to Burroughs might as well buy a complete set of the *Atlantic*.'

* * *

In the limited edition of his book, Mr. Newton inscribed each volume with a quotation from some essay or poem on bookish topics. One day in the salesroom, before the last of these autographed volumes were being packed, somebody suggested a contest in identifying the unsigned quotations. Evidently Mr. Newton chose his lines from many sources not altogether familiar — we understand that he receives so many inquiries about them from the owners of the inscribed books that the mailing department considers having a rubber stamp prepared with his address. For those who may be curious to try their detective skill, we selected a few at random before the books went out. Most of them are 'sentiments' warranted to reach the heart of all who love their libraries.

Never lend a book; give it away if necessary, but don't lend it. I have never lent a book, however little I fancied it would be wanted, without almost immediately regretting it.

> Ah! that our wives could only see,
> How well our money is invested
> In those old books which seem to be
> By them, alas, so much detested.

The books upon a man's shelves are a counterpart of the man who possesses them.

There is a sense of security in an old book which time has criticized for us.

In life it is important if you cannot have what you like, to like what you have.

The miseries of a vacant life are never known to one whose hours are insufficient for the inexhaustible pleasure of reading.

I love to lose myself in other men's minds. When I am not walking, I am reading: I cannot sit and think. Books think for me.

There is, I think, no finer sight than the first edition of a great book.

A man's bookshelves are an index to what he is.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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DEMOCRACY AND THE FUTURE

BY W. R. INGE

I

THE father of political philosophy taught us that human association began for the purpose of living, and was developed for the purpose of living well. Some nations have lately been thrown back on taking thought for the bare existence of their members. It is not any kind of civilization, but life itself, which is at stake for the victims of Bolshevist or Turkish misrule. But, on the whole, we may follow Aristotle, and say that all settled states embody some aspiration to live well.

From this point of view, the history of institutions is the most pathetic of all records. Man has conquered the wild beasts; he has conquered his fellow men; he has conquered nature; but, collectively, he has never succeeded in governing himself. A good government remains the greatest of human blessings, and no nation has ever enjoyed it. There is no ruler, says Plato, who would be *unjustly* condemned by his subjects. The world swings backward and forward between the ideals of Order and of Liberty; not because anyone thinks it possible or desirable to enjoy either of these boons without the other, but because, after a brief experience of a government ostensibly based on one of them, no price seems too high to pay for being delivered from it. So the pendulum swings, now violently, now slowly; and every institution not only carries within it the seeds of its own dissolution, but prepares the way for its most hated rival.

The German Eucken found, in this tendency of all human movements to generate violent reactions, the master-key of history. Every idea and institution, he says, passes into its opposite. Greek philosophy, beginning as natural science based on the hypothesis of monism, ended in a dualism of matter and spirit. Roman imperialism was created by an intense national consciousness; it ended by destroying the nationality of rulers and subjects alike. The Church began by renouncing the world, and ended by subjugating it. In the first century, it cursed the Babylon which sits on seven hills; a few centuries later, we find it firmly seated on the same eminence.

The law of cycles, or, more accurately, of the swinging pendulum, is in fact so generally valid, that no historian can afford to neglect it; though the superstition of progress as a law of nature, buttressing itself on a grotesque misreading of the facts of evolution, has caused it to be ignored by most modern

writers. In political philosophy, it should be used as a salutary cold douche. For example, Sybel says that universal suffrage has always heralded the downfall of parliamentary government. Tocqueville caps this by reminding us that the more successful Democracy is in leveling a population, the less will be the resistance which the next despotism will have to encounter.

No doubt, in this region there are transformations which can hardly occur without an intermediary phase. It does not seem possible for Democracy, which disintegrates society into individuals and only collects them again into mobs, to pass directly into its opposite state, Socialism. Russian autocracy, now standing on its head, is more of an autocracy than ever; the little finger of Lenin is thicker than the loins of Nicholas the First. But other transformations are quite possible. We may trace the progress of unlimited competition toward a point where it destroys itself. The competing units, which began as individuals acting in isolation, become larger and larger aggregates, until they succeed in establishing monopolies, which bring competition to an end.

Or, if competition is not terminated in this way, it may end by exhausting the competitors. The conditions of success may become so severe that the ruling caste rules itself out, and is displaced by non-competitive strata of the population. This fate often befalls warlike and predatory races: they who take the sword perish by the sword. The wolves disappear; the sheep survive. Some movements disintegrate so rapidly that they live only in the reactions which they produce. This is true of all violent revolutions, especially when they include communistic experiments. Thus the Jacobinism of the French Revolution, which looked like mere anarchism and bloodthirstiness, inaugurated the bourgeois régime of the nineteenth century. Our present social unrest may issue in the emergence of a privileged section of wage-earners, and so broaden the basis of conservatism.

Sometimes the transformation is of a more subtle kind. Roman imperialism broke up the old city patriotism in the civilized Eastern provinces, and destroyed the tribal patriotism of the barbarians by substituting for it a feeling of reverence for the Empire. The ruling race itself was partly absorbed, but very largely extinguished. Yet the Empire, though it decayed as a fact, survived as an idea. It had a new and very remarkable lease of life, in an idealized form, as the Roman Church.

So, on a still larger scale, Jewish nationalism, by its uncompromising fanaticism, caused the destruction of the Holy City and the annihilation of the Jewish State; but in Christianity it had a new and boundless extension. The civilized world has adopted Zion as its spiritual capital, and David and the prophets as its spiritual heroes. In both cases the idea triumphed in the form most repugnant to its first custodians. The patriotic Jew would have regarded with horror the prospect of his sacred books being annexed by the Gentiles of the West; and we can imagine the feelings of Trajan, or Tacitus, on being told that a Christian priest would rule a world-wide theocracy from the Vatican. The ironies of history are on a colossal scale, and must, one is tempted to think, cause great amusement to a superhuman spectator.

This chameleon-like character of human institutions, these Protean changes, are, when they are once realized, a considerable obstacle to the extreme form of state-loyalty. They do not affect the love of country, for we may imagine that the innermost life of a nation persists through all changes;

but they do make it difficult to worship the State as the embodiment of a type of government which we admire; for, by the mere fact of being a successful example of such a type, it may be preparing the way for the triumph of an opposite principle, which we dislike extremely.

II

The world, as we have lately been told on high authority, is being made safe for Democracy. The Western European is half puzzled and half amused by the reverential tones in which this word is uttered on the other side of the Atlantic. For us, Democracy is a necessary step in the evolution of human institutions; or, perhaps, only a stage through which we happen to be passing. Most of us think that, for the present at all events, it is the least bad of possible alternatives; or that, for the time being, there really is no alternative. But we see no reason to sing pæans over it. As Quinet said, he could not worship *ce curieux fétiche:* he had seen it at too close quarters.

The fact is that in America the word Democracy is charged with emotional values which do not really belong to it. To a good American it suggests emancipation from the 'effete' traditions of Europe, the continent of hereditary monarchs and feudal aristocracies and prancing generals and officials in gold lace; it suggests the career open to the talents, and free-trade in religion, and other things of which he is proud. And so we find a Boston professor saying: 'You cannot separate God and Democracy. For, if we believe in Democracy, we believe in God's purpose, God's ideal, and that is believing in God.' And a writer in the New York *Medical Journal*, who is discussing the treatment of gout, exclaims: 'Uric acid is tottering upon its throne. Democracy is advancing in medical theory as well as in political practice.'

But I refrain. It is bad manners to smile at our friends when they are at their devotions. I only suggest that Democracy, by derivation, is neither an attribute of God nor a method of therapeutics; it is merely the name of a particular form of government — 'an experiment in government,' as James Russell Lowell called it.

But perhaps it would be a fair answer, that Democracy is not only a form of government: it is also a form of State, and a form of society. As a form of government, it means properly the direct rule of a nation by popular vote. This form of government is, of course, possible only in a small town or canton, like the Greek states that invented the word. 'So perfect a government,' said Rousseau, 'is not suited to human beings.' Those who have lived under it have generally agreed that it is not suited to human beings. But Democracy, as a form of State, is consistent with representation; it only implies ultimate popular sovereignty. Unless the sovereignty is retained by the voters, we cannot call the State democratic, even if the government has been established by a plebiscite. Napoleon III, for example, was elected emperor by an almost unanimous popular vote. Democracy, as a form of State, is a mode of appointing, controlling, and dismissing a government. This form of State may be criticized like any other; there is nothing specially sacred about it.

Democracy, as a form of society, rests on the idea of social equality. It is easy to say that men are, in fact, not equal, and that equality is therefore, as Carlyle calls it, 'a palpable incredibility and delirious absurdity.' But, in spite of all the nonsense that has undoubtedly been talked about equality, the right of human beings to equal consideration is a fundamental principle of

Christianity. It is the best achievement of Democracy as a form of State that it has fostered social equality and broken down the barriers between classes. The modern substitutes for Democracy, of which I shall speak presently, have on the whole the opposite tendency. It may be surmised that, when an American rhapsodizes about Democracy, he is usually not thinking of the 'Initiative, Referendum, and Recall,' but of the absence of class-distinctions, with the injustice and snobbishness which those distinctions have produced in other countries. It is a quite tenable argument that under any undemocratic governments the tendency of society to split into castes would reappear.

The other advantages of Democracy may be very briefly summarized. It has a very great educational value, diffusing knowledge of public affairs and a sense of responsibility. It rests on a broad base, and is not easily overturned. It obliges the government to conform to public opinion and to the wishes of the majority, and therefore, in times of stress, the whole nation is likely to rally round the government and support it till the danger is past. The democracies of France and England showed a greater determination and tenacity than the Central Empires, from 1914 to 1918; autocratic Russia collapsed miserably.

Whether a democracy is likely to act on higher principles than a monarchy is more doubtful. Englishmen and Americans are alike in thinking their own nations virtuous and innocent, while other governments are suspected of acting on Machiavellian principles. But I have not found that foreigners credit either of us with superior goodness, or with stupidity. The French do not claim to be either disinterested or stupid, and they are certainly neither; though, if they were more alive to the solidarity of European civilization, it might be their best policy in the long run.

The opponents of Democracy generally say that it brings a very poor type of men to the top. Lord Bryce, who is a moderate optimist, thinks that there is some improvement in this respect. My own opinion is that an incomplete democracy, like that of England before the war, brings forward a better type of politician than a complete democracy, like France or Australia. But in times of great national danger, democracies have often picked out the right man to deal with the crisis, and have trusted him, virtually abdicating in his favor. The names of Lincoln, Clemenceau, and Lloyd George will occur to everybody; and early in the war England gave a free hand to Kitchener, who was anything rather than a demagogue.

A more difficult charge to meet is that the crowd falls an easy victim to catchwords, and is swayed by rascals who have made a special study of mob-psychology. Democracies — and especially, I am afraid, democratic *societies* — are, also, no friends to social liberty; they are meddlesome and inquisitive. A man with unusual tastes is far less interfered with in an undemocratic society.

But the real danger of democracies is that, in an industrial society, the power of numbers gives an overwhelming preponderance to one class. Sooner or later, this class will begin to pillage the minority, and the minority is helpless. This danger was foreseen and predicted; but it is only lately that the forebodings of the prophets have begun to be realized. Under a parliamentary system, with no minority representation, it may easily happen that the class which pays most of the taxes returns no members at all.

There are other evils that are very apparent in democratic communities; but it is doubtful whether they ought

to be placed to the discredit of Democracy. Every government ought to be able to count on a certain fundamental loyalty and patriotism in all classes. Where this sentiment does not exist, no constitution can work smoothly. It is probably true that a democracy is less able than an autocracy to deal with anti-social conspiracies, because it is difficult for it to resort to drastic measures against a section of its own citizens; but a so-called autocrat is often quite helpless against rebellion and sedition, and may be driven to all the humiliating surrenders and acts of injustice to minorities with which democracies are reproached.

III

These charges and countercharges have been brought so often that the discussion of them seems rather academic. But it has not yet been sufficiently realized that there is a widespread and growing revolt against Democracy among the population of the large towns — a revolt which may bring this great 'experiment in government' to an early and ignominious end. It is the educated class which now sings hymns to Democracy; the workingman has no enthusiasm for it, and is more and more inclined to give it up.

The cause of this strange phenomenon is that Democracy seems to have failed in the one thing which the workingman cares about. He has no ambition to govern the country; he cares very little for equality, and still less for liberty; but he cares a great deal for the equitable distribution of the products of labor. He thinks that Democracy has failed signally to secure this equitable distribution, and he has no longer any faith in getting what he wants by constitutional means. He sees that labor-saving inventions have been introduced on a prodigious scale; and instead of making the lot of the worker more comfortable, they seem only to have swelled the fortunes of a few millionaire employers, bankers, and financiers. He thinks that he is being robbed; and since Democracy has failed to protect him, he is disposed to try something else.

All the new revolutionary parties are frankly anti-democratic. This fact is well brought out in Professor Hearnshaw's admirable book, *Democracy at the Crossways*, which every thoughtful American should study. The Anarchists, of course, declare war upon the state in all its forms. Their ideal is unfettered individual liberty; their method is ruthless destruction of every kind of social organization. England has long been the *Cloaca Maxima* into which all the *enragés* of Europe discharge their poison, because we alone have no laws against Anarchists as such; but the agitators are seldom Englishmen. Nevertheless, we are beginning to discover the danger of harboring these enemies of society. The criminal suffragettes, the 'shop-steward' movement, and other anti-social combinations, are in principle anarchical and anti-democratic, and they have many sympathizers. Similar societies, like the Industrial Workers of the World, are giving trouble in America.

Syndicalism is equally hostile to Democracy, as its leaders admit. 'If revolutionary Syndicalism triumphs,' says Sorel, 'the parliamentary régime so dear to the intellectuals will be done away with.' — 'Syndicalism and Democracy,' says another French writer, 'are the two opposite poles, which exclude and neutralize each other.' — 'The Syndicalist,' says A. D. Lewis, 'has a contempt for the vulgar idea of Democracy. The vast unconscious mass is not to be taken into account when the minority wishes to act so as to benefit it.' Pouget, in the same sense, says, 'There is for the conscious minor-

ity an obligation to act without paying any attention to the unconscious mass.'

What this means in practice we see in Russia. The Bolsheviki estimate their supporters at 600,000 out of 160,000,000, and Lenin complains that out of these there are only a few thousand whom he can trust thoroughly. Syndicalism and Anarchism have much in common, and the baffled Syndicalist tends to become an Anarchist. They both aim at destroying the democratic state. 'Democracy,' says Sorel, 'is the paradise of which unscrupulous financiers dream.' If they had their way, government of the people, by the people, and for the people would vanish from the earth. The only difference between them is that Syndicalists rely chiefly on the weapon of the general strike, while the Anarchists exhort their disciples to 'learn the use of dynamite.'

Bureaucratic State-Socialism is the antipodes of Anarchism and Syndicalism. It is a bourgeois and intellectualist movement, which aims at making the state omnipotent, by entrusting it with the sole ownership of the means of production. There is nothing democratic about this ideal; in practice it would mean a cast-iron officialdom, under which malcontents would be repressed by the simple process of depriving them of their means of livelihood and turning them out of their state-owned homes. Under a bureaucracy, every official must be responsible, not to those below him, but only to those above him; and the only persons to whom nobody would be responsible would be — all who are not officials.

It cannot be too strongly emphasized that all these new movements are fiercely anti-democratic in principle. However vehemently they may differ from each other, some desiring to make the State absolute, others to destroy it altogether, they agree in one thing — they all hate Democracy. And so it appears that the democratic idea, which was heralded not so long ago as the panacea for all human ills, the idol before which we still burn incense, and whose immortality is almost an article of faith with orthodox politicians, has few friends and many enemies, and is very far from standing secure upon its pedestal. It has never been in favor with privileged classes; it is now threatened with destruction by the proletariat.

IV

Let us now consider what possible alternatives there are for Democracy; for it is useless to complain of existing institutions unless we have something to put in their place. The answer to this question may turn out to be more reassuring to democrats than the passionate denunciations of the revolutionary parties would lead us to expect.

Two of the suggested alternatives may probably be dismissed as absolutely unworkable. Anarchism is not worth discussing. It is a purely disruptive force; no form of state could be constructed by it. Even Lenin has been compelled to shoot Anarchists, in the company of myriads of more respectable victims. But Communism, also, has received its death-blow in Russia. It is not generally recognized that Russia was an ideally favorable soil for a great revolutionary experiment. The people were accustomed to tyranny; they had never known anything else. Their country, with its wide plains and poor communications, makes any large rebellion against a centralized despotism very difficult. The mass of the people are illiterate, and have no means of combining, or of acquiring any information which the government wishes to withhold from them. The land is, under normal conditions, self-sufficing; the population can live on the produce of the soil without any foreign trade

whatever. Industrial life is very backward, and the towns are not essential to the national life; the only way to ruin Russia permanently would be to sow her fields with salt. A total destruction of commerce and industry was possible, without dissolving the existence of the nation, so long as agriculture remained intact. Lastly, the houses of the nobility and religious institutions contained vast accumulations of portable and readily convertible wealth, in the form of pearls, jewels, and gold, such as no other country, not even India, could approach. The loot of a single monastery near Moscow was valued at 400,000,000 dollars. Thus the government could maintain itself and its armies without attempting to squeeze money out of those who had lost everything.

And yet four years of Communistic misrule have turned that unhappy country into a putrefying carcass. Only a corner of the veil has yet been lifted, which covers the most ghastly tragedy in modern history. No such tyranny has ever before been exercised; no such misery has ever before been suffered. When the truth is known, the whole crazy fabric of Marxian economics must fall in ruins to the ground.

Communism is not a new experiment; it has been tried many times on a small scale. And history proves that it can succeed only under two conditions — a religious basis, and a rule of celibacy. The monasteries supply the one and only instance of successful Communism. For private property cannot be abolished unless the family also is destroyed; and these sacrifices will not be made except under the strong constraint of religious vows. The Bolsheviki aim at destroying private property, and they find themselves compelled to destroy the family. But they also wage war against religion; quite consistently, they have put up statues to Judas Iscariot. Thus they are pledged to abolish the three strongest instincts of human nature — private ownership, family life, and religion. Human nature may be trusted to make short work of these fanatics and their theories.

Syndicalism is a dangerous disruptive force; but it offers no alternative form of State in place of Democracy. It may paralyze the government by strikes and threats of strikes; it is an ominous feature of the present situation, that no effective weapon against this form of civil war has yet been discovered. It may cripple trade, and create a new pariah class of unfortunates who are unable to enter the unions. It may, and probably will, bring into existence a new and oppressive privileged class — the members of monopolist trade-guilds; but it is not an alternative to Democracy.

When we turn to bureaucratic State-Socialism, there is a different tale to tell. It is probably quite workable. In a very mild form, it existed in the German Empire, which before the war was in many ways the best-governed State in the world. Given an official class that is patriotic, hard-working, highly intelligent and incorruptible, and such a government may be far more efficient than any democracy. It would avoid the terrible wastefulness which is one of the banes of democratic government; it could deal drastically with disaffection; it could pursue a long-sighted policy of penetration and expansion, whether military or commercial. But I think its efficiency would soon begin to decay. Its citizens, especially if they had Anglo-Saxon blood in their veins, would violently resent being treated like tame animals in a farmyard. And, what is more serious still, such a nation would soon lose all initiative, all inventiveness, all that makes for progress. It would stagnate; and in human life stagnation means retrogression. In any

case, England and America are the last countries in which such an experiment is likely to be tried.

There remain the time-honored forms of government — monarchy, and theocracy, and the formidable combination of the two which has been called Cæsaro-papism. The world has not seen the last of these; but at present they are discredited. A cataract of nonsense has been poured out over the subject of 'autocracy,' especially during the World War. We need not discuss the Asiatic form of despotism, in which the ruler consumes his time and health and his subjects' money in a harem, and the power is wielded by a grand vizier whom the pout of a singing-girl may at any moment condemn to receive the fatal bowstring, with which he obediently consents to be strangled.

European autocracy is a very different thing. It is a form of bureaucracy, rendered more stable by the hereditary principle, which makes the sovereign at the apex of the pyramid irremovable, unless indeed he makes himself intolerable, in which case assassination always remains in reserve. The stability is of course increased if the monarch is also a semi-divine personage, supported by a powerful priesthood. We have only to think of the Augustan Age at Rome, the Tudor period in England, and the reign of the Grand Monarque in France, to see that this form of government is by no means to be despised. It involves, no doubt, the idealization of some very ordinary man; but this is not more absurd, or less natural, than the idealization of a very ordinary piece of striped bunting. These symbols mean whatever we like to put into them. The weakness of a 'strong' monarchy is that the monarch holds a certain amount of real power, which he is seldom competent to use. In Germany, for example, all was in perfect order till one came to the top; and then all was weakness and indecision. In the rare instances when the monarch is not an ordinary man, but a Napoleon, this type of government shows a tremendous and formidable efficiency.

The theocratic type seems at present quite obsolete in Europe and America. Theoretically it might appear to be the best; practically it is almost the worst, having no virtue except extreme stability. A deified ruler must be kept in absolute seclusion, since he cannot behave like a human being without compromising his dignity. So the only thing to do is to shut him up. But a ruler who is shut up cannot govern. A good example is the position of the Mikado of Japan before the Revolution. All the real power was in the hands of the Shoguns, of the Tokugawa clan. The Mikado kept a phantom court, surrounded by a few high-born officials. A theocratic state inspires fanatical loyalty, generally shown in hatred and contempt for other nations; it is stable, but unprogressive, and the priests, having no material force behind them, are compelled to foster and exploit superstition. In most cases, however, they establish a concordat with the civil power; and we have the Byzantine type of government, which till lately survived in Russia.

V

This brief review of alternative forms of State leaves us with the impression that Democracy still holds the field, for want of rivals. But it is no longer worshiped, or even highly respected. Of late years democratic governments have shown an astonishing weakness in face of sectional treason and anarchy; they can no longer appeal to the people at large with any confidence of support. This is obviously a very grave symptom.

Many people will say that Democracy may save itself by taking up in

earnest the task in which it is accused of having failed — the distribution of wealth. Andrew Carnegie was doubtless right when he said to Sir Charles Macara shortly before his death: 'The day of the multi-millionaire is over; the people will not stand it.' But experience shows that it is very much easier to destroy wealth than to redistribute it. The British Government has, in fact, confiscated inherited wealth in the most sweeping fashion; nothing like it has ever been done before, except after a violent revolution. Take the case of a duke who dies, leaving his heir a fortune of £100,000 a year. The heir has, to begin with, to pay about £800,000 in death-duties, which reduces his income to about £60,000. This income is again reduced by income-tax, super-tax, and local rates, to about £25,000. The inflation of the currency, which is of course a disguised and very dishonest form of taxation, diminishes the purchasing power of £25,000 to about £12,000. It does not seem that this treatment of the rich has either benefited the workingman, or mitigated his discontent. What it has done is to seal the doom of the old stately country-house life — a feature of English society for many centuries. Some of the mansions of the nobility have been sold at a derisory price; others are derelict; in most of them the owners still live, occupying a few rooms and trying, with a pathetic loyalty, to keep the old place in repair.

This revolution, for it is no less, is perhaps not to be regretted from the point of view of the old families themselves. It is not a good thing that a man should be condemned to be a mere territorial magnate, when nature may have intended him to be a university professor, or an engineer, or a skilled mechanic. But Americans who have visited English country-houses, and have observed the wonderful beauty of the historic mansions and parks, with their galleries of family portraits and collections of art treasures; who have admired the gracious courtesy of the true aristocrat, and the perfect smoothness with which his great ménage works, will feel some regret at the disappearance of one of the very few unique and beautiful things which England has to show to a visiting stranger. And I repeat that this spoliation does not seem to have done any good as a remedy for social unrest.

More and more I am driven to the conviction that social unrest is an ineradicable disease of town life. The war is between town and country; between the countryman, who lives under natural and wholesome conditions, and the townsman, who lives under conditions which are neither natural nor wholesome. Allow me to quote from an American writer, Mr. Alleyne Ireland. 'The average voter in a large town brings into politics a mentality utterly different from that of the country voter. It is the mind of the propertyless wage-earner; of the clerk, of the shop-assistant, of the day-laborer; of a man herded with other men and profoundly affected by the herd-instinct; of a man of weak individuality; of a man who spends his working hours doing things for other people, and his leisure hours in having things done for him by other people; of a man whose life is passed in surroundings entirely created by machinery, and in circumstances where his free will is perpetually constrained by the contagion of an artificial environment; of a man who knows (or at any rate, of whom it is known) that, if he drops dead while at his work, he can, in normal times, be replaced in an hour by another man who will do just as well.'

Mr. Ireland goes on to show that such a man, whose whole existence is passed in the feverish occupations of

earning wages and spending them, who is never brought into contact with the real origins of things, and is incapable of realizing the mesh of causation in which he is entangled, naturally looks to government to supply him with all that he needs, and to redress all his grievances. The 'two nations' of which Disraeli speaks in *Sibyl* are not, as he supposed, the rich and the poor: they are the town and the country. And industrialism has thrown the balance of power into the hands of that section which, through no fault of its own, is stricken with an incurable malady.

This is what my medical friends would call a sombre diagnosis. It is very sombre indeed, as regards my own country, with its congested towns and limited rural area. It does not seem to be a disease which any form of government can cure. A Russian revolution would cure it in a way — by killing the patient. The evils of industrialism might, no doubt, be terminated by exterminating the industrialists. But the townsman of Europe and America has no mind to commit suicide, and, unlike the Russian, he is capable of sane reflection. In America he will probably come round to the policy which has long found favor in Australia and New Zealand: he will stop immigration from the backward races.

New Zealand has escaped the evil of large cities, and has kept its population almost exclusively British. This policy has retarded the development of the country; and those who, like many Americans, are affected with a pathological worship of mere numbers, will think that the New Zealanders have not made the most of their opportunities. The case is arguable on both sides. Personally, I am disposed to think that the old American stock, which, until the disastrous Civil War, was the finest in the world, has been too much diluted during the last half-century with infusions of inferior blood. But America, the most fortunate of countries, may make with impunity mistakes which would be disastrous in older nations.

In this short paper I have tried neither to defend Democracy nor to assail it. It is probably not the final form of State; it is easy to imagine something better. In America, the tendency to make the representatives mere delegates is said to be increasing; it is safe to predict that few self-respecting men will care to occupy this position. In England, the most notable change is the loss of prestige which the House of Commons has suffered since the days of Disraeli and Gladstone, and the absence of public interest in its proceedings. Fifty years ago all the leading newspapers reported the parliamentary debates at great length, devoting several columns to them; and every good citizen ploughed his way through those pompous and wordy harangues, almost as a religious duty. Now the debates are very scantily reported, and few people take the trouble to read them. The Cabinet has gained greatly in power; the Commons have lost. This is, in a sense, a movement away from Democracy; and the present Prime Minister completely dominates the Cabinet. His position is at least as powerful as that of an American President. The new status given to the Dominions in all imperial questions is not provided for by the Constitution; practically it puts the Prime Minister, when supported by the Dominion Premiers, above Parliament.

I have made a diagnosis of the malady from which all civilized nations are suffering. I have suggested no remedy, because I do not know where the remedy is to be found. If the disaffection of the town-dweller continues to grow and fester, Democracy may fall, and civilization with it.

THE LAST DAYS OF LEO TOLSTOY

WITH TRANSLATIONS FROM HIS DIARY AND LETTERS

BY ALEXANDER KAUN

I

ELEVEN years ago, on a dark November night, the sage of Yasnaya Polyana gave the finishing touch to his life's work. At the age of eighty-two, Tolstoy found that his indefatigable striving for inner harmony, for consistency between word and deed, could not be triumphant as long as he lived on his family estate. His personal simplification, his personal relinquishment of private property, his personal vegetarian diet, bore the aspect of a whim, condescendingly tolerated amid the conventional surroundings of a Russian 'nobleman's nest.' A hater of sham and compromise, Tolstoy felt keenly the artificiality of his position; and to his close friends he expressed his hope, a number of times, that God would make him strong enough to break away from the roof of cozy lies. This spiritual strength came to him with the ebb of his physical strength: during the night of November 10, he fled from his home, in quest of harmony and truth; and ten days later the tortuous path of his earthly quests came to an end.

Tolstoy's flight was greeted with joy by his friends and followers, as the crowning pinnacle of his significant and instructive life. But the circumstances immediately connected with this event were known only to a very few persons. Tolstoy's last secretary and devoted disciple, V. F. Bulgakov, in his most interesting *Diary* for the year 1910, had an enthusiastic entry on the morrow of his master's exodus, which he concludes thus: 'But precisely what were the mental motives that impelled him to this deed? What did he experience in the hidden depth of his soul at the moment of leaving Yasnaya Polyana? Of this we are unable to speak as yet. And not a little time will pass before men will arrive at a more or less correct solution of this unusually complex question.'

At that time it was difficult to foresee that a revolution would take place in November, 1917, which would sweep aside many conceptions of space and time. The unfastidious Bolshevist commissars have shocked not a few sensitive natures by unearthing and proclaiming, *urbi et orbi*, various secret documents, treaties, and memoirs, letters and diaries. Thus we now have access to the contents of former state and private archives, supervised at present by a group of specialists, who publish from time to time their discoveries. The chairman of the 'Glavarchiv,' — which is the abridged title for the main Administration of Archives, — A. S. Nikolayev, has made public two sets of documents *in re* Tolstoy, found in the archives of the former Ministry of Education and of the Holy Synod, respectively. These docu-

ments illuminate the circumstances of Tolstoy's last days, and incidentally enable us to fathom what Mr. Bulgakov considers an 'unusually complex question.'

II

As is generally known, the Russian Church, through its governing body, the Holy Synod, excommunicated Tolstoy by a decree issued in March, 1901. The decree contained a provision to the effect that the Orthodox Church would not regard him as a member 'until he repented and renewed his communion with it.'

Tolstoy replied to this act in a dignified statement, summarizing his religious views, and emphasizing his conviction that his disloyalty to the Church emanated from his loyalty to what he regarded as true Christianity. 'I began by loving my orthodox faith more than my repose,' ran the conclusion of his reply to the Holy Synod; 'then I came to love Christianity more than my Church; and now I love Truth more than all else in the world. And for me Truth still coincides with Christianity, and in the measure in which I profess it I live calmly and joyously, and calmly and joyously I approach death.' [1]

The official Church, however, did not abandon its hope of bringing Tolstoy back to the fold. A report to the Holy Synod, now published for the first time, states that Father Dimitri Troitsky, of Tula, 'undertook, with the blessing of Bishop Pitirim, the task of exhorting Count L. Tolstoy.' He performed his mission from 1897 till the very death of the Count, visiting him twice a year, conversing with him, and even partaking of meals, though Tolstoy 'declined to talk on religious questions.' In October, 1910, learning of Tolstoy's illness, Father Dimitri wrote to him a letter, exhorting him to seek succor and healing in the Church. Two days later, Tolstoy replied. This characteristic letter appeared recently among the published documents of the Archive of the Holy Synod: —

October 25, 1910,
YASNAYA POLYANA.

DEAR BROTHER DIMITRI, —

I am a very sinful person, and my *only* occupation consists in mending myself, in the measure of my power and ability, from my numerous sins and sinful habits. I beseech God to help me in this cause, and He helps me. Though at the pace of a turtle, still I advance with his help.

In this advancing I find the sole sense, purpose, and benefit of my life. The Kingdom of God is within us, and the Kingdom of God has to be won by force (that is, by effort). I believe in this, and exert all possible efforts for this; and here you come to offer me the performance of certain rites and the utterance of certain words, which would show that I consider as infallible truth all that which men who call themselves Church consider truth, and in consequence of which all my sins would be pardoned — pardoned somehow and by someone; and that I shall be not only exempt from the inner, hard, — but, at the same time, joyous, — spiritual work of self-improvement, but that I shall be somehow saved from something, and shall receive some kind of an eternal bliss.

Why, dear Brother Dimitri, do you address me with such a strange proposal?

Have I tried to convert you, have I counseled you to rid yourself of that, in my opinion, pernicious delusion which you profess, and into which you painstakingly lure thousands and thousands of unfortunate children and common people, perverting their minds? Then why do you not leave me in peace, a man who, by his age, stands with one foot in the grave, and who calmly awaits his death? My conversion to the Church-faith might have had sense, were I a boy, or a grown-up atheist, or an illiterate Yakout who has never heard about the

[1] I am using the English version of Professor G. R. Noyes's admirable work, *Tolstoy*. — THE AUTHOR.

Church-faith. But I am eighty-two years old, was brought up in the very same deception which still dominates you, to which you are inviting me, and from which, with greatest suffering and efforts, I freed myself many years ago, adopting a Christian, not ecclesiastic, point of view, which gives me the possibility of a peaceful, joyous life directed toward self-perfection, and the readiness for as peaceful and joyous a death, in which I see a return to God of love, out of whom I issued forth.

With brotherly love,

LEV TOLSTOY.

To this characteristically Tolstoyan letter of loose, hurried, long periods, came a lengthy reply from Father Dimitri, which began with apologies but proceeded to admonish softly the recalcitrant heresiarch. He tactfully reproached Tolstoy for presuming to have found the true path, and in conclusion pleaded for frankness: 'A candid exchange of opinions is always agreeable for sincere people; and therefore I hope that I shan't disturb your peace; but, if I do disturb it, then I say that there will be plenty of peace after death, but now we need ever more and more disturbance.'

To this Tolstoy answered, five days before his flight, with the following brief but kind note:—

November 5, 1910,
YASNAYA POLYANA.

I have received your letter, Dimitri Yegorovich, and thank you for it. I perfectly agree with you that humility is the greatest and most needful virtue. As I always say, man is like a fraction, in which the denominator indicates his opinion about himself. It is best for this denominator to be zero (complete humility), and it is terrible when it is augmented to infinity. In the first case, man has a true significance, whatever the denominator; but in the second case — none.

I am sending you my books *For Every Day*, in which the reading for the 25th day expresses my opinion about this greatest of virtues. One point on which I do not agree with you is where you advocate hope in external help for determining one's perfection and one's nonentity, in place of relying on one's inner effort, which must never weaken, and which alone brings us a little closer to perfection, or at least delivers us from depravity: the Kingdom of God must be won by force. Again I thank you for your good letter, and greet you brotherly.

LEV TOLSTOY.

As soon as the news of Tolstoy's flight became known abroad, the official Church instructed its emissaries to watch every step of the fugitive, and to report everything he said or did to the ecclesiastic authorities. Bishop Benjamin of Kaluga communicated to the Holy Synod detailed information concerning Tolstoy's doings, from the reports of his subordinates.

On the evening of November 10, Tolstoy arrived at the Optin Hermitage, where he stopped at the inn of the monastery, and said to the keeper: 'Perhaps you are displeased with my arrival — I am Lev Tolstoy; was excommunicated by the Church. I have come to discourse with the old monks, and to-morrow I shall go to Shamordino, to see my sister.' In spite of his opposition to the established church, Tolstoy had visited the Optin Hermitage several times after 1877, conversing with holy hermits and ascetic monks. About eight miles from Optin lay the convent of Shamordino, where Tolstoy saw occasionally his favorite sister Maria, a nun.

On this last visit of his to the hermitage and to the convent, his every step was recorded by the watchful clerics. On the thirteenth of November the Count, accompanied by his daughter Alexandra and his physician, Dr. D. P. Makovitsky, suddenly left Shamordino, boarded the train at the station of Kozelsk, was taken ill on the train, and removed, on November 15, to the station house of Astapovo, where he died five days later.

On November 16, Metropolitan Antony and the Procurator of the Holy Synod telegraphed to Bishop Benjamin of Kaluga and Bishop Parphenius of Tula, and to other dignitaries of the Church, instructing them to hasten to Astapovo, and exert their efforts for the salvation of the soul of the sick man. The only cleric who arrived at Astapovo before the death of Tolstoy, was Abbot Barsonophius. From the moment of his arrival, on the evening of the eighteenth, he endeavored to see the dying man, in order to carry out the instruction of the Metropolitan, namely, 'to offer the ailing Count Lev Tolstoy a spiritual talk and religious consolation, with the aim of reconciling him with the Holy Orthodox Church.'

The Count's son, Andrey, promised him to employ his best efforts to enable him to carry out his intention; but Dr. Nikitin categorically refused to admit anyone to his patient, even the Countess. Yet with Tolstoy remained constantly his daughter Alexandra, Vladimir Chertkov, his biographer Segeyenko, and of course, Dr. Makovitsky. The Abbot's written request to Alexandra for an audience was rejected. The Abbot's statement is corroborated by Bishop Parphenius, to the effect that, in the words of Count Andrey Tolstoy, his father was, in his last days, 'surrounded by persons extremely hostile to the Church.'

On the death of the Count, at five minutes past six in the morning of November 20, 1910, Abbot Barsonophius called on the widow and her sons, and was informed that the wish of the deceased was to be buried without church rites and ceremonies. On the evening of the same day, an extraordinary session took place at the home of the Petrograd Metropolitan, attended, besides himself, by the Metropolitans of Moscow and Kief, by the Archbishop of Stavropol, the Bishop of Samara, the Procurator of the Holy Synod, his assistant, and secretary. The assembly resolved to send throughout Russia the following laconic telegram: 'The Synod has decreed to forbid all services or prayers for Count Tolstoy.'

Thus ended the long conflict between the Church and Tolstoy. As on many other occasions, the Russian Church acted in opposition to the sentiments of the majority of the Russian people.

III

In the report of Bishop Parphenius to the Holy Synod, there is a curious and illuminating passage: —

> On September the 16th [1910] the wife of Lev Nikolayevich, Countess Sophia Andreyevna, invited into the Count's home the parish priest, Father Tikhon Kudryavtsev, and requested him to serve a *Te Deum* with consecration by water, and to sprinkle the house with holy water, in order, as she expressed herself, to drive out the spirit of Chertkov. The priest complied with her request.
>
> Count Lev Nikolayevich was visiting at that time with his elder daughter Tatyana Lvovna Sukhotin, in the Novosilsk county, while at Yasnaya Polyana remained the Countess and some of her sons. After the service, Father Kudryavtsev learned, from his conversation with the family of Lev Nikolayevich, that they were indignant at Chertkov, who, in their opinion, had held Count Tolstoy for more than ten years under his strong, almost hypnotic, influence. In their opinion, almost everything which the Count had written during the last years was due to Chertkov's influence. If Chertkov changed or rewrote Tolstoy's works, when publishing them, the Count had no strength of will to protest against it. In order to save him from such an evil influence, the family refused to receive Chertkov, and decided to resort to the prayers of the Church, in order to drive out of the house the very spirit of Chertkov.

Vladimir Chertkov was a devoted friend of Tolstoy, who published abroad those of the Count's works which were either altogether forbidden in Russia, or were mutilated by the censor. Chertkov also maintained a depositary in England, where he kept originals or copies of Tolstoy's manuscripts. He and Alexandra were the persons in whom Tolstoy had the most confidence, and whom he entrusted with his intimate thoughts and plans. In his will, signed August 4, 1910, Tolstoy explicitly transferred the property rights in all his printed works and manuscripts to his daughter Alexandra. She found in Chertkov an eager and devoted co-worker during and after the death of her father.

It was only natural that Countess Sophia Tolstoy, for forty-eight years the devoted wife of the Count, should feel hurt at the preferences her husband showed in selecting his trustees. She was particularly hostile to Chertkov, resenting his influence on the Count as well as on her daughter Alexandra. She contested the right of Alexandra to those of Tolstoy's papers and documents which her mother had collected for years in a special room of the Historical Museum at Moscow. A controversy arose between the mother and her daughter, Chertkov presenting the interests of the latter. The case came up before the Minister of Education, before the Emperor, before the Senate. It appears that sympathy for the widow prevailed against the uncontestable legality of the daughter's claims, and in December, 1914, the Senate ruled in favor of the mother.

Among the documents of this case, which had been kept in the Archives of the Ministry of Education, there is a long memorandum by Vladimir Chertkov, presenting arguments in favor of transferring the papers from the Historical Museum to Countess Alexandra. He cites the testimony of fourteen persons, to the effect that the Countess Sophia had no right to keep these papers. Among the fourteen we find Countess Olga Tolstoy, Countess Tatyana Tolstoy, and Count Sergey Tolstoy; which goes to show that the 'family' of which Father Kudryavtsev reported was not quite unanimous in its support of the mother. Of the other names, it is worth noting those of Tolstoy's secretaries (Gusev and Bulgakov), of the secretary of the Countess (Mlle. Feokritov), of Professor A. Goldenweiser, and of two family physicians, Dr. Nikitin and Dr. Makovitsky.

It appears from most of these testimonies that the Countess systematically tried to remove her husband's manuscripts from his study to the Historical Museum, mainly in order that they might not fall into the hands of Chertkov, as she stated to various persons. Furthermore, Chertkov expressed his anxiety in regard to some of Tolstoy's diaries of an intimate nature, concerning which Alexandra received from her father secret instructions. The Countess, who, even during the life of her husband, had modified his writings on several occasions, might be suspected of tampering with the contents of the diaries. Chertkov accused the Countess also of having secretly appropriated Tolstoy's pocket-diary, which he did not show to anyone, but kept as a personal secret.[2] He further stated that, in the last ten years of his life, Tolstoy did not trust his wife with his diaries, but deposited them at the State Bank of Tula, with the explicit instruction that they be delivered to no other person than his daughter Alexandra.

The morbid jealousy of the Countess

[2] In Bulgakov's *Diary*, for October 7, 1910, the loss of this diary is mentioned. He quotes Tolstoy: 'My regular diary is read by Chertkov and Alexandra; but this was a most secret little book which I do not let anyone read.' — THE AUTHOR.

was evidently a symptom of her mental derangement. Both P. A. Bulanger, a close friend, and V. F. Bulgakov, Tolstoy's secretary, mentioned her illness in their testimony. Her elder daughter, Tatyana, wrote in a letter dated August 7, 1910: 'One must regard her as altogether sick and irresponsible. . . . If you look up in the *Encyclopædia* the word "paranoia," by which her illness has been defined, you will see how all this suits her.' In Tolstoy's diary for August 20, 1910, we read: 'Read in Korsakov's (book), "paranoia." Just as if drawn of her.' Professor Rossolimo, a famous psychiatrist, diagnosed the condition of the Countess in July, 1910, at the request of the family. To Alexandra he wrote: —

My opinion about the state of Sophia Andreyevna, which I expressed personally both to the late Lev Nikolayevich and to you, is that, under the influence of the declining period of her life and its concomitant exhaustion of the regulating mental forces, the basic peculiarities of the character of the Countess began to appear more and more on the surface. Her character presents the combination of two degenerative constitutions: an hysterical and a paranoiac. The first manifests itself in an especially bright emotional coloring of all her experiences, in the concentration of all interests on her own personality, even to the point of sacrificing truth and fine feelings, to the point of utter unscrupulousness in means for the achievement of her aims. Her second constitution reveals itself in her excessive suspiciousness, and in its resultant wrong conclusions, in everything which concerns Lev Nikolayevich — his teaching, her relations to V. G. Chertkov, and so forth.

Tolstoy's own attitude to his wife is clearly shown in his letter written to Alexandra the day after his flight: —

November 11, 1910,
Optin Hermitage.

. . . will tell you everything about me, dear friend Sasha. 'T is hard. I cannot help feeling a great heaviness. The main thing is, not to commit a sin; here is the difficulty. Of course I have sinned, and shall sin yet; but if only a little less of it!

And this is what I chiefly and foremost wish for you, too. The more so, since I know that a terrible task has fallen to you, beyond your strength and your youthful age. I have not decided anything, and do not wish to decide. I am endeavoring to do only that which I cannot help doing, and not to do that which I can avoid doing.

From my letter to Chertkov, you will see how I regard the matter, or rather how I feel. I rely very much on the good influence of Tanya and Seryozha [his children].

The main thing is that they should understand, and should persuade *her*, that such a life, with spying and eavesdropping, with perpetual reproaches, disposing of me at her will, everlasting control over me, capricious hatred for the man who is my closest and most useful friend, with obvious hatred for me and simulated love — that such a life is, for me, not disagreeable, but simply impossible; that it is I who should think of drowning myself, if anyone should; that I wish only one thing — freedom from her, from the falsehood, pretense, and malice, with which her whole being is permeated.

To be sure, of this they cannot persuade her; but they may persuade her that all her actions toward me not only do not express love, but appear to have an obvious purpose to kill me, in which she will succeed, since I hope that with the third attack which threatens me, I shall release both her and myself from this terrible position in which we have lived, and to which I do not wish to return.

You see, my dear, how bad I am. I do not hide myself from you. I am not asking you to come to me as yet, but will do so very shortly, as soon as possible. Write me about your health. I embrace you.

L. Tolstoy.

This illuminating document simplifies the problem, and disperses the doubts of Count Ilyá Tolstoy, who, in his *Reminiscences* of his father, queries in bewilderment: 'Could my father really have fled from home because the wife with whom he lived for forty-eight

years had developed neurasthenia and at one time showed certain abnormalities characteristic of that malady? Was that like the man who loved his fellows and knew the human heart so well?' Were it not for his filial partiality toward his mother, Count Ilya might have found an answer to his question in his own book, a few pages farther on. On November 11, 1910, he asked his sister Alexandra, who was about to join her father at Shamordino, whether Count Leo was aware of the pain he was causing his wife. He quotes her answer: 'Yes, he has considered all that and still made up his mind to go, because he thinks that nothing could be worse than the state that things have come to here.'

Tolstoy looked upon himself, his words and actions, as belonging to humanity, and he knew that every utterance of his would be recorded for eternity. Hence his letter to Alexandra is inestimable for the understanding of the manifold tragedy of his life. Perhaps still more precious may be considered the following pages from Tolstoy's diary, also found among the Archive papers: —

November 7, 1910. — Sophia Andreyevna continues to be restless.

November 9. — Rose very early. All night long saw bad dreams. The heaviness of our relations is increasing.

November 10. — Went to bed at eleven-thirty. Slept till after two. Woke up, and as on previous nights, heard the sounds of opening doors and of footsteps. On previous occasions I had not looked toward the door of my room: this time I looked, and noticed through the cracks a bright light in my study, and heard rustling of papers. Sophia Andreyevna is searching for something, and reading, probably.

Last evening she begged of me, — demanded, — that I do not close my doors. Both of her doors are left open, so that she can hear my slightest movement. Both day and night all my movements, my words, must be known to her and be under her control.

Again footsteps, cautious opening of the door, and she passes.

I do not know why this provoked in me an irresistible revulsion, indignation. Tried to fall asleep, could not, tossed about for nearly an hour, then lit a candle, and sat up.

The door opens, and S. A. enters, inquiring 'about my health,' and wondering at the light which she has noticed here.

My revulsion and indignation grow. I suffocate, count my pulse: 97. Cannot lie still, and suddenly make a definite resolution to go away.

I write her a note,[3] begin to pack the most necessary things, just enough to depart with. I wake Dushan, then Sasha; they help me pack. I tremble at the thought that she may hear the noise, come out — a scene, hysterics, and then I shan't depart without theatricals.

Toward six o'clock everything is somehow packed. I go to the stable to order the horses harnessed. Dushan, Sasha, Varya finish up packing. Night, pitch-dark; I lose my way to the rear court, wander into the thicket, get caught and bruised by trees, fall, lose my cap, cannot find it, with difficulty disentangle myself, go to the house,

[3] The Countess gave this letter for publication. I am citing it in the version of Professor G. R. Noyes: 'My departure will grieve you. I am sorry for this, but pray understand and believe that I could not act otherwise. My position in the house is becoming unbearable. I can no longer live amid those conditions of luxury in which I have been living; and I am doing what old men of my age usually do. They retire from the life of the world, in order to live in solitude and quiet the last days of their lives. Please understand this, and do not follow me if you learn where I am. Your coming will not change my resolution. I thank you for your honorable life of forty-eight years with me, and I beg you to forgive me for all the wrong that I may have done you, just as I with my whole soul pardon you for whatever wrong you may have done me. I counsel you to be reconciled to the new position in which my departure places you, and not to have any unkind feelings for me.'

This letter confirmed the general view of Tolstoy's flight as being an act motivated by ethical principles, and not by any personal reasons. On the basis of precedents, it is not improbable that the Countess 'revised' her husband's note.

take a cap and a lantern, reach the stable, and give the order. Sasha, Dushan, Varya arrive. I tremble, expecting pursuit.

But lo, we depart. At Shchekino we wait one hour, and every minute I expect her appearance. But lo, we are in the railway car, have started.

The fear passes. And pity arises for her, but not doubt as to whether I have done the right thing. Perhaps I am mistaken in justifying myself, but it seems that I have been saving my *self*, not Lev Nikolayevich, but that which at times abides in me, in however small a measure. . . .

November 11.—Shamordino. . . . While traveling I have been thinking about some way out of my position and hers, and could not think of any, and yet, to be sure, there will be one, whether you want or not, and not the one which you foresee. Yes, the main thing I must think about, is how to avoid committing a sin. And let there be what will be. This is not my affair. I have obtained at Mashenka's the *Circle of Reading;* and, opening the reading for the 10th, was struck by the direct answer to my problem: I need the trial, it will be beneficial for me. . . .

It is worth while consulting the *Circle of Reading* — that remarkable collection of thoughts by various men, which Tolstoy arranged into special readings for every day of the year. The material set for the tenth of November is gathered from the works of Marcus Aurelius, Thomas à Kempis, Pascal, Kant, Schopenhauer, and others, including his own thoughts. The keynote is struck by his words: 'As the sensation of pain is a necessary condition for the preservation of our body, so is suffering a necessary condition of our life, from birth till death.' From Schopenhauer he quotes the famous passage about the need of adversity in men's life, lest they be 'swollen with arrogance' and go mad. The other passages also exalt suffering, and they conclude with Tolstoy's aphorism: 'As just as the legend of the Eternal Jew, condemned in punishment to everlasting life without death, would be the legend about a man who, in punishment, was condemned to a life without suffering.' It is a curious coincidence, that Tolstoy undertook his last trial on the very day for which he had arranged the reading advocating suffering. 'And let there be what will be. This is not my affair.' What profound resignation, combining the fatalism of the Slav with the firm conviction of the Believer, that the will of God must be done.

Thus we are brought a little closer to the personality of Leo Tolstoy. Interest in his life is remote from curiosity for scandalous gossip. One must take Tolstoy's life, art, and thought as one gigantic mosaic, no single particle of which is dispensable. His eighty-two years are revealed for humanity, entirely and instructively, through his largely autobiographical works of fiction, through his religious and ethical writings, through his letters and diaries. In all of these expressions Tolstoy sought the one 'hero,' who had attracted him since his *Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth* — Truth. Every detail in his life and work illuminates the difficult road which he followed in his quest of this 'hero.' His unreserved candor and profound introspection leave not one recess of his mind hidden or veiled. He fixes the powerful searchlight of Truth at his self, and we see revealed with even clearness his greatness and occasional smallness, his harmony and his discords, his achievements and failures, his happy moments of peace and mutual love, and his multiple tragedies of being, now the cause, now the victim, of misunderstanding, enmity, persecution. And amid these tragedies his family tragedy, his personal Golgotha, is not the least significant and instructive.

THE COMPENSATIONS OF POVERTY

BY VERA TOLSTOY

Who are the worse off — those who have been poor all their lives, or those who, having been rich, suddenly lose all their fortune?

I have often heard this discussed, and have taken part in these discussions, but have mostly remained alone in my opinion. The general voice says that, if you are bred in poverty, you do not feel its hardships and privations as much as when, habit having accustomed you to the good things of life, you have suddenly to do without them. With this reasoning the whole question is exhausted for the majority. I do not gainsay that the transition from riches to pauperism is a rough one, and that, of course, this phase is spared the born poor; but I assert that there are other experiences of poverty, where the former rich score over the poor of class.

Let us analyze the transition period. It is the case of Humpty Dumpty having a great fall, and must, of course, be recognized as a painful plunge; but, if 'all the king's horses and all the king's men' cannot put Humpty Dumpty on the wall again, why should Humpty Dumpty not do something for himself, and adapt himself to living happily at the foot of the wall? So many do. Having always had a bird's view from the top, an outlook from below is not without vivid interest.

In the beginning the fall stuns you, and there is this to say for it: you are so hard hit that you do not realize what has happened — there being a wide difference between knowing a fact and realizing it. You are dazed by a feeling of unreality, and the edge is taken off your suffering by the impossibility for you to grasp the exact meaning of the situation. How can you understand what it is to be a pauper — you, whom want never touched? How can you realize the consequences of a complete overturn of fortune — you, who never gambled, never risked, never knew material uncertainty or anxiety? This gives you a respite and slows down the suddenness of the mental shock — of the overwhelming consciousness of disastrous reality. Certainly you feel the material privations, the mean surroundings, the new squalor and discomfort, the nausea of your uncleanliness. You feel hunger and cold, the absence of privacy in the shared room, the hard, makeshift bedding. You feel it all, but as in a dream. You are not yourself, but a phantom dreamer passing through a dream. You will awake, and all will be well. When, at last, the awakening comes, fitfully, gradually, an inner process has been accomplished in us — we have gained our equipoise, we can stand erect.

The born poor are crushed by a lifetime of squalor and privation. They do not believe in the possibility of rising out of the grip of poverty that has held them down ever since they can remember. They may now and then revolt, but they do not hope — that blessing is mostly denied them. We, on the contrary, — the former rich, — have hope: the hope born of knowledge of better things; the hope belonging to experience, to retrospection; the hope that

lies in ourselves, not in mere indefinite surmises or expectations. We mean to thrive, to obtain; and that is our immense privilege, because, where there is conscious resolve and effort, a resolute fight with adverse circumstances, there we have also inner satisfaction, the content of self-respect, pride in the accepted challenge of fate. We learn a lesson in real values, and it is worth paying for. There are all the reserves of a lifetime of unhampered leisure, of unstinted energy, to fall back upon. Else of what use all our privileges, our spiritual and intellectual attainments, if they are not to serve us now at the supreme moment of our life? Surely, *noblesse oblige*, and if the *ci-devants*, the martyrs of the French Revolution, showed their butchers how nobles die, we, the victims of Bolshevist crime, who have yet escaped with our lives, shall show them how to live.

The poor as a class are hampered by ignorance, by false notions, by envy of the rich. We who have been rich know the exact value of riches. Much as we may appreciate their advantages, for us they offer no illusions. We know that what is most worth having in life cannot be bought or sold — it stands outside the material plane. Therefore, the venom of envy, the aches of covetousness, such as tantalize the poor, need never be ours; we need not carry this load and be handicapped by it — we can make the start in our new life unshackled. And our recollections of bygone prosperity, far from being a reason for present repinings, ought, in justice, to be the reason for present thankfulness. We have had, we have known, pleasures uncountable, which more than half of humanity goes without. Ought not that make us humble and grateful, and compel us to reflection? Why, having already enjoyed so much, should we consider it a reason for our continuing always in an abundance of which so many others are deprived? Why should we think ourselves ill-used by fate for having lost what we were allowed to enjoy for so long? What we have once made ours in spirit, by conscious appreciation, is ours for always: nothing can really take it from us but our own discontent and repinings, which mar our memories and blur our inner vision. The poor of class have never had, have never known. Theirs is the dull void, the aching pain for something longed for but never attained. We are richer than they, — and not poorer, — in that we have possessed and lost, if only we will understand the object lesson our present life can teach us.

Life is made up of fleeting moments — gone as soon as born; leaping into existence only to sink away directly into the depths of time. The present of to-day — to-morrow, already the past. We cannot hold back a single moment. We live in thought-pictures, which alone give connectedness and permanency to our unstable fleeting existence; mind-pictures, which gather up the transient moments into abiding memories. Alike the moment filled with the plentitude of joy, as of sorrow, disappears with the rapidity of the falling star — ephemeral, both of them. The supreme moment of love's first avowal, so vivid and real for us at the moment, fades with time, just as the indifferent greeting of mere acquaintance. If the one outlives the other, if the first stands forth in undying glamour through the long years while the other leaves no recollection, it is but the resurrecting power of memory that gives enduring life to the one supreme moment which, in reality, was as transient as the other.

The longevity of a moment depends on the degree to which it pierces to our inner consciousness, and is appropriated there. In fact, it is no paradox to say,

that *only that exists for us that finds a response in our inner consciousness.* No luxury, no beauty, no love, can properly be said to exist for us, if they do not awake in us a conscious appreciation. The beauty we do not understand, the love we do not requite, the luxury we have grown indifferent to, are no real possessions of ours because, though we have them, we know them not, and no quantity of red tape can ever make them ours. No act of possession can make us enter into our heritage, if the inner appropriation fails us. No law and no force can bind to us possessions alien to our spirit. Possessiveness is a spiritual process, the result of spiritual assimilation. We want the transubstantiation of spirit before the alchemist's stone can turn to gold. We must assimilate in spirit, be conscious in our mind and feelings, before we can claim whatsoever for our own. Therefore, *not every one who possesses riches is rich, but only he whose inner consciousness is awake to the gift and blends with it.*

Are there many of whom this is really true? If so, then why are there so many discontented among the rich, and why is it just among them that we find the blasé, the 'spleeny,' of all sorts, and that there *weltschmerz* and *toska* hold their sway — every country having its special appellation and type of the same degenerate species of the rich? What numbers of these envied wealthy ones are sick with satiety — bored by the sameness of gratified whim and desires! Nowhere so many hypochondriacs — misanthropes — as among those for whom their great wealth is an hereditary state, a privilege of centuries. It is as if Nature had set a limit to the hoarding of unbounded wealth in the same hands; as if it had put a price to be paid, which nullifies a too great advantage.

We see that families possessing unusual wealth are liable to die out sooner than others, and that, after a few generations, the members of such families degenerate bodily and mentally. It is different with big fortunes earned, not inherited. Here the possessor has every chance to get enjoyment out of his riches, because the moral conditions are here present that make for a conscient appreciation of the attained. There has been effort, struggle, strenuous exertion, a gradually developing understanding of the advantages gained. Here there can be no satiety, no boredom; here all is movement, progress.

In America, the land where perhaps the greatest fortunes in the world are made and lost, where money is in a rolling state, and not held, as with us, by possessors occupied mostly with their rent-rolls, afraid of any diminution or risk to their capital — in America, the millionaires who make their fortunes may well enjoy them; for have they not often risen from deepest poverty, passed through all the successive phases of penury, and competence, only finally to wrest crowning success from feeble fate? They can well appreciate the riches they have stamped with the value of their own personality.

Shall we Russian *ci-devant* rich not learn something from the American millionaire, who loses fortunes as superbly as he makes them, overhauling them, perhaps, not once but twice or thrice in a lifetime, while with us the enormous sums they represent would probably lie barren, in safe but unproductive seclusion? Shall we not emulate some of the American pluck in losing, of their energy in gaining, and refuse to accept our present destitution as irretrievable? Of course, we need not all of us expect to become millionaires; neither should I say is it necessary. I dare say we can manage very well with a little less. The thing is, to do the start in the right spirit, with the

right thoughts. It is that which chiefly matters and decides, whether our life is to be miserable or not. We can achieve nothing by vain regrets, and by allowing our energies to fritter away in sorrowing and lamenting. If we want to achieve, we must take our stand resolutely, and act.

We have a double work to do — one on the outward plane of life, the other in ourselves. We fail so often in our endeavors toward success and achievement because we concentrate only on the outward effort, and ignore the most important one of inner preparation and adaptation. There is a law that rules our mind and consciousness, as there is a law that rules acoustics, and electricity, and the like. It gives us the means to shut out from our consciousness the thoughts that sadden and weaken us, and to put in their place thoughts that give us strength, and that carry us forward by their impetus. Only we must have recourse to our spiritual faculties and power of will to utilize this law. We often do so intuitively, but we can learn to do so with understanding and system; and then, of course, our success will be all the greater.

When we are freed from the burden of vain repining, and have lightened our load of sorrow by throwing off dismal and disintegrating thoughts, we experience a great relief, a great recuperation of energy, and we make the new start, a liberated being. Buoyant in resolve; determined to win the race; heart and mind open to all the chances; grateful for every result — how much satisfaction, how much enjoyment, do we not glean on the way! Humble joys, perhaps, but how genuine. The satisfaction of a set purpose; the exultation over the first work found and of a task well done; the thrilling joy over an unexpected extra job that opens out the possibility for some long denied comfort. Pleasant anticipations, planning absorbing projects, hopes — does not all that tend to make our life intensely lived every minute, full of a vivid interest, which our former uniform existence, running in fixed grooves, never gave us? All is relative, nothing has fixed, unchanging, intrinsic value, but only that worth which circumstances stamp into it, and the individual is capable of deriving from it. No gift in the time of our riches gave us such pleasure as we now, in our destitution, derive from every small acquisition, from every small bargain successfully concluded.

Puerilities, you may think. No, nothing is puerile that helps us fight the good fight and claim the victory; makes us the masters of life, not its slaves. Not by despising the material, but by assigning to it its right place of subordination and correlation to the spiritual, can material values give us true satisfaction; and the material world once approached from this standpoint gives us wealth of enjoyment undreamed of by those who have only the materialist's perceptions.

If thus, in our poverty, we are buoyant and strong and hopeful, instead of chronically discontented and fretful; if our soul is singing, our pulses throbbing to the exigencies of a new life of work and exertion — then, surely, this is our privilege: the privilege of the former rich — not of the broken-hearted, long-suffering, exhausted poor, who have never known joy nor expected it, who have been crushed from their cradles, and are a terrible reproach to the social organization of humanity, a sad object lesson of the deficiency of that system of grasping covetousness, of egotistical self-love, of force and violence, which has led humanity into the bondage of materialism, of loveless competition and crime-stained possession.

THE MYSTERY OF STELLA

BY E. BARRINGTON

This paper have I wrote for certain grave considerations which make me suppose it well it were one day placed in the hands of the Dean. 'T is, however, possible I may destroy it, but this time shall determine ere my death. (Writ an: 1727 by me, Esther Johnson.)

I

When the Dean paid his last visit to London, an: 1726, he writ thus in a letter directed to Mrs. Dingley, but for her and me: —

'Farewell, my dearest lives and delights. I love you better than ever, as hope saved, and ever will. I can count on nothing but M. D.'s love and kindness, and so, farewell, dearest Md. Presto.'

So he signs himself, and so it seems the old screen will still be kept up and the letters to me wrote to her also, and in the child's talk that pleaseth him, lest any in the world suspect the famous divine hath a man's heart. But hath he? This I have not known, nor shall. Yet let me tell my own heart yet again how deep my debt to him, remembering the sickly child of Moor Park to whom he brought not alone learning but companionship, and all the joy known to her childhood. And Dr. Swift hath since been pleased to acknowledge that, having instilled in this poor child the principles of honour and virtue, she hath not swerved from them in any passage of her life.

Yet have I not? Again I question my heart. 'T is the most I can hope that the woman hath repaid the child's debt. On this I will be judged.

A keen remembrance begins not much before the age of eight, nor can I recall a time when I did not love him. My mother's time was took up in making her court to my Lady Giffard, sister to our benefactor, Sir William Temple; and Rebecca Dingley's (a kinswoman of the Temples) in making her court to all; and the child Esther might run as she pleased, chid only when she was remembered. And this young man took pity on her. I remember very well Dr. Swift's face in youth. 'T was extraordinary handsome and commanding, the eyes blue and piercing, the features strong, and a something that very early distinguisht him from others, so that great persons coming of errands to Sir William Temple were not seldom drawn into intercourse with his secretary.

Mr. Swift was not then so prudent as he became later. What need with a child? He permitted his fancy to range in all he said; and seated by the lake at Moor Park, with this child at his knee looking up into his face, he would discourse of things in heaven and earth, forgetting his hearer. For he who could charm all charmed himself no less, and often hath said to me laughing: —

[1] The letters in this story to or from Dean Swift are authentic. — The Author.

'There's no company so good as Jonathan Swift's — and he himself would choose it before all others!'

Of this I am not certain, for the Dean hath been and is very partial to the company of the great and famous of either sex.

'T was thus, sitting by the lake and gazing down the great perspective cut in the trees, he saw the peasants going homeward up the hill, no greater than ants, and looking into my eyes (from which and my name he called me Star, and later, Stella), he said: —

'What say you, Mrs. Star, if these folk were really no bigger than now they seem? What if this country were peopled by a race of little creeping Hop-o'-my-Thumbs?'

'O rare, rare!' I cried, and clapt my hands. 'Tell me the history of them, Mr. Swift, and their little homely ways and houses like bees' cells for size.'

And as I looked up and the words came from him, truly all was visible before me. 'T is a gift Mr. Swift hath had from the beginning, that men should see what he would. And women, — O Father Almighty, — women!

If I ask myself when this harmless love did change to a woman's, I cannot tell, because with my growth it grew. But the first pain it brought (and sure pain is love's shadow) was an: 1697, when I was sixteen years of age. For I sat by the housekeeper's window, and Sir William and Mr. Swift were pacing the path, their voices coming and going. Mr. Swift was now dressed as the young Levite he sometimes called himself since he returned from Ireland a clergyman; and he walked with his eyes fixed moodily on the ground, listening to Sir William.

'Why, as to that, Jonathan,' said he familiarly, 'I ever thought it behoves a parson to marry when he hath got preferment. There is room for Mrs. Parson's help with the women and children of the parish and 't is meet she should set an example with her neat parsonage, and be a notable woman with her possets and cordials for the sick. Now what like is this pretty Varina that Dr. Holmes hath brought news of from Belfast?'

'Miss Waring,' says Mr. Swift, very grave, 'is a commendable young lady, but I design not for marriage as yet, sir, nor for a long time to come.'

They past out of hearing and, returning, I heard but the last part of Sir William's words: —

''T is a cruel thing for a man to raise hopes he means not to be answerable for, and I am told the young lady grows very melancholy upon it. True it is, a man must sow his wild oats even though he honour his cloth; but 't is not well to sow them in a harmless girl's acre, Jonathan. Sow them by the wayside, and then they come not up to her confusion and your own.'

'A sound precept, sir; but better still to sow none. This shall be my care. As to the connection you speak of, 't is long broke off, and was at all times impossible, the lady having no portion, and myself — as you know!'

His brow was like a thunder-cloud ere it bursts; but, looking up, he catcht sight of me, and continued with no pause: —

'As for that matter of the publishers, sir — they have writ to say that they wait your commands anent the Letters of Phalaris. Asking your pardon, time goes, and we should be speaking of this and not of child's toys.'

I knew by the black blink of his eyes that I had heard what he would not; and as they turned, my heart beat so that I laid my hand on it, as if that poor fence might hide its throbbing. And for the first time in my life I knew I had in this world an enemy, and that was this Varina; and from that hour mine eyes waited on him.

Mr. Swift was now grown very cautious. In public he addressed me as 'Mrs. Johnson,' or, when Sir William rallied him, as 'Mrs. Esther,' affecting an awful distance, which was not in his heart, for therein was still the tenderness for his child and pupil, as he had used to call me. And he was good enough to signify to Mrs. Dingley, who carried it to me, that he found me grown to his liking; 'beautiful, graceful and agreeable,' says he, and condescended to praise even my black hair and pale face, after which I would not have exchanged it against the golden hair of Helen. But still held aloof except when I was in company with others. And I took note that, of all the ladies that came and went at Moor Park, there was not one but hung upon his talk, and held up her head when he came near, spreading out all her graces. Mr. Swift had always that power with our sex and, if he used it, 't is but what all men do. Providence made us fair game, to our undoing and theirs. 'T is not all men who have this gift, and never have I seen one who, having it, spared to use it, whether from liking or policy.

Yet he used it strangely. I remember, when the fair lady Mary Fane came to Moor Park, — a widowed beauty and toast, — the look of scorn she cast from her fine eyes on the young secretary.

'I marvel, Sir William,' says she, 'that you will have your servant ever at your elbow, so that a body hath never a word with you alone. I would not presume to censure, but certainly my father's chaplain does not so intrude himself into company; and 't is difficult for persons of quality to speak their mind in such underbred society.'

'Why, your ladyship!' says he laughing, 'be gracious to my young Levite. He is not of the common sort of creeping parson, but I dare venture will yet be heard of. Simple as your ladyship thinks him, he is at home in all company, be it great or little; and I had not known him three year when I sent him to London on a secret errand — and I was not mistook.'

'Such persons,' says the lady, very haughty, 'are paid to exert themselves in our service. We may expect no less.'

So it passed; but a busybody carried this, with other tattle, to Mr. Swift, who questioned me also. I looked to see him mighty angry, and first his brows frowned, and then he laughed, as if a thought pleased him.

'Said she so, the painted jade! What, Madam Stella, shall not a stinking pride be taught its place by the Church? I'll give the hussy her lesson.'

That very day my Lady Mary sitting to embroidery on the great terrace in the shade, and I holding her threads, she threw Mr. Swift a word as he past, to ask the name of the nymph that was turned to a bush to escape the pursuit of Apollo; for that was the subject of her needle.

'Daphne, madam,' says he. 'Have I your permission to look upon your work? Oh, fie! — this bush — 't is a rose-bush, and Daphne became a laurel. Sure, a lady with your ladyship's reputation for wit will not be in error.'

She stopped with the needle in her hand and lookt at him angrily.

'Sir, if you know better than Mrs. Weyland who drew my pattern, instruct me. I am not too proud to learn from my — betters.'

She made the word an insult, and went on: —

'Have I done amiss to give Apollo wings to his feet?'

'Why, indeed, madam, 't is Mercury carries the wings. In another lady's I had said 't is Cupid, but from some ladies love cannot fly.'

So it began. In a moment more she had bid him be seated, and tell her stories that a lady might paint with

her needle. And presently her hands dropt in her lap, and her eyes fixed on his face, and presently also I was dismist.

That evening he came into Dingley's room, where I sat with her to repair the household linen, and rattled on, full of wit and good humour; and when Dingley went out to fetch a cordial for him, he says: —

'Well, Mistress Stella, did we give the lying slut her lesson to-day — did we? Sure, 't was a pure bite!'

And says I: —

'I have seldom heard your Reverence more entertaining.'

And he, laughing hugely: —

'A cat may be choked with cream as well as fishbones, Mrs. Stella. Keep your pretty little eyes open, child, and thou shalt see.'

In a week she was his humble servant. 'T is scarce credible, but I saw her once lay her hand, sparkling with jewels, upon his, and he shake it off as if 't were dirt. Pity — 't is a flower that grows in the furrows of a heart ploughed up by sorrow, and my day was not come.

Yet for all his caution we met sometimes, when I would be gathering flowers and lavender, or fruit for Mrs. Groson the cook. And I knew he loved to talk with me. He loves it still. Many was the jest we had — jests with their root in childhood and folly to all but him and me.

So came the day that changed all.

II

'T was a fair sunset, with one star shining, and I stood in the copse far from the house, to hear the nightingale; and, though I thought of him, did not see that he leaned against the King's Beech, until he stirred and made my heart to flutter.

'I watch your namesake, Stella,' says he, 'and wonder if in that sweet star are plots and envyings — a Marlborough intriguing against his King, a Burnet plotting for an archbishopric, an ugly Dutch monsterkin on the throne — and a naughty rogue called Stella, that hath forgot her old tutor and loves him no more. Yet if that love should miscarry, I know not —'

'If it miscarry,' says I, trembling, 'there will be many to succeed it. But I think, Mr. Swift, it cannot.'

'Many?' he answered, and up went his brows. 'Such as my Lady Mary and such-like? But that is no love, Stellakin. 'T is only thy innocence could mistake it. The true name is none so pretty, and not for thy lips. Get thee to a nunnery, child — the world is not for such as thee.'

So I faltered out: 'What is love?'

'A thing that hath no existence between man and woman in this world, so mixed is it with lust and hatred and jealousy. True, there is love, but it is not that one. 'T is the loves filial and paternal, and friendship, better than all the loves the rhymesters hang with their namby-pamby. The love between the sexes — 't is a game wherein the weaker loses, and then — *væ victis!* Hast forgot thy Latin, child?'

And then I broke out into a great sobbing, as if my bursting heart would break; for, I know not why, but this cut me like a knife. And he took my hand with anxious kindness to soothe me; and at the bird's rustle in the tree, dropt it and stood apart. He lived in the eye of the world even in such affections as he owned. But I sobbed on.

'Pray, pray, don't sob, Stella,' he says. 'This is mighty, mighty ill and like a child. Dry those pretty eyes, — prettier, gadso! than any Lady Mary's of them all! — and tell me wherein I have offended. 'T was not willingly.'

So, drowned in tears, I lookt up, and

having lookt, turned away weeping, and could say no more. For what skill had I to argufy with a man of such infinite parts? And yet well I knew that in this matter of love, I was the wiser, though but a simpleton. But he caught my hands.

'Have I hurt thee, Stella? I were a devil if I did. What ails my girl at love? What is it to thee? Keep away from that raging fire. Souse it with every stream of reason and honour. Heap the ice of the Pole on it, for it is not only hell itself but feeds the flame of hell eternal.'

He so wrung my hand that it pained; and I saw his face work like a man most desperately sick and ill. It dried the tears in my eyes, and I stood trembling and staring upon him, and the twilight was sweet about us with a smell of grass and growing things and flowers; a night for lovers — and I most miserable.

'I doubt,' — he began and stopt; and then, with a cry that choked in his throat, he put his arms about me and I laid my head on his breast.

Should I blame myself for that half-hour? Should I blame my Dear, the Desire of mine eyes? 'T was but a step to take across the line that parts innocence from — No, no, never will I say guilt! 'T was not guilt, if all the tongues of men and angels should so preach. 'T is in the later denial of love that guilt lay hid. But these things I did not then know, and I thought in my simplicity the world changed and the foolish girl become a woman and beloved, and our lives together in a fair prospect before us.

And suddenly — 'Go — go!' he cried, rejecting me and thrusting me from him. 'Go, and never again let me see your face. I sicken — I sicken at what is done. No — no! Speak not, utter not, lest I strike you and myself dead. Leave me, for God's pity's sake. Go!'

So did the Angel with the flaming sword drive our first parents out of Paradise. I drew apart shuddering, and he cried after me in a loud whisper: —

'Let none see your face. Go in by the covered door, and so to your room, and plead headache if Dingley see you. Go.'

What woman in giving all met ever so sorry a return — and why? I broke my brain with thinking, and at that time found no answer. Later, I knew.

I washed the tears from my eyes in the morning, and so to the housekeeper's room. And he was there, reading in a great book, and my heart leapt like the last leap of a hare with the dogs on it.

'Why, Stellakin — saucy-nose!' says he, laughing, but his face was pale. He could cheat with his words, but I saw his face bleacht like a linen clout behind his laugh, and I swear at that time he loved me, though he loved advancement better. 'You are bright and early, young woman! Are you for the garden, to get you a stomach for breakfast? Well, so-so! and pray for poor Presto as you go; for in honour and conscience, his Ppt is the child of his heart.'

How could I endure this? I closed the door, and left him laughing with white lips.

So went the day, and now I saw his drift. He would hold the little language of childhood for a shield betwixt us. I should be nothing more for ever than Ppt — poor pretty thing, Stellakin, the pretty rogue. He would not fail in this, but only in all my hopes. He would give me all but that I longed for.

And next day a new thing. Dingley and I sitting together, he came upon us, and in all he said included her. She was his second Md. He was her poor Presto, also. I saw his will and knew he built a fence about himself.

So gradually the days covered that sunset, and 't was impossible that I

should speak, and life went by, and still I studied with him, but Dingley always present.

III

Hath he a heart? I know not. That sunset was a grave between us; and had the corpse risen and stared him in the face, I think he had run mad. In my solitary hours, I would imagine I spoke. Sometimes I would kneel before him entreating, and he would raise me up, as a certain king did another Esther. Sometimes he would fall at my knees, and I would bow my head upon him, weeping for joy. But yet always I knew that, if we glanced near that secret, he would rise and stare upon me with a ghastly face, and I would see him no more. Yet at that time he loved me. To himself he will not lie in reading this.

'T was in 1699 Sir William Temple died, and the household at Moor Park was broke up. Mr. Swift took the kindest part in my settlement and the laying out of my little fortune. 'And be easy about money, you nauti-nauti, dear girls,' says he to old Dingley and me; 'for what is mine is yours, and were it my blood, 't is all one.'

And so laid his plans that we should come to Ireland, where he had preferment at Laracor near Dublin, and the prebend of Dunlavin in St. Patrick's Cathedral. And, God forgive me, I asked myself if the thought to keep me under his guidance mingled not itself with all his kindness.

So I, being twenty years old, and Dingley a kind bustling woman, we went, and Ireland was a kindly home, for 't was near him, and I might see him. Not as I would — oh, never that! but as a friend, provided 't was with caution. For as he now mounted in the Church and his ambition strengthened on him (and sure Cromwell himself did not more suffer from that failing of noble minds), caution grew to be his main thought; for he said the adventure of our coming looked so like a frolic that censure might hold as if there were a secret history in such a removal; but this would soon blow over by circumspect conduct, and this too was used to put a distance between us.

We lodged near him and met as friends. And this I thought the more, when Mr. Tisdall, his friend, made suit to me. I was cold, — what else, — for I thought myself a wife, if a forsaken one, and Mr. Tisdall imagined that Dr. Swift opposed his suit, objecting that his means did not come up to the expectation he formed for me, who was, he said, in a manner, his ward.

Poor Mr. Tisdall writ in haste on this, and brought me Dr. Swift's reply (who had not broke the matter to me) and thus it ran: —

> My conjecture is that you think I obstruct your inclinations to please my own. In answer to all which I will, upon my conscience and honour, tell you the naked truth. [The naked truth! O God, if it were told!] If my fortunes and humour served me to think of that state, I should certainly make your choice, because I never saw that person whose conversation I entirely valued but hers. This was the utmost I ever gave way to. [But once — but once!] And this regard of mine never once entered my head as an impediment to you, since it is held so necessary and convenient a thing for ladies to marry, and that time takes off the lustre of virgins in all other eyes but mine.

This Mr. Tisdall offered on his knees, declaring it must remove my last objections, since the worthy friend of my childhood supported his suit. I received it sedately, and dismist him with the compunction so worthy a gentleman merited. Was this letter honest to his friend? I say not.

Henceforth he disliked Mr. Tisdall. Could I impute this to jealousy? Why not? Truly, there is a something Oriental in the passions of men; and if a

woman break through this, 't is at her peril.

So stood matters when the Doctor went to London, an: 1710, on his errand of obtaining the First Fruits for the Irish Church from the Crown — and he chosen from all others to this, for his commanding talent and presence, though then but forty-two years of age, and many dignitaries older yet not wiser. It created much envy.

I missed him, and yet took a sad ease in his going. 'T was the easier to talk with Dingley, to play at ombre with the Dean and Mrs. Walls; for when he was in presence, my heart waited upon his speech, and he wounded with many a word and look he thought not on. And he writ often in the form of a Journal to Dingley and me, saying: —

'I will write something every day to MD., and when it is full, will send it; and that will be pretty, and I will always be in conversation with MD, and MD with Presto.'

IV

'T was near a year since his going when Mrs. Coleburn came to Dublin, full of London talk, and her friendship with the great Dr. Swift, the hope of the Tories. Indeed, it made her a great woman with the clergy in Dublin, that she knew so much of his sayings and doings and in what great company he was got and the clutter he made in London. Much was true, as I knew under his own hand. Much was idle twattle and the giddiness of a woman that will be talking. Now, one day, she visited me, dressed out in the last London mode, and talked as I knotted, and presently says she: —

'And, Mrs. Johnson, what will be said, the Doctor being made a Bishop as he now looks for, if he bring home a fine young bride from London. Sure he lives at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, so often is he there, and Miss Hessy is as pretty a girl as eye can see, in her young twenties and a bit of a fortune to boot. I have ever said the Doctor was not on the market for nothing. He is not the man for a portionless beauty. Hath he wrote of this? for all the tongues are wagging, and the lady in such a blaze with the tender passion that she can't by any means smother it.'

'Doctor Swift hath often writ of Mrs. Vanhomrigh and her hospitalities,' says I, smiling. 'Also of the charming Miss V. Her name is no stranger here.'

So I baffled the woman, and could see her petty malice dumbed. I held the smile on my face like a mask.

'Well, 't is a charming creature, and the Doctor commends her wit in all quarters; and 't is certain he should be a judge, for he tutors her in Latin. There's many a man would gladly tutor the seductive Miss Hessy.'

When she took leave, I writ to the kind Patty Rolt in London. When her reply returned, 't was but to confirm Mrs. Coleburn. Then I turned over all his letters — yet did not need — for mention of this woman, and found but three, though of the mother and her house he writ in almost every letter, but making somewhat too light of it. 'T was a raging pain that he should be her tutor — I had thought that was mine only and not to recur — a memory stored where neither rust nor moth might touch it. Well — what could I but hate the girl? And to hate is a bitter thing: it saps the life and breaks the strength, and so no escape night or day. I must then fancy his letters cooling, and later says Dingley unprompted: —

'The Doctor is took up with his fine friends and his business. La! — for sure he writes not as he did, but is plaguey busy. Two simple women can't expect so much of his time that duchesses go begging for.'

He stayed long away, and Patty Rolt

writ often, discreet and willing to serve me; and one day comes a packet from her, and when I cut the seals, out falls a letter — his. I read it first.

Miss Hessy, I am so weary of this place ['t was Windsor] that I am resolved to leave it in two days. I will come as early on Monday as I can find opportunity, and will take a little Grub Street lodgings pretty near where I did before, and will dine with you three times a week and tell you a thousand secrets, provided you will have no quarrels with me. I long to drink a dish of coffee in the sluttery, and hear you dun me for secrets, and 'Drink your coffee — why don't you drink your coffee?'

So he writ, and more — much more could I read unsaid. For him, this was much — I knew it. Then, another letter — a woman's hand.

It is inexpressible the concern I am in ever since I heard from Mrs. Lewis that your head is so much out of order. Who is your physician? Satisfy me so much as to tell me what medicines you have took and do take. O what would I give to know how you do this instant. My fortune is too hard. Your absence was enough without this cruel addition. I have done all that was possible to hinder myself from writing for fear of breaking my promise; but it is all in vain; for had I vowed neither to touch pen, ink, or paper, I certainly should have had some other invention, and I am impatient to the last degree to hear how you are. I hope I shall soon have you here.

The two were wrapt in a sheet from Patty who had writ thereon: — 'Dropt by the Doctor when in a giddy attack, visiting me.'

I think she was shamed. So was not I. As well ask the hound if he is shamed when tracking the deer. Had it been to save my life, instead of lose it, I had less eagerly read. 'T was clear they understood one another. With me, in his caution, Dingley must be joined when he writ. With her, not so. Her happiness was a knife turned in a bleeding wound.

So I writ him, in a letter of many matters, somewhat scornfully of the family as marveling a little that he whom all solicited could be satisfied with such inconsiderable people. In time he replied thus: —

Sir A. Fountaine and I dined by invitation with Mrs. V. You say they are of no consequence — why, they keep as good female company as I do male. I see all the drabs of quality at this end of the town with them. I saw two Lady Bettys there this afternoon. Rare walking in the Park now. Why don't you walk in the Green of St. Stephen's? What beasts the Irish women are never to walk.

Men hide not matters so well as women. They say too much or not enough.

Much later he writ: 'I found Mrs. V. all in combustion with her landlord. Her eldest daughter is of age, and going to Ireland to look after her fortune and get it in her own hands.'

So I was to think it concerned them not to be apart. Immediately I set my wits to discover where was her estate, and 't was not long ere I knew 't was Marlay Abbey, near Celbridge; but the lady would reside in Dublin while making her dispositions, being Mrs. Emerson's guest, and was like to be at a rout at her house. 'T was long since I attended a rout, but I intrigued to be bidden as courtiers intrigue for an inch of blue ribbon; and in such a fever and anguish as I think I had died of it if not successful.

So, when the day was come, I went with Mrs. Stoyte; and the first person I saw was a young lady on the stair-head as we went up, and Mrs. Emerson presenting her to many. A fine young London madam, who curtseyed to me, taking no more heed than of any other.

Shall I admit her beauty? I did not think her charming, despite fine sparkling eyes and a luxuriance of brown hair. Her lips were full and her chin

round, but she looked full her age, and between the brows was a line that I would call the Doctor's sign-manual. I have it myself — I have seen it in others — 't is the claw-foot of care, care never-ending and cruel unrest, and hope that sickens the spirit and fades the bloom; and in her, though but just of age, the first bloom was gone that is like morning dew in a young girl's eyes. He loves to tyrannise over women and show his familiarity by a certain brutality of address, and the line comes not slowly.

I caught sight of her person with mine in a long glass — she in her sea-green sacque flowered with pink, and myself in gray, — 'an angel's face a little cracked,' — that was the best he could say for Stella! She gave not a thought to the faded Dublin lady that would have given all but her eternal hope to read in that girl's soul. Oh, the mask of the human face behind which none may look!

V

So she went, and after a year he returned, now Dean of St. Patrick. He was kind, but 't was a kindness that stood apart and viewed itself carefully lest it diminish my due. 'T was easy seen he was engaged in thought. Well — shall a woman expect more from a man in the world's eye? Let her be humbly grateful for the crumbs he lets fall.

Also for the crumbs from her rival's table; for Miss Hessy following, and now an orphan, was established soon after at Marlay; and whether I would or not, I knew when the Dean's rides took him that way, my Mrs. Prue being courted by his man Samuel, and all he did trickling through that channel. 'T was at this time also that copies were handed about of his poem 'Cadenus and Vanessa,' and 't was the very top of talk and admiration. Many might guess who was the lady, and the Dean was mighty angry, and said 't was but a jest, and no friend to him who took it otherwise. He asked me with a feigned carelessness if I had read it, and I, replying carelessly that I thought it extreme fine and could wish he would write oftener in that vein, he smiled and looked pleased and so it passed. But again and yet again I conned the lines: —

> 'T is to the world a secret yet
> Whether the nymph to please her swain
> Talks in a high romantic strain,
> Or whether he at last descends
> To act with less seraphic ends.
> Or, to compound the business, whether
> They temper love and books together,
> Must never to mankind be told,
> Nor shall the conscious Muse unfold.

I knew the meaning of that passage where others guesst. I read it by the light of a sunset many years gone, and lived in hell.

'T was when Mr. Dean was next in London, came a letter to me.

> Madam, I have great and urgent reason to wish the honour of meeting you and a half hour's conversation. Any place you may condescend to appoint will be perfectly agreeable and the favour prized by
>
> Your obedient humble servant,
>
> ESTHER VANHOMRIGH

(who would not ask it unless it concerned Mrs. Johnson as nearly as herself).

I broke my brains thinking, should I or should I not? Nor can I now unravel all the motives at work. But in two days' time I writ: —

> Madam, I have a difficulty to come at the reason for your request, but am compelled by courtesy to appoint three o' the clock at the rooms of Mrs. Dew, my old servant, at Kidder Street, No. 12. Your obt humble servant,
>
> ESTHER JOHNSON.

Strange our names should be alike!

She was the first at the meeting. I ensured this, delaying my chair at the corner of Kidder street till I saw her enter.

The room was small and poorly decent, and her hoop and mine filled it. She curtseyed low, as did I, and though she aimed at composure I could see her lips work. The line between her brows was eight years deeper, her face pale, the bloom faded, and her mouth droopt. Had she been any other, I had pitied her. His friendship is fatal to my sex, though I have wore it like an honour. For me, I was composed. It's not for nothing I have spent my life in that school — she was a newer pupil.

Being seated, I asked her to favour me with her commands, and she came straight at the business with a kind of directness pitiable enough.

'Madam, all the world talks of the goodness of Mrs. Johnson. I am not long a resident of these parts, but am no stranger to your merits. 'T is my confidence in them causes this explanation. May I ask pardon for plain speaking?'

'Madam, if the subject is one I can admit of, speech cannot be too plain.'

'So I have been told. Accept me therefore as a plain-dealer, madam, and have the goodness to read what I cannot speak. But first,' — she put her hand to her throat as if she might swoon, and so closing her eyes for a moment, opened them clearly on me, — 'Madam, between a certain gentleman and myself have been love-passages tending, as I believed — hoped — to marriage. A passion that, with due regard to honour, hath been the ruler of my life hath brought me to Celbridge as I did think for the happiness of both. Being arrived, I have the happiness to see this gentleman often, and he hath had the goodness to say that no person hath ever been so loved, honoured, esteemed, ADORED by him as your humble servant. Yet I am told that a former attachment doth so constrain his honour that little can be hoped.' — (Her voice broke.) 'Madam, will you read this paper, and say Yes or No?'

I opened it, and thus read: —

Madam, of your angelic goodness be pleased to answer, are you indeed the wife of one I name not? If it be true, I will utterly withdraw my intrusive presence. In pity, answer me.

It seemed many minutes I sat with this in my hand, and she dropt on her knee at my feet, looking up in agony. Time passed and I heard my voice as if it were another's, and strange to me.

'Madam, am I expected to disclose my secrets to one of whom I know not if she tells truth? What are you to the Dean, and what proof do you give of what you are, that I should answer?'

She said very low: —

'I had not thought of that. But 't is very true.' And, trembling and looking fearfully about her, she put her hand inside the whalebone of her bodice and drew out letters. 'I thought not these would be seen by any, but buried with me when I die; but 't is impossible you should know me for honest, and because honour speaks in your face — read these.'

I took them, trembling inwardly. She, poor wretch, was newer to her trade, and was like to faint. I knew the writing.

I will see you tomorrow, if possible. You know it is not above five days since I saw you, and that I would ten times more, if it were at all convenient. — Cad bids me tell you that, if you complain of difficult writing, he will give you enough to complain of.

'Cad'? Then I remembered — 'Cadenus and Vanessa.' So — *she* might call him by a little familiar name, but I, never. I stopt there.

'Madam, have you thus writ to him?'

'Always of late, madam. With a dash before it, as here you will see the cause.'

She pushed a letter into my hand, eager, as I thought, to convince not

only me but herself of his regard. And thus it read: —

I wish your letters were as difficult (cautious) as mine, for then they would be of no consequence if dropped by careless messengers. A stroke thus — signifies all that may be said to Cad at beginning or conclusion.

'So,' says I, 'a stroke means endearments. Otherwise 't is difficult to conclude these sentimental letters.'

'Madam,' she broke out, 'it means more than tongue can tell. And since you still doubt, have the condescension to read this letter of my own which he returned to me in rebuke. 'T will show you our terms.'

— Cad, you are good beyond expression. I thought that last letter I writ was obscure and restrained enough. I took pains to write it after your manner. I am sorry my jealousy should hinder you from writing more love letters. Pray tell me, did you not wish to come where that road to the left would have led you? I am now as happy as I can be without seeing — Cad. I beg you will continue happiness to your own Heskinage.

I read, and was silent — reading this letter by the light of a dead sunset. I never dared so write. There was that between them that he had never shared with me, and yet all his old caution, as with me. I thought not, however, so much of his feelings as of hers, for I think his care for women is but skin-deep at best. He was ever willing to take the tribute of their hearts — nay, of their lives; but should they incommode him, or trespass across the line he hath marked — this careless liking is changed to hatred, and he will avenge himself brutally on the weak creatures that love him.

Who should know this but I — I who have lived beside him and retained his friendship only because I have in all things submitted to his will — silent to death? Had I anything to lose to this unfortunate woman? No, I had lost all many a long year ago. She still had hopes; I, none. Why torture a wretch so miserable?

She kneeled before me, pale as a corpse. 'T was, sure, the strangest meeting. I could scarce hear her voice.

'Madam,' says she, 'I have put my life in your hand; for if Mr. Dean knew that I had come here — that I had dared — O madam, he can be cruel to women!'

I strove to collect my thoughts; then heard my own voice as a stranger's: —

'Madam, to your question, the answer is No. There is no marriage between Mr. Dean and me. I have no claim on him that obstructs your own.'

She looked up like one in a stupor of amazement — so dazed and white that I repeated my words. Then, suddenly, she gathered herself into composure like my own, but her poor lips trembled. I saw in her my girlhood long dead.

'If I say I thank you, madam, with all my heart and soul for thus opening your mind to a most miserable woman, I say little. What is left of my life shall be a study to deserve your compassion. What would you have me do?'

I replied: 'I think you will not fail in what honour and conscience dictate. 'T is not for me to say. 'T is between you and Mr. Dean. And now, madam, will you give me leave to withdraw, for this hath been a painful meeting for us both.'

'Not before I bless you with all my broken heart,' she cried, and took my hand. 'For I will now tell you that, for all these letters, I know he loves not me nor any. I may please him better than another in moments, but there's no security. He hath a contempt for women that scorches, and to hurt them — but 't is not this I would say. I feared to find an exulting rival when I came to you, madam, and instead I find an angel of compassion. Sure I

read it in your eyes. In this life we shall meet no more; but in my prayers you will be present, and I beseech you, as the last favour, to give me an interest in yours, that I may know myself not utterly forsook. My one sister is not long dead — I am utterly alone in the world.'

She could not continue, but kissed my hand, and her tears fell on it. I told her that this meeting should remain secret, but she needed not assurance. We embraced, and so, curtseying, separated, she departing first. A good woman, if I have known one. 'T is of good women men make their victims. When I reached home, I found her paper still in my hand.

I must now be brief. Mr. Dean returned, and all was as before; but I wearied yet more of the child's play and prattle he still continued for my amusement. He was much engaged with writing. I thought him ill at ease.

I was seated by the window on a day he will recall, when he entered pale and furious.

'What hath gone amiss?' I cried, starting up.

'This,' says he, in a voice I scarce knew, so awful was it; and laid before me the poor Vanessa's paper that I believed I had destroyed weeks agone. O, what had I done? 'T was another paper I had burned, and this had lain in my pocket. 'T was most certainly Mrs. Prue — But what matter? He had what for her sake and mine I had died to hide.

'Hath that vixen dared to come anigh you?' he cried. 'Hath she ventured to disquiet my friends, the wanton jade, the scheming —' and so on, pouring horrid words upon her that chilled my blood. 'T was terrible in him, that he could so swiftly change to these furies with one he had favoured and to a rage frightful to see. I tried to moderate him, to speak for her; but nothing availed. Finally I rose to withdraw, for he would hear nothing.

'But I'll break her spirit,' he said with clenched hands. 'I'll ride to Celbridge and face her with her crime —'

I held him back. 'For God's sake, no. Have patience. She hath done no harm, and no eye but mine saw the paper. I pitied her — we parted friends.'

'Then you saw her? She came?'

But I can write no more. He tore his coat from me, and so down the stair like a madman; and I heard his horse clatter down the street while I prayed for a soul in agony, and that she might not think I betrayed her.

Hours went by. He returned, still riding furiously, and told me how he had dashed the paper on the table before her, and how she had sunk down speechless when he so spoke as satisfied even his vengeance. And so continued: —

'But I am resolved. Such sluts, such tongue-snakes shall not cross my path. You have been obedient, Stella, through good and ill report, and merit reward. I will speak with the Bishop of Clogher and he shall marry us forthwith, though privately. And we will live apart, for I cannot bend my will to live with any woman; but Stella shall know she is my wife, and the knowledge pierce that ——'s heart.'

So, at last, the words I had once died to hear came and found me cold. Indeed, I despised them, though still I honour my friend. I mused, while he leaned against the window, breathing heavily and waiting my reply.

'It comes too late,' I said. 'There was a time when it had been welcome, but not now. Also, my sympathies are engaged in a quarter where I think a little mercy had become you. With your permission, Mr. Dean, this is a subject that shall detain us no more.'

I pickt up my knotting as Dingley

entered. He stared upon me and went out, nor was it ever again mentioned.

After, she writ me a word: 'Madam and my friend, I know 't was not your doing. That needs no words. I am very ill, and were it possible we should meet, 't would be my solace, but 't is impossible. May the happiness the good should enjoy attend you, as do my prayers. Your grateful humble servant, E. V.'

I answered thus: 'Madam and my friend, God be with you in life and death. The question you put to me I shall for ever answer as then. Comfort yourself, for sure there is a world that sets this right, else were we of all men most miserable.'

She was dead in three weeks, of a broken heart. For me, my own hour draws on. I have writ this paper, yet think to destroy it, and know not what is best. No happiness lies before him in old age, for 't is a plant he pulled up by the roots for himself and others — alas! how many. Should I then cause him to suffer more? He hath had the mercy of my silence for a lifetime. 'T is not so hard to be silent in the grave.

(*Stella died in the year 1727.*)

CLEARNESS

BY FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD

I HAVE loved clearness. Sea-tide over shoal —
Sky before sunrise, purer than its star —
Green light of ferns — a spring's steep silvery bowl —
Blue halo of a candle-flame — the far
White emptiness round midnight moons.

All these
I have loved, hoarding. And clear simple minds —
Children with thoughts they do not know are dreams —
Men with straight eyes that no bad shadow blinds —
Women whose laughter has no barb. It seems
Such are most precious of Life's largesses.

Only the blurred and tangled things I fear.
O Death, I shall not care how strange you seem —
How far from Life — if you are only clear:
Not the sick crowded darkness of a dream,
But clear — clear — clear — like dawn's cold verities!

WARRIOR ANTS AND WHITE ANTS

BY HANS COUDENHOVE

I

It occasionally happens, in the hot parts of Africa, that one's attention is attracted by the following occurrence. One may be sitting, say, in front of one's tent, or on the verandah of one's house, when one suddenly notices a quantity of the ordinary, harmless brown ants, which are to be met with everywhere, approaching in disorderly, headlong flight, many of them clutching their pupæ to their thoraces, like babies, just as the women of German villages, in the Thirty Years' War, might have clutched their babies to their breasts when they fled from their homes at the sounding of the dreaded cry of alarm: The Swedes are coming!

One would imagine that a superior human being, unless he happened to be an entomologist, would bestow but momentary attention on the distressed insects, and, after a passing glance, return to his occupation. Not so, however, the experienced old African. He will rise, in greater or lesser haste, according to his temperament, call his servants, and say to them: 'Siafu are approaching; look about everywhere, and stop them if you can.'

The servants need not be told twice, however easy they may take life as a rule: they will start running, and search the surroundings of the tent or house in extending circles, until one of them will sing out: 'There they are!' and as likely as not these words will be accompanied on the spot by jumps into the air, kicks, and clappings of the palm of the hands on the naked feet and calves — a behavior which, to the uninitiated, would appear unaccountable as well as ridiculous. He has met the *avant-garde* of the enemy's column!

Siafu is the Swahili name for the smaller of the two common kinds of warrior ants. The larger of the two, conspicuous by its odious smell during the rainy season, although a sharp biter, is a *quantité négligeable* compared with its smaller cousin, whose ferocity, determination, and pluck are unimaginable. Their bite is very painful — that of the soldiers, with their disproportionately large heads and mandibles, particularly so; and so bloodthirsty are they, that, rather than let go, they will suffer their bodies to be severed from their heads. The bite, however, is fortunately non-poisonous, and leaves no ill after-effects when the assailant has been torn off; but this does not prevent the Siafu from being a very real danger to living beings. Caged birds and mammals are killed, if not rescued in time. I remember a case in which they killed, during the night, a caged wildcat! I have known them to kill pigs in their sties, by crawling into their brains through the snout. It has happened that babies, who had been temporarily deposited on the ground by their mothers and left alone, have become their victims. The little brother of a servant of mine, in the Tahita mountains of British East Africa, was killed in this way.

This sort of death, as is generally known, was a capital punishment for certain crimes, in use with many native races.

Although the European ant, as regards ferocity, cannot be compared with the African warrior ant, it, too, was used occasionally, and not so long ago either, as an instrument of torture. During the Polish insurrection in 1863–64, the insurgents killed prisoners by hanging them from trees, head downward, into ant heaps; and the same horrible torture was, until not many years ago, a favorite way of retaliation used in Slavonic countries by poachers against obnóxious gamekeepers.

The rapidity with which Siafu spread over the body of animate beings, whether man or beast, is amazing. Old residents in Zanzibar will remember the sensation that was created when the wife of a foreign consul, walking with her husband on the *Muari minoja*, — the 'Rotten Row' of the African Ceylon, — having inadvertently stepped into a procession of warrior ants, was so rapidly infested by the enemy that, wild with pain and disgust, she tore off her outer dressing until she stood there, *coram publico*, in night attire. It was, fortunately for the poor lady, not the fashionable walking hour.

People are apt to lose their heads completely under these circumstances, the moral effect being at least as strong as the physical one. A friend of mine, who lived near Lake Victoria, once told me how a guest of his, who was sleeping in the same room, near the window, was attacked by Siafu in the middle of the night, and already covered with them when he awoke. He jumped out of bed, tore off his pyjamas, and started dancing about, yelling for his boys to come and pick off the insects. But when they arrived running, he, instead of standing still, began boxing their ears, whereupon they, believing that their master had gone mad, ran out of the house again, terrorized, leaving him to shift for himself. My friend, heartless fellow, told me that he nearly died with laughter, as everybody else would have done in his place, I suppose.

It was in Zanzibar that the writer's own first acquaintance with Siafu was made. He was walking in the country with a friend, an old resident, when the latter suddenly called out: 'Ants! Ants!'

'Do they bite?' the writer naïvely asked.

'You will soon know!' was the reply. And, indeed, a few minutes later, he had gained experience for a lifetime.

H. G. Wells has foreshadowed a sinister possibility — the evolution of the African ant to tiger-size! One imagines the path across the continent of an army of a million tigers, so fierce that, rather than release the cow they have seized, they will allow their heads to be cut off!

Siafu are worst just before the rainy season, when, in dry, hot weather, they go in search of water, and during the rainy season, when their underground dwellings become flooded. They do not walk during a heavy downpour; but their appearance is generally the presage of rain.

There are several ways of preventing Siafu from entering a house in the daytime, when timely notice of their approach has been gained. That most commonly used, and of slowest effect, is the strewing of ashes in their path and the beating on the head of the column with firebrands. So great is the Siafu's pluck and determination, that the rear keeps moving on and on, while the head is being destroyed — advancing over the bodies of the slain; and it is not until the ranks of the column are entirely disorganized, that the separate individuals will alter their course.

But, fortunately for mankind, if those invincible warriors fear not death, they have their idiosyncrasies in point of smell, like Henry of Navarre, who fainted at sight of a rose. One of these aversions is known to all native tribes from the Juba to the Limpopo; they cannot stand the smell of a smouldering rag, but it must be the rag of a garment which has been long worn by man. This remedy is fairly effective: the rags are twisted into a kind of rope, and pieces of it are deposited, with due regard to the prevailing wind, either in such places as the column, on its way to the dwelling-place, is likely to pass, or all round the latter. They are then lighted. Sometimes, when these rags have been deposited round about the house, or tent, a native, running with a stick which he presses firmly down, connects the different pieces by a line marked on the ground. The object of this does not seem quite clear, but some natives consider it to be an essential part of the defense.

It is amusing to recollect, in this connection, that the late Maurus Jókai, the great Hungarian novelist, states in one of his books, that a sure means to make a herd of cattle stampede is to smoke, to windward of it, a pipe into which the 'sediment' of an old hat has previously been scraped!

The natives of the Livingstone Range use the bulb of a plant which they call *kirago:* they chew it, and then spit in front and on the head of the advancing enemy. This remedy is very effective. The natives who use kirago also say that warrior ants will not pass where kirago has been planted; but I have never had occasion to test the truth of this assertion.

All these measures make it comparatively easy to avoid being rushed by an army of Siafu during the day; but the question assumes a much more serious aspect when the fiend, having avoided detection during the daytime, succeeds in penetrating into the habitation, or the stables, at night, either by entering through such apertures as offer or by burrowing. Natives, when their huts have been thus invaded at night, simply bolt, and spend the night elsewhere. But Europeans, unless they happen to live in houses with several rooms, have, as a rule, nowhere else to go, and have therefore no other choice but to help their servants fight the invader, or else go for a nightly walk of several hours' duration — an alternative which, in the rainy season and on moonless nights, is anything but a pleasure.

To get rid of Siafu in a house, whether of mud and wattle or of brick, is a complicated affair, unless you happen to live in a country where kirago grows, and where the natives are familiar with its use. In a house with a thatched roof one has to be exceedingly careful when handling firebrands or ashes; besides, in the nature of things, unless they happen to strike an open door or window, these predatory pests penetrate into a house only in driblets; and, in proportion as you destroy those that appear, others take their place. I have emptied a 300 centigramme bottle of sulphuric acid, practically without effect, on the head of an army of Siafu, which was entering through interstices in a mud wall.

It is sometimes a good plan, in a tent, to remove from the path of the ants all things that might attract them and stop their march: they then may simply march through. When they come up, as also happens, through the chinks between the bricks of a badly cemented brick floor, the difficulty increases, as the only way to reach them is through those very chinks — a narrow channel; they then keep making unexpected visits at all hours of the day and night. In a case like that,

Cooper's or MacDougal's Sheep Dip and Jeyes's fluid, are the only remedies, provided they are used unsparingly. The same applies to those occasions when the ants have dug up from underneath, in stables.

It also happens, occasionally, that either part, or the whole, of the invading army climbs the wall of a house and settles in the thatched roof for a time, the duration of which depends on the amount of prey that they find there. Nothing can be done in such a case but to wait patiently until they leave, and destroy, in the meantime, the small detachments which climb down the walls inside. I remember one time, when this happened to me. I had a cat, with three kittens, living on the roof, to reach which she had to climb a tree and then jump across. She carried her children down, one after the other and saved them all; but I had to pick out Siafu afterward from the skins of the lot, including the brave mother.

All the remedies above mentioned, however, are only makeshifts without permanent effect, as the ants will always return, from time to time, to a place once visited. There is only one radical way to avoid this, and that is to find out, by following their path, where their nest is and destroy it. This establishment lies, as a rule, a few feet below ground, among the roots of trees. It is necessary first, to uncover as far as possible this dreadful sink of iniquity, — one dark, seething mass of the most bloodthirsty creatures in creation, — which looks like a single huge, glossy, twitching and shivering monster coiled up. Then, where this is practicable, quantities of boiling water are poured upon it; where it is unpracticable, owing to the distance from house and water, heaps of dry wood are piled into the openings and then set fire to. A great many are killed, and as many, perhaps, escape; but the nest is invariably deserted within a few days; and, if it was the only one in the neighborhood, one may be safe from similar visitations for years to come.

II

White ants, as everybody knows, are not really ants, chiefly because, owing to the beautiful long wings of their females and males, they have been classed in the order of *Neuroptera*, to which ants do not belong. Nevertheless, they are very hymenopteric in their habits and in the constitution of their monarchies, and their appellation, 'ants,' is certainly not a case of *lucus a non lucendo*.

As objectionable pests and sources of annoyance, they run their warrior cousins very close, although bloodthirstiness does not form part of their character. They stand, in relation to the warrior ants, as a gang of thieves working in the silence and darkness of the night would stand in relation to a band of highway robbers and murderers. All the same, their workers, when your skin happens to come into contact with them, inflict severe pain; but it appears to be a secretion rather than a bite, as they do not get hold with their mandibles; also, the pain is instantaneous, like the burning of a very virulent nettle, and spreads over the whole area of the contact. All animals carefully avoid treading among white-ant workers. Unlike the females and males, which, when they have shed their silky mantle of wings, are merely ugly brown beetles, these workers, of two sizes, are extremely pretty insects, with amber heads and thoraces of pearl; imitated in these materials, they would make beautiful breastpins and hatpins.

These workers have a peculiar habit: although they avoid, as a rule, the light, and prefer moving and working

in darkness, one frequently meets them, during the rainy season, in the forests, trekking along in single file. Sometimes two lines are marching parallel to one another, in opposite directions, at a distance of one to two inches; whenever two ants meet abreast, they stop, bow head and thorax deep to the ground, and then continue, each on his way.

But, however courteous the termites may be in their intercourse with their own kith and kin, the fact remains, that, in their relations to mankind, they are incomparable destroyers of property; they are even an element distinctly inimical to culture, as well-to-do planters in the Tropics, who could afford to adorn the walls of their countryseats with pictures of value are deterred from doing so by the certainty that termites respect an original painting no more than a chromo, and that a single night is sufficient for the destruction of both.

When invading a house, termites always move underground and then dip up in the night like a Jack-in-the-box. Sometimes, they emerge underneath a mat, which is soon hopelessly spoiled; sometimes underneath a box; and, unless one looks under the boxes every day, the contents, say, books, may be hopelessly destroyed below, while the top still looks intact. It is true that they give a warning signal, but it is of so weak a kind that, unless one lives in a tent, or in a very small room, or unless they happen to make their final preparations just underneath one's bed, it must always be missed. This signal is a sound which closely resembles the noise that a basket of small seed would make if it were emptied on a hard polished floor: it is the danger-signal; if you hear it in one night, you know that, in the course of the next night, the white ants will appear — never in the night during which the noise is first heard. This latter detail, confirmed by the writer's experience, is well known to natives; they say that the white ants, in the night of their arrival, first want to make sure if everything is all right, and that it is only when they are satisfied on this point that they emerge in the night that follows. To move along the walls and gain the rafters, they make ingenious covered ways. In these, however, personally, I have never met any but the smaller kind of workers, never the large ones, who would appear to move inside the walls, as they, too, undoubtedly reach the roofs of houses.

White ants yield easier than warrior ants: sheep dips, Jeyes's fluid, paraffin poured into the holes through which they come up, always chase them away *pro tem.*, and their visits grow less and less frequent, unless by misfortune the house has been built just above their city. In the latter case, there is no help, and they will soon gain the roof, and slowly destroy the wooden parts. I have known of solid brick buildings, with corrugated iron roofs and cement floors, which had finally to be abandoned and pulled down because they had inadvertently been erected over a nest of termites.

Tolstoy has written, in *The Invaders*, this beautiful sentence: 'All evil feelings in the heart of men ought, it would seem, to vanish away in this intercourse with nature — with this immediate expression of beauty and goodness.'

One may be allowed to doubt whether the great philosopher, if destiny had taken him to tropical Africa, would not have caused to be erased from future editions of his book the last two words of the sonorous phrase. For nothing in the world conveys more forcibly to one's understanding Mother Nature's ruthless extravagance, and absolute disregard of the individual, than the annual nuptial flight of the termites.

A scourge to African mankind as termites are, it is impossible, for anyone but a native, to ignore the pathos — the word is used deliberately — of these hymeneal festivities. As most people know, every year, at the beginning of the rainy season, the males and the females of the white ants emerge winged from their underground dwellings, generally during the afternoon, and fly out into the mild light of the evening for a short flirtation and honeymoon, which does not last much longer than the day itself, followed by a return to the earth, the shedding of the wings, hastened by roundabout movements of the insects themselves, and, in due course, by the organization of new monarchies under the sway of the now pregnant queens, who soon develop into monstrous receptacles of eggs. One supposes that the occasion must be one of rejoicing for the two sexes, which crawl out of their tunnel, trailing their long silky wings behind them, accompanied and surrounded by a highly excited crowd of amber-headed workers. Others, however, rejoice in an equal degree, and these are the legions which prey on them!

There does not appear to be a single creature indigenous to Africa, from the Negro downward, which does not appreciate the winged termite as a delicacy. Natives catch them in cunningly devised traps, devour them alive, devour them dead, raw or fried or roasted, or dried in the sun, or pounded to a paste. They pack them in bags like beans, alive or dead, and sell them on the market. It is a surprising fact, not only that termites which have been tightly packed in a canvas bag for a whole night are still alive in the morning, but that those among them which have not shed their wings are still able to fly; it shows what a wonderfully elastic texture those wings are made of.

Besides natives, monkeys, apes, dogs, cats, mongooses, and lizards, all kinds of ants feed on termites voraciously, although they leave the workers religiously alone. Even the large black warrior ant, which carries away the males and females without difficulty, when it inadvertently finds itself face to face with a worker, immediately turns tail — a behavior which gives support to the opinion that the latter's defense lies in a secretion rather than in its mandibles.

And the birds! It is amazing how the news spreads among them, that a flight of termites is taking place at such and such a locality, often completely hidden by trees!

Yet they all get the news, and birds turn up, of the existence of which in the district one had no idea — rare and strange species, like those equivocal human apparitions which emerge, nobody knows whence, in large cities, at times of stirring events. On these occasions, the birds — which would appear to form a sort of truce among themselves; for I have frequently noticed birds of prey in the assembly — sit down on the trees surrounding the termites' heap, and, whenever one or more insects rise on the wing, a sharp competition for the capture ensues. It all looks just like a game, in which the participants are so keen, that they even lay aside, to some extent, the fear of man — of the white man.

I have never seen any written computation of the probable proportion between slain and survivors; but the percentage of the latter must be infinitesimal. Naturalists call this 'the keeping up of the balance of life.'

PRISON PROGRESS

BY BRICE P. DISQUE

I

THE first time I entered a penitentiary, — or state prison, — I faced some twelve hundred men in gray uniforms, and addressed them as their new warden. The inmates had been assembled in the chapel, in order that they might see and hear the man under whose command they were to live.

As I had been a regular army officer all my life since leaving school; as I had no political friends, and only one or two others of any kind, in the state, the announcement of my appointment as warden — one of the attractive, if not the best, appointive jobs in the state — caused much comment in the press.

I did not even then know why the Board of Control, not a single member of which had been among my acquaintances, had selected me. The offer of appointment was cabled to me at Manila, where I was on duty with my troops. The Governor had not been consulted and, when advised of the appointment, frankly said he did not approve; but the members of his Board of Control were not politicians and he bowed to their judgment and confirmed the appointment. That portion of the press which can think of such jobs only as rewards for the faithful had told their readers that my army record was that of a harsh, cruel disciplinarian; in fact, I was a cold-blooded martinet, who would soon require the output of an iron foundry to supply balls and chains. The inmates would again appear in striped uniforms, and the rawhide would be worked overtime.

No scene of my entire life has left such an impression upon me as that first meeting with those men who had come under my charge. Those twelve hundred upturned, pale faces showed so clearly that the souls back of them were again facing sentence, that I had difficulty in getting started.

My talk was along the same lines that I had so frequently employed in addressing the soldiers of my troop whenever any new work was to be undertaken. Men always perform better when they understand what is to be done, and how, when, and why. They can act so much more intelligently, and since no manager can foresee all the details, it renders it so simple for the subordinates to use the human intelligence, which most of them possess, when anything slips a cog.

Well, it was an experience of a lifetime to watch the general and gradual change in expression — first confusion, then doubt, then hope, and finally contentment, as far as that expression can be registered upon the faces of convicts.

I made no promises and offered no threats. I aimed to establish a man-to-man recognition of a relationship through which future events could be interpreted and understood. The gratifying response of the men when I finished left no doubt in my mind that I was understood and would have the coöperation of the vast majority.

I have been referring to an event in the Michigan State Prison, at Jackson, in December, 1916. My predecessor had rendered splendid services, and when I undertook to succeed him, the prison at Jackson had been improved far beyond the average American institution in almost every phase of its management and methods. This made my job doubly difficult; and I was one hundred per cent novice in penology.

The war came; the War Department offered me an assignment, and I returned to the army after directing the affairs at Jackson Prison for nine months. Those nine months do not qualify me to speak as an expert; but I can speak with at least that much more experience than the average man, who is wondering what is wrong.

I relinquished that job at Jackson with the greatest regret. I went there because I had confidence in the possibility of showing the way to another and better method, the beneficial effects of which I believed would be felt in every factory, office, school, and home in America. I left Jackson believing that great things could be accomplished and with some very definite ideas as to how it could be done.

Fundamentally, I believe it wrong to regard a prison as a place of punishment. It is absurd for a judge or jury, who probably never saw the accused before his trial, to fix the period of his incarceration. It is just as ridiculous to release a thief, pickpocket, forger, robber, burglar, or any other criminal, just because he has served a fixed number of years, as it would be to release a raving maniac because he has been in an asylum a certain period of time.

I believe that it is not possible to treat a man as a caged animal for months and years, and then expect him to conduct himself as a normal being after sudden release, permitting him to circulate freely in society.

No convicted criminal should be set free, regardless of his offense or the time he has been held in restraint, until he has been prepared to earn a living, has acquired habits of industry, has the desire to become a useful member of society, and has proved to the satisfaction of the head of his institution that he has the will-power to realize that desire; and finally until suitable employment has been found for him, in a place where he has opportunities equal to other men.

The reputation, success, and worth of the head of a state prison should be measured by the number of men that he graduates out of his institution who prove they are qualified to remain outside.

The head of a penal institution is more important to the progress of society than the president of a university. His task is more difficult: he must be more resourceful; he must have a combination of culture, education, business ability, and personal character of the highest order; all backed up by a physique that will carry him through continuous experiences such as will break the health, vision, and optimism of most men.

The time has come to do away with the title of 'warden' and the designations of 'prison,' 'penitentiary,' and the rest, and to start a new and enlightened era with a 'President of State Industries.'

In 1910 there were 2823 penal institutions in the United States, from which 476,468 persons were discharged. The records indicate that more than sixty per cent of those discharged soon find their way back into prison. Of course, many of the remainder repeat their crimes, and do not get caught.

Measure the cost if you can. Probably more than sixty per cent of the cost of our police forces, criminal courts, jails, prisons, losses due to theft, murder, and so forth, is avoidable.

Certainly, this is a subject worthy of the time and effort of our best minds.

II

I approached my problem at Jackson with a wide-open mind. I knew that I had been in contact with men all my life, here and there, who had committed crimes, probably as many and as serious as the men under my charge at Jackson; but they had not been caught. My first decision, therefore, was to treat the inmates just as I would any ordinary individuals who had work to do inside the prison, except that, since it was my sworn duty to keep them inside, I had to enforce such regulations as would accomplish that result.

I knew that a sound and healthy body is essential to mental health and development, and, naturally, I gave this subject my first attention. I was shocked by the pale complexions of those faces that I saw the first day. By the very simple expedients of ventilating the cell blocks, exercising the men out of doors, and giving them a forty-minute period of complete relaxation in the open air after the noon meal each day, the great majority, in the course of two weeks, were so much improved in appearance and cheerfulness, that members of the Board were surprised on their next visit, and commented upon it.

The next effort toward better health, mental and physical, was to give the men the freedom of the yard on Sundays and holidays, instead of keeping them in their cells. Then they were encouraged to read all newspapers and magazines, and restrictions on correspondence were removed, as to volume. Later on, a scientific diet was provided in the mess hall.

As soon as possible, the bathing facilities were increased, so that each man could have his daily shower bath; and it was so close to his bunk that he could get there without dressing, put on his night clothing, and get to bed.

Later on, a tuberculosis colony was started on a farm about four miles from the prison, and every man who had that disease was sent to live there. These men were not guarded, but were on their honor not to run away. Suitable fresh-air dormitories were provided, and the medical officer visited the colony daily. The least disabled cared for the farm, live stock, cooking, and other necessary work about the place.

The sick report of the inmate population fell to an average of 1.3 per cent of the whole.

When I went to Jackson, the institution was on a self-supporting basis, having been brought up to that condition by the admirable work of my predecessor. All inmates who were able to work were paid for their services, the pay ranging from ten cents to $1.50 per day. Considering that this was in addition to shelter, bed, heat, light, clothing, food, use of library, entertainment, schooling, religious services, and medical attention, it was not a poor rate of payment. But any rate of payment was opposed, and relentlessly fought, by powerful interests from several directions.

Approximately half of the inmates attended school regularly five evenings each week, and I need only say that 363 of the students — more than one fourth of the entire population of the prison — were enrolled in the first, second, and third grades, to indicate one cause of crime: ignorance.

It was my purpose to continue and perfect the system which I found in operation, and of which I thoroughly approved.

The prison owned approximately 3000 acres of farm land, and I purchased 2000 more. There were some nine colonies of farmers (convicts) living permanently on the farms and operating them — an average of 350 men

were so employed. The farms were equipped with modern machinery, and afforded all phases of agricultural training for the men.

We had hundreds of cattle, hogs, chickens, horses, and sheep, and 200 colonies of honeybees. We operated three dairy barns, of fifty cows each, and bred excellent strains of horses, cattle, hogs, and chickens.

Our farms provided for our mess-hall requirements in the way of eggs, milk, butter, meat, fruit, and vegetables; and a very fine cannery packed thousands of cases of peas, beans, beets, corn, kraut, and fruit, all of which was either used in the prison kitchen or sold to the public at attractive prices.

Other industries under the entire ownership of the prison and constituting a part of the warden's business responsibility were: —

A monument works, in which some fifty or sixty men were profitably employed carving granite monuments, made to order.

A brick-and-tile works, where common building-brick and farm-drain tile were made in large quantities.

A tannery, in which the hides from steers butchered for the kitchens were made into belting and leather, for use in the making of inmates' shoes.

Then there was the twine factory, making 14,000,000 lbs. of binder twine each year, and profitably employing over 300 men.

In service departments, necessary to the maintenance of all the above, we had the laundry, tailor-shop, shoe-shop, machine-shop, creamery, power-house, planing-mill, and carpenter-shop. The engineer, with his drafting rooms, gave excellent opportunities to a considerable number of men. The inmates' store, the factory offices, the general storehouse, and the business offices, were all largely manned by inmates, and the labor turnover was low.

It must be a poor business man who cannot pay expenses under such labor conditions; and our statement for the fiscal year, ending June 30, 1917, showed a net profit of $156,000. This after paying *all* the expenses of the institution, making proper allowances for depreciation of buildings and machinery, paying wages to all inmates, providing them with food, clothing, schooling, shelter, medical service, entertainment, and religion, and also after paying the salaries of all officers employed.

The operating profit for July, August, September, and October, 1917, was over $300,000; and there is no reason whatever why the institution should not make a good big net profit each year, and give a reasonable part to the inmates, to add to their stake when they are discharged, or to distribute to their dependent relatives while they are in prison.

III

From the above it might seem that the problem of prisoners and prisons had found its solution.

There were no idle men; all were employed at a useful occupation, all participated in the profits, and had a fair incentive to give an honest effort; their health was improving; over twenty-five per cent of them were almost free men, working on farms several miles from the main prison; some 200 men lived in a dormitory, in large rooms of three or four beds each, had their toilet facilities in each room, and could talk and play games, as any normal men might care to do. The spirit of the men was good, and everywhere there was as good a feeling as we ordinarily find among large numbers living in restraint.

But we were a long way from a solution of the prison, or crime, problem.

The officers were not very useful in

setting examples to the inmates, and it was extremely difficult to interest the right class of men, — intelligent, courageous, and strong natural leaders, — to take employment as officers.

Every now and then some fellow would get into trouble, just as they do in churches, colleges, or business houses. He was already in prison; sometimes his sentence was for life. What are you going to do with a man facing ten years or more in prison, who sticks his knife in the side of a fellow convict? Or suppose he only strikes another man with his fist, and he is given a good talking to, and shown how he can get along better if he attends to his own business and keeps out of trouble; and within twenty-four hours he is caught breaking another convict's skull with a brick — what are you going to do? The only criticism I have to make of Mr. Tannenbaum's article is that he parades all the punishments before his readers, but he does n't give any answer to that question.

In my opinion there are but three possible methods of dealing with such cases: —

If the man is sane, healthy, and merely a trouble-maker, he should be paddled until the impression left upon his memory will be sufficient to deter him when he is again tempted to take advantage of his superior strength, to injure another. Sometimes a dark cell, or bread and water, get better results than the paddle. But that is the only language such fellows understand; and if you want peace in a prison-yard, and to protect the decent fellows, you have got to talk the language that the bully understands until he learns a more polite one.

Possibly the man is mentally weak and unbalanced. If so, he belongs in a sanitarium, and should be sent there and not punished.

Then we have the hardened, confirmed, deliberate criminal, who has a good mind, appreciates the gravity of his acts, and, doing so, would kill a man for twenty-five cents. That sort of a chap, when found out, belongs in a separate place, from which there is no chance of escape, and in which he cannot interfere with the great majority of convicts, whose regeneration seems hopeful.

This brings me to one of the big steps which I believe must be taken in the solution of the crime and prison problem: —

Under existing laws and customs, our courts convict and sentence with very little knowledge of the character or mentality of the man. Very little, if anything, is known of the environment, opportunities, or underlying reasons for the criminal tendencies of the man. I have seen men convicted of the same crime, in the same state, by different courts, and sentenced to six months in one case and two years in another. If there was any difference in the degree of the offense, the man who got six months was the worse offender.

One judge made a specialty of 'soaking them' for that particular crime, and the other one had no particular feeling about it.

One of those convicts might have been a deliberate and hardened criminal, and the other might very easily have been an accidental offender, who would never again become involved. The two are thrown into the common hopper, to serve as many months or years as they might draw from the lottery.

It would be difficult to devise a less scientific or more harmful method of dealing with a vital human problem. Men commit crime from various motives, and accidentally. All who do so immediately become dangerous to society, and upon proof of guilt they should be rendered harmless by setting them

apart, for the protection of society. As soon as they are no longer dangerous they should be returned to society. With crime always increasing, it is not sound reasoning to discuss the deterrent effect of long sentences. They do not deter, to any great extent. As stated above, sixty per cent of those who have served sentences go back to serve other sentences.

IV

I believe that men convicted of crime should be *committed* to a state institution, just as the insane are committed to an asylum — to remain until cured.

The management of the state institution, charged with the custody and safe-keeping of criminals, should be of such character as to enjoy the respect and confidence of the community, and should be capable of developing and testing the convict, and determining when he may be released without danger to society. The entire responsibility for the length of time a man should remain confined should rest with the management, and it should be held responsible for the conduct of men after release. And, as stated above, the reputation and success of the management should be made to have a direct relation to the percentage of men released who become useful members of society.

In order to protect against possible unfairness and incompetency on the part of the management, any man, after serving one year, who believes that he is being held longer than is proper, and who can convince any state court that there are good grounds for such belief, should have access to a jury selected for the purpose, before whom he can present his case and to whom the management must give its reasons for detaining him. If the jury agree with the applicant, it should have the power to release him, and by so doing become responsible for his future behavior.

The average pardon board is not fit to perform the functions assigned to it; and my experience leads me to the belief that it is one of the worst and most dangerous instrumentalities connected with our present penal system.

With the matter of sentences arranged as outlined, I would then like to see all sane convicts sent to a central receiving station for observation and segregation.

The authorities of such an institution should be qualified experts, capable of prompt distribution of the men to one of the two following classes of institutions:

A. — Hospitals for detention of mental and physical defectives. This would take about fifteen per cent of all convicts. As cured in the hospital, the men would be transferred to the other class of institution.

B. — Industrial institutions, equipped with a variety of industries capable of producing goods and merchandise required by the country.

Of those sent to the latter, about twenty per cent will turn out to be hopeless, hardened, and deliberate criminals. Their presence in the place will greatly increase the difficulties of developing good results. Their example and influence will be bad on the other men, some of whom may be wavering between weakness and strength of will-power.

Additional restrictive and disciplinary measures will be necessary to guard them, and it will be desirable in every way to segregate them, just as our modern schools segregate the normally bright children from those who are dull and slow to progress.

I would, therefore, send the hopeless, hardened, and deliberate criminals to a third sort of institution, in which they

would be forced to earn their own living, and from which there would not be the slightest possibility of escape, except after unquestionable evidence that they had qualified for the B institutions again. Not many of such fellows would qualify, but all should have a chance, and be encouraged to try. If they never take advantage of that opportunity they should remain in the third class for life, regardless of the sort of crime of which they were convicted.

The B institutions should be conducted along lines similar to those followed in the Service Corps of the army. The men should be housed in dormitories, and required to assemble for roll-call morning and night. The discipline should be about the same as that controlling our military organizations. There should be large farms, and a variety of other industries in which the men could be employed to learn a trade or other useful occupation, of their own selection. The employment should result in a profit to themselves and the institution.

The population of the B institutions would be composed, in the great majority of cases, of men who offered good prospects of development to the stage where they could be returned to society with safety and with beneficial results to all concerned. A pickpocket might be kept there for twenty years, and a highway robber might be released after two years; the time-limit would depend upon their real progress toward a condition which would justify their release.

All men would be encouraged to do the normal things that men usually do. Opportunities to go wrong would be confronting them all the time, in ever-increasing degree. After a time, they would be sent out to the farms; and later on, they would be tried out where their duties brought them into contact with the city and all its temptations. Illiterates would have to acquire an education before release. All would be taught the duties and responsibilities of citizenship.

When there seemed no reasonable doubt as to the man's desire and capacity to go it alone, he would be paroled for a period of a year or so, after a suitable position had been secured for him. His conduct while on parole would be followed, and every encouragement and assistance given him to overcome those periods of mental depression which come to all men, and which are so often responsible for crime.

All institutions should and could be made entirely self-supporting; and not only that, but the profits that may result from their operation should go toward paying the entire criminal expense of the state, including criminal courts, special officers, and so forth.

It has been and will be said that the sale of convict-made products leads to unfair competition with free labor and private industry. My answer to that is that at Jackson we had every incentive to get all we could for our products, and in no case did we under-price the products of private producers; but, in some cases, we actually sold our goods, on their merits, for higher prices than those of some of the best merchandise produced in the country.

So long as the institutions holding men in confinement are operated under a plan of self-support, with a profit to employer and employee, there will be little chance of unfair competition.

Contract prison-labor is an abomination, and labor leaders and non-political manufacturers have had just cause to complain of competition from such sources. But I never found a situation where, when the facts were known, anyone complained about competition of the products of the Jackson prison.

Of course, we shall never bring our prison system into such a position as I have outlined under a system of passing

the jobs around as political rewards. Neither shall we ever secure competent men to manage such institutions until the pioneers in the effort prove to the public that the man in charge — and who deserves to be in charge — is the mental and social equal of any university president.

Then, if we are to secure men competent to direct great business enterprises, — and that is the only kind who can keep the average population of a modern prison busy at useful and profitable work, — we must be willing to pay the market price for such men.

If we are to judge by the present distribution of ability and brains, man today regards financial reward as the great objective, and a business career as the route to that sort of success. But behind that material reward, the real fellows will value far greater the self-satisfaction which comes from a knowledge of having influenced in a helpful way the progress, contentment, and happiness of others.

I have permitted these observations to take the form of a description of what has been done in one prison, because I believe that such a method removes the discussion from the realm of theory, and that thereby we may eliminate many doubters and bring the consideration of the subject to the next stage.

Such ideas as I have expressed as to what that next step should be are my own; they have not been tried, but are they not worth a trial? We all know that the old system is a failure.

WELL-REMEMBERED

BY VIOLA ROSEBORO'

THE caprice of memory is unduly celebrated. Its reasons are better than ours, if we grade importance and unimportance by any 'general consensus of opinion'; for we remember what counts to our ownest selves — even though it be but the picture in the bottom of our first porridge bowl.

My memory holds fast — and often has held fast for a lifetime — numbers of the slightest possible transitory contacts with people usually seen but once, and often never seeing me at all. But if I clear my mind of cant, I know it would be strange — and worse — if I forgot one of a long procession of babies, boys, maidens, and plain grown-ups, who all thrilled me more or less in their varying ways; who were all somehow 'significant of much,' and may mean not the less to me when I can least tell their message.

As you would guess, children outnumber all the rest among these enriching unknowns.

The grimiest city streets are the likeliest places I know for seeing children when they are best worth watching. There are staged continuously the prettiest, the darkest, the most heavenly, and the most humorous bits of the human drama, for there children are always living out their unconscious selves.

But it was in a seashore village that I was blessed with a glimpse of John; and John the Great is in his natural place heading my little string of pearls — pearls I bring, whatever my stringing may do to them.

A son of man built for an Homeric hero was John, going-on-five. Men and women who never in their lives unlimbered to talk about thrills yet thrilled at the sight of John dominating the beach, or the village street, or, above all, the great harbor. He stayed as unself-conscious and single-minded as a bull calf or a baby faun, and paid no more attention to the tributes of all ages and both sexes — for John needed only to be seen, to be known for a masterpiece.

But on the water, alone in a little dory, it might happen that John would wake up to a passing moment's conscious pleasure in his own prowess.

Black-haired and crop-haired, clothed only enough to pass muster with Mr. Small, — our policeman, — big and simple and strong, John was all of a piece, 'went together' like a work of art, from his biceps and his wide straight gaze and the faint dark hairs down his baby spine, to his conduct on all occasions. He was unified like Porthos or Hotspur. Porthos's well-loved name may turn you to fancying him a little Porthos; but John was not stupid — he was only great. Garibaldi is the only other so harmonious human actuality I have heard of. Let John get far out and alone on the wide water, pulling his oars from those darling square shoulders, and that speck was more royal than the great black-hulled fishing schooners themselves.

Oh, yes; with a glass you could see just how he looked, and many a glass would be turned on him whenever he was out there; Portuguese fishermen and our local 'old captains' — all our sea-going population and their women and those descended from the sea-going — have the habit of keeping a glass handy, and it is little they miss of any harbor doings. There is a stage whose continuous performance means things to their very life-cells. But even the dull eyes of summer-folk took note of John when he hitched my dory to his and rowed away with us both. And that is when he took fleeting note of himself. Before he started off with both boats and his passenger, he twisted around far enough to give me half a prideful look — and then back he turned and bent to his oars.

It belonged to his lordly size and noble style to be magnanimous; but what stirred me in his magnanimity to Rupert was something bigger and rarer than magnanimity. Coming 'down along,' I saw John and Rupert ahead of me, John frantically dancing with pain, — that must be it, — and that big sneak Rupert watching him from the inner side of somebody's little white gate. As much as nine years old was Rupert, rightfully distrusted among his mates; and I knew him in very unengaging aspects. John, as he danced, was clapping first this paw and then that to one ear, and kicking out and striking out between whiles toward the safely barricaded and coolly observant Rupert.

Hurrying up, I heard, from John the silent, spurts of what our fishermen technically differentiate as 'language.' It got no rebuke from me. Without waiting to know more than I saw, I felt for John. Rupert did not mind the language either; nothing about this trouble was any trouble of his. John could n't and would n't tell me much — he had other calls on his breath; but he met my good-will by lifting for an instant that comforting paw, and letting me see a shockingly bruised and mashed ear, a hurt that was enough to make a grown man dance. 'He did it,' came like a curse; and sniffing back

the tears, again he danced and again struck out at the criminal.

I turned some language of my own on the inscrutable Rupert, without getting a word or a wince out of him; his highly displeasing air of detachment made him guilty in any case, and I felt it a pious deed to tell him so.

But John had his idea of piety too. John who could not talk to tell me what happened must speak now. 'Aw — ow — anyhow he did n't go to do it!' And John jerked out his defense of the hated one between dancings and kicks, kicks that gestured his feeling.

Maybe Rupert was guilty of nothing worse than indifference to the torture he had caused; I give up Rupert; but did I ever see a moral triumph I liked better than John's? I did not. What was there here beyond magnanimity? Fair-mindedness! To see and grant and stand by the innocence of your enemy — that is a bigger thing than forgiving him.

His the impartial vision of the great
That sees not what it seeks, but what it finds.

Fair-mindedness was not an early tribal virtue, alas; and early tribal virtues seem the only ones that men have half-way acquired. We called John primitive, but the nobility that bloomed in him is still so rare, and flowers so slowly, that the white man's civilization totters to-day for lack of it. Its nations are like shipwrecked folk in an open boat in a storm at sea, and still even the instinct of self-preservation can't make them stop their mad fighting and greed.

Men rise reluctantly even to admiration for the godly beauty of fair-mindedness. They are still so bovinely muddle-headed that they take it for a sign of coldness, and a sound instinct warns them that heat is life. Was John coldly judicial? What idiocy has married those two words in the habits of language? John's passion for justice and truth outburned the passions of egotism, and that when egotism, fanned by pain and pugnacity, burned fierce. Fiery judicial — that was John; and enough like him, and the kingdom of Heaven would be close upon us.

The idea of looking 'at the horizon of circumstance,' without regard for one's personal or tribal standing in the midst, scares tribal instincts; but withal, being gregarious and coöperative by nature, men have long been driven earnestly to cultivate certain strictly limited, artificially bounded ideals of fairness; and to hold them up more or less steadily before law-made judges, and more steadily before sport-made judges. So the sporting peoples, above others, have achieved, in spots, a mental honesty far beyond the natural man's. When once, out of a horse-car window, — yes, young folks, a *horse-car* it was, — I saw two angry truckmen fighting, I recognized that I was beholding one of the triumphs of civilization. To be sure, civilization was not needed to start them fighting; it was in the way they did it that an iron discipline showed, a mental discipline in fairness and squareness. Perhaps only a woman, who sees fist-fighting hardly twice in a lifetime, could have been so stirred by the miraculous decency of these two raging brutes. When I hurried to talk over with a man the beauty of their fidelity to a code, he looked blank, and opined that I must be wrong as to their possession of a code. So far out of nature had biting and kicking and hitting below the belt come to seem to a member of the New York Athletic Club.

In the boxing nations his sex keep busy clamping down and drying up in our young, our male young, all such spontaneities of nature, while training fists to their high calling. More social than are the birds in teaching merely their own fledglings to fly, this masculine

concern about the making of men may crop up any time a man sights small boys — anyone's small boys; just as any American will go out of his way to teach any child — male or female in these days, thank God! — to throw a ball.

I always love these chance-born pugilistic drills; but the prettiest one I ever saw was on a grubby downtown back street entirely roofed by the Elevated Road. Two 'kids,' breeched, yes, but smaller than the smallest I ever saw selling papers, were idly and foolishly pushing and cuffing each other about the sidewalk. A big boy, twelve or thirteen, comes along, — a stranger lad, a white-faced tenement-house product, like the little ones, — and for the sheer love of God, he stopped in his tracks to give those babies a good boxing-lesson. Properly grateful were the babies, flattered and eager and anxious to learn, of course. All three set to work with the ardent attention that blooms in all of us when education really starts us functioning. Such an intelligent clutch after manhood as they were making there in the twilight of the Elevated Road! The community was bludgeoning the red life out of them with one hand, and what it gave them with the other — was it as vital to them as this boxing-lesson and its like, the services and trainings which, under a splendid racial urge, their kind are always brave set to give each other? If, when my boxers grew bigger, they banded themselves with their kind in wicked gangs, whose the blame for the wickedness, whose the glory for such daring and resource and venturesomeness as keeps us a proud people? We are a little too near a great war for any but the pathological pacifist to go back to foolish prattle about 'mere animal courage.'

I dare say it was thanks to no labeled uplift work that I once beheld a little Italian bootblack start a fist fight — for cause, his bearing assured me. His tongue still had a foreign twist to it; but he set down his box and attacked an Irish rival in a style that showed excellent manual training — and licked that scion of royalty, too. I thought of the knife his father carried; and after plenty of shame over the way we treat his kind, for once I was a bit cheered for my country.

But more beautiful than any fighting are such juvenal enterprises as you can see along our water fronts in summertime. I have watched one ten-year-old on the North River whom Columbus or Nelson or Stevenson would have been glad to keep an eye on. He had contrived to nail three or four driftwood boards together — ramshackle they looked, but withal he had done no slouch of a job; he was no fool; on his raft he had more or less secured a soap-box, and bare-headed, bare-legged, ragged, and kingly, he mounted that soap-box, and, I give you my word, with a bit of board he paddled himself a fourth of the way to Jersey! The water sloshed all over his raft; but, I repeat, he was no fool; when he got too near the track of the big vessels, he paddled back to shore.

I stayed to see that much, but not long enough to see him land, come down to earth; for long he hung off shore, silent and exalted, not ready to drop to the prose of speech, even though his mates were eagerly waiting for him, with a half-veiled worship that spelled fame. It was a heady draught, that fame, but he had known a headier out there alone on the vast bright river. There was one of the breed who first proved the world was round by sailing round it.

Oh, what is there in our romantic race more blood-stirring and heart-warming than the way boyhood holds to the oldest romance of all, the romance

of adventure and danger, the romance of barbarism? If anyone could release in music the emotions of a feeling heart, when even little-mannered French and Italians play Red Indian, you would hear a far-lifting lilt of a tune.

And these barbarians — sometimes they show a little higher than the angels. There was the Boy with the Baby.

It was a sweltering hot summer, long ago. We have not suffered such heat now for many a year. At sunset time, day after day, for near a week, getting out for a breath myself, I passed the Boy with the Baby. Ten or twelve years old he was, and though he could not play, he kept with a dozen rough mates about the same age. The gang preëmpted a stretch of pavement for their unruly fun, and the wilting law let them make themselves a nuisance. In packs they drove on and off the sidewalk and milled up and down it, and pedestrians betook themselves to the other side of the street.

But threading his way securely among them, went the boy who cradled carefully, carefully in his arms, a silent, motionless, waxen, death-doomed little baby. It was doomed, but, like the mother who sent him there, he yearned to ease it with a breath of that street air, though the heat came up from the softened asphalt as from a stove; he brought it from worse. Love curved his arms, and love measured his steps, and the pity that knifes the heart bent his cropped head now and again, to search the baby's awful and patient mask. But he was a dozen years old, and it was something to watch the other boys play. He could do it only because the other boys, down in their dumb hearts, so felt for him and the baby that they united to work a miracle, a highly troublesome miracle. They made sure that in all that running and pushing and scrimmaging the boy with the baby should not get bumped. They were a committee of the whole, evening after evening, to see that no one forgot, that no one took too big a chance. So up and down, up and down the block he went, as one protected by enchantment, while the others weaved around him and shoved each other and lost points in their game for him, for him and the dying baby — and not one note of conscious righteousness anywhere! They knew babies, those boys; and, alas, dying babies were not strange to them.

There was education for you — made too bitter costly; but though they must pay a shameful excess price, yet the old first discipline still worked, and that care for our young, which first made us human, made them near divine.

Time was when, for exercise in town, I rode a wheel. A 'strange ingenious compound of dullness and danger,' this activity was made tolerable only by going to Central Park very early on summer mornings. Since then, Central Park has changed as much as I have. Then it was a beautifully cared-for place; Tammany provided an army of voters with work in the Park, and it was such an advantageous way of corruption!

One June day, getting out there close to six o'clock, I seemed to have to myself all that dewy green world, where leaves danced with little wandering winds and the sunlight fell straight across the world and the moving shadows were long. But I was not the only refugee from the stark city-desert. Going between the Mall and the sunken fountain, I saw two dots down there on the fountain's piazza: a boy as small as even the tenements ever turned loose on the world, and by the hand he held a little sister, smaller yet — his charge. To see them was to feel a little smiling humor warm one's breast. They looked

like those kindly comic pictures of street children which diminish them to the size of a caseknife. All alone out there, they seemed hushed, spellbound with all that beauty. And then I, trundling along unseen above, saw little brother, softly, absently, lift little sister's hand and kiss it.

Exquisite? No tenderness of color and curve and perfume can make any flower that blows better than a symbol of that passing caress. How can the world stay so wicked when divinity so haunts us?

But when the world ceases to be wicked, some wonderful throbs will be lost. Heaven will have to pay for its heavenliness by never knowing anything like my Black Tiger Father. He was a Sicilian; and if he were a Black-Hander he made that notion look unimportant, probable but insignificant, in the blaze of his own personal power for wickedness.

I am habitually skeptical of time-defying, exclusive, and constant passions. That a creature dependent on food and drink should burn up years in sleepless hopes of revenge, or in yearnings for love, or in dreams of a novel application of hydraulic pressure, does not square with my knowledge of life's honest carnality. But I once saw a caged leopard, who did indeed seem forever entranced in a dream of murder. A fearful uplift carried him beyond the stale circus smells and his narrow cage and the base crowds, and he sat still, with half-shut eyes, and dreamed of killing, killing us all. But when one certain man came in sight, while the creature never moved, you could see his passion gleam higher.

'You'd all be safe till he got me,' was his keeper's hushed, half-hypnotized reflection; and he was sympathetic enough to hope that the way the beautiful tragic beast 'was so taken up with his feelings helped him pass away a weary lot of time.'

'Amen,' said I.

The leopard, too, is one of the beings I shall not forget.

On one side of his soul the Black Tiger man was own brother to the leopard. It grips the heart to think what cruelties, what wrongs suffered in helplessness, had shaped him. Such hates as his and the leopard's are born only of helplessness. Now he was out of his terrible, beautiful, peasant-starving Sicily, but his nature was hard-set. He, though, was not all of a piece, like the leopard: below the hate, the core of his being was something never to be seen, never to be guessed, but by the chance that there, on the open Third Avenue car, his own beautiful little crippled daughter, a child perhaps eight, perhaps ten years old, lay prone like a baby in his arms, the shapely little dark head upon his breast tight clamped in an iron brace.

I guess her age, but she had been born further along than are the offspring of younger, cruder races. She was all Italian, and a racial grace and gayety and play of mind brought out the gracious nature of her. She was wonderful as she lay there — coquetting with low-toned jests and little laughs up into her father's face. You felt that you could hear his heartstrings crack over her. I don't know how he lived at such a tension of devotion. And now this love sharpened his abiding hatred of the world in general. It was bitter as death that we should see his stricken starry One. Yet he must smile down answers to her sallies — anything to give her a moment's pleasure. And a cruel God added this wrong to the intolerable rest — that from the facing seat we looked on and lived on! We did not need to understand the child's words, to be spellbound by her; and he drew the gaze like a magnet. But, of course,

one tore one's eyes away the best one could — and, beside the child, it was like being forbidden to look at Tomasso Salvini in a greater part than he ever played.

Ah, well, God was better to them both than the father could take in — one puts no such insights into mysteries beyond the light sweet wisdom of that merry, scourged little daughter. But thanks to his love and his pain, the Black Tiger was all alive; more life surged through him there on the Third Avenue car, than suffices to keep many a respectable citizen responsible for his bills for fifty years; and beneath all our babyish illusions about the sweet and the soft, that is what we really want — to live.

A life intense and full enough makes men half grasp a vanishing perception of the meaning of death.

> Glad did I live and gladly die, —

but there is more there than even the poets have snared in their nets. All is awry in the actual; but look from afar at the plan and there glimmers death's noble and unfathomable rightness.

With the Dreadful Man we are back in the Park. The Dreadful Man would hardly get that name from me now; but I was a girl then, and again it was early, so no one else was in sight, and it was too plain that he was going to speak to me.

I had a natural and also a mother-taught trend to friendliness with fellow beings; but the Dreadful Man was an uncouth and dirty young shambler, of a kind whose youth can look alarmingly brutal. I was rowing a boat, and he leaned over a bridge that I must pass under. He looked at me, he waited for me to come near. There was nowhere else to go but under that bridge — Oh, well, I could get out of earshot in a moment! I rowed on, my eyes down-fixed on some fluffy yellow goslings who were riding those waters in the gayest, silliest illusion that they owned the earth. Then came the expected — the unexpected voice, eager, warm, fairly curling in curves of delight, — 'Lay-dee, Lay-dee — see them little ducks!'

I had been marking that I saw nothing else — the more reason why I should meet his yearning need of communion about the marvel and delightsomeness and funniness of those arrogant swimmers. He was 'getting' them better, getting more of the paradisaical joke of them than was any other appreciator of goslings in the world at that minute; and the experience lifted him to the simple brotherly manners of the New Jerusalem or a barroom.

In the Park I once made a friend. For my sins the world rushed in between us, and we knew each other but an hour; but we got to the best that the seers have told about friendship. There are others and others of these cherished unknowns, but none I love like him. I must have asked his name, but that was so external to our intimacy that I did not remember it when I got home. I had forgotten to come down to that detail. But I can pledge the perfect accuracy of every word I quote from him. I could not do that precisely about any other of such remembered speeches — except the Dreadful Man's. I made a record of my friend at once, because I wanted to keep the very turns of some of his talk.

I stood on a bridge over the bridle-path looking about.

'What is it? What you looking at?' came a friendly little voice at my elbow — friendliness making it eager. A shabby little boy was looking up at me, with dark eyes like those of a faun that had learned to say its prayers.

'Oh, at everything.'

''T is nice, is n't it?' And he sniffed the spring air and looked about him in

the most sympathetic comprehension of why everything was worth looking at.

'There's trees here has nuts on,' — he confided this awesome sweet wonder hushedly, — 'nuts like you buy.'

When I said I must go on — 'Which way you going?' he asked anxiously, and was cast down at the answer — one of us must go East, one West! I, the shallower-hearted, cheerfully proposed to say good-bye, but, God bless him! he found that intolerable; he brightened with his decision that he could get home to West 67th Street by 'going a piece' with me toward Fifth Avenue. At that I rose to the decency of abandoning my goal too, and we went off to see the animals.

That experience brought him to heaving a great sigh of satisfaction. 'I love animals,' he breathed; 'I mean all animals — even — even a hippopotamus.'

We sat a while under a beflowered arbor of wistaria, expanding with the same emotions. The perfect blooms were shattering and carpeting the place; I picked some up and we toyed over them together.

'They walk on 'em, walk right on 'em,' he plainted, under his breath; and when I said I wished I could carry some home with me, he longed to find a way. He was returning from school, — circuitously, — and turning aside, he surreptitiously searched his lunch-basket for a piece of paper that might help me harvest some of this treasure. But his paper was greasy; you could not give a lady a greasy paper, and his hope passed unmentioned.

We wandered on, and he pointed out, with a connoisseur's discernment, where the bushes opened underneath and over-roofed the best 'houses.' And he was agog with the prideful romance of showing me, hidden away behind a tool house, a little bench, a regular park bench, only way under size, a little boy's park bench — a profoundly gratifying miracle of a bench. Then he must turn homeward, and I went with him — but the moment of parting drew near.

I begged him to come and see me, and I gave him my card with my address. 'One Saturday or one Sunday, one of those days,' he would come; his promises were murmured while half his attention clung to the care of the card. 'I must n't get it dirty, I must n't,' he told himself, and finally hesitatingly wrapped it in a grimy snip of a handkerchief. The Lord knows what far reach of distinction or devotion it symbolized to him; but he found it precious, and in a moment must pull forth the wad and look at it again. Shyly, eyes on me and then askance, 'Do you always give these to little boys?' he asked; and I am glad now that I could emphasize that I never gave one to a little boy before in my life.

A feeling silence was broken when the 65th Street entrance and our parting came close. 'The enduring factors of life are deep and trembling things,' and at last he must loose his heart about them; abrupt and sharply moved was his cry: 'I get mad at the other boys! The trouble with me is I try to be a better boy than I can be!'

'What has friendship so signal as its sublime attraction for whatever virtue is in us!'

No, I never saw him again. Maybe without favoring winds, the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of surfaces would have come between our hearts another time. We had our hour. But I don't think of him and his nature and his soul less as the years go by, and I wish a too conventional respect for his manhood had not kept me from kissing him. The other boys were not by, and if I had, we should both have been the happier.

THE IRON MAN AND THE JOB

BY ARTHUR POUND

I

In *The Bronze Woman* the plutocrat's wife says: 'Social unrest! Indeed, if the laboring classes want more rest, why don't they take it?' Escorting a more charming, but equally sheltered, representative of the fortunate class to luncheon, I once met a picket line of cooks and waiters at their moment of impact with the police.

'What are they fighting for?' asked my companion.

'Their jobs,' I replied. 'Cooks' and waiters' strike.'

'Strange,' she observed, 'that any one should fight for the chance to stand over a cookstove.'

Later, in a 'serve-self,' I tried to enlighten her; but it was love's labor lost. Indeed, I am sure the job is something of a mystery to most of us — an impenetrable mystery to those who never have known insecurity, and hardly better understood by those who live by and for their jobs every day of their lives.

In a list of the things men fight for, the job ranks well toward the top. Many a man who must be drafted to fight for his country rushes to the defense of his job with clenched fists. Tame men, who have to be spurred by oratory and propaganda to throw themselves into great causes, come up bristling like terriers for the job's sake. Men who actually hate their jobs nevertheless fight for those jobs, risking broken heads and jail sentences. No fiercer hatred can be roused in human breast than that which flares in the heart of the common man against his enemy on the job — the 'scab.' I once heard a union leader give his complete opinion of the scab, and, for searing hate, it outdid war profanity.

A man will leave his job on strike, for reasons which appear absurd to the calm observer; and yet will rage like mad at whoever steps into his shoes. In his calm moments he may subscribe to the theory that every man has a right to work; but he never concedes to anyone else the right to work at a job that he considers his, by reason of recent occupancy and willingness to return under certain conditions.

He who depends upon a job vests himself with a proprietary interest therein. Instincts remaining immune to legal distinctions, he speaks of 'my job,' when he may be tossed out of it within the hour. No ordinary human ever doubts that he is entitled to the means of life; therefore, the wage-employee instinctively assumes proprietorship over that which is essential to his life. In industrial civilization the job is essential to the common man. His defense of his job, his reaction against the invader who comes between him and his job, is as instant as his defense of his life, his home, or his woman. His job, indeed, is the first line of home-defense. Job gone, the home is in sore danger; unless another job can be found before the savings go, the home is ruined.

Moreover, unless he can keep the job up to standard, he cannot keep his home

or himself up to standard. The job is the measure of his social fitness, of his standing in the community; by it the common man rises and by it he falls. Hence the apparent anomaly of a man fighting for that niche in the workaday world which he walked out of is no anomaly at all. The striker leaves the job not of his own free will, but impelled by a conviction that the job needs improving. It is still, in his view, his job; but not worth keeping on existing terms, except as a last resort, under pressure of necessity. When he strikes, he expects to return.

Carleton Parker goes the whole way to accepting the job-man's point of view. The job, he says, is the worker's property, because the latter has nothing else. That is sophistry; property is based on possession, not lack. And the jobless worker has something else: his time, his arms and legs, muscles, nerves, powers of will and mind, all of which may be taken into the market and sold, as preliminary to the setting-up of another job on such terms as the market offers. Property, on the contrary, is tangible, transferable. Two men can trade properties without the consent of a third; they cannot so trade their jobs. The job in short, is not property, but is, instead, a personal relationship, which, like so many others, is fast becoming a social relationship.

In a time of depression, large numbers of jobs vanish into thin air. Within a week, a thousand jobs may depart from a community, because of the market's unwillingness to take the produce of the jobs at the terms offered. The employer must retrench; to delay brings danger of bankruptcy. The men so laid off have n't their jobs, and the employer has n't them, and cannot hope to recreate them until he can induce the market to take his accumulated stocks. He would much prefer to have his plant working full time; each slack day costs him, or his corporation, dearly for depreciation, interest charges, and overhead expense. But for the life of him he cannot revive those jobs until the market, properly courted, comes to his rescue. Until then, all he possesses is the mere shell of the vanished jobs — the work-places, standing-room, and the tools of production upon which the market of consumers enforces temporary idleness.

So the job, having departed from both employer and employee, awaits the commanding touch of the market before it can live again. What, pray, is the market? Nothing other than society — the totality of persons and institutions in the trading area. The job depends, therefore, upon consumption; if jobs belong to anyone, they belong to society. Which is equivalent to repeating, in another way, that jobs are not property, because society owns nothing. Individuals, and their various associations of record, own everything appropriable that is worth appropriating. The state, our most inclusive association of record, is held loosely accountable by society for order and general well-being; but until the state can force folk to live according to regimen, consuming thus and so, and not otherwise, the job remains at loose ends — in the air.

II

The free job — free in the sense that it exists as a result of bargaining between free men under the law — is a result of freedom in the larger sphere. It was not present in serfdom, but came into being with freedom; and all efforts to harness it involve a diminution of freedom. The unions, when they try that, encroach upon the liberties of both employers and union members; the employers, when they try it, trespass upon the liberties of individuals; and the state that tries it edges away from liberty. To

stabilize the social order, progress in that direction may be necessary; nevertheless, it is an infringement of personal liberty, and every prospective advance in that direction ought to be judged from that point of view — as an invasion of freedom.

The right to work means one thing to John Doe, and something else to his neighbor. Capital and labor — each has its interpretation; the spokesmen of both often talk nonsense; there are rogues and dullards on both sides of the fence. But certain aspects of the case are clear as day. No rights can long remain vested, when the corresponding duties are refused. If labor insists on the right to strike, it cannot logically insist on the right to work. Labor, it seems to me, should cleave to the right to strike, because the exercise of that right has brought the masses real boons; but if it does so, it must cease claiming that work for pay, on the materials and with the tools of others, is a right. Work on such terms is not a right, but a social privilege. Some day it may become a right: there are tendencies working in that direction now; but the process can be completed only by men voiding other rights that they now hold dear, and assuming as duties inhibitions that they now hold to be intolerable.

Both strike and lockout are weapons inevitably called into play when employer and employee contest, to determine the conditions of jobs after bargaining fails. Use of one cannot be denied fairly, unless the other also is denied; neither, in my opinion, can be dispensed with while men remain free alike to work and to own. However, let it be noted that neither strike nor lockout is used until bargaining has been invoked and has failed, either because one side would not bargain, or because the bargain, once begun, was not completed.

Moreover, neither strike nor lockout is applied unless the applier is convinced that he can win by so doing. No body of men ever yet went on strike for pure principle, in a cause they knew to be hopeless; and no employer ever locked out men simply to make good a point in policy. This is a rough world, but as yet its inhabitants fight for objectives instead of excitement. The railway unions stayed at work in November, 1921, simply because a majority of their leaders became convinced that a strike at the date advertised would be lost. Their eleventh-hour decision not to strike was merely good generalship, with nothing of altruism or accommodation to public needs in it. But better generalship would have been (1) to lie low, like Br'er Rabbit, for a better opportunity; or (2) to say, 'We yield to save the public inconvenience'; which would have been as untrue as most propaganda, but time-serving and face-saving — a proclamation for political purposes only.

III

Evolution toward industrial security involves inevitably some diminution of industrial freedom for individuals; each generation must choose between having more of the one and less of the other; both cannot be maintained coincidently. The drift now is toward security and away from freedom; the social order gains at the expense of individualism; but thus far the fringe of freedom sheared off has been of small value, because reality departed from it before the knife began to cut. When individuals find it increasingly difficult to produce independently of others; when many are under necessity to toil on materials and at machines owned by a corporation, which, in turn, is owned by numbers of scattered stockholders, there is no paramount advantage in retaining, undisturbed, arrangements effective when individualism in toil was real, and personal independence easily maintained.

To put the case concretely; the laborer who could escape from the pay roll to free land was in a far different situation from his successor, who finds the national domain practically appropriated and farm lands selling above the capitalized value of their earnings. The freedom of the first producer was absolute: he could go or stay; the other's is relative: he can go only under favoring circumstances not easy to control. The first might resent an interference which the other would welcome, provided it brings compensation in the matter of security. And, likewise, an employer who is keen to defend his right to exploit an expanding market as he sees fit may welcome restraint, when he sees trade slowing down, and realizes that the untrammeled instincts of enterprisers inevitably lead to over-production, which threatens his own security, along with that of his employees. Federal control of credits, which, in the last analysis, means control of business and a more stabilized production, was not badly received by the business world.

The fringe of industrial freedom is now dead tissue, though once tingling with life. The causes of decay in that tissue are many; but prominent among them must be listed the growing influence of automatism, standardization, and interchangeability in fabricating goods. Machinery has increased the insecurity of the common man's position in the wage-system, by increasing the number of potential competitors for his job. The balance between security and individualism has been destroyed, with the result that personal freedom in work-relations no longer seems worth fighting for, and a new balance must be struck. When personal skill was a prime factor in industry, the individual artisan occupied a fairly safe position, because substitutes were few — a security which had its inevitable offset in the fact that, since shop-practices were not standardized, he had difficulty fitting in elsewhere, and so was more or less tied to the job. The point is that, if he was tied to the job, so likewise was the job tied to him. The management disliked to see him get out of town.

Note the contrast with the present. To-day, he who does ordinary work in a plant highly automatized is in potential competition with every idle man in a far-spread labor market; and, unless the task is arduous indeed, with many women, also. The skill-barrier has been trampled down so completely by the Iron Man, that whoever possesses ordinary intelligence and strength can take the machine-tender's place after short instruction. The common man's grip on his job has loosened. If he does n't like the place, let him get out; plenty of persons can fill his shoes, in short order. And if he must be laid off, there is no need to worry about keeping a string on him until happier times. Out with him; and never mind what becomes of him. Let the man, the community, and the state fret over that.

I do not mean to say that all employers, or any considerable proportion of them, are so ruthless; some of them have gone so far as to risk insolvency out of human, non-economic consideration for their help; but that is the power which automatic machinery puts into employers' hands — power which the less ethical will be prompt to use; power which competition may force even the most ethical to use, in order to keep his corporation solvent.

IV

The increasing influence of automatic machinery promotes industrial insecurity in another way, — by speeding up market-gluts, — as a result of which jobs vanish as if by magic and are gradually reëstablished. The first English

factory equipped for interchangeable manufacture — that at Portsmouth, in 1805 — at once multiplied the productivity of the individual producer of ships' blocks by ten. From that time on, we have gone along multiplying man-power as measured in goods; and there is apparently no limit at which the process, economically, can be stayed. In spite of tremendous efforts to educate backward peoples in wants, and to force goods into use in trading areas not accustomed to them, — efforts which created part of the background of the World War, — market-gluts and their resultant depressions are recurrent phenomena.

I know that plenty means cheapness and extended use; nevertheless, it is apparent that the social, political, and financial fabric of civilization is not sufficiently sensitive to accommodate itself to these increases in production rapidly enough to avoid vast and poignant distress. Recurrently, production runs ahead of consumption; population increases, but not swiftly enough; wants increase, but not fast enough; the standard of living rises, but not far enough. The patient, society, unable to digest such enormous masses of goods, becomes nauseated and needs purging. Doctors rally to the bedside; nevertheless, recovery is slow. All sorts of persons suffer in these fits of social sickness, but those who suffer most are they who customarily labor for wages with the tools of others. Given the ballot, it is inevitable that they should use it to combat such difficulties.

From the standpoint of national economy, a capable and willing man out of a day's work is a calamity. Multiplied by millions, the situation is a threat against the state. There was a time when England said to her unemployed: 'Emigrate.' Then she kept them up out of the rates; now she combines state relief and doles. No one dares to hint that starvation is expected of the unemployed. Some reactionaries may think it; but they dare not say it. In such a pass, the government, torn between threats of insolvency and revolution, must find jobs — a task for which the state is by its nature unfitted, and which America, more favorably situated, may avoid. Not that we would behave differently under like extremity; but, by taking thought, we may escape the extremity, at least until our population becomes considerably more dense than it is to-day.

Fortunately, the automatic machine and public education provide an ameliorating influence. As wages tend toward a common level, and capital gradually loses its *entrepreneur* function, considerable progress will be made toward a relative equalizing of incomes. There would remain, of course, incomes derivable from rent and interest; but, for all that we can see to the contrary, super-taxes will discourage such accumulations and gradually shred away large wealth-holdings. As wages are leveled, not absolutely but relatively, so also are incomes likely to be leveled relatively. This involves, of course, a reduction in society's power to produce capital by saving — a serious sacrifice, no doubt, but one which apparently must be made, in order to permit the producer to consume more nearly the equivalent of his product. If production and consumption were exactly equal, there could be neither glut nor dearth; but, even in a static world, capital would be destroyed in use, and must be restored, in order to keep labor effective.

V

This hazily forecasted change involves time, perhaps more than the passions of the post-war era will permit. Meanwhile, the virtues of both strike and lockout will continue to be abused,

and government will continue to burn its clumsy fingers in the fires of class-discord. I detest programmes, and would avoid even the appearance of prescribing definite remedies. But if you insist on a programme, — and the ordinary person will not be content without some positive direction, — then, without any fear of the consequences, I recommend the coöperation of working shareholders in corporations animated by zeal for the group good, but adhering to the sound practice of rewarding workers according to their economic significance in production and their thrift in contributing capital to the enterprise. Where feasible and advantageous, such groups should ensure their continuity by possessing a grip on the land — now, as ever, the source of man's subsistence and his haven of refuge in all ages. Some, at least, of the millions who now live in fear for their jobs from one day to another, could thus anticipate the day when the further organization of life and industry, by methods impossible to foresee, will combine reasonable security for rank-and-file producers with all the freedom compatible with such tenure.

The job is a social grant, as well as a lease on life; and, unless all signs fail, it must eventually gain social guaranties. But whatsoever these guaranties are, they must be bought and paid for at a price. Our bitter quarrel over the job is founded on a false assumption of proprietorship over a relationship which eludes appropriation. Soon or late those vitally concerned are going to realize that truth, cease fighting, and begin to negotiate.

'PHILOMÈNE'

BY I. L. MUDGE

'*Elle est avec les anges.*' —

Thus wrote the Mother Superior, on the death of our old French-Canadian servant in the convent that had received her after twenty years in our employ.

'Philomène is *dead.*' I whisper it to myself, staring at the letter through a mist of tears — old pictures beckoning from a single sentence, in which a parcel of life is tied up and dispatched.

Philomène! Unique now among angels, as on earth among women! Confederate of my childhood to whom I was always '*la petite,*' and she to me both changeless and immortal — who never picked up a word of English, or kept it secret if she did; and whose aim was to pass unnoticed, but not unobservant, and through loyalty and the favor of the saints to secure a comfortable berth in heaven.

She came to us when I was a baby in the town of X—— in northern Quebec. My mother found her while on a summer visit to the Lower St. Lawrence. In one of those wild little villages named after some saint or other, which, like beads on a sagging thread, dot the winding road around the capes and bays of the north shore above Jadousac. Here promontories, like re-

cumbent emperors, lean back upon the forest-crowned mountains, with the mighty river rippling to their knees. There are no half-lights; no mists to link up earth with heaven. The sun showers in triumphant splendor from a vault of matchless blue. Hundreds of feet below the Homeric headlands, the river stretches, glittering like a bowl of diamonds, to its purple rim on the horizon. It is a landscape designed by Titans and filled with intoxicating air. Storm tiaras hang flashing above the imperial hills, till they crush down, with frightful violence, on their brows.

The more inaccessible the district, where a village dwindles to a handful of log dwellings on the outskirts of virgin bush, the greater simplicity is found, embellished only by an old-world courtesy now unhappily all but extinguished with the advent of rail and motor. Children, barelegged, would fly to meet the stranger's wheeled approach. Raspberry-stained palms lurched them over the snake-fences, all in a row, to bob and cry, '*Bonjour, madame; bonjour, mademoiselle,*' as your high calèche, like a swung cradle, careened and hurtled past them down the stony road to the ravine, with white handkerchiefs and hair curlers at every window, for a glimpse of 'les Étrangers.'

Every French-Canadian village is dominated by an imposing church, with a glittering tin steeple and an imperative bell. It determines the duties and diversions of the parish, its fast days and festivals. The flock are devoted, and their curé has the largest house, with a carved porch and blinds, and a wooden statue of the Virgin on the grassplot, and in the rear a grove of sugar maples, to distinguish him from the frame shacks by which he is surrounded. His gig sparkles on Sundays, as his amazing pony tackles the precipitous hills with the gusto of its breed. He is usually more shrewd and hearty than æsthetic; affairs parochial occupy his thought, so that he does not notice the wind-swept buckwheat on its garnet stem, nor where the marguerites have turned the fields to foam. They are taken as a matter of course, and the scarlet mountains in October and the silver cascade in the deep ravine. But he will look up and shake his head at an abrupt hill confronting him, like a vast stark pincushion, punctured only by starveling stems that shiver in remembrance of the forest fire. And when the rock heaves a naked shoulder through the road, and precipitates his soliloquy to the ditch, pulling his brave horse from its knees, with a chuckle and a '*Ho! marche donc!*' he expresses his philosophy of things.

And some dark night, through rain and tempest, you 'll hear his buckboard tearing by, — a lantern flashing and a bell ringing on the wind, — and all who hear kneel down and pray for the departing soul to whom he is flying with the Holy Eucharist.

Little wooden farmhouses, here far scattered among desolate hills, could tell of incredible temperature in the long icy winter, when visits are infrequent and familiar roads forsaken for white tracks dimpling over fields and fences, and sleigh-bells jingle in the frosty air.

But, in summer, calèches are lively with good-humored folk, who rattle in through one another's gateways with a grinding flourish, and tie their horses to the woodpile. If it is Sunday, they sway volubly upon varnished rockers set out along the narrow back verandahs, and smoke the home-grown weed. And the young women, when they are not in mourning, wear bright pink and sky-blue cashmere, with a rhinestone cross on a neck ribbon.

Should building funds run out before the house is finished, front steps are dispensed with, as a luxury, and

you enter through the kitchen, leaving the front door, often of mustard with a blue sill, looking down in a depressed fashion to where its feet should be. Flowering geraniums block the seldom-opened windows on either hand, and gaze enviously at the magenta dahlias that fringe the cabbages outside. Behind the house are the pig, the woodpile, and the clothesline, with dozens of infinitesimal garments stretched upon the breeze that comes over a field of blackened tree-stumps and wild raspberry, odorous with pine and sawn timber, from the forest edge.

The lot of the French-Canadian woman in the backwoods is an unenviable one. Her life passes between stove and washtub, in an unaired kitchen, pulled hither and thither by her swarming progeny. Her duties are as the sands of the sea, and vary from the weaving of homespun blanket and rag-silk carpet in winter, to the vegetables in summer, the pig, and the milking and baking of bread in outside ovens. In spring *sucre d'arable* must be made, and wild-berry jams in September. And, all seasons through, there is ironing, and water to draw, and a cradle to croon to slumber. The prevalence of consumption keeps her in mourning for a vanished relative; she is sallow and stunted, with shadows beneath her eyes. But with hospitable hands and honest smile she greets you and refers all catastrophes to the Will of God.

Of such stock came Philomène. One of nineteen children, most of whom had petered out before the age of twelve, she struggled hard, working to maturity, ignorant of her precise age — one of those who, between thirty and fifty, register no material alteration.

She was not beautiful, and framed her quaintness in a staid severity of attire — fortunately for us, in that it precluded followers, men not being perceivers of spiritual grace beneath a plain exterior, in women. There was not much, however, in her small unshaded eyes that could distract them. Her hair receded from her forehead, taut and shiny, lest a stray lock describe an alluring curve above the ears, which stood out like doors ajar.

Yet something humorous and elusive clung about her ways, — an elfin quality, — intensely feminine in her small vanities. Her walk was a combination of stump and shuffle, due to wearing shoes immeasurably too small. Standing the greater part of the day, starting with Mass at five in the morning, her resultant sufferings were at times intense.

But her smile — who shall describe it? Who do justice to that momentary distortion of the features where good-humor, incredulity, and cynicism strove for superiority, and joined issue in a quaint grimace. Starting with suppressed twinkles at the eyelids, it somehow got out of hand on the perpendicular lines between the nose and mouth, twitching nervously lest, in their broad departure, the teeth slip out and be lost. Something peeped at you and hid, and popped out again delightfully; and when you thought you had it, it was gone; and if the joke was irresistible, it set her face on fire, and nimble tears ran down to quench the glow.

'*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!*' she would cry, wiping her eyes with a dish rag, '*mais — c'est amusant!*'

She ate little and slowly, with due deference to the teeth that were but guests in their abode. Outside the kitchen window waved the green boughs that she loved, and in winter the wild snowflakes quivered on the pane. Squash she mixed with sweet potato, and poured molasses upon both. *Pain doré* made a supper, with a cob of steaming buttered corn. Tea

was stewed till it was black and bitter, then sweetened well, and boiled again! And hot maple syrup over buckwheat pancakes almost made her wish to slip a fast-day.

When dawn pressed its ice-gray face against the rigid pane, she lifted the eider down and went to Mass. Crunch, crunch, crunch, — the creepers on her goloshes, — hail nor snow prevailing, she crept solitary along the marble streets in the black, semi-arctic weather, clutching a woolen cloud tightly round her neck, and a wee fat devotional book to her bosom.

Once only she missed, in fifteen years. It was the sole occasion we heard of when the other sex was in her pursuit! She gave him her purse, — to avoid unmaidenly disputes, — and bent homeward from the corner of the street, sobbing, startled, and forlorn!

'*L'église*,' she would murmur, with her head on one side, deprecatingly, as if it were the name of a lover, a kind of bridling whisper on her reverential tongue. It was her solace in grief, the source of all her joy, the spring of secret emotional excitement, a harbor in shipwreck, and frequented, as often as health, strength, and duty permitted; and that a great part of this time was spent in intercession for us heretics, we were well aware, and quite comfortable about it. Her earnings had given a brother a theological career, and, later, a handsome funeral. But he continued being expensive after he was dead, for, though she paid for innumerable Masses to lift his soul from Purgatory, yet the consummation seemed eternally protracted!

She never thought for herself, because there were saints for every difficulty! And should they not measure up to requirements, she could fall back on the priest. The first claimed her unremitting service, the last her pence. The Virgin guarded her umbrella in the church porch, and St. Anthony would find her thimble. And though solitary, she was not lonely, as those who have no God. Some spirit kept her company. You may be sure of that.

This propinquity of saints, however, had a certain awkwardness, in that she would not wash herself *en bloc*, as it were, though scrupulously clean in her attire and person, but only *en morceaux* — it being her proud boast that the good God had never seen her undressed!

When my mother, initiating her into household ways, flung open the bathroom door with, 'Now, Philomène, you can have a bath as often as you please,' — '*Jamais, madame, jamais*,' came the scandalized reply.

Though she was godliness itself, yet her ideas of truthtelling were rudimentary, and her prevarication saved me often a predestined spanking.

'Good old Philomène, *ex*cellent creature' — I nearly clapped my hands, doubled up in the pantry cupboard, — my ear gummed to the hinge, — on her earnest asseveration that I had never even been *seen* there; whereon my mother's light footsteps searching for yesterday's macaroons would turn and melt away unconvinced!

It should be stated, in extenuation of this reprehensible characteristic, that I was her '*petite*,' and oftener '*pauvre* petite' the superfluous adjective evoked merely an excuse for the adroitness which had saved me from disgrace. The exercise of wit, however dubious, was a matter of self-congratulation to her; and should she consider herself in mortal sin upon occasion there was '*l'église*,' to which she repaired for absolution in not exceeding twenty minutes. O consummate, selfless, and commiserating liar! How often since, I have bewailed the want of your good offices. Perhaps now you

are prevaricating with the saints. Forbear, lest they discover me and I am undone!

She had a habit — an exasperating one. And that was sniffing — not because of a cold, but as an all-comprehensive mode of expression: the most recondite feelings found an outlet here, failing mobility of gesture or fluency of tongue.

It was a short intake of breath through the nostrils, which represented a variety of emotions. She sniffed when pleased, very airily and trippingly; twice heavily, with eyes fastened on you, when she was impressed. It became a snort for disapprobation, and rapid and regular on the scent of some excitement. They were light and dainty sniffs when she was sentimental, and profound and slow at prayers, when meditation glued her lips.

In short, a most invaluable barometer for her mental weather.

Of course there were the ordinary, everyday, what we children designated as 'corn-broom' sniffs, indicative of nothing but her physical whereabouts and natural dislike of her arch-enemy, dust.

On evenings too cold to venture out, she sat in the kitchen, her back against the hot-water coils, and her stumpy slippers drawn up on the chair rungs from the razor-like draught that trickled in under double doors and turned the felt bordering white. Her little rough hands would catch on the coarse wool, as she bent like a black insect over interminable knitting for small nephews, with her sleek hair swirled into a tight button on top of her head.

Then, straightening her aching back, she would pull out a rosary and begin her prayers.

But at this juncture, rising softly with a surreptitious sniff, she would set the door ajar that led into the dining-room. This latter opened into the drawing-room, separated only by portières. Here I would be found, whipping ragtime from a banjo. It seemed to stimulate the bead-telling in some obscure fashion, for her monotonous droning continued unabated, if not accelerated, in the kitchen, by the negro melodies in the parlor!

Both found distraction along different ways. But the coon songs were irresistible.

Something in the thunderstorms that broke up the stifling heat of our short summers drew out a latent grisliness in her disposition. Superstition clothed her in deadly fears — yet she did not dislike being terrified, or to terrify!

When the sun had slunk through a chink in heaven, and closed the gates with thunder, her step was heard upon the kitchen stair. There was unwonted vigor and forgetfulness of corns in the stumping shuffle that ascended to close the shutters of the house, bringing them to with ominous claps, her green eyes glinting with excitement scarce suppressed, which made me hold on to her and follow her about imploringly. A sense of importance obliged her to gaze like a Delphic oracle upon the sky, conscious of my awe-struck dependence.

'*Ça va mal!*' she would snap, with a furtive gleam, sniffing the coming storm. If my mother was out, she took me on her lap in the darkened room, and between one sky-explosion and the next, when the blinding rain was shot with sudden flares reminding her of the cloud-bursts in her mountain home, told me terrible tales of lonely happenings and village tragedies. It was to divert my attention, I suppose, from the immediate present; for I would sit, paralyzed with fear, watching her lips and holding tightly to her hand.

Something almost of admiration in

my fascinated gaze provoked her, upon one occasion, to eclipse her former stories. For when I had begged God to spare us both after all the ironmongery of heaven had fallen on the roof, she nursed me and dried my eyes; and, when I was quieter, told me of a young girl who, being struck dead in a week of unnatural heat, had been buried too quickly. When they exhumed her, she was found to have — here Philomène dropped to an appalling whisper — '*mangé son epau!*'

Never shall I forget the thrill of horror evoked by this gloating elf, the shriek in the chimney, and the blinds rimmed with viperish light.

She did not like children or animals. She liked snow-shoveling. It was her passion and delight, as it was mine.

At night our hearts beat in unison, though in separate chambers, when a voracious blizzard suddenly swooped down upon the city, roaring for admittance and hurling clouds of foaming snow above the housetops. The frenzied onslaught on the pane spelled hours of happy snow-shoveling, and scarcely could I sleep for excitement, waiting for the day. On rare occasions, I was allowed out in the backyard with Philomène at night. There we would dig for an hour, and start a roofless tunnel to the fence, to admit the milkman in the morning. Oh! the rapture of it, the savage joy in battling with the elements! Furred to the nose-tip, ears tied down with lappets, and feet padded into moccasins with newspaper. A frightened moon, glimpsed through a blinding snow-curtain, went spinning down the icy sky. We would bend in unison, and straightening, stamp and leap into the air and groan delightedly.

'*Mais-c'est-fret*,' from Philomène (she meant *froid*), with a tremendous sniff from a nose, a mere sliver of scarlet in the scrouging wind that snatched her words and flung them on the night.

It sent a dagger through our furry backs, and turning vengefully, we would hurl a shovelful of snow upon it. It died shrieking in derision, to return surreptitiously when we were weak with exercise, and putting steel fingers between our chattering teeth, shake us into tissue paper. Breath came short and fast; the skin cracked as by the lash of whips; eyes gummed into a fringe of ice-balls, and the jaw became immovable.

Then the whole universe was turned to snow, peopled only by two bear-like grotesques still active under a frozen moon.

Now the snow-shovel is rusted and the rosary laid aside; and the needles still that her chapped fingers plied through the rough wool which dried her secret tears.

Was she happy? No one knows, for the retiring soul was well served by its enigmatical mask.

But now, perhaps, the Blessed Virgin, to whom so many prayers for my heretical soul ascended, will keep her comfortingly near, sitting on a bit of her blue robe, with her *Pain doré*.

THE MAGNUM OPUS

BY CHAUNCEY B. TINKER

I

THERE is a certain kind of reader who vexes himself and teases the critic with the question whether the author of a great classic really put into it all that an enthusiastic reader asserts that he finds. Is it a conscious art, or has all the greatness, all the subtlety and meaning of it, been thrust upon it by the critic? A suspicious reader can usually be set right by passages in which the author himself has spoken of his art. A critic is as little likely to see more than he was intended to see as a stream is likely to rise above its source. If anybody doubts whether Boswell meant to produce the effects for which he is famous, let him gather up everything that the man said about his art, about Johnson's theory of biography, and, above all, everything that he said about his own books, and he will convince himself that Boswell's effects were all calculated.

I have set down elsewhere the characteristics which, in my opinion, distinguish the *Life of Johnson*, and account for the supreme position to which it has been universally assigned. That analysis I do not propose to repeat. It may suffice to say that Boswell's general notion was to defy the very powers of oblivion and to preserve his friend as complete and as vivid as he had been in the flesh. With a sufficient amount of assiduity from a sufficient number of people, such a result, he thought, might almost have been attained. Perhaps he was right. Perhaps, on the other hand, he failed to reckon with the fact that not everyone who might feel inclined to record Dr. Johnson had the genius of a Boswell for doing it.

In all Boswell's complacent references to himself, in the whole range of his pomposity and self-conceit, he never once called himself that which in fullest truth he was — a genius. I doubt whether Boswell ever guessed that he was a genius. His fault was vanity — conceit, if you will — rather than pride. I mean that he loved to talk about himself, loved to dream of becoming a 'great man,' strutted and put on airs, but never, so far as I am aware, really overestimated his own powers or his own achievement. He was modest in his own despite, though having no intention whatever of being so. In the group of quotations about the *Life of Johnson* that follow, there is much vanity and a great deal more of self-assertion than there should be; but there is nothing in all his references to himself that can for a moment compare with Macaulay's famous summary, to which, I fancy, every critic would now assent: 'Homer is not more decidedly the first of heroic poets, Shakespeare is not more decidedly the first of dramatists, Demosthenes is not more decidedly the first of orators, than Boswell is the first of biographers. He has no second. He has distanced all his competitors so decidedly that it is not worth while to place them. Eclipse is first, and the rest nowhere.' And again, 'He has, in an important depart-

ment of literature, immeasurably surpassed such writers as Tacitus, Clarendon, Alfieri, and his own idol Johnson.' Had Boswell read such sentences as these about himself he would have swooned away with amazement.

The three passages which I here adduce were all written in the early months of the year 1788. The first of them is from a letter to Bishop Percy, thanking him for the assistance which he had given.

> Procrastination, we all know, increases in a proportionate ratio the difficulty of doing that which might have once been done very easily. I am really uneasy to think how long it is since I was favoured with your Lordship's communications concerning Dr. Johnson, which, though few, are valuable, and will contribute to increase my store. I am ashamed that I have yet seven years to write of his life. I do it chronologically, giving year by year his publications, if there were any; his letters, his conversations, and everything else that I can collect. It appears to me that mine is the best plan of biography that can be conceived; for my readers will, as near as may be, accompany Johnson in his progress, and, as it were, see each scene as it happened. I am of opinion that my delay will be for the advantage of the work, though perhaps not for the advantage of the author, both because his fame may suffer from too great expectation, and the sale may be worse from the subject being comparatively old. But I mean to do my duty as well as I can.

Some six weeks later he wrote to Temple:—

> Mason's *Life of Gray* is excellent, because it is interspersed with letters which show us the *Man*. His *Life of Whitehead* is not a life at all; for there is neither a letter nor a saying from first to last. I am absolutely certain that *my* mode of biography, which gives not only a *history* of Johnson's *visible* progress through the world, and of his publications, but a *view* of his mind, in his letters and conversations, is the most perfect that can be conceived, and will be *more* of a *Life* than any work that has ever yet appeared.

In April he wrôte to Miss Anna Seward (the Swan of Lichfield), in reference to the various works on Johnson that had appeared, Hawkins's *Life*, Mrs. Thrale's *Anecdotes*, her *Letters of Samuel Johnson*, Tyers's biographical sketch, Towers's essay, *Last Words of Samuel Johnson*, and *More Last Words:*—

> What a variety of publications have there been concerning Johnson. Never was there a man whose reputation remained so long in such luxuriant freshness as his does. How very envious of this do the 'little stars' of literature seem to be, though bright themselves in their due proportion. My Life of that illustrious man has been retarded by several avocations, as well as by depression of mind. But I hope to have it ready for the press next month. I flatter myself it will exhibit him more completely than any person, ancient or modern, has yet been preserved, and whatever merit I may be allowed, the world will at least owe to my assiduity the possession of a rich intellectual treasure.

It will be seen from the last sentence that Boswell made a distinction in his own mind between the importance of the principles which he had discovered and the particular biography which he had written; and in drawing this distinction the present writer may hope to avoid the charge of inconsistency. He had full confidence in the method which he had adopted, and counted on it to help him write 'more of a Life than any that has ever yet appeared'; but that he had not only found the method but also written the classic example of it, — that he was, to speak temperately, as illustrious a writer as Johnson, — this, luckily, he did not see. Plainly, it is of his 'assiduity' rather than his genius that he boasts.

To Boswell, I suppose, the task seemed to make a special demand upon one's assiduity. The work that had required genius (which, let me add, is a great deal more than an infinite capacity for

taking pains) was over and done with. Boswell's genius, as distinct from mere industry, had exhibited itself in originating such a plan, in the whole conception of Johnson as the hero of a drama of almost national proportions; in his realization of the importance and interest of Johnson's talk, and in getting it on paper. He was annoyed, as every author is, by the people who were afraid of him, afraid that he 'might put them in a book.' People hesitated to meet him after the publication of the *Life*, and wondered whether their every word would be written down by this deputy of the Recording Angel. He had something like a quarrel with his friend, Sir William Scott, because that gentleman, in inviting him to dine, had seen fit to caution him not to embarrass the guests by writing down their conversation. Boswell thereupon declined the invitation. Sir William wrote to him, explaining the 'principle' of his request, and apparently pointed out that the persons who feared to meet Boswell were thinking of the lot of the minor characters in the *Life*, who had served only as foils to Johnson. Boswell, in accepting the apology, made the following declaration of his own principles, which, it will be seen, was intended as a sort of official utterance: —

> If others, as well as myself, sometimes appear as shades to the Great Intellectual Light, I beg to be fairly understood, and that you and my other friends will inculcate upon persons of timidity and reserve, that my recording the conversation of so extraordinary a man as Johnson, with its concomitant circumstances, was a *peculiar* undertaking, attended with much anxiety and labour, and that the conversations of people in general are by no means of that nature as to bear being registered, and that the task of doing it would be exceedingly irksome to me. Ask me, then, my dear Sir, with none but who are clear of a prejudice which you see may easily be cured. I trust there are enough who have it not.

It is clear from this that Boswell deemed himself more than a mere realist who was registering life just as it is. It was not sufficient to make records. It was essential first to find your 'great intellectual light.' That was the work of genius, as it was the work of genius to conceive the tremendous plan of letting the reader accompany Johnson on his 'progress through life.'

Such was the work of genius, but the task of taking infinite pains remained. He was almost submerged by his own material, not to speak of the material, good and bad, that poured in upon him, every scrap of which must be tested for its authenticity as well as for its inherent interest. The marvel is that he did not give up the task. Indeed, the thought occurred to him, for he wrote to Temple: —

> You cannot imagine what labour, what perplexity, what vexation, I have endured in arranging a prodigious multiplicity of materials, in supplying omissions, in searching for papers buried in different masses — and all this besides the exertion of composing and polishing. Many a time have I thought of giving it up. However, though I shall be uneasily sensible of its many deficiencies, it will certainly be to the world a very valuable and peculiar volume of biography, full of literary and characteristical anecdotes (which word, by the way, Johnson always condemned as used in the sense that the French, and we from them, use it, as signifying *particulars*), told with authenticity and in a lively manner. Would that it were in the booksellers' shops. Methinks, if I had this *Magnum Opus* launched, the publick has no farther claim upon me.

One of the evidences of the greatness of the book is the fact that so little has, in the course of a hundred and thirty years, been added to our information about Johnson. If we except Miss Burney's *Diary*, which Boswell tried in vain to tap, no record of first-rate interest and no really novel view of Johnson have been discovered. Dr. Hill pub-

lished two volumes of *Johnsonian Miscellanies*, uniform with the *Life*, which, if they serve no other purpose, cause the work of Boswell to shine by contrast. Every scrap about Johnson has been gathered up and given to the world, — I have myself taken part in the work, — and the world has quite properly neglected it, preferring Boswell.

II

Immediately after the appearance of the *Tour*, Boswell began his preparations for writing the *Life*. His first task was to collect Johnson's letters and such reminiscences of him as seemed authentic. He made application by letter to Bishop Percy, the Reverend Dr. Adams of Oxford, Francis Barber (who had in his possession papers of the highest value to a biographer of Johnson), Anna Seward, and, no doubt, a score of others. The material which he received from such contributors he often wrote down in their presence, or revised the written record in their presence. It is to be regretted that we have no accounts of any of these sessions, for they would have revealed the biographer at one of his most characteristic and important tasks, which must have exercised all the powers of insinuation and tact which he possessed.

He thought at first that he could finish the book by the spring of 1789; but the care of Auchinleck, the death of Mrs. Boswell in the early summer, and his ill-advised candidacy at the General Election for an *ad interim* membership in Parliament, conspired to prevent it. Moreover there was his 'master,' Lord Lonsdale, upon whom it was necessary to dance attendance, and who frequently summoned Boswell to his table to provide amusement (of no literary kind) for his retainers, or 'Ninepins.'

Yet, in spite of all interruptions, he had nearly completed the first draft before the year was out, and by February, 1790, he could say that it was fairly in the press. The printers of the eighteenth century were a long-suffering generation. They actually began the printing of a book before the author had completed the manuscript. When they had received enough copy to fill up a sheet, the type was set, and proofs were pulled and sent to the author for correction. When he returned them, the sheet was printed and folded, and the type in the form distributed. The printer's devil hovered between the compositors and the author, bearing proofs hot from the press and appeals for more copy. It is only by imagining such a state of affairs, alien enough from those of our day, that we can understand the circumstances of Boswell's life in 1790 and 1791, when his 'great work' was passing through the press before he himself had completed the rough draft of it. He gasped sometimes at its ever-increasing magnitude — baulking at first at the thought of two volumes.

His chief assistant in the work — a man who has never received his due for his generous and friendly service — was Edmond Malone, the Shakespearean scholar. Malone, as a member of the Literary Club, had known Johnson. He respected Boswell's genius. The friendship of the two men is said, by a somewhat doubtful anecdote, to have been cemented (if not actually formed) in 1785, in the printing-house, where Boswell found Malone examining with admiration one of the proof-sheets of the *Tour to the Hebrides*. Malone's labors on the *Life* began with the revision of the rough draft of the manuscript which Boswell read aloud to him in the quiet of Malone's 'elegant study.' Of the copy that was sent to the printer no sheet is known to exist; but we have two sets of proof-sheets, both of which were scanned, in whole or in part, by Malone.

These proof-sheets are a fascinating study. Their owner, Mr. R. B. Adam (a Johnsonian scholar of no mean standing) has repeatedly provided me with opportunities for examining them. The first of the two sets covers only 224 pages of the first volume, of which three signatures (I, K, and L) are lacking. The set consists exclusively of the sheets for which Boswell had demanded a second 'revise,' or corrected proof; so that the lack of the three signatures may merely indicate that, in these cases, no revision was asked for — that is to say, that Boswell had but one proof of those particular sheets. This entire set of proof-sheets is quite new to the world of scholars, though it may have been known to 'collectors' in England. Mr. Adam acquired it in March, 1920.

The other set of proof-sheets, bought for £127 by the elder Adam in 1893, is practically complete. These proofs were sold when the Auchinleck library was, in part, dispersed; they passed from the hands of the salesmen, Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge, to Mr. Adam, who added them to his already famous collection of Johnsoniana and Boswelliana in Buffalo. There they were examined by the great editor of the *Life*, Dr. George Birkbeck Hill, whose study of them may be found in the first volume of *Johnson Club Papers*, published by Mr. Fisher Unwin in 1899. This set of proof-sheets also lacks one or two signatures, — why, I do not know, — the loss of which has been made good by the insertion of the corresponding pages from the first edition.

Whether still other proof-sheets may be found, it is difficult to say. Certainly there was never more than one *complete* set. One or two more of the earlier sets of 'revises' will probably turn up; but there is, I think, no great doubt that Mr. Adam's library now contains most of the proof-sheets that ever existed. It is probable that, as Boswell progressed in his work, not more than one proof was necessary. One sheet in the set, marked as approved for the printer, bears the message in the compositor's or 'reader's' hand, 'More copy, please' — a plain indication that only one proof was then being shown.

Apart from merely verbal changes in the interests of style, the important alterations in these proof-sheets are of two kinds: (1) insertion of new matter in the text; and (2) excision of 'old' matter, already set up in type. Of these the latter is by far the more important. We are not specially interested to know when a given paragraph or sentence was introduced into the work; whereas a suppressed passage may — nay, probably does — contain information more piquant than that of the context, and may give us new facts. For example, it is not significant to know that the paragraph about Johnson's faith in the supernatural was an insertion after the printing had begun; but it is interesting to read Boswell's opinion of Goldsmith's attire, which was first inserted, and then struck out: 'His dress [was] unsuitably gawdy and without taste.' In writing of Mr. Wedderburn's Scotch dialect, it is first said, 'Though his voice produce not a silver tone, but rather a hard *iron sound*, if that expression may be used,' — this remark Boswell struck out of the proof as, presumably, too personal.

But, in general, the excisions are remarkably few. The additions are much more numerous, and are usually put in to lend color and variety. For example, when Dr. Adams suggested to Johnson that he engage as assistant in a projected task, the French Dr. Maty, Boswell wrote, at first: 'Johnson declared his disapprobation of this in contemptuous tones'; but altered it to read: '"He! (said Johnson,) the little black dog! I'd throw him into the Thames."' Here evidently was a remark which Boswell

decided, on second thoughts, it was safe to risk. So, again, the illustrations of odd definitions in Johnson's Dictionary were added in the first proof.

The writing on the proof-sheets is in at least four different hands. Boswell's own comments are not infrequently of that highly personal character which distinguishes whatever he did — 'Let me have another *Revise* sent to Sir Joshua Reynolds in Liecester [*sic*] Square, where I dine, and it shall be returned *instantly*.' 'I am sorry the compositor has so much trouble.' 'I shall see this at the Printing house to-morrow morning before it is thrown off. Tuesday.' 'This Remains till an answer comes from Dr. Warton.' Few books have been read for the printer with more scrupulous care.

Malone saw the proof-sheets of three quarters of the book. His advice was generally intended to make the style smoother. For example, on page 84, he writes of Johnson's poem, 'Friendship,' which Boswell had introduced without sufficient explanation: 'Something sh^{d} be s^{d} about its appearing in this year & having been given by Mr. Hector.' On page 124, he comments: 'Too abrupt'; and adds a sentence of his own to serve as introduction to Dr. Johnson's letter to Birch. By an odd error, Dr. G. B. Hill assumed that Malone's handwriting was that of the 'reader' at the printing-house, and thus he missed the significance of some of the corrections. It was Malone, for example, who suggested to Boswell that he should suppress the mention of Johnson's hands as 'not over-clean,' in the famous scene which depicts Johnson as squeezing lemons into a punch-bowl, and calling out, 'Who 's for *poonsh?*' '"He must have been a stout man," said Garrick, "who would have been for it."' This remark, too, was canceled at the same time.

Five of the signatures (or folded sheets of eight pages) are marked *by Malone* as approved for the press. These are Rr — Xx, and they contain no corrections in Boswell's hand. I judge that they were corrected by Malone during some illness or indisposition of Boswell's. It is to be feared that the joy of seeing his book in proof sometimes led our Boswell to convivial indulgence in port, making the correction of his pages well-nigh impossible. At any rate, signature H (pp. 50–56) shows plain evidence of such incapacity; for he has made four distinct attempts to alter 'the scantiness of his circumstances' to 'Johnson's narrow circumstances,' and has barely succeeded on the fourth attempt.

After November, 1790, Boswell had no further help from Malone, who was obliged to go to Ireland. A third hand appears in the proof-sheets when Malone's is no longer found. It may be that of Mr. Selfe, the 'reader' at the printing-office, but I do not think so; for Selfe read the proof-sheets *after* they were returned by the author. The hand I cannot identify, but it is that of a learned man.

Some day there will probably be found a copy of the *Life* more interesting than any which is at present known to exist. I refer of course to Boswell's own copy. It may, perhaps, still be in the possession of the representatives of the Boswell family. I do not know. The Boswell family have persistently repulsed all scholars who have had the temerity to apply to them for assistance. But they have already sold Boswell's own copy of the *Tour*, which is said to contain annotations by the author on nearly every page. When the author's copy of the *Life* is found, his annotations will enable some future critic of Boswell to complete this history of the composition of that work. Meanwhile, the reader no doubt feels that he has already had enough.

POEMS

I

THE VENTURE

I NEVER see a map but I'm away
On all the errands that I long to do,
Up all the rivers that are painted blue,
And all the ranges that are painted gray,
And into those pale spaces where they say:
'Unknown.' Oh, what they never knew
I would be knowing — were it not for you
I would be off to-morrow with the day!

Then, since I am at anchor at your door,
Befriend the wistful stranger; make me free
Of all your little country and its store
Of unknown things and wonders — spread for me
The chart and let me venture, till I find
The secrets of your beauty and your mind.

II

MIRRORS

THESE little verses that I make for you
Are little mirrors, in them you may see
Your very self — or what I swear to be
Your very self. And if you never knew
You are a bird, a flower, flame and dew,
Then gaze in all these mirrors, made by me,
Make friends of all these truths — they may be true!

My verses are a cup, I have expressed
The wine that is yourself — the golden brew
That is distilled in all my thought of you;
The cup is full, it sparkles, it is pressed
Against your lip of laughter — you must taste
How heady is the vintage that you waste!

JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

LARRY

BY A. H. SINGLETON

THE evening of the second Cailey turned out very wet; in spite of which, the children flocked in and squatted in front of the fire, turning their little bare, muddy toes up to the blaze, but ready at any moment to shift their position to one more 'convaynient' for hearing the promised story.

As it happened, old Mickey Donovan and Pat Holohan had, each, one to tell. In order to decide the question who was to begin, Smith took a penny out of his pocket and tossed it up. 'Heads!' cried Pat, and 'heads' it was; so he lost no time in taking possession of the chair reserved for the story-teller, and began.

'The story I have for yees is wan that I heerd when I was in the County Wexford ever so long ago. I won't say it's true, for bedad there is n't a scrap av truth in it; but it 's a rale owld story for all that.

'Oncest upon a time, an' a very long time ago it is, too, — there was an owld woman, an' no wan belongin' to her only a boy called Larry, an' he was little betther nor an idjit. Well, wan day in summer, nothin' would sarve Larry but he must go out into the worrld an' thry to arn a little money to get thim over the winter. His mother did n't like to let him go, for fear he'd do some fool thing; but he was that set on it that at last she give her consint, an' away goes Larry, quite plazed wid himself, an' all his mother could say was that she hoped he'd larn some sinse out in the worrld.

'Well, he walked on an' on till he comes to a farmhouse. "Maybe they'd give me a job here," thinks he to himself; so up he goes to the house, an' the farmer's wife comes out; but she said they had no call for a sarvint but that she'd let him shlape in th' hayloft. An' she give him a bit av supper and some bread an' a sup av milk in the marnin', an' the next day away he starts agin on his thravels.

'He walked on an' on, till he was near bet out, and at last he comes to a hill, an' on the side av th' hill there was a big rock, and in the rock was a house an' cow-sheds an' a pigsty, an' a lot av cocks an' hens peckin' about in front av th' house, an' an owld woman lanin' on th' half-doore lookin' at him. An' ses she, "What do you want, dacent boy?" ses she.

'"Do ye want a sarvint boy, ma'am?" axes Larry. "Sure, I'd be contint wid any wages you'd give me, an' I'd sarve ye well," ses he.

'Well, she tuk him to mind the cows an' the pigs an' a goat or two that she had, an' do anny odd jobs she'd set him; an' at th' end av the half-year she'd give him good wages.

'When th' end av the half-year come, "Larry," ses the Misthress, "would ye like to go home an' see how yer mother's gettin' on?"

'"I'd like it well," ses he. "An' what wages will ye be afther givin' me?"

'"You're not such a fool afther all, Larry," ses the Misthress; so she cot a hen an' set her on the table. "Whatever ye do," ses the Misthress, "don't ax th' hen to do annything till ye get home; an' as soon as you're home,

set her an the table an' throw a few grains av oats forninst her, an' ye'll see wondhers."

'Well, Larry takes th' hen under his arrm, an' away wid him for home; but as he was passin' the farmhouse, he thought he'd ax would they give him another night's lodgin'. They brought him in, an' axed a power av questions —where he was an' what wages he got; an' when they saw th' hen, they laughed an' said was n't he the fool to sarve half a year for nothin' but an owld hen; an' they had him tormentid till he set th' hen on the table an' throwed a few grains av oats he brought wid him in front av it. An' if th' hen did n't start layin' gould eggs as quick as she could, till he stopped her for fear she'd lay them all before he got her home. He give all the eggs to the farmer's wife, an' she give him a grand supper, an' made a bed for him in a spare room they had, an' put th' hen in a basket beside him the way she'd be safe; an' in the marnin' Larry starts off airly to show th' hen to his mother.

'His mother was rale glad to see him; but when he took th' hen out av the basket to show off her thricks, not an egg would she lay for him good or bad.

'Well, Larry did n't stay long at home, bekase no wan would believe a worrd about th' hen layin' gould eggs, an' said it was romancin' he was. So he sets off agin for th' house in the rock, an' on his way he stopped agin at the farmhouse an' tould them there that the hen did n't lay wan egg afther him bringin' her home. The farmer's wife, an' the whole lot of thim, had him pershwaded that it was only dhramin' he was, an' that th' hen never laid a gould egg at all; it was only a common little hen that they was wondherin' he'd be bothered takin' home wid him at all.

'When he got to th' house in the rock, the owld woman was quite glad to see him an' engaged him for another half-year; but, whan he tould her about th' hen, all she said was, "Do what you're tould next time; I'm afraid, me poor Larry, that ye did n't larn sinse yet, nor never will," ses she. "Sure th' hen ye tuk home is n't the wan I give ye at all."

'But he could n't be pershwaded that the people that give him such good tratement would do such a mane thrick an him.

'"Never mind, Larry," ses she, "mind yerself betther the next time ye goes home, an' don't let thim be makin' a fool av you agin."

'Well, things went on just the same. Larry minded the cows an' all the bastes well, an' give satisfaction to the Misthress till the end av th' half-year; an' then she ses, "Would n't ye like to go home an' see how yer mother is gettin' on, Larry?"

'An' he said he'd like it well. So, for his wages, she give him a tablecloth, an', ses she, "Mind ye don't show this to annywan till ye gets home, an' then spread it on the table in front av your mother, an' ye'll see wondhers."

'Well, Larry went on his way, an' he gets a night's lodgin' at the farmhouse; but when they axed him what wages he got, he would n't tell them wan word.

'"Maybe ye dremt it," ses wan of the boys; an' Larry was that mad that he tuk the tablecloth from where he had it rowled round him for fear av annywan seein' it. An' then they laughs more till they had him in a proper rage, an' he puts it on the table, and ses: "Tablecloth, do yer duty"; an' immajetly the tablecloth was covered with the grandest gould plates an' dishes an' knives an' forks, an' the best av good things to ate, an' bottles av wine an' whiskey; an' they had the grandest feast ever ye seen. Larry was that plazed that he give all the gould plates an' iverything else to the Misthress in payment for his night's lodgin'; an' if they did n't make a fuss over him, it's a pity!

'Well, he shlep' well that night with the tablecloth that the woman rowled up for him undher his head for a piller; an' the next marnin' off wid him agin for home.

But when he spread the cloth on the table, sorra the thing it wud do for him; an' his mother an' the neighbors said he was a bigger fool nor ever; an' that annoyed him so much that away wid him the next marnin' to his Misthress in th' house in the rock.

'He stopped agin at the farmhouse; an' did n't they all laugh when he began to talk about the wondherful tablecloth an' the gould dishes an' all; an' they said he was a terror to dhrame, for he had nothin' but a common tablecloth wrapped round him to keep him warrm. They give him his supper an' a night's lodgin', but he was away as soon as it was light the next marnin', bekase they had him annoyed laughin' at his dhrames.

'When he got back to th' house in the rock, the Misthress was rale vexed wid him. "Ye 'll never larn sense, Larry," ses she, "an' ye can't stand a joke, but must be showin' off to make the people think ye cliverer nor ye are. Go back," ses she, "an' take this stick wid ye; an' when they axes ye at th' farm what ye brought for wages this time, just you take out the stick an' say: 'Stick, stick, do yer duty!' an' then ye'll see what'll happen."

'Well, he did n't delay, but away he starts back for the farrm; an' when they wants to know what brought him back so soon, he had the sinse to wait till he got a bit to ate, an' then he takes out the stick, an' ses he: "Stick, stick do yer duty!" Wid that, the stick lep out av his hand an' commenced to bate every wan av thim. Was n't there the shoutin' an' bawlin' an' tellin' Larry to make it stop leatherin' them!

'"Not till I gets back me hen," ses Larry; an' the stick playin' on their shouldhers like mad.

'"Here she is Larry!" ses the farmer's wife. "Won't ye make the stick stop now?"

'"I thought it was only a dhrame," ses Larry, "but I must get back my tablecloth before tellin' the stick to stop batin' yees."

'"Here it is, Larry!" ses th' oldest daughter, runnin' in wid it in her hand.

'"I thought it was only a dhrame," ses Larry; "but now that I've got back my hen an' my tablecloth, the stick may stop."

'Well, Larry would n't shlape in the house that night for fear they'd take thim all off him agin; but he shlep' in th' barrn wid the hen in a basket beside him, an' the tablecloth rowled up under his head for a piller; an' he kep' a tight howlt av the stick. But nobody interfared wid him; they was all too sore afther the batin' they got; an' away wid him home to his mother in the marnin'.

'Well, to make a long story short, th' hen laid so many gould eggs, an' the tablecloth pervided thim with more food than they could ate, an' it was n't long before Larry an' his mother got rich. The first thing they done was to buy a nate pony an' trap an' drive to th' house in the rock, to thank the Misthress for all she done for Larry. But when they got there, there was no house at all, only th' hill an' the rock, but not a sign av annything else could they see!'

'An' what happened Larry an' his mother?" inquired Patsey with interest.

'Troth, I d'know,' said his father. 'There was never a worrd more about thim in the story annyhow.'

THE MOON IN LITERATURE

BY ROGER WRAY

THE moon is a satellite, or secondary planet, revolving about the earth in an elliptic orbit inclined 5° 8′ 48″ to the ecliptic, and doing the trip in 27 days, 7 hours, 43 minutes, 11-461 seconds. Its average distance from the earth is 238,-833 miles, and any scientist will be able to supply the number of odd feet and inches. Its volume is, roughly, one fiftieth, and its weight one eightieth of that of our own globe. The moon is airless, waterless, lifeless — a corpse of a world; and its principal glory is (as the ladies say) 'not her own.' The total surface visible to us is approximately twice the size of Europe, and one must picture it as a barren continent of peak and precipice, crag and crater, with mountains standing fang-like in frozen light, and valleys plunged in utter blackness. There is no bush or tree, no blade of grass or smudge of lichen; no sound of bird or beast; no chuckle of water, or whine of midge. The petrified silence threatens to burst the eardrums.

Such is the moon of astronomy — a veritable nightmare, the horror of which makes Dante's Infernos appear comparatively endurable. To dismiss the moon in this fashion is very much like dismissing one of Rodin's statues as so many hundredweight of calcium carbonate.

The moon is a silver shield, a celestial halo, the lamp of heaven, a fairy godmother, an enchantress, a goddess — Luna, Astarte, Isis, Phœbe (gentle sister of the ardent sun), or Diana (who still bathes in forest pools). This is the moon of our human acquaintance, the moon of Egyptian and Druidical worship, the moon that shines through poetry and romance, that illumines life and literature. The astronomer's conception may be the ultimate fact, but fact is dead: the poet's vision is truth, and truth is alive.

The moon may be (for all we know) the cause of tides or earthquakes; but the important thing about her is that she shares our secrets — secrets that are too good to tell. The moon may be 600,000 times less brilliant than the sun. If so, it matters nothing. The vital difference between them is that the sun is epic while the moon is lyric. The textbooks assure us that the sun is 65,-000,000 times the size of the moon — a triviality hardly worth the trouble of calculating. The supreme point is that the sun is masculine and the moon feminine. The man who denies it is a miserable literalist, and deserves a professorship at a Prussian university.

The sun gives light; the moon gives illusion. The sun gives so much light that there is little room left for imagination. We do not easily make legends about the sun; but the moon keeps alive that sense of the mystic without which we might as well be in the prehistoric cave or jungle. The people are on the side of the poets. We have folk tales by the hundred — of the man who tried to rake the moon out of the pond, of the exhilarated cow that jumped over the moon, of the moon's being made of green cheese (albeit there is no life on it), of goats dancing on their hind-legs

at full of moon, of the man in the moon, and that sumptuous dream of fairy-tales — the blue moon. Popular fancy delights to play with the moon. Elves and pixies hold their revels and eisteddfods in the moonlit glades; leprechauns roam the woods; and Puck is loosed to play his nocturnal pranks. Human lovers take their walks in a world of moonshine. Always there is this association of glamour and witchery with moonlight; and as long as the moon endures, the common people will believe in that elusive beauty which restores the illusions banished by day.

The full glare of daylight tends to make matter-of-fact. Essential darkness inspires an elemental dread at the abysmal nothingness of it all. But in the mysterious hours between the gloaming and the murk, one gets gleams and glimpses, suggestions rather than details. There is awakened that feeling of fugitive beauty and evanescent loveliness. Magic touches the earth, revealing the queerness of houses and the strangeness of trees. Imagination has free play with the outlines of familiar things. The whiteness of moonshine and the violet of dusk belong to the world of legends and old dreams. That may explain why travelers like to see Niagara, the Taj Mahal, and Venice, in the moonlight.

We see faces in the moon. We personify it in our poems. We deify it in our religions, fragments of which survive in countless lunar superstitions. The scientist knows the moon only as an oblate spheroid — a sort of by-product of the earth, a globular mass that revolves with the regularity of a metronome. But literature reminds us that the moon is a big symbol, a toy left over from some primeval revelry, a lamp more magical than Aladdin's.

The sun is always a circle, but there are as many moons as there are moods in a woman. Sometimes the moon is sad:—

> With how sad steps, O moon, thou climb'st the skies!
> How silently and with how wan a face!

Or,

> Art thou pale with weariness
> Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the earth,
> Wandering companionless?

But that is a rare mood. Sometimes she is weird; sometimes she is pensive; often she is gay; many times she is dazzling with witchery.

We found a poem the other day which represents the sauciness of the moon: —

> Have you heard what the young moon said to me
> As I walk'd in the morning early?
> 'Shall we make a match of it, you and me?'
> Oh! a saucy slip of a wench was she.
> She lay on her back and laugh'd at me
> As I walk'd in the morning early.

There may be a grammatical mistake in the third line; there may be an astronomical error in the first and fifth; but there is a distinct emotion which is original and true, and the poet was lucky enough to catch it.

There are hundreds of moons, of varying phase and color, and every one of them suggests a different feeling. As certainly as the emotions of childhood are revived by some chance odor or drifting perfume, so are the moods of youth, with its wondrous summer evenings and winter nights, recalled by a glimpse of the moon. Lest the notion may seem somewhat too fantastic, we offer a few suggestions at random.

Take the case of color, for example. It is common enough to hear of a yellow moon. The line of a coon-song, —

> Don't you see the great big yaller moon? —

conjures up a picture of a plantation, with the 'nigger-gals' sitting in a long black row; but if we get the fundamental sentiment of coon-songs, it is somehow associated with that 'yaller' moon. Try the experiment of blotting out the moon, or of substituting daylight, and the whole feeling is changed.

But a careful artist is not satisfied with a yellow moon. Hardy talks of a 'chrome-yellow' moon, which is better, because the more distinctive color gives a more exact emotion. It gives one a rich feeling that evades definition. Hugh Walpole speaks of an 'apricot-tinted moon,' and yet again of 'the pale primrose of a crescent moon.' That expression, if we mistake not, does more than paint a picture in a single stroke: it paints an emotion with brilliance and vividness.

Compton Mackenzie has described 'an ivory moon shimmering in the blue dusk.' His descriptions of the sunset-colors, the 'topaz eves of May,' the 'silver nights of June,' bring back by a subtle spell the very feelings of youth spent in London. Young Michael Fane went to Oxford, and his chief recollection of the city of dreaming spires was of the silver moonlight flooding the silent streets of night. The whole meaning of Oxford lies imprisoned in that memory. The love-story of Guy Hazlewood began with a sub-lunar adventure on a September evening, when he saw the moon of dislustred gold that grew more and more burnished as it mounted above the hills.

Oscar Wilde, another precisian in matters of color, describes a 'honey-colored moon hanging in the indigo dusk.' But in another book, Dorian Gray, steeped in a life of infamy and crime, saw the moon that grinned at him like a skull. That horrible fancy seems to lay bare the secret of his soul.

In describing the island of the Lotos-Eaters, Tennyson says: —

> Full-faced above the valley stood the moon.

We all know that moon — pale in the afternoon light. In the magic of twilight, as children, we howled for the moon; the Lotos-Eaters saw it as a ghost of a dead world, a thing not worth crying for. Nothing was worth desiring. The entrancing illusions that make life worth striving for had been explained away. Everything was vanity, futility, disillusion; and that faded moon gives exactly the touch required. But how different from the moons of infancy, of childhood and of youth!

Mr. G. K. Chesterton describes a nightmare in which a man stepped into the open air and walked alone through the empty streets of London, which were blank with white moonshine. Indeed it seemed not so much moonlight as 'dead daylight on some alien planet.' Another feeling — an uncanny one this time — which comes from the moon. Contrast this with the feeling in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, where Titania commands her fairy attendants to

> Pluck the wings of painted butterflies,
> And fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes.

There is nothing uncanny here, but all the beneficent enchantment of fairyland.

In his *Island Nights' Entertainments*, Stevenson describes a murder done in a tropical forest in the green moonlight. Those huge and hideous dolls, which Case employed to terrify the natives, had been blown up by gunpowder, and lay blazing in the weird light. The scene is bizarre enough as a setting for the murder, and the green moonlight added the last freakish touches that saved the story from becoming merely a boys' 'Blood.' The mention of Stevenson reminds one of his poem on the moon; but it is too well known for quotation.

As a final illustration, we might refer to Sir William Watson's poem on Wordsworth's grave: —

> The mysterious face of common things
> He mirrored as the moon in Rydal Mere
> Is mirrored, when the breathless night hangs blue;
> Strangely remote she seems, and wondrous near,
> And by some nameless difference born anew.

There seems to be the essence of Wordsworth in that picture; yet how differ-

ent from the moon of Stevenson's verse!

One might go on indefinitely. One thinks of the crescent moon on Turkish mosques and minarets, and the vision somehow conjures up the very soul of Mohammedanism. Or of the Arabs on the desert as the sun sinks and a thin sickle gleams in the west — a scimitar suspended in heaven as a symbol of the faith which has been kept, and a sign that the fast of Ramadan is ended. (Glory be to Allah!)

The round moon dreams over Persian rose-gardens, where Omar wandered with his sweet companion — the moon of his delight that knew no wane. It floats in the purple twilight of Spain. It shines, brilliant and white, through the forests of India. It rises like Aphrodite from the Eastern sea. It stares over Arctic snows, and glows golden over warm South Seas. The watchdog barks at the moon in Hans Andersen's tale. Another watchdog bays by the Tiber while Lord Byron muses in the Coliseum at midnight. We see the moon as a silver gondola, or as 'a bow new-bent in heaven.' It bathes in blue lakes with golden shores, among the clouds of early spring; it covers the roads of summer nights like new-fallen snow; the broad face of the harvest moon gazes sadly over the fields of standing sheaves; the last strip of the withered moon makes the winter mornings weird and wizard-like. It stirs innumerable emotions, from the eerie to the lovelorn, from chastity to voluptuousness — all, except, perhaps, courage.

Then, too, if we may venture a step further, there is a distinct moonlight element in art. We do not mean the direct treatment of the subject, as in Beethoven's 'Moonlight Sonata,' or Byron Cooper's pictures, or Ben Jonson's 'Hymn to Diana'; but rather that sense of lyric enchantment which reminds us of the tantalizing and naiad-like beauty of moonshine. It is not found in Russian literature. There must be a moon in Russia, but there is no hint of moon-loveliness in the stories of the people — only of gray dawns, cold daylight, and sombre nightfalls. There is always a feeling as of an iron bell tolling through a Russian story. But France is full of love and laughter, and the haunting beauty of things seen in moonlight. Maupassant's short story, *Clair de Lune*, is probably one of the world's masterpieces, and it deals specifically with moonshine. But there is moonshine in most of Maupassant's stories.

Arnold Bennett's tales seem to move in a strong noon light which discloses the details of things as they really are: that is why the author writes prose instead of poetry — he sees too much; he knows too well. The writers who aim at reality decline to be misled by illusions. But without illusion, most of us would find life unendurable.

There is more moon-enchantment in Coleridge than in Wordsworth; more in Shelley than in Byron; more in Keats than in any of these. But best of all is Shakespeare. All his comedies are Midsummer Nights' Dreams. We do not suggest that his heroines are elusive. They are essentially healthy animals, and Shakespeare is never so happy as when he can dress them up as boys — Viola, Imogen, Portia, Julia, Jessica. But they have a witchery and glamour that scarcely belongs to our workaday world. By sheer power of magic, Shakespeare can create the very ache of first love. He weaves a spell of sensuous delight. He leads his dukes into forests and wrecks them on enchanted islands, and even in court they talk about the sweet sound that breathes upon a bank of violets. Rich perfumes snare the senses; wandering strains of music ravish the ears; it seems as natural to make love as to breathe or sing. Miranda sits

within her cave making love to Ferdinand; Juliet leans from her balcony, responding to the vows of Romeo; musicians are serenading Silvia; Demetrius and Hermia, Lysander and Helena sleep in the woods; Jessica and Lorenzo sit on a moonlit bank while the sounds of music creep into their ears; Fenton elopes with Anne Page while fairies dance round Falstaff; Rosalind and Celia have fled to the forest of Arden.

But where is Mrs. Grundy? Where are the complications of modern life — the financial problems, the social difficulties, the moral restrictions, the limitations imposed by civilization, etiquette, religion? The Shakespearean comedy is gay with elemental emotions and pagan merriment. It is the world of Puck, and Pan, and Dan Cupid; of Phyllis, Corydon, Amaryllis, Philomel — and MOONSHINE!

PILGRIMAGE

BY ELIZABETH CHOATE

I

> Whan that Aprille with his shoures sote
> The droghte of March hath perced to the rote, . . .
> So priketh hem natur in hir corages:
> Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages.

A PROPER pilgrimage should be made with dried peas in the soles of one's shoes, along dusty roads, and with a reverent spirit lurking at the elbow, to sober the new green of the trees and the wind in the grass. But the blue mist that is the color of adventure called us to the sea, and the reverence in our spirits sang to the waves of the Western Ocean, when we started on our pilgrimage to Stevenson's high tomb.

You have read many tales of the sea, and probably they have been wild and stirring. No doubt you have sailed Two Years before the Mast with Mr. Dana, or worked in engine-rooms with Mr. McFee. Perhaps, too, — and I hope so for your sake, — you have followed the old shipmasters in and out of Salem Harbor, and from there on round the world.

I can give you no such story.

When asked to describe ourselves in government papers, my friend and I answered the first four questions by a discreet use of the word, 'Medium.' The last question, as everyone knows, is always 'Occupation?' We had no occupation, and we earnestly hoped we should not have for many long months to come. Consequently, we scorned the word. But we must needs fill the gap somehow, and, in lieu of something better, wrote down, 'Spinster.'

Now, however medium you may be, or however much of a spinster, you may still sigh for adventure other than upon the high seas of matrimony; but, of course, no matter how gay the glint in her eye, a spinster cannot hang from a yardarm, oil the engines, or stoke the fires; so that my story of necessity must deal with the upper decks of boats,

which all true adventurers affect to despise. However, 'adventures are to the adventurous,' and, after all, upper decks are not to be looked down upon.

We began our pilgrimage from New York to New Zealand in a British-India cargo boat. She was only 4000 tons, and her name was The Lake of Flowers. She had been a coast-to-coaster for forty years. Her past was a thing to dream about, for she had been a beauty in her time. A past it was of color and smells, chattering natives, spices, and the languid heat and sunshine of the Tropics. And now, like other belles of fashion, who, grown old, have nothing left but staid sobriety, she still held her place in the world of men by that which was put upon the face of her. Lord Inchcape, finding that there were many American missionaries in India desiring passage home, took the old lady, arrayed her in coats of many colors, and sent her shivering round the world. A pretty pass for a lady of quality! And oh! more shameful still, having carried to America a cargo of silks and spices, her last sweet touch with the East, she must relinquish it at New York, and have her hold crammed with knobby typewriters for the energetic stenographers of New Zealand, and Ford cars for the potentates of Australia.

But I must start my journey, or I shall never reach its end. Instead of waving tedious handkerchiefs and heaving heavy sighs to the last long line of skyscrapers down the harbor, as all good Americans should, my friend and I threw off our national symptoms and went on a tour of discovery round the boat. She found sheep on the main deck, all doomed to die, and looking as if they knew it, for we carried a native crew. And I found ducks on the poop. And between decks, and wherever there was a nook or cranny, coal was piled, tons of it, covered with tarpaulin.

II

A week to Panama. A week of getting used to things, learning how to dress in our cabin without putting each other's eyes out with our elbows, finding the cockroach that lived under the slats by the bathtub, watching the natives at their prayers and at their food. In the half-light of evening, when they spread their prayer mats on the hatches and prostrated themselves toward Mecca, you felt as if a story were being told and you were in the heart of it. When they ate, they squatted round a great wooden bowl, full of rice, in which they rolled pieces of curried mutton, scooping it all up with a cup-shaped hand and emptying it into their mouths.

A week to Panama, and in the rose-light of a tropical morning, we found ourselves in the little bay that is the waiting-room of the Canal. We twisted in and out between the boats and sidled up to the coaling docks outside the town of Colon. A day's hot rush for things forgotten. A hunt for jam and cakes and chocolate, and a ride through sweltering dusty streets. Then night and morning and the Canal; and, at last past the Peaks of Darien and out, in the midst of a blinding, stinging shower, into the blue Pacific overside the world.

Those were halcyon days, when we awoke to a flaming East, when we lay and dreamed of youth and the glory thereof. Halcyon days of laughter and gay winds, watching blue waves curl out in foam, and the albatross swoop and dare, and swoop again, tip-tilted to the water's edge; long days of good books and invented games and sleepy long, long thoughts; days when we 'tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky,' and watched the orange deserts that he left behind the clouds, with their long lines of caravans

and camels trailing off to some old forgotten city in the West. Evenings spent in a world of adventure; for, as night loosens the tongues of the dogs on land, so the dogs of the sea are led to tell their tales after the dark has come down. We were wrecked on coral beaches, we stole rubies in Madras, we made love to Burma girls, and we were eaten by cannibals in Malay; and on and on, until silence fell and someone suggested bed.

We slept on deck, and my memory tells of soft hot nights, with the moon coming over the rim of the ocean, when we sat in our bunks and ate oranges sweet as honey, till the sea and the heavens were two black bowls touching edge to edge with a silver path across. The night wind died, and we began to wonder, like the Carpenter in *Alice*, whether the sea was boiling hot.

Besides ourselves there were three passengers. A man who owned performing dogs, and was going home to Australia because he had not seen his family or heard a laughing jackass for seven years. He used to make the dogs perform for us on the hatches; but as most of their tricks required balancing, and as the ship leaned to every wave, it was n't a great success. Our second companion wrote scenarios for the movies, and when he was n't sleeping, was forever trying to remember the name of a poem that sounded like a French *pâtisserie*. On the last day, he thought of it, and came into breakfast looking radiantly happy. We asked him what had happened and he murmured, 'Lalla Rookh.' The name with us will stick to him forever. Our third was an Early Victorian lady. I don't mean that she could possibly have lived in the Victorian Era: oh, no; for she was young and pretty, and had black curls that stole about her face; but, unlike our modern maids, she wept and trembled and was afraid of mice. She had been to school, but had never learned anything there except how to enter a carriage; and as she had never had one and never expected to have, perhaps it did n't really matter that they had omitted to teach her how to descend.

III

Were we ever bored? Of course we were. Six weeks to New Zealand, and mutton for every meal! We used to go out every morning to the sheep-pens on the after-deck. Not that we were n't quite sure they were there, — a subtle something that was not the perfume of the East came floating down the corridors at night, so that we always knew we'd find them, — but we wished to count them and call them by name, and see if it were Jacob or Esau who had been led away to be sacrificed overnight. Finally, only Rachel was left, and daily we awaited the joy of her going. But Rachel developed a hacking cough and declined into galloping consumption, and lingered on. No one ever knew why she was not allowed to sink her sorrows in the sea; but she was there to the last, and we bade her goodbye between her shuddering paroxysms, and felt a gentle gratitude because by her timely illness she had saved us yet one more day of mutton.

The boat was so small, and we so few that we became a part of her, and were allowed to go anywhere. All the unimportant things turned to colossal occasions. How we hated the person who took the largest onion in the stew! How thrilled we were over a fight between the second cook and the mess-room boy! What excitement there was the day a hen flew overboard! Ah, that hen! I spent long hours pondering her fate. Would she tip upside down, like a ship without a keel, and perish miserably with bony yellow legs ludicrously waving in the air? Would she, perhaps,

like Jonah, find shore safe and sound at last, or would a wandering shark seize her by one stark cold toe and drag her down to death in the horrid depths? My imagination had run away too long ago to allow that she might end merely as a pathetic bunch of feathers wilted into the water from lack of food and drink.

One black midnight, in the middle of the Pacific, we picked up the solitary light of the Island of Pitcairn. What a wonder that; what a miracle for man! For three weeks not a speck on the horizon, and then, in the utter dark, at the appointed hour, a single infinitesimal gleam, and a blacker shadow against the blackness of the night. A hail and farewell it was. A greeting, and the leaving of one meagre bag of mail — and then, off into the night again.

We struck rough weather after we left Pitcairn. The sea rose up and raged. At night the wind tore the blankets from our cots, and we woke to find them slithering across the decks. We rescued them, and later woke again as our bunks raced each other into the scuppers, and our poor cold feet stuck out over the rail and caught an icy blast of wind and rain. We rolled and rolled and pitched and tossed. One kept saying to one's self, —

'When the ship goes wop with a wiggle between,
When the steward falls into the soup tureen.'

It was like that. We listened to the wild whirl of the propeller leaping high out of the water, and to the dismal crash of dishes sliding from the pantry shelves — and this for days together. And then, one afternoon when there seemed no end to the wind and no warm place in all the world, land appeared on the starboard bow, and we saw the snow-capped mountains of New Zealand. Snow-capped mountains rising out of the sea, and afar off.

IV

The sun came up the next morning like the hymn, 'Rise, crowned with light'; for we were going into Lyttleton Harbor, between cliffs drenched in the early gold of an early sun and covered with the yellow gorse of spring. New Zealand is a land of hills — soft, undulating, friendly hills, rolling and rolling forever, it seems, to the edge of the sea. Have you ever watched a sunrise in the hills, the light just touching the tops with crimson and leaving the hidden parts in darkness, like valleys of mystery or death; and then the glow creeping down and on, until the world is shining with new morning and fresh dew? That was what it was like going into Lyttleton Harbor — bare, black outlines crowned with red and gold, and suddenly a world transformed!

This is a hard part of the pilgrimage to tell about. Even pilgrims must rest from their journey sometimes; and resting, while delightful, can hardly interest a reader who, of common knowledge, delights in 'alarums and excursions.' We rested in a little valley between the hills of the North Island, where the sun fell hot and sweet upon the blue gums and rose-gardens, and they gave back his sweetness in their fragrance. We paddled up small English rivers, overhung with willow trees and lined along the banks with wattle. Small boys came out and helped us up the rapids for a penny; and on the way down, we stopped for tea and hot buttered scones in a little house set back from the bank of the river in an old-fashioned garden.

One day I moored my boat there, had tea, and was just getting in, to float away downstream, when something hard hit me on the side of the head. It hurt, and I looked down — to see quite a large stone on the bottom of the boat. At first I was angry, and then I remem-

bered. True pilgrims always were stoned, were n't they, in foreign lands? After that I was better pleased, and I picked up my paddle and went off without even waiting to discover the offender.

We stayed in our valley a month or so; and then, thinking that we had tarried long enough, set off again to find the 'little lazy isle' we were in search of. This time we sailed from Auckland, in a boat even smaller and older than before; and as the days went on, we found ourselves more and more like true pilgrims who have dangers encompass them round about; for cockroaches and little green lizards raced over our bunks, and rats played games at night on the cabin floor.

It is nearly a week to the first of the islands on the way to Samoa. The days came and went in an orderly procession, like the tropic clouds; and at the end of them, came a sight of silver beaches coral-ringed around green hills. We found white sunlight. No half-lights and shadows, nothing tempered or mellowed and golden, but white like something new-made, untarnished, just born. We found a heavy-scented heat, and sapphire-colored fishes in the water, and all the things we'd read or dreamed about.

Some day I am going back to be queen of one of those islands of love and laughter. I shall have a house on the side of a cliff, and watch the white-sailed schooners going by. There will be a great flamboyant tree by the door, and yellow trumpet-flowers hanging from the roof. If you will come to see me there, I will take you to walk between the palm trees, and show you long-haired pirates, in red bandannas and earrings, playing at dice with the natives as they sit cross-legged on the grass outside their huts, and the little black pigs run in and out with the little black children. One of the men will climb a tree for us, and drop down cocoanuts to drink. We shall have flowers to wear in our hair and wreaths to hang around our necks; and at night you will see the palm trees showing black against the moon, and hear the low singing of the natives in the distance.

V

'Smells are surer than sights or sounds to make your heartstrings crack.' . . . You have read that, of course. We never really knew what it meant until we had smelt the copra they were loading on our boat, and wandered down the long street at Suva, which leads from the wharves to the Grand Hotel. Everyone who has been to Suva remembers that street, with the sea to the right and its long line of dirty crowded native shops to the left. I have walked there at midday, when the sun was hot and bright; and I have walked there at midnight, with the tropical rain coming down in sheets; and there is always the same haunting smell: the sea and flowers, spice and dirt and native; too sweet, too hot, too close, and wholly fascinating.

We spent a day and a night at Suva. Cows had to be taken aboard for the islands farther on. All night we watched them being lifted from the scows into the hold. The whole world outside us was asleep, but the wharves and the boat formed a veritable turmoil of toil. Oil lamps, hung from the rigging, flung yellow rays here and there; and in the deeper shadows, the dark forms of natives were stretched out asleep. Voices shouted from the darkness of the sheds, and were answered by shouts from the boat and loud laughter. There was the sound of cattle stamping and bellowing from the scows; men rushed hither and thither, talking and calling to one another; and over it all, the winches shrieked and groaned, and the

natives howled with fear and delight as each cow came swinging over the side. Its head was downward, perhaps because the rope had slipped, and an expression of ludicrous horror was on its silly cow-face as it found itself poised between earth and heaven and heard all about the very noise of hell.

We left Fiji and continued our pilgrimage. Our fellow passengers came and went, as we stopped at different places to deliver or take in cargo; and the scene, like the passengers, changed from one silver-beached island to the next. Here, we had lunch on the beach and afterward lay on the grass and listened to the waves break over the reef; there, we went exploring, climbed hills, or bargained for shells and coral along the wharves. Sometimes the natives gave us great armfuls of fruit; and sometimes, as we wandered down the sweet-smelling aimless lanes of the villages, we saw them dancing, or heard them singing in the darkness. After a week of lotus-eating, we found our island lying green and quiet inside its coral reef, and we saw the mountain rising above where the Master of all Adventurers had said that he should lie, with the stars at his head and the sea at his feet and the deep tropical forest all about him.

VI

We pulled into Samoa Harbor in the afternoon, and watched the crew unload the cargo of big timber piles, with a sea running and the piles crashing into gangways and hatches, and the natives capering about, yelling with laughter.

In the harbor at Apia there is a wreck blown up on the beach from the storm in 1889, when the Germans were in possession. There were American, English, and German boats in the harbor at the time. They saw the blow coming, but for some reason or other the Calliope, a British man-of-war, was the only boat able to get to sea in time. If you ever go to Samoa, you will be sure to hear how the Americans and Germans stood at attention and cheered as the Calliope steamed past; and a short while after were blown on to the reefs themselves, and sank in sixty fathoms of water, or were dashed to pieces on the merciless coral, and hurled away by the hurricane. A battered part of one boat remains lying on the top of the reef, bare to the bones, as a sort of sinister warning.

When the sea went down and the cargo was unloaded, the Samoans came out and got us in rowboats and took us ashore. As soon as we stepped on dry land, we started for Vailima. When the Germans owned the island, the governors used to live in Stevenson's house; and as we entered the front door, a great picture of Bismarck greeted us. But it did n't seem to matter. The gentle gay spirit that first loved the place seems to be left behind in the light airy atmosphere of the rooms, and the idea of the Man of Iron sitting there still, stern, and silent, looking on the beauty and wealth his country had lost, would surely have appealed to a teller of stories.

The house is set on the side of a hill looking out to sea and surrounded by large verandahs. It is easy to imagine Stevenson sitting on the upper one, in a lounge chair with the cushions piled behind him, just as Saint Gaudens made him, devising glorious sport for David Balfour.

But his grave was what we had come to see. We delayed a little, because we were half afraid. We had come over ten thousand miles of sea, and then three thousand more, and it might be disappointing. Now that we were here, we doubted. The time was to be so short, like waiting years for one short minute. And then the thing of beauty

we had come to see might, by the stupidity of others, turn out to be cheap and tawdry. I wonder now why I did not realize that he must have made other people see beauty as he saw it, so that they could not make a mistake about what he would have wanted.

You start deep down in the valley, below the lawns of the house; you go over a brown and crystal flood of water; and then you toil up and up and up a tiny slippery track, part scrambling for foothold after the rain, and wholly panting for breath in the humid misty heat. Up and up and up, until you can look over the tops of the trees, until your heart is bursting, and your face a living fire. It is as if he had planned that only the faithful should see him in the sweetness of his rest.

VII

Finally, you are there. It is quite simple. There is a little opening in the trees and you see a great gray stone on the rounded slope that is the very top of the mountain. A place is cleared around it just a little, and the grass underfoot is thick and soft. On every side stand tall hibiscus bushes, with big bright flowers hanging down. The blossoms drop now and then, and the petals are blown across the stone or sift softly in between the grass-stems, making a carpet of crimson and green along the edge of the clearing. Two long vistas run out like giant paths: one shows the sea and all the ships that pass, and the other lets you see down into the heart of the rounded valleys below. On all sides there is the thick, sweet-smelling forest. It is better than one ever imagined — unspoiled by anything, peaceful and wild and lovely. Cut on the stone are the words he wanted: —

> Under the broad and starry sky
> Dig the grave and let me lie;
> Glad did I live and gladly die
> And I laid me down with a will.
>
> This be the verse you grave for me:
> Here he lies where he longed to be,
> Home is the sailor, home from sea,
> And the hunter home from the hill.

His wife is buried beside him, and the words he wrote for her are on the front of the stone: —

> Teacher, tender comrade, wife,
> Fellow-farer true through life,
> Heart-whole and soul-free,
> The August Father gave to me.

That is all. Our pilgrimage was over. We laid some wild flowers on the stone, and we sat for a little while beside it, looking out to sea. We did not say anything. But in our hearts we had a feeling of glory, as those should who visit a holy place.

A PROSPECT

BY ARTHUR E. MORGAN

'WATCHMAN, what of the night?' That age-long cry of the human spirit will not be silenced. Men have patience and courage to wait for the dawn, if there is to be a dawn. But they demand to know whether there is a purpose, and whether it shall have fulfillment; whether patience and courage shall bear fruit; and whether the travail of the human heart shall not be futile. Heretofore, whenever that cry has been made, the answer generally has come in the voice of the theologian and of the metaphysician. On rare occasions, the clear message of a prophet has rung out, only to be confused in a babel of metaphysical or mystical interpretation, after the prophet has been disposed of by these others who claim a monopoly of the watchman's function.

The years pass, and still the professional watchman goes his rounds. But things are not as before. His cracked and faltering voice, droning out conventional, inherited phrases, fails to carry conviction. His footstep falters. The pence that drop into his outstretched hands are growing few. His clothes, like his phrases, are of ancient pattern. And when men cry out in the stress of tragedy, 'Watchman, what of the night?' they ignore his voice, as if there had been no answer.

But now come new, strange voices, not wholly in harmony with each other, but ringing with youth, vigor, and courage. And the burden of what they cry is this: 'There is to be a dawn; and toward it men are making slow but definite progress. Caprice does not rule the world. The spirit of man need not be baffled. The fulfillment of his deepest hopes is prevented by nothing but the faintness of his desire. There need be no limit to the range of intelligent imagination in picturing the ultimate accomplishment of men.'

These new voices are the voices of the scientist and of the technician. The old watchman stops in astonishment to listen. Then his personality expresses itself; sometimes in querulous scolding or indignant protest at those who usurp his field; sometimes, listening intently, a new hope and conviction come to him; thereafter his own message carries a newly lighted fire of hope and faith, and he begins to feel again the courage of youth.

The scientist has been so preoccupied with discovering the laws of energy and matter, and of biological phenomena, and the technician with the practical application of these laws to the mastery of the material world, that neither of them has taken enough time to consider the broad significance of his accomplishments upon the prospects of human destiny. The cheer and hope they have brought to men have been the result chiefly of the incidental inference of their work. It is time for a conscious appraisal of its significance to be made.

The destructive influence of scientific thought and discovery upon traditional incentives has been profound. The breaking-up of old faiths and hopes, the undermining of the basis of our assurances, has left in many men a feeling of

hopelessness akin to despair. The ultimate reasons for superlatively fine effort seem to be taken away until, to men and women of a certain outlook, nothing seems left but a blind, biologic hope that there is a purpose we cannot fathom, and a pagan courage to play the game as men, according to the rules, regardless of how completely tragic the end may be. In some cases the keepers of old faiths have carefully nurtured the impression that, outside their folds, men's hopes can find no assurance.

The highest loyalty to which men can subject themselves is loyalty to truth. Real men will be loyal to truth, regardless of how discouraging the truth may prove to be. But if this loyalty turns out not to lead to despair and hopelessness; if it leads to the conviction that our highest aspirations are possible of fulfillment, and that our everyday behavior will have a determining effect upon such fulfillment, then it is right that men's spirits should have the comfort of that assurance, and the stimulus to fine endeavor of that knowledge. If the discoveries of the scientist and the conquests of the technician (including under the term technician the engineer, the surgeon, the geneticist, the hygienist, the chemist, and such people) have furnished reason for faith and courage, and have indicated the manner in which the fulfillment of their hopes may come about, then an understanding of the inference of their work is to be desired.

The origin of the attitude of finding no hope in the present life is probably complex and remote. Primitive man, through long ages, found himself almost defenseless before tremendous material forces, over which he had but a slight suggestion of control. Storm, flood, drought, pestilence, wild beasts, and enemy men, — and, above all, his own imperfect and inharmonious nature, — all gave scant hope for ultimate conquest. What wonder that he saw in this physical environment no promise of victory? Moreover, the picture of this world as a temporary abode, to be endured and escaped from into a better existence, was a powerful influence, which perhaps may have been used in the past by ruling castes or classes to reduce social unrest. Men may acquiesce in lifelong disappointment if, to them, it is only an incident to the main end; where they might rebel against it, if they should believe this life to be an adequate opportunity for the fulfillment of their aspirations.

Whatever may have been the origin of the doctrine, it has been firmly impressed upon the minds of many men that the highest human hopes and aspirations cannot be fulfilled this side of the grave. Let us try to discover whether this assumption is well founded. Let us demand, for the time being, that the future life stand on its own merits; that it shall not require the support of any exaggerated or unfounded skepticism about the present life. Let us ask ourselves whether there is or is not, in this material world, assurance that the human spirit can find ultimate and complete fulfillment of its aspirations.

Much has been said in denial of such assurance. A number of fairly distinct circumstances are cited to support the conventional doctrine that human hopes are impossible of fulfillment this side of death. First and foremost has been man's helplessness in the physical world. Disease and parasites ravage his physical body; drought and flood, tornado, lightning, disease, and insect pests destroy his herds and crops. Almost as important as his physical environment is man's own turbulent, warring, tragic nature. Even if all physical difficulties of environment should be removed, man still would have to deal with stupidity, selfishness, jealousy, war, and personal strife, the

tragedy of love that is not returned, and the pain of friendships broken by death. The disunity of his own spirit still would tear him asunder with fears, disappointment, loneliness, the sense of defeat, impossible yearnings, and unfulfilled expectations.

It is common for persons who deprecate the possibility of ultimate victory for mankind in the physical world to go even further. They hold that, even should man finally make peace with himself and with the physical world about him, the final tragedy might only be magnified. A prisoner on a little floating island, with limitations of space and resources already looming up ahead, his career here finally must end when this earth is no longer habitable; and then, whether the intervening time be very, very long, or very short, all the travail, all the fine accomplishment of the human spirit, must pass away, as if it never had been. What encouragement, what inspiration, they say, to take up the age-long fight, which at best may require thousands of years, if, at the end, an inert, lifeless planet, speeding blindly across the spaces, shall be the only witness to the supreme struggle of man's spirit.

This is the picture of mundane life commonly presented to men. Let us look at it critically, through the eyes of the scientist and of the technician, to see whether the present status of mankind gives promise of any other answer.

Trace human tragedy back to its sources, and we find it always to have one or more of three causes. The failure of man's hopes is due either to failure to master environment; or to the inherited weakness and disharmony of human physique, personality, and character; or to imperfect education, which sets up false aims, false hopes, false knowledge, false habits, and false thinking and feeling, and which fails to put men into possession of their inheritance of knowledge, wisdom, and incentive. Viewed in the aggregate mass, this barrier to well-being seems insuperable. Can it be viewed in any other way?

When an engineer undertakes to span a continent with a railroad system, the total mass of obstacles seems insuperable. Great rivers which have beds of mud or sand must be bridged, deserts and quaking marshes crossed, and huge mountain ranges surmounted. What is a little group of spindling men against this incomprehensible mass of physical obstruction? But the engineer begins an analysis. The great project is made up of parts. Each part can be reduced to its elements: so many shovelfuls of dirt, so many days' labor for so many of these spindling little men, the support of so many communities or legislators to be secured. Each element taken by itself can be achieved; and in the synthesis of all these elements, the whole project finds fulfillment.

Let us apply a similar method of analysis to this great aggregation of conditions which separate man from a condition of perfect well-being. Consider first the tyranny of his physical environment. Of the probable hundreds of millions of years during which life has been developing on the earth, almost complete inability to control environment has ruled during all but the merest fraction of time. It probably has not been more than fifty- or a hundred-thousand years since man first began to build houses, to cultivate crops, and to tame the wild beasts. Since then, his control over his environment has increased at a continually accelerated rate. The mastery he has gained in the past five-thousand years is perhaps greater than that of the fifty-thousand preceding, and the gain during the past century as great as that of the thousand years before. Considering the future by centuries or millenniums,

there seems every reason to believe that man in time will so completely control his environment, that infections and contagious diseases will be eliminated, drought and flood conquered, and all the variable phenomena of nature shall do him service or be made harmless. So far as the control of physical environment is concerned, the hope of ultimate conquest is a reasonable one. To a person familiar with present-day developments, and with the prospective future of science and technology, the case does not need elaboration.

Far more serious is the problem of his making peace with himself and with his neighbors; but here also progress is visible. Unless there is to be some great retrogression of the human family, the abolition of war is certain. Since the day when every man's hand was against his neighbor, through all the shifting history of family, tribe, clan, and nation, there has been a steady movement toward larger and larger units of peace, law, and order. The union of all peoples under one government may conceivably be delayed for a few generations, or centuries; but, with the picture in men's minds, and the longing for peace in their hearts, that consummation cannot long be postponed.

But the reign of civil law may not bring peace. Great as has been the tragedy of war, far greater in the aggregate have been the tragedies of the human spirit; of children lonely for the friendship of their parents; of masters unmindful of their servants; of husbands who make drudges of their wives; of friends who forget. Even peace between all human governments, unless accompanied by fundamental changes in the human spirit, may not bring blessedness.

What is the probability of such change? With all the refinement of life through the centuries, has there not been a refinement of the capacity for pain, a refinement of longing, and of the tragedy of vanished hopes?

True, in the harmonizing of the human spirit there has been no such obvious acceleration of development as in the case of the growing control of physical environment. Yet in this development toward harmony there has been progress, slowly, but surely, as through the growth of the spirit of the Jewish prophets and of Jesus; while during the past hundred years there has been such sudden increase of knowledge of mankind and of his evolution, seeming to give the key to so rapid a development of human qualities, that each hundred years in the future may mark as great progress as a thousand years in the recent past. With the statement of the doctrine of evolution, men found themselves to have originated through no sudden caprice of creative fiat, but by a continuing biological process — a process still under way and capable of conscious modification. While Darwin was still at work on the development of his thesis, Galton showed conclusively that the intellectual and moral qualities of men are profoundly affected by inheritance; and Mendel, the Galician monk, made his great contribution, to be hidden from the world for half a century, in discovering the laws of biological inheritance.

The tremendous increase in knowledge which these discoveries have stimulated makes it possible for us to have a picture of the steps which will lead to fundamental changes in the average of human character and personality. Except for a few crude, brief efforts, as during the zenith of Greek civilization, the manner in which the children of men tend to be like their parents has received but very inadequate recognition from human society. Some of the chief of human institutions have specifically tended to eliminate the fittest among men. War, which has

claimed an enormous place in human history for perhaps ten thousand years, consistently demanded the finest men for its toll. If his Satanic Majesty had appointed a biological commission to devise ways and means for debasing the human breed, he would have found maximum effectiveness in the institution of war, to eliminate the strong, and in that of religious celibate orders, to do away the intelligent and the refined.

Knowledge of the significance and of the control of heredity, developed by Darwin, Mendel, and their successors, gradually will take possession of men's consciousness, and, like the knowledge of cultivating wheat and of building fires, never will be displaced. Some of the specific steps by which this knowledge will be used to affect the characters and personalities of men, are now evident. It is now definitely known that intelligence, or mental calibre, is inherited. Men are born with greater or smaller capacity for mental comprehension, and the biological inheritance they transmit, though continually modified by mutations, is, to a limited extent, if at all, increased by education and other environment. In determining the inheritance of our future citizens, we have a means of unlimited scope and potency for determining the character and personality of men. This is a process which, even if undertaken very gradually and extended through thousands of years, would represent an unprecedented acceleration in human progress. The first steps are so simple and so obvious that we can take them without any startling change in our social or governmental standards, and without in any way offending the sentiments of conservative men and women. These obvious and simple advances may take centuries to accomplish; so that we can leave to future generations, trained and enlightened by longer experience, the determination and application of a more radical programme, which to-day would shock our untrained sensibilities, and might be unsound public policy.

During the Great War mental tests were made of 1,700,000 enlisted American soldiers. Obvious imbeciles and the very feeble-minded were rejected before enlistment; but of those who were enlisted, ten per cent had mentality not higher than that of the average ten-year-old child.[1] Such limited mentality is totally unfit to be entrusted with important civic or domestic responsibility. If persons of low mentality were a class by themselves, no great harm would be done; but existing as they do in all classes of society, they interbreed, setting up strains, discords, and limitations of character and personality of every kind and in every direction. The elimination of this type, whenever it appears, would go further than we dream in harmonizing human personality. And no rash first step need be taken. There are hundreds of thousands of feeble-minded now at large and breeding in the United States, whose guardians are anxious to have them cared for in institutions; but there is no place. As one of the first steps of a practical programme, it will strain our resources for generations to meet the existing demand for taking the feeble-minded out of society. With the removal of the most unfit, the changing public attitude toward feeble-mindedness will effect further elimination.

Suppose that, in two centuries, we should eliminate from free society all adult mentalities of less than ten years, and that during the same period an appreciation should be aroused among intelligent people of the significance of parenthood. Thereafter the minimum

[1] The term 'mental age' is inadequate to convey the idea intended, and while now in common use, doubtless soon will be superseded by expressions which convey more definite ideas.

mental age to be allowed to reproduce might be raised half a year each century. In a thousand years, the minimum mental age of those allowed to reproduce would be raised to fourteen years, and we would have a breed of men superior to any that has existed on earth. (The *average* mental age of adult Americans, as disclosed by the army tests, is less than thirteen years.) In five- or ten-thousand years of the continuance of such a policy, average human intelligence would reach levels now undreamed of.

It is objected that intelligence and character do not run parallel. I believe the coördination will be found to be far closer than now is generally supposed. Moreover, the same technique that now is making such strides in measuring intelligence, can develop methods of measuring character and personality. At first, only the obviously unfit, the 'criminally insane,' would be isolated. Ability to make distinctions would increase through the centuries. The same general method of eliminating the physically unfit, with the same cautious first steps, exercised with tolerance and restraint, would result in giving the human spirit sound bodies in which to function. The elimination of morbidity, of unintelligence, and of inherited physical weakness, would go so far toward making harmony in human personality that we scarcely know what would remain to be done.

Much of human tragedy is psychological. We dread and fear what we have been taught to fear. With the increase of intelligence and normality, and with the extension and improvement of education, the mental world of men will be freed. We know how much of the tragedy of life for primitive peoples is due to devils and goblins and bewitchment. Our posterity will come to see many of our psychological states in the same light. The underlying exigencies of life will be met by different mental attitudes, and their sting will be taken away. We come to think of some of our hopes as so fundamental, that their fulfillment is essential to give meaning and value to life; whereas these particular hopes may be chiefly crude interpretations of some bigger and more fundamental principles, and their particular forms may have developed through philosophical speculation, propaganda, tradition, and other environmental circumstances. The savage may feel absolutely certain that his deepest hopes will be unfulfilled if he is denied the opportunity of going to the happy hunting-grounds and there getting sweet revenge by torturing his enemy. Our aspirations are profoundly affected by our experiences, our education, and our consequent interpretation of life. They are susceptible of change, and along with the refinement of life will come the refinement and enlightenment of men's hopes and longings.

So it may be with the desire for personal immortality. Men have tended to consider themselves as new creations, only casually connected with the past and with the future. A failure to perpetuate such a creation meant a failure to perpetuate and to conserve the conquests of life. Our knowledge of biology is giving us a very different picture, and thereby is recasting men's fundamental aspirations. Modern men no longer see themselves as new creations. They are the present containers of the stream of life; a stream which has had an unbroken flow on this earth down through the hundreds of millions of years, and which doubtless came to this earth as minute, living cells, driven across by the pressure of light from distant spheres; just as, doubtless, similar tiny organisms are being driven away from the earth by this same light pressure, perchance to find a tolerable environment somewhere else.

Men find themselves for a generation the guardians of this stream of life. To them it is left to preserve this highest accomplishment of creation, to keep it from degradation, and to pass it on, if possible, with better chance of the utmost fulfillment of its possibilities. Perhaps, in time to come, the opportunity of furthering this great fulfillment will make an appeal to the spirits of men as the supreme opportunity, an appeal far more powerful than that of personal immortality. Mendel and his followers have proved beyond doubt that it is not only those whom we call parents whose relationships continue. We know that the collateral relative may have as close biological relationship as do the parents themselves, and that any man who contributes to the advancement of a community of his own kind, in a true biological sense, to a degree is ensuring his own inheritance.

The Jewish prophets, from Amos to Jesus, were all inspired with a vision of the kingdom of heaven among men, but the world of their day did not possess a sufficient accumulation of moral purpose, or the knowledge, or the technique, to bring it to pass. Point by point and step by step, modern science and technology, with that vision as their greatest inheritance and chief incentive, are building up a programme of specific undertakings, whereby that vision of the prophets may find fulfillment.

With these processes at work for the advancement of the breed in physique, in intelligence, and in character, with extension and improvement in education, and with the consequent changes in the psychological life of men, there seems no reason why, beginning with methods men now know how to use, the character, intelligence, normality, and personality of men may not be so increased that the kingdom of heaven will have come on earth, and tragedy will be no more. The finest traits and elements of human character, sometimes referred to vaguely as spiritual qualities, are all important. Possibly they will long remain too elusive to be made the basis of biological selection; but this increase of intelligence, sound character, and normality will furnish the best soil for their growth, and will be found to have supplied many of their essential elements.

If it appears that it is in store for mankind to master his environment, and to make harmony of his personality, we still have to meet the objection that all this achievement is but transitory, an episode on this floating island, where men are hopeless prisoners. The human spirit rebels at the thought that all its work, and all the tragic biologic struggle of the hundreds of millions of years, must finally come to naught.

If it is valid to consider a contingency which doubtless is remote by many hundreds of thousands of years, it must be proper also to consider the possibility of human achievement in the physical world during long periods of time. We watch a little device in the jeweler's window, whereby the pressure of sunlight spins round some curious metal plates in a vacuum. Do we see there the motive power which, in the dim future, is to drive the ships of a future Columbus, as they take off from this floating island to explore and colonize the distant spheres? Consider the development from the hairy savage, whose highest technique was to open clamshells on the shore, to the men of to-day, who weigh the atoms and the stars, who talk round the world, and fly in the heavens. Does it indicate a greater contrast to think of men, ennobled through the centuries in mind and character, as having learned, in the course of a few thousand years, the art of a new navigation?

Given ability to colonize those of the innumerable spheres which would fur-

nish suitable environment, man would be no longer a prisoner on this round island, restricted in space and time. The last denial of his hopes would have been removed.

I have tried to picture man's prospect, relying upon the material existence in which he finds himself, of achieving the complete fulfillment of his aspirations; and the conclusion reached is that such fulfillment does not demand the addition of any new and unknown forces or factors to his life, but only the fuller mastery of the materials, forces, and laws which are now at his command. In every case the next step is an obvious and practicable one, which he can accomplish if he sufficiently desires. If, instead of the picture of acquiescence in a hostile and hopeless physical world, for the sake of a life after death, there should be in the minds of men this picture of building on this present material existence the foundation of the complete fulfillment of men's best aspirations, the whole emphasis of human life would be changed.

It is objected that we speak in terms of too long periods of time; that the human spirit cannot be interested in so distant an accomplishment. That is true of *some men*. There is no more accurate measurement of a man's civilization than the distance into the future to which he projects his satisfactions. Some primitive men must have their satisfactions within twenty-four hours, or there is no stimulus to effort; others in ten years, others during their lifetime, while some will live for posterity. Some men will see all the way. For others the chief incentive will be the great immediate benefit to be derived from the accomplishment of specific undertakings in a practical programme. Thus different types of men can be inspired by different phases of the same great project.

What then becomes of a belief in a life after death? Consider this: that, when we seek the truth, we seek it from the person of intelligence, normality, broad education, and sound character; for such are the qualities of men that open the way to knowledge of the truth. An inevitable result of raising the standard of human life will be to open the way to truth in all directions, and no real possession of profound value to the human race will thereby be lost.

I have not enlarged upon 'moral' qualities. These finest assets of men, having their origins and having maintained their existence under all conditions of primitive barbarism, have proved their vitality. The person who sees them as frail and liable to extinction must lack a long-range view of human progress. No temporary suspension or retrogression of human development will eliminate them permanently. If eliminated they would have new origins, for they are biologically inevitable. Just as every tree possesses as part of its essential life an impulse to develop according to a type which never yet has had perfect expression in any individual tree, so men have aspirations and intimations of perfection which perhaps do not originate in experience, which transcend experience, and which deny the validity of *what has been*, as conclusive evidence of *what may be*. In the new world these forces will find and will create environment more and more perfectly suited to their full expression, and types most worthy of expression will find conditions progressively more conducive to their survival.

To the person to whom faith in a future life has not come, there is no need for despair. Here, in our physical existence, and by the use of instrumentalities already in men's hands, and without recourse to any metaphysical speculations, is promise of the complete fulfillment of men's best aspirations.

THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE

BY SAMUEL W. McCALL

I

ALTHOUGH the Washington Conference has not yet finished its work it has already furnished an excellent test of the public opinion of the world against war. While there is high expert authority to the effect that the battleship is a fighting implement of waning importance and that in the development of the fine art by which men may destroy each other and devastate the earth, it is likely in a decade to become as obsolete as the battle-axe or flintlock, yet in the general opinion of mankind it is regarded as the most formidable as it is the most expensive of all the agencies of destruction upon the ocean. It is looked upon by the mass of men as the very symbol of war, and the spontaneous response to the proposal of Mr. Hughes to scrap the battleships brought out clearly that the vocal sentiment of mankind is overwhelmingly against war. The mass of men have become weary to the last degree of being taxed and killed to maintain the deification of war, and they are ready to dethrone it, accepting reason in its stead as the arbiter of the world.

The progress of opinion in this matter may be seen by recalling an event three quarters of a century old. It was then that Charles Sumner delivered his memorable oration on the True Grandeur of Nations. It was a noble plea for substituting peaceful methods for war, as a 'mode of litigation' for the settlement of disputes between nations. The favorable reaction to it, at that day, was confined chiefly to pious and amiable expressions of opinion by the peace societies, with here and there a militant commendation like that of John A. Andrew. But on the whole the criticism was far more animated and aggressive than the approval. One of the counts in his indictment against war was its great expense. A warship, he declared, cost as much as the total endowment of our most ancient and firmly established university. To-day a dreadnought costs more than the endowment of fifty Harvards of Charles Sumner's time. And this contrast in cost is no greater than the contrast in opinion. As against the limited and decorous approval of Mr. Sumner's great speech, the proposal of Mr. Hughes kindled an instant response in every quarter of the globe. That means a very great deal. It means that the time is ripe for putting into practice the ideal which Sumner so powerfully expounded. It points to the clear duty of the statesman.

That duty will not be performed by going through the sacrament of smashing a given number of ships, whether they are obsolete or not. It can plainly be seen that this world-wide opinion will not merely sanction, but that it demands, the setting-up of other international tribunals than those of war. It is of little consequence from the standpoint of preserving the peace whether the agreed-upon number of ships is destroyed or not. The world

will still have ships enough with which to fight — more indeed than at any previous time in its history. If there is no war it will not be at all from the lack of weapons. But it is of supreme importance that this opinion shall find suitable expression and be made effective, and that we should not be content with marking down the cost of war and making it a little cheaper, while carefully retaining its deadlier and less expensive weapons. The duty that is enjoined, of responding to this world opinion, is of so vital a character that even if its weight could be dissipated over all the nations it would still lie heavily upon responsible statesmen; but if a single nation alone stands in the path of its performance, the centralization of responsibility would become so great that to falter or to neglect to perform it would become the most colossal crime that a statesman could commit.

II

The presentation by Mr. Hughes of the proposal to reduce naval armaments was superbly made. It had a ringing and aggressive note. He proposed that the United States should join with Great Britain and Japan, and destroy or suspend the building of nearly two million tons of capital ships or more than half of the combined capital-ship tonnage of their existing navies. The plan had been worked out with the most minute exactness. With so momentous a message the Secretary resisted all temptation to self-exploitation or rhetorical display, but he put his case with a simplicity and clarity of phrase that left no room for doubt as to his meaning and that carried conviction. He had an approving audience. All the powers except Japan were very willing to let the battleship go. They all regarded it as a liability rather than an asset; and as to Japan, the attitude of that people, recent in their entrance into Western civilization, was chiefly influenced by their pride in their splendid new toy, called the Mitsu, which seems to them the most imposing industrial product of their country. But even with the readjustment necessary to save the Mitsu, the roll of condemned battleships remains impressive and the peaceful Mr. Hughes may claim to have destroyed more warships in tonnage than all the sea fighters from Themistocles to the German and British admirals in the Jutland fight.

The mortality among submarines, however, was nothing. Indeed the limitation proposed for them would have increased their number and even that was rejected, so that submarines may be built without limit by any power, so far as any action of the Conference is concerned.

Great Britain, which was willing to accept the capital-ship proposal in its entirety, advocated the complete abolition of the submarine and she must be credited with a willingness to stand for a more complete disarmament programme than any other power. There is no other nation to which the submarine constitutes so grave a menace. The bottom of the sea is strewn with the wrecks of her merchantmen and in spite of her mighty dreadnoughts and auxiliary fleets, this venomous weapon brought her to the verge of destruction. Her insular position which has made her so long immune against invasion and which is responsible for her greatness, becomes a source of weakness before any contrivance which can effectively check the movement of the food-supply demanded by her teeming population. Her interest broadly coincided with that of civilization when she favored not merely the extreme proposal for the destruction of battleships but the extinction of the submarine also.

But for a variety of reasons the other

powers wished to retain the submarine. A given amount of money expended upon that arm would produce a vastly greater destructive force than could be procured in any other known way. The responsibility for the triumph of the submarine was chiefly laid at the door of France who had just reluctantly agreed to a capital-ship programme which marked her as a fourth-rate naval power. By way of compensation to her pride she insisted on retaining the right to build as many submarines as were allotted to the United States or to Great Britain. But an injustice was done France because the basis of Mr. Hughes's programme did not fairly apply to her. Indeed he had excepted her when he first put it forward. That programme was based upon the present naval strength of the different powers and not upon their respective need of navies. Mr. Hughes said in effect to England and Japan, 'If we enter into a race to build navies the present naval strength of each power will be its starting-point. Let us expand or contract proportionately from what we now possess.' But the United States, Great Britain, and Japan had all strengthened their navies during the war period. France, on the other hand, in waging the common battle, was compelled to concentrate all her strength upon the land. Her soil was the battleground. Because of that fact she was compelled to let her navy fall into decay. It was as much a sacrifice to the common cause as would have been the fleets of England if they had been sunk in combat in the North Sea. Suppose the latter thing had happened. It is not possible to suppose that Mr. Hughes would have coolly said to England, 'Let us treat our present fleets as fixing our relative strength, and do you limit yourself for the future to a navy one fourth the size of that of the United States and one half that of Japan.'

And yet for her refusal to accept a similar proposition in principle, France was accused of being militaristic and of disturbing the harmony of the Conference. She would have been fully justified in claiming the right to rehabilitate her navy to a normal condition compared with that of the other powers which had been her allies. She had the right to point to the fact that she was the second colonial power in the world, with possessions in every sea and far more extensive than the colonies of the United States and Japan combined. She may decide not to enlarge her navy; but to consent to be shorn of the right to do so if she chose would have been humiliating to her pride.

Having yielded upon the difference over battleships, France insisted upon standing on an equality with the United States and Great Britain in the right to build submarines. All the powers might well have agreed to banish them entirely; but since they did not do that the French Prime Minister cannot be criticized for refusing complacently to concede the practical monopoly of the ocean to the United States, Great Britain, and Japan. M. Briand was accused of being militaristic, but he fell far short of voicing that chauvinistic element in his country which seems incapable of forgiving Germany either for being defeated in the last war or for being victorious in 1870, and, putting the destruction of that country above the rehabilitation of France, ranks patriotism as a virtue inferior to revenge. His leadership on the whole lay in the direction of the restoration of Europe, which is vital to the future of France.

When the Conference declined to abolish submarines, it then determined if not to prohibit their use, to limit it very greatly. Such restrictions were imposed upon its employment against ships of commerce, that upon chancing to meet a modern merchantman upon

the sea, a prudently commanded submarine would need to seek safety by flying or by diving beneath the water. It would engage in a battle — if it gave battle at all — under conditions in which its destruction would be practically certain. Unless the submarine should observe all the provisions of international law devised at a time when it did not exist, its captain is to be treated as a pirate even when obeying the commands of his own government and is liable to be tried and hanged in any jurisdiction in which he may be found. One difficulty with this pirate provision is that you must first catch your pirate before you hang him. And since piracy is at the best a dangerous profession, one who is bold enough to follow it in a submarine is not apt to be influenced greatly by the fear of being hanged rather than of being drowned.

Nations when driven into a corner are likely to use all the power within their grasp in order to avoid destruction. They are likely to claim that their enemy was the first to violate the laws of war. We need not go back of the last war to find an instance. The law of blockade had been well established. But the British devised a change in that law suited to their own exigencies and which they believed they had the strength to enforce against belligerents and neutrals alike. They not merely blockaded the German ports but they attempted to blockade the whole sea upon which those ports were located and they blockaded also the ports of neutrals which had a land connection with Germany. The effect of this deviation from the laws of war might have been the starvation of the millions of women and children in Germany along with the men who were capable of bearing arms. Germany made this blockade the pretext for her ruthless employment of the submarine.

The attempt to make war a polite and ladylike affair is an attempt to whiten what in essence is a lawless and brutal and savage thing, which is repugnant to man as a reasonable being, and which should be banished from a universe that operates according to the high principles of reason and law. If the use of the submarine and poison-gas may be prohibited, the use of other implements of murder may equally well be prohibited, and, instead of making a compromise with war by sanctioning any of its forms, the thing to do is to reform it altogether by making it fall under the common denunciation of mankind. Our fathers would never have destroyed slavery if they had confined their work to palliatives such as would make the slave a well-fed creature, more comfortable and even happy in his bondage. And we shall never succeed in destroying war, or essentially change its character by smoothing out its horrid wrinkles, if that were possible. Palliatives are well enough when we have an evil; but we should not be content with them nor refrain from challenging the right of the evil to exist at all.

Something more radical must be done with regard to war than to make a play for the next election. The problem is real and urgent, and it is because there is a general apprehension of its magnitude that the instinct of self-preservation is inspiring men to demand that nothing be left undone at this moment. They have learned very much during the last decade and what they have learned strengthens their belief in a famous passage written more than a century ago.

'When I cast an eye,' said Martin to Candide, 'on this globe or rather, on this little ball, I cannot help thinking that God has abandoned it to some malignant being. . . . I scarcely ever knew a city that did not desire the destruction of a neighboring city, nor a

family that did not wish to exterminate some other family. Everywhere the weak execrate the powerful before whom they cringe; and the powerful beat them like sheep whose wool and flesh they sell. A million regimented assassins, from one extremity of Europe to the other, get their bread by disciplined depredation and murder for want of more honest employment.'

III

With regard to the reduction of land armaments very little was accomplished, chiefly because of the French fear of the German peril. Whether that fear was baseless or not, probably it would be exhibited by any other nation that had just been through the long nightmare from which France has suffered. But with more than four million men in the armies of Europe to-day, there would appear to be a rich field for land disarmament. Europe, however, must be given credit for having achieved much disarmament by her own efforts. On the day of the Armistice she had 28,000,000 men under arms. The brood of little wars that were the offspring of the great convulsion have been steadily dying out and the twenty-odd wars have been reduced to one. After the unparalleled conflict with which Europe has been rent, the tumult has subsided and she is at last approaching the period of repose.

IV

One of the things the Conference was summoned to consider was the settlement of Far-Eastern questions, and an important part of its work is seen in the making of treaties — or in attempting to make them — with the avowed purpose of removing the causes of war in that field. It may be said of treaties that they have often caused as well as prevented wars. One fatal attribute of alliances between a limited number of powers, with purpose to maintain themselves over a given portion of the earth, is that they are apt to breed counter-alliances which challenge the assertion of power, and a condition which will ripen into war is likely to be produced thereby.

But first as to China, which will spring to one's mind immediately the Far East is mentioned. China is the most populous and probably the most wealthy empire upon the earth. She was the seat of a high civilization before the foundations of Nineveh were laid and for uncounted centuries her people had enjoyed a degree of peace and contentment and, probably, of happiness unsurpassed by any other great population upon the globe. The antiquity of her social order and national life made the Western nations seem to be the ephemeral creatures of an hour. The opening-up of that vast empire was a process of force. Those people preferred their own peaceful order to the restless energy of the West and to a civilization which flowered out in the submarine. The vital Far-Eastern question which was likely to produce conflict related to China. Indeed there was no other Far-East question of any real consequence if we except questions relating to Russia, whose ministers were not permitted at the Conference. The other powers had taken advantage of China's military weakness and under one pretext or another had adopted the policy of grab. She had been stripped of her chief seaports. 'Spheres of influence' had been established which penetrated into her richest provinces. Monopolies had been extorted for building railroads and exploiting her coal and iron ores. Her post offices, her customs-duties, and, to an important extent, the administration of justice were under the

control of foreigners. What had been done portended little less than the complete dismemberment of the country. If China was to be saved, it was imperative that the Conference powers should take radical action.

A declaration of principles was put forth which needed only to be put in force in order to accomplish a just settlement of the real Far-Eastern question. Unhappily, it was one of those noble generalizations which are easily made and as easily disregarded. The sovereignty, independence, and administrative integrity of China were to be respected. In the face of this gorgeous language the powers proceeded forthwith to exercise the first attribute of sovereignty and to establish customs-duties for the empire. With the exception of a port and perhaps the sale of a railroad and a doubtful concession upon the post-office question, China promises to retire from the Conference empty-handed. The door, however, is to be opened in the interest of the trade of other nations. All are to be admitted upon equal terms and at low rates of duty. The net result of it all promises to be that the powers will have done little for China and much for themselves. As to the restoration of the loot of three fourths of a century, a proposition to that end checked the flow of fine phrases and threw a cold chill over the Conference.

V

The sum of the positive achievement for peace in the Far East is to be seen in the Four-Power Treaty, supplemented by other treaties. Of the Four-Power Treaty which was put forward with such confidence as safeguarding the peace of the Pacific and its lovely islands, it may be said that it possesses the merit of brevity, if not of clarity. Excepting the formal parts which might belong to any treaty for any purpose whatsoever, it contains barely two hundred words. And yet within that brief compass there has already developed an important difference of construction which is calling for a redrafting of the treaty. The agreement that the powers shall respect the rights of each other in their insular dominions and possessions in the regions of the Pacific is something that they are already bound to do under the primary principles of international morality. In case of a controversy regarding their rights, — which is not likely unless there is deliberate aggression, — they are to hold a conference to adjust it. In case of a disagreement at such a conference no method is provided for a settlement.

But the most important article provides that, if any of the rights of the parties are threatened by the aggressive action of any other power, the contracting parties shall confer 'in order to arrive at an understanding as to the most efficient measures to be taken jointly and separately to meet the exigencies of the particular situation.' Obviously in such a conference this country would be represented by an agent of the Executive. Whether an understanding may be arrived at by a majority of the representatives of the Four Powers is not clear; but let it be supposed that the 'understanding' must be reached by unanimous action, and that this unanimous understanding should be that the powers should jointly employ force. Would such an understanding impose no moral obligation upon the contracting parties? To treat an understanding thus arrived at as a mere *brutum fulmen*, binding neither in law or morals, would involve an extraordinary method of construing a solemn treaty between sovereign states. To assert that 'no military or naval sanction lurks anywhere in the back-

ground' would seem hardly consistent with the good faith that should animate nations.

But if it were said that our representative would need first to consent to the employment of force by us, and that we could not be brought into war without our consent, precisely the same thing is true of the Council of the League of Nations, the decision of which must be unanimous. The proponents of the interesting view that our country would have incurred no moral obligation to use force are brought face to face with some of those lofty sentiments about national honor with which they themselves elevated the discussion upon the League of Nations. The treaty creates a defensive and an entangling alliance. It is the very sort of alliance against which Washington warned us. What reason is there why we should, for the first time in history, depart from his solemn injunction? What have we or the world to gain? Does it in the slightest degree remove any cloud upon our title to the Sandwich Islands or the Philippines, or increase our ability to defend them? Indeed one of the other treaties in the group of treaties framed by the Conference promises to prohibit us from constructing naval bases at Guam or on the Philippines.

A distinguished British authority upon sea power declares that without those naval bases we could defend the Philippines only by airplanes or submarines.[1] With those islands four thousand miles distant from our nearest naval base it would be as mad for us to send our battleships there, as it was for Russia to send her ships halfway round the world to get them sunk in Japanese waters. Is our surrender of the right and duty properly to protect the people of the Archipelago, and our assent to Japan's receiving the suzerainty of all the former German islands north of the equator, the price we are paying for the Four-Power Treaty? When before did ever a nation pay a great price that she might be burdened with a heavy liability? Is it the ideal way in which to preserve the peace of the Pacific for us to throw away the defenses necessary to protect our Far-Eastern possessions in case war should break? Is that not rather the way to cause than to prevent war? These treaties as foreshadowed crown Japan as the Empress of the Orient. With her naval bases so near the China coast, and her proximity to the open door, she is likely in any crisis to have her own way. The power of the West to safeguard China against the possible aggressions of Japan will be much reduced by the abandonment of our right to fortify Manila and Guam. That nation is to be congratulated upon the triumph of her diplomacy won single-handed and in open competition with the Western nations.

VI

Even if the Pacific treaties were to our advantage and if they did no violence to our diplomatic traditions, we are paying no regard to the most powerful nation that extends along the Eastern Coast of the Pacific. Russia is ignored. So great a people is bound to play an important part in the future of the world, even though, at the moment, they have no Government that is recognized to speak for them. They number 150,000,000 and occupy a seventh of the earth's surface. To ignore them would create a great and dangerous vacuum in the affairs of men. But not to safeguard the rights of the Russian nation, in the time of its temporary disability would be not only an unwise policy but perfidious politics as well on

[1] See the *Atlantic* for November, 1921, for an able discussion of this question by the British authority referred to, Hector C. Bywater. — Ed.

the part of its former allies. Russia stands mute on account of her superhuman efforts in the war. Had it not been for her sacrifices, international conferences to-day would probably be held in Berlin instead of in Washington. She suffered a greater loss of life than any other nation. It is not too much to say that, had it not been for her tremendous efforts upon the Eastern front, the German tide would have engulfed Paris and have swept onward across France to the ocean. The war would have been lost. If her former allies have given any thought to her just claims, there is not the slightest evidence of it in this series of treaties. They are parceling out the small fruits of victory in the Pacific, and Japan, which contributed a few yen to the war, is thriftily husbanding them all. Japanese troops are still in Siberia after those of the other powers have retired, according to the understanding at the time of occupation. The island of Sakhalin is half owned by Russia and half by Japan. The Japanese have extended their control over the whole island. They have absorbed the fishing industry. They have refused the Russian ships a landing at the Russian ports and to all intents and purposes have made the entire island Japanese.

It is on all accounts unfortunate that Russia with her great interests in the Far East could not have received *de facto* recognition and have been invited to Washington as she has been to Geneva. The Russian interests in the Pacific will sooner or later be brought forward, and before entering into any confederation with Japan it should be withdrawn from the realm of inference and explicitly stated that nothing in the treaties shall operate in derogation of any interests of Russia. Our debt to that nation for her steady friendship is very great and it can scarcely be enhanced, even by the obligation of fair play which rests heavily upon all her allies in the late war.

The Western nations have no resources to abandon whether it be to impair their power to defend their possessions in the seas of the Orient or to alienate each other. The 'Yellow Peril' may turn out to be not wholly rhetorical. China and Japan are certainly no more estranged than were France and England at Waterloo, and in obedience to their racial and other ties they may come together again even as France and England came together. When well trained the Chinese make excellent soldiers, and after a generation or two, China may take on the habiliments of our Western civilization. With Western arms, with well-disciplined soldiery, and with leadership one may not safely put limits upon what the vast populations of China and Japan might accomplish under the spur of a race imperialism. In that awakening we cannot predict that either Europe or America would be safe. With absolute justice to the two great oriental nations, we should retain a prudent regard for our own preservation and not be forgetful of the future.

VII

There is one thing concerning the composition of the Conference which I think should be noted. I have more than once directed attention to the not uncommon practice, which I believe to be objectionable, of appointing Senators to negotiate treaties or to perform some other executive act upon which they are afterwards to take independent action by virtue of their office as Senators. Two of the American delegates are Senators. Those members do not represent the Senate or its 'advice and consent' in any constitutional sense. The Senate did not choose them and did not even confirm their ap-

pointments. They were chosen by the President alone and act officially as his agents and under his instructions. The Constitution forbids a man to hold two offices. The principle of that prohibition is violated, for here are gentlemen who act as agents of the Executive in negotiating a treaty upon which they afterwards act under their constitutional obligations as Senators. One might as well expect independent action from a judge upon a case which he had prepared and argued as counsel. In such a case the judge would decline to sit, and correct principles of government would require that Senators, who had elected to serve as the agents of the President in negotiating a treaty, should decline to pass upon their own work but should leave its ratification to the untrammeled judgment of their colleagues. But even if the practice were not indelicate and in violation of sound constitutional principles, it would be reprehensible for another reason. It seems to imply that the citizenship of this country is poor and meagre in the ability to render public service when its vast population has just demonstrated its tremendous resources in every field of service. What need is there for confining the choice of delegates within such narrow range?

Mr. Hughes was never in the Senate but, as Secretary, was of necessity appointed a delegate. The other three delegates all were or had been members of the Senate. Where there was a practical freedom of choice all were taken from the senatorial caste. For good measure the chairman of the committee of advisers was also chosen from the same charmed circle. We are thus permitted to look upon a remarkable phenomenon in the development of democratic government when we see such a concentration of the talent of our hundred millions of people into a minute group operating as a ruling class. A vast continental republic will not long submit to be governed by a narrow ring. It must be said that the Senate has not struck the zenith in its modern days. The new property qualification for membership, which has been gradually asserting itself, has neither improved its quality nor its standing with the people.

Whether any of the treaties regarding the Pacific should be ratified presents a question of grave doubt. There will need to be careful scrutiny of their ultimate form. But the limitation of ships and the naval holiday must stand as positive achievements of statesmanship. They will reduce naval budgets and if, so far as peace is concerned, they constitute only an exalted gesture, yet it is a gesture that has evoked the plaudits of the world. As I said at the outset, the widespread response may be regarded as marking a long step forward. It shows that the public opinion of mankind is against war, and without equivocation or political manœuvring it is the duty of the nations to form a solid phalanx against it. Fifty nations have already banded together. Undoubtedly those provisions in their covenant which were obnoxious to us would be obliterated. The essential thing is to present a united front against war. This country is the only obstacle to world union. If we shall take our place by the side of Europe and Asia and Africa, then the prophecy of the Latin poet may be at last fulfilled; the rough ages will become gentle and the gates of war be closed.

The conference habit is a good one to cultivate. It will promote understanding and relieve the strain upon a single world union. But America's place is beside the other nations joining to outlaw war and to put a restraining hand upon that power which would resort to methods of violence and break the peace of the world.

JAPAN'S POLICY IN KOREA

BY E. ALEXANDER POWELL

I

On a sultry August afternoon in 1905, four men, — two burly, bearded Russians and two slight, suave Japanese, — bending over a table in an unimpressive red-brick building within the walls of the Navy Yard at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, scrawled their signatures at the bottom of a closely written parchment, thereby bringing to an end the stupendous struggle between their respective countries for the mastery of the Farther East. But, in thus concluding a peace between their own great empires, the plenipotentiaries were signing the death-warrant of a third nation, a nation which had kept its independence for upward of two thousand years; for, by the terms of the Treaty of Portsmouth, Russia recognized Japan's 'paramount political, military, and economic interests' in Korea. Thus guaranteed complete freedom of action in the peninsula, Japan proclaimed a protectorate over the ancient little kingdom before the ink on the treaty was fairly dry, and Korea passed into the limbo of subject nations.

The Koreans and their champions have never ceased to denounce the methods employed by Japan in the establishment of the protectorate, asserting, and probably with some degree of truth, that the Emperor of Korea and his ministers were intimidated into signing away the independence of their country. But, though the methods which Japan employed in effecting this step may be open to criticism, that the step was imperative and inevitable cannot seriously be questioned. Korea's loss of independence was primarily due to her unfortunate geographical position. Her internal condition, bad as it was, was only contributory in bringing about her downfall. Glance at the map, and you will see that the peninsula of Korea is a pistol pointed straight at the heart of Japan. So long as that weapon remained, unloaded, on the table, Japan felt tolerably secure. But when she saw an unfriendly hand moving stealthily to grasp it, she was forced to take decisive action in order to ensure her own safety. For with nations, as with individuals, self-preservation is the first law of nature.

In 1894, China, which had long claimed a shadowy suzerainty over Korea, — a suzerainty not recognized by Japan, — dispatched a military force to the peninsula, for the ostensible purpose of stabilizing the government of the little empire and effecting internal reforms. In reality it was a move to bring Korea under the rule of Peking. China's curt refusal to withdraw her troops forced Japan to choose between a permanent Chinese occupation of the peninsula and war. She chose the latter and, by continuous and easy victories, won an overwhelming triumph. By the terms of the treaty of peace China abandoned her pretensions to the suzerainty of Korea, which remained, in theory at least, an independent empire. This was Japan's first modern

war, and it was fought to keep China from obtaining possession of the Korean pistol.

Scarcely was Japan rid of the Chinese menace, however, when another and far more formidable enemy reached down from the North to snatch the weapon so temptingly displayed. In 1903 the Emperor of Korea granted permission to a Russian lumber company to fell timber on the Korean side of the Yalu River. This seemingly innocent commercial concession provided the land-hungry Muscovite with a pretext for demanding the cession of a Korean harbor — Yongampo — on the Yellow Sea. The Bear was coming down to the Warm Water.

Fully awake to her peril, Japan promptly and vigorously protested against this aggression, insisting that Russia should keep out of Korea, and demanding that her own special interests in the peninsula should be recognized. Russia, made overconfident by her huge army and enormous resources, contemptuously refused. Thus Japan found herself confronted by the same problem with the Muscovite that she had fought out with the Celestial a decade before. The announcement of her decision came with paralyzing suddenness in the dimness of a February dawn in 1904, when she launched a torpedo attack against the Russian squadron lying under the guns of Port Arthur. The struggle that followed cost the Island Empire 135,000 lives and eight hundred million dollars; but in eighteen months the men from the little islands, who in their youth had worn skirts and carried painted fans and drunk their tea from eggshell cups the size of thimbles, whipped to a standstill the Colossus of the North.

Having thus waged two wars on account of Korea, Japan emerged from the second conflict fully convinced that her national security depended upon her preventing the peninsula from falling under the dominance of a third power. Nor could she permit the little empire to drift into a condition of such internal chaos as to imperil foreign interests and thereby provide an excuse for foreign interference. There seemed only one way for Japan to dispel, for good and all, the threatening cloud which had so long overshadowed her: she must herself assume supervision of Korea's affairs.

The establishment of the protectorate placed Korea in much the same relation to Japan that Egypt bore to England when the latter intervened in the Nile country in 1882. Japan could no more take the risk of another power gaining a foothold in Korea, and thereby threatening her causeway to the Asian mainland, than England could take the risk of another power gaining a foothold in Egypt, and threatening her sea-road to India. England intervened in Egypt in order, by reforming its government and ameliorating the condition of its people, to avert foreign complications. Japan intervened in Korea for precisely the same reasons.

England sent to Egypt, as proconsul, her greatest administrator, Evelyn Baring, later Lord Cromer. Japan sent to Korea *her* greatest administrator, the Marquis Ito. Each was confronted by the same problem: to reform a government rotten to the very core, and to effect the regeneration of a people reduced to the lowest depths of misery and degradation by centuries of spoliation and oppression. Had Ito not fallen by the bullet of a Korean assassin, at the very moment when the patient, tactful, sympathetic administration which he had established was beginning to show results, there is little doubt that he would have met with as astonishing success in rehabilitating the Land of the Morning Calm as Cromer did in the Land of the Valley of the Nile.

When the Japanese undertook the task of regenerating Korea there were but two classes in that unhappy country — the spoilers and the spoiled. The Korean officials had forgotten more about graft than Tammany Hall ever knew. Tweed and Croker were amateurs at the game, when compared to the Korean *Yangbans*. The peasantry had neither rights nor privileges, save that of being the ultimate sponge. The court at Seoul was permeated with treachery and intrigue. Foreigners found, as the natives had long known, that no man's life or property was safe from the rapacity of the Court party and its henchmen. Political assassinations were so common as scarcely to provoke comment. Never, perhaps, has there existed a weaker government, one more degraded and corrupt, one more utterly incapable of governing. No government more richly deserved its fate.

In June, 1907, the weak, intrigue-loving old Emperor, notwithstanding his agreement not to engage in any act of an international character save through the medium of Japan, secretly dispatched three emissaries to The Hague, where the Second Peace Conference was sitting, in an attempt to bring about foreign intervention. In order to save their country from the consequences of the Emperor's indiscretion, which the Japanese regarded as treachery, the Korean cabinet, composed, for a wonder, of patriotic and farseeing men, virtually insisted on the sovereign's abdication. He was succeeded by the Crown Prince, a youth who, if popular report is to be believed, has been mentally incompetent from birth; but his tenure of the puppetship was destined to be of brief duration.

Meanwhile, political conditions in Seoul were going from bad to worse. Plot and counterplot followed each other in rapid succession. To avert anarchy, the Japanese put down these conspiracies with an iron hand. And to protect the peasantry, who were powerless to protect themselves, they suppressed extortion and oppression with equal firmness. The firm attitude of the government so alarmed and infuriated the corruptionists and conspirators, that they had recourse to the Korean's traditional method of political retaliation — assassination. This campaign of terrorism, which culminated in the brutal murder of the Marquis Ito, Korea's staunchest friend, served only to hasten the end, which came on the twenty-second of August, 1910, when Korea was formally annexed to the Empire of Japan.

II

The imperial rescript proclaiming the annexation was the signal for the systematic Japanization of Korea to begin. And it was begun with all the method and thoroughness so characteristic of the people of Nippon. The conciliatory policy of Marquis Ito gave way to a Bismarckian policy of blood and iron. Instead of being farsighted enough to grant the Koreans the large measure of autonomy which we have given to the Filipinos and the Porto Ricans, which England has given to the Boers and the Egyptians, they made the mistake of attempting to extirpate the language and the literature of the Koreans, to destroy their national ideals, to root out their ancient manners and customs. In short, they tried to mould these new subjects over again, mistakenly believing that, were sufficient pressure applied, they would emerge from the process as Japanese; though I imagine that it was never intended that they should be anything save an inferior grade of Japanese, subject to restrictions and disabilities from which the islanders themselves were immune. I

may be doing these who were responsible for this policy a grave injustice; but, judging their aims by their actions, I am tempted to believe that they dreamed of eventually bringing the Koreans to a status not far removed from that of the American negro, thereby giving to the Empire twenty millions of patient, uncomplaining, and submissive subjects, hewers of wood and drawers of water, who would accept without remonstrance the rôle of social, political, and economic inferiority assigned to them.

In adopting this policy, they committed the first of the series of psychological and political blunders which have caused such grave criticism of Japanese rule in Korea, and which have provided the enemies of Japan with so much ammunition. I am not suggesting that progressive Japanese opinion approved this policy, for it did not. The Korean programme represented the views of the military party alone. Indeed, there was a very considerable element in Japan which disapproved of the annexation altogether, holding that a resentful and rebellious Korea, annexed against her will, standing at Japan's very door, would prove a source of weakness rather than of strength to the Empire.

Korea was now an integral part of the Japanese Empire. But, though the instrument which brought the two peoples together specifically and impliedly provides that Koreans shall have a share in the public affairs of Japan, the Japanese proceeded to treat Korea as a conquered nation. It was at once placed under military rule, General Count Terauchi, a grim soldier of the old Samurai school, being appointed Resident-General, and clothed with almost sovereign powers. Soldiery, gendarmerie, and police were poured into the new province, until it assumed the appearance of a great armed camp. Then, with the stage set, the curtain rose on the tragic spectacle of the denationalization of a people.

What I now have to say cannot but prove distasteful reading for the Japanese and their friends. Yet to minimize, or apologize for, or ignore the deplorable blunders which marred Japan's administrative record in Korea during the decade immediately following the annexation, as certain American champions of Japan have done, would only impair the value of this paper in the eyes of thinking and impartially minded men, without rendering any corresponding service either to the Japanese or to the Koreans. Were I to attempt to make the picture more flattering to Japanese pride, by leaving out the blemishes, I should be failing in that duty which every self-respecting writer owes to his readers and to himself. On the other hand, I shall not permit myself to be influenced by the usually exaggerated and frequently untruthful charges made against the Japanese administration by the Koreans and their champions. I believe that every statement contained in the succeeding pages can be fully substantiated, in many cases by the *Annual Report* of the Government-General of Korea itself.

One of the first steps taken by the Japanese in their organized campaign of denationalization was the enactment of legislation denying freedom of the press, of speech, and of assembly to the Koreans. In pursuance of this policy, all the papers and periodicals owned or managed by Koreans were suppressed. 'At the end of the fiscal year 1916 there were twenty newspapers published in Chosen, of which eighteen were in Japanese, one in Korean, and one in English,' says the *Annual Report*, which might have added that they were all Japanese, and that three of them, including the last two, were government

organs. During the reign of repression the only non-Japanese publications in Korea were certain newspapers printed secretly, while their publishers were 'on the run,' and distributed from hand to hand, like the famous Belgian journals issued during the German occupation. The hand-presses and type were conveyed from hiding-place to hiding-place under cover of night, the lives of the editors being as thrilling as the Japanese police and spies could make them.

It having been determined that the Korean language, like Korean literature, should die, an attempt was made to destroy it by making Japanese the official tongue, not only in public documents and court proceedings, but, wherever possible, in the schools. It is instructive to compare this with our own policy in the Philippines, where Spanish is taught as freely and as widely as English. The textbooks used in the schools were printed in Japanese, under the supervision of Japanese censors; the teachers were either Japanese or Japanese-speaking Koreans. And, as if to impress the children with the military might of Japan, the teachers wore sabres. Imagine the effect on a class of little girls, when their teacher emphasized his authority by rattling his sword!

Though Korea has a history reaching back into the past for two thousand years, its teaching in the schools was forbidden. Nor, with the exception of certain specially favored individuals, were Koreans permitted to go abroad for study, save to Japan; and those who had been studying abroad were not permitted to return. Moreover, those who succeeded in obtaining permission to attend the Imperial University at Tokyo were discouraged, if not actually forbidden, from specializing in such subjects as law, constitutional government, history, and economics, it being the Japanese policy to encourage industrial education along practical lines for their new subjects, to the exclusion of everything else. The Japanese have always held that England, in encouraging a purely academic education for the higher class Hindus in India, was breeding discontent and agitation, and they had no intention of trying a similar experiment in Korea.

'The holding of public meetings in connection with political affairs, or the gathering of crowds out of doors, was also prohibited, except open-air religious gatherings, or school excursion parties, permission for which might be obtained of the police authorities.' Thus reads a passage in the *Annual Report*, which states further that 'most of the political associations and similar bodies were ordered to dissolve themselves at the time of annexation . . . since then there has been no political party or association, as such, among the Koreans.' This regulation was even more comprehensive than its wording would suggest: a Y.M.C.A. had to submit to the police the date, hour, speaker, and topic of discussion of a proposed meeting, before it could obtain permission to hold it; the same prohibitive principle applied to interscholastic field-meets, in which two or more schools proposed participating.

Another source of Korean resentment was provided by the Japanese attitude toward religion. Broadly speaking, religious instruction was forbidden in Korean schools. Religious gatherings of more than five persons were required to obtain a permit from the police, and native Christians had to obtain special authorization to hold religious services. This interference with religious liberty was in itself the height of political unwisdom; but the overzealous police, by their harsh and unintelligent methods of enforcement, turned it into something perilously close to religious persecution. For example, such hymns as 'Onward,

Christian Soldiers' were forbidden, on the ground that they tended to develop a militaristic spirit among the Koreans — an inhibition only equaled in recent times, in its patent absurdity, by Abdul Hamid's famous dictum against the importation into Turkey of dynamos, because they sounded like dynamite!

Prominent churchmen, leaders in Korean thought and education, were arrested, and sometimes thrown into prison, on charges so ridiculous that they sounded more like a passage from a Gilbert and Sullivan opera than a serious court proceeding. For example, the pastor of one of the native churches was arrested for having referred in his sermon to the Kingdom of Heaven. He was freed with an admonition not to repeat the offense, the police magistrate warning him that the only kingdom in which the Koreans should display an interest was the Kingdom of Japan! Mr. C. W. Kendall, in *The Truth About Korea*, cites the case of Pastor Kil of Ping-Yang, who, for preaching against the evils of cigarette-smoking by boys, was charged by the Japanese authorities with treason. The argument of the Japanese prosecutor, according to Mr. Kendall, ran something after this fashion: —

Pastor Kil preached against the use of cigarettes.

The manufacture of cigarettes is a government monopoly.

To speak against their use is to injure a government institution.

To injure a government institution is to work against the government.

To work against the government is treason.

Ergo, Pastor Kil is guilty of treason.

Though, upon annexation, Korea became, in theory at least, a province of the Empire, the Koreans were permitted neither a national assembly nor representation in the Japanese Diet, thus giving them justification for adopting the slogan, 'Taxation without representation is tyranny.' Had the Japanese been more familiar with American history, they would have realized that the same slogan cost England her American colonies. Though, in principle, the Koreans were to be accorded the same treatment as other subjects of the Emperor, discrimination of the most flagrant character was practised against them everywhere. For example, corporal punishment could be legally administered only to Koreans. Hence, if a Japanese was convicted of a misdemeanor, he was imprisoned or fined. If a Korean was convicted of the same offense, he was flogged — sometimes into insensibility. If a Japanese was killed by the Seoul street-railways, his family was paid two hundred yen. If the victim was a Korean, the indemnity was half that sum. A Japanese common laborer received over half again as much pay as a Korean laborer engaged in the same task; and the same rule applied to skilled workmen, and, for that matter, to government officials. While eleven years were allowed the Japanese youths for primary and secondary education, only eight years were allowed the Koreans. It has been suggested, incidentally, that this discrimination in the curricula was the highest unintentional compliment the Japanese could pay to the exceptional intellectual ability of the sons and daughters of Korea.

Even more humiliating and degrading were the various forms of social discrimination practised against the Koreans. I can assert, from personal observation, that the great majority of Japanese treat the Koreans in personal intercourse as the dirt beneath their feet. It is only fair to add, however, that this disregard of Korean susceptibilities is confined, in the main, to Japanese of the lower and middle classes. Every nation has its gentlemen.

Immediately upon annexation the peninsula was flooded with gendarmes, police, spies, and informers, who promptly proceeded to inaugurate a reign of terror. On the pretext of searching for arms or seditious literature, the police entered private residences without search warrants, still further irritating the Koreans by invading the apartments of the women. Spies, usually low-class Koreans, were everywhere, adding to the general demoralization. No one knew when, or in what form, the most harmless acts or words might be reported to the authorities. Yet the Koreans had no appeal from these oppressions, because, with no newspapers, they had no way of making themselves heard.

The police, in addition to their regular functions of crime-prevention and the apprehension of criminals, were given judicial power. They could sentence prisoners to fines, flogging, imprisonment, or exile. The extreme unwisdom of granting such wide powers to the police, who were totally incompetent to exercise them with discretion, and who, to make matters worse, were for the most part men of petty minds and narrow sympathies, requires no comment. Add to this the fact, of which there exists indubitable proof, that the police frequently tortured innocent persons in order to extract testimony from them, and it will be seen that the Koreans had abundant ground for complaint.

That the police had gendarmes and soldiers associated with them in the enforcement of the law led the Koreans to regard the police, not as civil servants and protectors, but as oppressors. This feeling was intensified by the multitude of petty and vexatious regulations, many of which the people could not understand, and by the harsh and indiscriminate manner in which they were administered. The records of the summary courts — which correspond to our police courts — for 1915, show a total of 59,483 persons brought to trial and only seven acquitted. Dr. Gleason, who is strongly pro-Japanese, asserts that, in the four years 1913–16, 221,000 persons were tried and only 496 acquitted. In the report issued by the Government-General for the year 1916–17, it is stated that, out of 82,121 offenders dealt with 'in police summary judgment,' 81,139 were sentenced, 952 were pardoned, and only 30 were able to prove their innocence. Dr. Hugh C. Cynn, in his dispassionate and, on the whole, remarkably just book, *The Rebirth of Korea*, dryly remarks that 'either the Japanese police in Korea are so superior to those of all other nations in detecting crime that they almost never run down any but the actual criminals, or the Koreans, when they get into the meshes of the police- and gendarme-interpreted ordinances, find it next to impossible to prove their innocence.'

Instead of putting Korean interests first, Japan made the mistake of ruling the peninsula primarily for her own glory and the benefit of her own people. Under the old Korean government the land was divided into four classes: —

1. Private lands, owned by individuals.

2. Crown lands, belonging to the Emperor, but leased in perpetuity to private individuals.

3. Municipal lands, the titles to which were vested in the various municipalities, but the practical ownership of which was in the hands of private individuals.

4. Lands belonging to the Buddhist temples.

Owners of private lands paid taxes to the government. Tenants of crown lands paid rental to the royal household. Those occupying municipal lands paid fees to the respective municipalities.

The temple lands, which were held under a communistic arrangement by the Buddhists, were exempt from taxation. In many cases the leasehold of these lands had acquired a value almost equal to that of land held in full possession. One of the first acts of the Japanese administration was to survey the country and expropriate all crown, municipal, and temple lands, on the ground that, as they did not belong to private individuals, they must be the property of the government. They were then turned over to a concern known as the Oriental Development Company, which was a government-fostered organization for encouraging the immigration of Japanese into Korea. This company, by demanding greatly increased rentals from the Korean tenants, forced them to abandon the lands, which they had tilled for generations, in favor of government-assisted Japanese settlers. The economic unwisdom of this policy is shown by the fact that, though some 400,000 Japanese have settled in the peninsula since the annexation, upwards of 1,500,000 Koreans have gone into voluntary exile in Manchuria and Siberia, because they could not stand the pressure thus brought to bear upon them. The repeated assertions of the Japanese that they went into Korea for the benefit of the Koreans reminds me of an anecdote told of one of the rulers of the House of Hanover, — I think it was George the First, — who, addressing his new subjects upon his arrival in England, assured them in his broken English, 'I am here for your own good — for all your goods.'

III

In the foregoing pages I have sketched, in brief outline, the methods by which Japan sought, during the ten years following the annexation, to assimilate the Korean people. In doing this, I have tried to be absolutely fair. All the abuses which I have cited are fully substantiated by the official reports of the Government-General itself. Of certain other charges, which I have not been able to verify to my own satisfaction, I have made no mention. Viewing the question impartially, it appears to me that, at the beginning of 1920, when Japan inaugurated a milder and more sympathetic rule in the peninsula, the Koreans had no less than a dozen distinct and justifiable grounds for complaint against the Japanese administration. These might be summed up as follows: —

1. Taxation without representation.
2. Denial of freedom of the press, of speech, and of assembly.
3. Measures tending to the eventual extirpation of the Korean language.
4. Educational discrimination.
5. Interference with the religious activities of the people.
6. Abuse of power by the police.
7. Multiplicity of irritating laws and lack of judgment in their enforcement.
8. Expropriation of public lands.
9. Economic pressure against Koreans.
10. Treatment of Korean leaders.
11. Lack of tact, sympathy, and understanding on the part of Japanese officials.
12. Social discrimination.

By these methods the Japanese sought to remould their new subjects in their own image. But, much to their surprise and perturbation, they discovered in the Korean a character as hard, as obstinate, and as unyielding as their own. At every turn they found themselves confronted by that most baffling of all obstacles — passive resistance. Had the Japanese been farsighted enough to treat the Koreans, who are not a conquered race, as England treat-

ed the conquered Boers, there would have been a genuine amalgamation of the two peoples. And it is not a long step from amalgamation to assimilation. But the Japanese ignored this golden opportunity to win the loyalty and friendship of their new subjects. Imagine the upheaval in the British Empire if England should suppress the vernacular newspapers of the Hindus; if she should forbid the use of Arabic in the courts of Egypt; if she should expropriate the lands of the Indian princes; if she should prohibit the teaching of the Koran in the schools of her Mohammedan possessions! Yet that is a fair parallel to the Japanese policy in Korea. That the complete breakdown of this policy has been clearly recognized by the more progressive and discerning of the Japanese themselves is shown by the report of Mr. Kenosuke Morya, whom the Japanese Constitutional Party sent to Korea to investigate conditions on the spot. In it he says: 'It is a great mistake of colonial policy to enforce upon the Koreans, with their two-thousand-year history, the same spiritual and mental training as the Japanese people.'

Yet, during this same discouraging decade, the Japanese made amazing material progress in Korea. The old, effete, corrupt administration was swept away. A cabinet was formed on the model of that in Japan. An elaborate system of local government was adopted. The judiciary was reformed. A sound monetary system was established and maintained. Prisons were cleansed and modernized. The mileage of the railways was doubled. The inadequate Korean harbors were transformed into spacious ports, equipped with all modern appliances. Remarkable improvements in the public health were effected by government hospitals and systems of sanitation. New waterworks were built in fourteen cities and towns. The 500 miles of road which existed in 1910 were increased to 8000, it being proposed eventually to cover the peninsula with a network of highways. New industries were introduced, nearly 800 factories, something theretofore unknown in the land, being established, which provided occupation for thousands of Koreans. Handsome and substantial public buildings were erected. Streets were extended and paved, and charming parks laid out. Primary, secondary, technical, agricultural, forestry, and other schools, model farms and experimental stations, were opened.

Agriculture — the mainstay of the country — was enormously developed, the Korean farmer being taught new and profitable side lines: fruit, cotton, sugar-beet, hemp, tobacco, and silkworm culture, and sheep-breeding. Afforestation was pushed forward on a truly astounding scale, no less than half a billion young trees being set out by the Japanese Forestry Service on the bare, brown hillsides. The area of cultivated land was doubled. Fruit production was more than doubled. The output of the Korean coal mines was trebled. Cotton acreage increased by more than 4500 per cent, and salt production by more than 7000 per cent. There were increases of several hundred per cent in the acreages of wheat, beans, and barley. By the introduction of modern appliances the value of the fishery products was doubled. The foreign trade of Korea went up from 59,000,000 yen to 131,000,000 yen in seven years. In less than a decade after the annexation, there were a million depositors in the postal-savings banks — and this in a country with a notoriously shiftless and improvident population. In short, more public improvements were made, civic reforms instituted, and economic progress effected in these ten years than the Koreans had so much as thought of since their history began.

For this great work Japan deserves the highest commendation. It is a striking testimonial to her efficiency in effecting material reforms. And it is likewise a testimonial to the capacity for making progress of the Koreans themselves. If successful colonial administration consisted only in effecting material benefits, Japan's record in Korea would entitle her to be regarded as one of the most successful colonizing nations in the world. The curious fact remains that few, if any, of the writers on Korea have been able to appraise this record of achievement at its true valuation.[1] Their perspective is distorted by their prejudices. The pro-Korean writers, almost without exception, have either minimized Japan's accomplishments in the peninsula, or have denied their benefit to the Koreans themselves. On the other hand, such pro-Japanese writers as Messrs. Sherrill, Gleason, and Hershey have magnified the chronicle of progress until it all but obscures everything else. It can no more benefit the Koreans to have their champions shut their eyes to the undeniable good that the Japanese have accomplished, than it can serve Japan to have her partisans ignore those evils which cry for redress.

IV

Throughout the four years of the Great War there were manifest to keen observers many evidences that a new spirit was gradually taking possession of the Koreans. It would be stating only a part of the truth, however, to assert that the Japanese administration was the sole cause of this national unrest. Obnoxious though that administration was, it was only contributory; the real cause was to be found in the innate and irresistible desire of the Koreans to govern themselves. They were hungry for freedom. Now that the Poles and the Croats and the Czechs and the Lithuanians were about to achieve their independence, is it any wonder that the Koreans felt that the hour when they should strike for liberty was likewise at hand? It was Woodrow Wilson's pronunciamento on the right of small nations to self-determination that gave them their text and battle cry. It was the assembling of the peacemakers at Versailles that gave them their opportunity. The Korean leaders, believing, no doubt, that they could ride to success on the wave of political freedom which was sweeping the world, chose the time set for the opening of the Peace Conference to launch their 'passive revolution.' For the most part impractical visionaries, there is something of the pathetic in their failure to realize how hopeless was their attempt to interest a distracted Europe in the fortunes of an obscure little nation half the world away.

It was planned that the 'revolution' should be unique in the history of political uprisings, in that there should be neither bloodshed nor violence. The participants were explicitly warned that no one was to be harmed. No property was to be destroyed or damaged. No rowdyism, no Bolshevism, no terrorism was to be tolerated. Orders were given that under no circumstances were the demonstrators to resist the Japanese police. If they were beaten, imprisoned, or even killed, they were to take their punishment without complaint. Nothing must be done that would bring reproach upon the name of Korea, or

[1] In *The Truth About Korea*, Mr. C. W. Kendall devotes only four lines to what Japan has done for the good of the Koreans. In his *Modern Japan*, Dr. A. S. Hershey devotes scarcely more space to discussing the shortcomings of the Japanese administration. The only fearless and non-partisan account I have been able to find is that contained in Mr. J. O. P. Bland's *Japan, China, and Korea*. — THE AUTHOR.

upon their movement. It was arranged that these passive demonstrations should break out simultaneously in all the larger towns and cities of the peninsula, while in Seoul itself the demonstrators were to divide themselves into groups of three thousand, each under a leader, and march to the various foreign consulates and government offices, singing the Korean national anthem and shouting '*Mansei!*' which is the Korean equivalent of 'Hurrah!' In short, it was to be a nation-wide demonstration, in which seventeen million Koreans were to impress on their Japanese rulers, by strictly peaceable methods, that they would no longer submit to misgovernment and oppression. When it is remembered that for every Japanese in the peninsula there are fifty Koreans, it is not hard to guess what would have happened if the demonstration had not been a passive one.

How the great number of country people who were to participate in the demonstration were to gain access to the capital without arousing the suspicions of the Japanese police was a question which caused some perplexity to the leaders of the movement; but it was suddenly solved in the latter part of January, 1919, when the old ex-Emperor Yi passed away in his palace in Seoul. Though he had been of no service to his countrymen when alive, it seemed that he might aid them unwittingly now that he was dead; for his funeral, set for March fourth, provided the very excuse that the Korean leaders had been seeking for a sudden influx of peasantry into the capital. In some way, however, the carefully guarded secret reached the ears of the police; whereupon the resourceful leaders suddenly changed the date for the demonstration to March first — the day set for the rehearsal of the funeral. As the rehearsal of a Korean funeral is almost as magnificent as the event itself, the authorities saw nothing to cause alarm in the great numbers of Koreans who came pouring into the capital by train and road, afoot, and in lumbering carts, and astride of horses.

The morning of March first found upward of two hundred thousand people assembled in the streets of Seoul. The whole city was tense with anxiety, mingled with some vague expectancy. In the meantime thirty-three men, representing all religions, sects, and classes, had drawn up and signed what was virtually a Declaration of Independence. These men thoroughly believed that President Wilson's declaration, that the civilized world was determined henceforth to protect the rights of weaker nations, proclaimed the end of Korea's vassaldom. 'A new era,' they declared, 'wakes before our eyes; the old world of force is gone, and the new world of righteousness and truth is here.' Copies of the proclamation, together with instructions as to what was expected of the people, were sent to local leaders all over Korea, through the aid of little schoolgirls, who hid the incriminating documents in their capacious sleeves and trudged from town to town, bearing the message of freedom.

Shortly before noon on March first, twenty-nine of the thirty-three signers of the declaration met in the Tai-wha Kwan, where the independence of Korea had been signed away nearly a decade before. It is said that all the higher officials of the Japanese administration had been invited to attend the meeting, but that only one had come, the others having official duties which took them elsewhere. After the momentous document had been read to the assemblage, a messenger was dispatched to communicate its contents to the great crowd which had gathered in Pagoda Park. Then, after drinking success to the movement thus initiated,

one of the signers went to the telephone, called up the chief of police, told him what they had done, and informed him that they were ready to go to prison. The police promptly complied with the suggestion.

The demonstration, taken as a whole, followed the instructions of the leaders to the letter. The demonstrators were unarmed, and among them were as many old men and women as young people. Foreigners who witnessed the affair told me that it was one of the most curious and impressive sights they had ever seen. The masses of white-clad people, pulsating with the new spirit of freedom, surged through the streets in human billows, waving little Korean flags, of which thousands had been distributed secretly, singing the Korean national anthem, which is set to the tune of 'Auld Lang Syne,' and shouting 'Mansei! Mansei! Mansei! Ten thousand years for Korea!'

So skillfully had the demonstration been planned and executed, that the authorities were taken completely by surprise. The Japanese secret service, which had boasted that it had its fingers constantly on the pulse of Korean public opinion, had been outwitted and outmanœuvred at every turn. Because of the magnitude of the movement, the police were helpless; but as soon as the seriousness of the situation was realized, the troops were called out and the paraders were dispersed by force, hundreds being wounded or trampled upon. By nightfall of Independence Day the prisons of Korea were filled to overflowing.[2]

It was here, in my opinion, that the authorities were guilty of a serious blunder. It must be patent to every fair-minded person that they could not tolerate disorders and revolutionary acts, however patriotically intended, and that, in adopting stern measures for their suppression, they did only what all governments are quite likely to do under similar circumstances. The question is whether, in view of the eminently passive character of the demonstration, they chose the wisest course. So long as there was no violence, it would have been the part of wisdom, it seems to me, to have let the pent-up emotions of the people escape through the safety valve provided by the demonstration, instead of attempting forcibly to suppress them. Much bloodshed might have been averted if the authorities had possessed the psychology of one village policeman, who permitted the people in his district to celebrate for three days without molestation. Then he told them that, if they wanted independence, they should build up an army and navy; this would require much money, so they had better return to their work and accumulate the wealth necessary to develop the nation. They agreed with him that it was sound advice, and dispersed peaceably, without any harm having been done.[3]

Notwithstanding official attempts to minimize the extent and significance of the agitation, there seems to be but little doubt that it was a genuine national movement. When I went to Korea, I was quite prepared to find certain classes of the population, particularly the students and intellectuals and those having political aspirations, permeated by the spirit of nationalism. But I expected to find the farmers, who compose the great mass of the people and are the backbone of the country, largely ignorant of and indifferent to the new movement. I found, however, that the emotions aroused — which might be described as a new national

[2] See *The Rebirth of Korea*, by Dr. Hugh C. Cynn, and *The Truth About Korea*, by C. W. Kendall.

[3] See George Gleason's *What Shall I Think of Japan?*

consciousness — have gone deep and broad into the lives of the people as a whole. When Yi Sang-Chai, who has been called 'the Tolstoy of Korea,' was interrogated by a secret-service man as to who were the persons behind the movement, he replied: 'All the Korean people, from Fusan to the Ever-White Mountains. They are all in it. They are the committee back of the agitation.'

Now, it is not my intention to enter into any detailed account or discussion of the excesses which marked the suppression of the independence movement. That the Japanese police and gendarmes were guilty of many brutalities and some horrible reprisals is not open to question. Not only have they been confirmed by a host of reputable witnesses, foreigners as well as natives, but the Japanese Government itself has virtually admitted them by punishing the perpetrators. In certain of the provincial towns, if the testimony of trustworthy witnesses is to be believed, unarmed and unresisting Koreans, both men and women, were bayoneted or shot down in cold blood. Houses were looted and burned. In order to extort confessions, or to obtain evidence, many of the prisoners were subjected to torture. Women and young girls were stripped, beaten, and subjected to shameful indignities; though I might add that I found no evidence of a single case of assault on Korean women by Japanese police or soldiers. Yet, brutal and cruel though they undeniably were, that is no excuse for the grossly exaggerated accounts that have been spread broadcast.

V

In considering the methods that the Japanese authorities used in suppressing the independence movement, it should be kept in mind that they were indicative of the sentiment of only a small, though powerful, section of the Japanese people — the military party. These men took the position that Korea and the Koreans were the absolute property of Japan, that the subjugation and Japanization of the Koreans was a military necessity, and that the independence movement constituted a defiance of the imperial power which must be stamped out with fire and sword. I am not excusing the Japanese when I remind my readers of the massacre ordered by the British General Dyer at Amritsar; of Captain-General Weyler's treatment of the Cubans; of the behavior of the Black-and-Tans in Ireland; of the excesses perpetrated by the Greeks in Albania and Asia Minor. The Japanese excesses in Korea should not be condoned because other people have committed similar ones. I am merely calling attention to the fact that history shows that enlightened and humane nations have frequently been disgraced by the actions of their military men.

It is due to historical accuracy and to the Japanese army to emphasize the fact that three bodies of men have been sent by the Japanese Government to Korea to restore order. One is the regular army. Another is the gendarmerie — a police force organized on military lines. The third is the police, or, rather, those contingents of police recruited in Japan. These forces are distinct and should not be confused. Nor should their deeds. In organization, discipline, temper, and ideals, the police and gendarmerie are several degrees removed from the regular army. Unlike the regular army, their discipline, training, and temper could not withstand the trials and temptations to which they were subjected in Korea. Neither their discipline nor their methods could compare with army discipline; so it is scarcely a matter for surprise that, at certain times and places, they broke

loose — that they burned, destroyed, killed, tortured, intimidated. In the vast majority of cases the excesses in Korea were committed by police and gendarmes, not by Japanese soldiers.

Now here is the most significant and discouraging feature of the whole deplorable business. When the news of what had happened in the peninsula became known in Japan, there was no public, and very little political, reaction. The wave of indignation which swept England when the conduct of the Black-and-Tans in Ireland became known had no parallel in Japan. Scarcely more than a ripple disturbed the political waters, while the public remained as profoundly apathetic as if the excesses had occurred in Central Africa instead of in a province of the Empire, six score miles away. It is true that the Japanese Constitutional Party dispatched an independent investigator to Korea, to examine the situation on the spot; and that his report ascribed the movement to discriminatory treatment of the Koreans, complicated and impracticable administrative measures, and extreme oppression. It is also true that the Resident-General, Count Hasegawa, the Director of Political Affairs, Mr. Yamagata, and the chief of gendarmerie were recalled, though the government 'saved the face' of the militarists by making General Hasegawa a field-marshal.

There is no doubt that the government was gravely concerned over the excesses, though not so much on moral grounds as because of its fear of the effect on Western opinion. And this concern was shared by a small group of men who had had long associations with Western life and were familiar with Western thought. As I was discussing the excesses some months later with Viscount Kaneko, who is a graduate of Harvard and one of the most advanced Japanese statesmen, he said with great earnestness: 'Unfortunately they are only too true. I do not pretend to deny them; I can only deplore them, the more so because they were committed by my own people. I only hope that they will not be interpreted abroad as indicative of the real attitude of the Japanese people toward the Koreans.' I do not wish to do the Japanese Government or people an injustice, but, in my opinion, the reforms which were promptly instituted in Korea were inspired, not by public opinion in Japan, but almost wholly by public opinion outside Japan. For the Peace Conference was then sitting in Paris, and Japan, with enormous interests at stake in the *post-bellum* settlements, could ill afford to have her case prejudiced by criticism of her conduct in Korea.

The government thus found itself in a difficult and trying situation. Premier Hara[4] was quick to recognize that something must be done, and done at once, to convince America and the European nations that Japan was sincere in her desire to ameliorate conditions in the peninsula. But he likewise realized that he could not afford to do anything which would arouse the animosity of the military party. He steered a middle course, therefore, by designating Admiral Baron Saito, a retired naval officer, as the new Governor-General of Korea, this appointment being in the nature of a compromise between the militarists, who demanded that the independence movement be suppressed with an iron hand, and those statesmen of broader vision, who, recognizing the danger of flouting foreign opinion, insisted on a new deal for the Koreans. I might add, parenthetically, that, as a captain in command of a Japanese warship, Baron Saito was present when the American squadron under Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay, and that he unre-

[4] Assassinated in November, 1921.

servedly sided with the American commodore when the commander of a German warship attempted to interfere in behalf of the Spaniards. The portfolio of Political Affairs in Baron Saito's cabinet is held by Dr. Kentaro Midzuno, formerly Minister of the Interior of Japan, an enlightened and progressive statesman of the highest type. Though I believe that Baron Saito's administration has the best interests of the Koreans genuinely at heart, its freedom of action has been hampered by the military party. Men like Baron Saito and Dr. Midzuno could and would accomplish far-reaching reforms in Korea, if they were not discouraged in their efforts by the apathetic state of public opinion at home.

VI

More than two years have passed since the Imperial Rescript of August 20, 1919, in which the Emperor called upon his officials 'to rush reforms,' which was followed by Premier Hara's proclamation announcing that 'it is the government's fixed determination to forward the progress of the country, in order that all differences between Korea and Japan proper, in matters of education, industry, and the civil service, may be finally obliterated. . . . It is the ultimate purpose of the Japanese Government in due course to treat Korea as in all respects on the same footing with Japan proper.'

In that period a very creditable number of reforms have been effected. The objectionable gendarmerie system has largely been done away with, and the police system, improved, enlarged, and under the direct control of the civil instead of the military authorities, has been substituted. The much-criticized custom of flogging was definitely abolished on April first, 1920 — about the time, incidentally, that American newspapers were carrying reports of the movement to abolish the public flogging of women in Georgia. The prisons have been enlarged and improved. New school-regulations have been adopted, lengthening the courses of study, granting wider options in the curricula, permitting religious instruction in private schools, and relaxing the requirements as to the use of the Japanese language in certain subjects. The regulations governing religious activities have been revised, in the direction of simplifying the requirements as to reports concerning the opening of new churches, the number of adherents, and the like.

The so-called Company Law, restricting the establishment of commercial companies, has been repealed. Newspapers in the Korean language, owned and edited by Koreans, have again appeared; and freedom of the press, at least in some degree, has been restored, though the newspapers are frequently suppressed by the authorities. The spies and informers who so long swarmed in the peninsula have largely disappeared. The salaries of Japanese and Koreans in government employ have been equalized in the various grades. Koreans have been appointed to high posts in the government, including those of provincial governor, judge, and public procurator. The custom of wearing swords by civil officials has been abolished. The Advisory Council, composed of Korean statesmen, which had fallen into innocuous desuetude, has been revived, it being convened regularly once a week; and by the infusion of new blood it has been made more representative of all classes of Korean opinion, — including the anti-Japanese, — thus providing at least the germ of representative government in Korea. Though admittedly much remains to be done, this, as most fair-minded persons will admit, is a very creditable showing for two years.

The Korean leaders with whom I discussed the situation, though guarded in their comments, were, as might have been expected, dissatisfied with the extent of the reforms, and frankly skeptical of Japanese sincerity. Their chief criticisms appeared to be (1) that the new administration is supporting the leaders of the old, corrupt, discredited régime rather than the leaders of the progressive party; (2) that it is keeping the Korean standard of education fully two years behind that of Japan; (3) that the police still have altogether too much authority, particularly in the rural districts, where an ignorant constable is often vested with almost autocratic powers; (4) that the treatment of prisoners is not yet in accordance with enlightened standards, those charged with political offenses being confined in overcrowded cells and permitted insufficient exercise.

Though I am myself convinced that substantial progress is really being made, and though I am satisfied of the sincerity of the new administration, it is my opinion that no programme of reform can be expected in the immediate future that will satisfy a large section of the Korean people and their friends. They expect, and will continue to demand, more than the Japanese Government will feel able to grant. A complete reversal of Japanese policy in Korea will come only when military autocracy has been definitely subordinated to democracy in Japan itself.

Notwithstanding the reforms, the independence movement, though at the moment in abeyance, is being carried steadily forward, in spite of the vigilance of the police. I was given to understand that there are two factions among the Korean leaders, — one which favors advancing their cause by forcible methods, the other favoring peaceable means, — and that the latter is at present in control of the situation. The prevailing belief in Korea is that the continuance in power of the peace party will largely depend upon the sincerity and energy displayed by the new administration in prosecuting the promised reforms. Should the promises of the government and the expectations of the people remain unfulfilled, however, there is every likelihood of an outbreak of a more serious nature than has yet occurred.

For the sake of peace in the peninsula, it is sincerely to be hoped that the new administration will prove itself so enlightened that the peace party may remain in the ascendant. I was told, by an official in whom I have confidence, that the leaders of the secret organization which has been directing the independence movement were rapidly becoming convinced of the futility of open resistance on the part of the Koreans at present, and were counseling the people to attend to their business, and the students to their studies, until such time as they are better able to make their strength felt. If that is true, — and it is borne out by the fact that the student registration for last year (1921) was unprecedented, — it explains the present lull, and is an indication of what may be expected in the future, provided the reforms proceed at a reasonable pace. If, on the other hand, the Japanese Government fails to keep its promises, if it makes the blunder of returning to the old, short-sighted policy of repression and oppression, then I fear that the next chapter in Korea's troubled history will be written in blood.

VII

I have now sketched the conditions which prevailed in Korea before the Japanese came and those which obtain there to-day. What its future is to be depends wholly upon whether the Koreans and the Japanese adopt an atti-

tude of mutual sympathy and understanding. Were Japan to evacuate the country now, or in the near future, — as there is not the slightest prospect of her doing, — she would leave it under conditions which would soon result in chaos, and the good that she has done would be largely lost. The extensive schemes for agricultural and industrial development upon which she has entered, and upon which the prosperity of the peninsula largely depends, could never be financed by an independent Korea; and the same is true of her plans for improving the means of communication, which is at the bottom of all the problems of economic development in Korea.

However critical we may be of the methods by which it was accomplished, the annexation of Korea seems to me to have been justified. For the fact must not be lost sight of that the country was doomed to become either Japanese or Russian. The Japanese occupied it to forestall a Russian occupation, which would have menaced their independence as a nation. And they have remained in the peninsula for reasons similar to those which, in the opinions of reasonable men, justify Great Britain in retaining control of Egypt.

The Koreans insist that they are themselves perfectly capable of establishing and maintaining a just and stable government. But their ability to do this is, I believe, open to grave question. Certainly there is nothing in the twenty centuries of their history as an independent nation to justify such confidence; for the old government of Korea was perhaps the worst on which the sun ever shone. Though they are now making encouraging progress, it is being made under Japanese guidance and tuition. The leaders of the independence movement are, for the most part, young men, — students, intellectuals, idealists, — who, no matter how able individually, are wholly without experience in practical government. To turn a nation of seventeen millions of ignorant, simple-minded people over to their guidance would be to invite disaster.

Mind you, I do not think that the Japanese administration of Korea has been all, or nearly all, that it should have been. The Japanese officials have worked hard, and in many instances effectively, for the amelioration of the Korean people and the improvement of Korean conditions; but their method has been lacking in tact, sympathy, and understanding. But criticism of Japan's stern militaristic policy and of the harsh methods she has permitted in its execution should not blind us to her integrity, to her large administrative ability, and to the energy she has displayed in carrying out material reforms. From personal observation on the spot, I am convinced that the general condition of the Korean peasantry is appreciably higher than it ever was, or could have been, under Korean administration.

This is not to be interpreted as meaning that I do not sympathize with the Koreans, for I do. They have been the victims of cruelty, injustice, and oppression. Nor would they be worthy of respect if they did not prefer to rule themselves. But I can also sympathize with the Japanese. During one of the most trying periods in the world's history; disliked, distrusted, and opposed by Koreans, Chinese, Russians, and most of the foreigners living in the Far East, Japan has jerked a nation out of the depths of poverty, degradation, and despair, as if by its collar, set it on its feet, and is teaching it to play the game. And, as Count Terauchi once remarked, 'It is no easy task to uplift a decayed people.'

Viewing the question from an unbiased standpoint, I believe that the

balance inclines heavily in favor of Japan. I will go further than that, and assert that Korea could suffer no greater calamity than to have Japan go. Not that there is the slightest probability of her doing so; for the unrest in China, combined with the uncertainty in Russia, is likely to cause her to tighten rather than relax her grip on the peninsula. For, when all is said and done, Korea is the key to the whole Far-Eastern situation. Upon her control of it depends Japan's entire scheme for the economic penetration of Siberia, Manchuria, and China. For her to withdraw from Korea would be tantamount to leaving the gateway to these great, rich markets unguarded, and that, I am convinced, she will never do. The sooner the Koreans realize that Japan's determination to remain in the peninsula is adamantine, and the sooner the Japanese realize that the Koreans will resist further attempts at forcible denationalization to the bitter end, the better it will be for both peoples. If the Japanese will adopt a conciliatory and unselfish policy toward the Koreans, with a view to granting them a very large measure of autonomy as soon as they are prepared for it; and if the Koreans, for their part, will drop their demands for complete independence, which it is obviously impossible for Japan to accede to, and set to work to fit themselves for self-government under the Empire, it will put forward the hands of progress in the Farther East by many years, and there will no longer be a Korean Question.

THE DOLLAR IN WONDERLAND

BY JOSEPH SZEBENYEI

I

NOTHING illustrates better the difference between the value of the American dollar and that of the inflated currency of the Central European countries, than the experience of a traveler in a second-class Vienna restaurant. This man consumed an almost luxurious dinner, and offered a twenty-dollar gold coin to the head waiter, called 'Ober,' when he timidly presented his bill for three hundred kronen. The waiter looked at the treasure with bewilderment, and did not seem to know how much he ought to give in change. He excused himself and went to the telephone to ask the proprietor. The waiter was heard to say, —

'Here is a gentleman, sir, who wants to pay with a twenty-dollar gold piece. How much am I to give for it?'

Having received the landlord's instructions, the Ober returned, and said seriously, —

'I am to give you as much change, sir, as you desire.'

This is, perhaps, the nearest approach to the truth so far as foreign exchange, east of France and Switzerland, is concerned. Such a condition, in conjunction with the business depression which

has produced it, leads, of course, to speculation. Business men, professional men, and even working men are *valuta*, that is exchange, mad, and gambling is their main occupation. The ambitious concentrate entirely upon foreign currencies and the American dollar is their goal. But the American dollar is beyond the reach of most of these speculators. In Vienna a one-dollar bill will buy to-day, December 10, 10,000 kronen, a sum that represented $2000 in 1914. In Russia, one of our dollars is worth 200,000 rubles. In Poland, a traveler was asked by a bank teller whether he had brought along a push-cart, when he presented $150 at the teller's window for exchange. And the teller was quite serious about it, too. The traveler took mark notes, in denominations of 1000, for his money; and even so, his pockets were bulging out very suspiciously with the bulk of them.

Thousands of articles — economic essays, speeches, and serious papers — are being printed on the unprecedented and tragic financial chaos that has followed in the wake of the World War. Suggestions are put forward by the dozen every day, for the salvation of the bankrupt and semi-bankrupt nations. The greatest economists and financial geniuses have been pondering over remedial measures these three years; but yet conditions are getting steadily worse. A two days' rally in the exchange market is followed by a three weeks' continuous slump, and there is no way of stopping it; just as there does not seem to be a way of stopping the presses in the stricken countries from printing the almost valueless paper money. For the governments would find themselves unable to meet current expenses without that suicidal printing operation. It is a mad, irresistible rush toward bankruptcy.

To stabilize exchange, normal production or an international note-issuing bank would be necessary; both seem to be without the realm of possibility. With currencies inflated to such an extent, normal production is impossible, and, with production at a standstill, deflation is impossible. Raw materials cannot be purchased abroad on account of the fabulous depreciation of the currencies. The necessary adjustments of wages required by the fluctuations of the purchasing power of the money seem also to be impossible. A living wage has to be figured in millions in Russia, and in hundreds of thousands in Austria, Poland, Hungary, and other Central European countries. And the depreciation of the currencies always greatly exceeds the tardy adjustment of wages.

Of course, this brings about frequent labor troubles. Just now, for instance, the Polish mark has increased in value almost 500 per cent, and, as a consequence, there are widespread labor troubles. For the goods that are exported from Poland are paid for in foreign currency, and the amount of Polish marks that can be bought in exchange for the foreign currency has been greatly reduced. The employers are, in consequence, compelled to reduce wages, which, of course, means strikes and disorders.

Among the stricken countries there are some that actually lose money on the printing of their paper currency; the cost of printing a one-krone bill, for instance, considerably exceeds its purchasing value. The same may be said of the Russian ruble. For that reason, the Russian Government is now printing ruble notes in denominations of ten thousand rubles; and soon these notes will be the smallest denomination circulating, among the merchants at least.

However, even in the folds of tragedy there always lurks some relieving

humor. And so it happens that there are many funny aspects, even of this sad aftermath of the greatest human catastrophe on record. Some people make it a hobby to collect such queer and puzzling stories, which circulate among the victims of, and the speculators in, exchange. These stories seem to upset all accepted laws of economics and of finance. Those that tell of erstwhile millionaires, princes, and magnates going begging, and formerly poor peasants weighing out bills by the pound, or using paper money to stuff their straw ticks with, are too common to relate. The peasant who is paid 100 kronen, Polish marks, or rubles for an apple, and has 200 healthy apple trees, and who is not willing, or, perhaps, not able, to count up to one hundred, will naturally resort to weighing, in order to balance accounts. The erstwhile millionaire, who finds that a suit of clothes costs him one tenth of his fortune, will certainly get into the poorhouse in a very short time if he indulges himself too frequently.

Such are the natural consequences of inflation, and of the turning topsy-turvy of everything we understand by the word value. It is quite a common occurrence for owners of old issues of stock to find themselves multi-millionaires by the advance of stock values, following the depreciation of currency. Take, for instance, a share that was issued at a par of 100, seven years ago. The 100 of those times is worth, in Vienna for instance, 2000 times one hundred, that is, 200,000. Five shares, which cost the owner five hundred kronen a few years ago, make him a multi-millionaire to-day. But there are stocks issued by some great banks that have not advanced more than 400 per cent; and indeed, it may be said generally, that the cases are very rare where the stock quotations have kept pace with the money fluctuations in the opposite direction. Nowadays, a battered derby hat is worth as much as a share of the best bank. Stocks of financial institutions are not regarded as assets to be stored away as a source of income. Stocks to-day are, in fact, only media for gambling. In the years before the war the *rentier*, that is, the man who has retired from business and is living on the dividends of his shares, was a citizen of standing, *par excellence*. In France these people still retain their status, though to a lesser degree than before the war. In Central Europe the type has entirely disappeared.

Thousands of peasants, following a time-honored custom, buried their silver coins against a rainy day. These silver coins naturally retained their formal value. But the hoarding was done on such an extensive scale that, as early as 1918, all silver coins had disappeared from circulation in Germany, Austria-Hungary, Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Poland. To-day a peasant who buried one hundred five-kronen pieces is a millionaire; he can exchange the five hundred kronen in silver for one million kronen in paper money. In Austria-Hungary alone there had been in circulation something like 200,000,000 kronen worth of silver money before the war. It would take Austria the enormous sum of 200,000,000,000 kronen to buy up her half of this hoarded silver currency.

It is not an uncommon occurrence for a man who leaves London with five hundred pounds sterling, on a pleasure-trip to the Continent, and stops for several weeks in five different capitals, living in luxury and spending money lavishly, to return to London with more pounds sterling than he had when he started. A newspaper man has actually gone through this experience. He spent hundreds of thousands of kronen, marks, francs, and leis, and, mind you, did no business, did not speculate, and

did no work; all he did was to change his money five or six times. The rest was done by the exchange fluctuations.

The fact of being a millionaire in those countries does not mean anything. Such a million is a million in figures, but not in value; and when such a million is converted into a sound currency, the shrinkage is fabulous. But the purchasing power of the depreciated currencies of Central Europe has not gone down quite in proportion with the decrease of their exchange value. One million Austrian kronen, which were worth before the war almost $200,000, are worth to-day not quite $120; but their purchasing value in Austria is considerably more than that. But, of course, to-day, when nobody knows what his kronen will be worth to-morrow, people are far less careful with their money than they used to be in times when their money had an unchanging cash value, and when it commanded the power of an established and firm standard. The only currency that commands respect is the 'high-exchange' currency, such as the American, English, Swiss, and Scandinavian. Among these the dollar tops all the rest.

The dollar is supreme all over Europe, but most particularly in Central and Eastern Europe. It is strange to find that the larger the denomination of the dollar bill, the greater the value of each of its units. A hundred-dollar bill, for instance, is worth $110 worth of currency; that is, it is worth as much as 110 single one-dollar bills. It is impossible to fathom the mystery of this predilection for the one-hundred-dollar bill. It is most surprising to hear the question, in answer to an application for the exchange of $150: 'What denominations of the dollar?' When the questioner is asked what difference it makes, the answer is, that one-hundred-dollar bills will fetch ten per cent more than the same amount in a small denomination. From that time on, the traveler who had this experience was always most obliging in changing twenty-, fifty-, and one-hundred-dollar bills to smaller denominations, when Americans made the request to that effect.

As said before, to be a millionaire means nothing in those countries. Somebody would mention, for instance, a friend of his, just casually calling attention to the glorious fact of his being a millionaire. The inevitable question would follow: 'In dollars?' To be a millionaire in 'good currency' is the only thing that commands respect.

There are two hundred million people in Central and Eastern Europe who talk, think, and dream of nothing else than 'high-exchange' currency. A dollar bill is a fortune. How are they to get dollar bills? Thousands of people have taken up a novel occupation. In Munich, Vienna, Warsaw, and Budapest the possession of a New York or a Chicago telephone directory constitutes a valuable business asset. There are so many thousands of addresses in it! All Americans, every one of them the owner of a certain number of dollar bills! Having nothing to offer in exchange for the dollar, the only expedient left is to beg for it. Thousands of men are offering American addresses, at five dollars in United States currency per thousand; also, texts of most ingenious begging letters. The begging letters usually pretend to come from a poor, sick woman, mother of five children, whose husband was killed in the war; or from a sixteen-year-old, beautiful girl (photo inclosed), who begs for just one dollar to save her aged mother and younger sisters from starvation; adding, with tearful entreaty, that, unless she gets the dollar, she will have no other choice than to sell her honor to the first-comer. Now, if this story does not touch you to the extent of a

dollar, nothing will. The writer, however, is not a sixteen-year-old girl, but a fifty-year-old swindler, frequently of some prison experience, who in this way receives donations from abroad to the tune of fifty or a hundred dollars a month, and lives in great luxury. For such an amount is a princely income in that part of the world.

Others have other means of getting hold of dollars. Returning immigrants receive special attention from the dollar-hunters. But, in these cases, it is not begging, but an exchange manipulation, that is the means to the end. However, in order to protect their returning nationals, most of the governments have state officials meet every incoming steamer, and these take their countrymen under their wings, and get their dollars from them for the benefit of the government, which serene body is just as anxious to get hold of the American dollar as any of its greedy citizens. The governments need the foreign high exchange to keep their foreign representatives going. A committee that is to go abroad on some mission would have to carry bales of money to cover expenses, if there was no 'high exchange' available. Governments have a special money-press running to turn out the paper that will exchange the dollars of the returning immigrants; one or more millions for every thousand dollars. In some cases, 10,000 one-thousand-kronen bills for ten one-hundred-dollar bills. Imagine the roll: ten thousand big bills, three times the size of a dollar bill! Ten pockets will not hold it!

II

A newspaper man, traveling from Switzerland to Austria, had a very amusing experience, furnishing an excellent illustration of topsy-turvydom in the foreign exchanges. Perhaps the story is best told in his own words.

'I took the express to Vienna, in Zürich. It was lunch-time. I entered the dining-car, and had a table-d'hôte lunch on Swiss territory. In payment I tendered a ten-franc note of Swiss money. I received two francs in change, the dinner costing me eight francs. In the course of the afternoon, we crossed the Swiss frontier into Austrian territory. Dinner-time came. Again I went to the dining-car, and I had a table-d'hôte dinner, this time in Austria. It was substantially the same meal I had had at noon in Switzerland, and was served by the same caterer. The obliging waiter, the same who waited on me in Switzerland only six hours before, gave me his reckoning in Austrian currency, and accepting the two Swiss francs that I tendered in payment, gave me 1700 Austrian kronen in change. The dinner cost 500 kronen; the two Swiss francs were worth 2200 kronen that day. For the change that the waiter gave me from my two Swiss francs I hired a room in a good Vienna hotel at 700 kronen a day, and on the remaining thousand kronen I lived a whole day in good style.'

In short, in Switzerland they charge eight francs for a table-d'hôte dinner. These eight francs are worth about a dollar and a half in American currency. These eight francs are sufficient in Vienna to pay a traveler's hotel bill and all his meals for four days.

A Hungarian gentleman had a very profitable experience with Swiss francs. He forgot to declare some cigars for duty. This happened in July, 1916, when a Swiss franc was worth one Hungarian crown. An argument arose between the homeward-bound Hungarian traveler and the Swiss customs officer. A blow followed, and the consequence was that the Swiss gendarme arrested the traveler. The judge ruled that the prisoner was to deposit one thousand francs with the court, and

could then continue his trip. The fine was to be deducted from that sum, and the rest of the money was to reach him through the Swiss consulate in Budapest. It was four years before the Hungarian got his money. In 1916 the thousand francs were equal to a thousand Hungarian kronen. From these a fine of twenty-five francs was to be deducted. Had the Hungarian received his money in 1916, the amount would have been simply 975 Hungarian kronen. But in 1920, when the 975 francs finally reached him, he received 260,000 Hungarian kronen. The blow that he gave the Swiss customs officer netted him over a quarter of a million!

The constant depreciation of currency seems to have a deteriorating influence upon morality. Newspapers are full of political scandals, public corruption, and the misdoings of bank swindlers, defalcators, and petty thieves. The respect for property is diminishing in proportion to its higher money value; and the amounts in which dishonesty deals are counted in millions. It is not worth while to steal less. The former monetary unit has no value. The absolute worthlessness of it is clearly demonstrated by the Munich brewery which named its bottled beer 'Kronen Bier,' using a one-krone note as a label on its bottles; for it would cost more to have labels printed than to buy one-krone notes. It has been pointed out before, that the purchasing value of the Austrian krone is far below its cost of printing.

Everywhere is chaos, anarchy, and topsy-turvydom. Take the case of the three German brothers, of whom Hans Lichtig, a prominent manufacturer of copper utensils is the eldest, Jacob, a stock-exchange broker, the second, and Adolph the youngest. Adolph was the black sheep of the family — a waster, who never did a day's work in his life. It happened in 1916 that the three brothers inherited from an uncle in Holland 100,000 Dutch guilders each. The two elder and respectable brothers decided that Adolph was not to be trusted with his 100,000 guilders, and they got a court order declaring him a minor, and restraining the executors from paying over his legacy to him. Adolph's money was deposited in a Dutch bank at The Hague, until such time as his brothers should declare him able to manage his own affairs. Thus it happened that Adolph was living on a pittance doled out to him by his two elder brothers, who, being good patriots, invested their 100,000 guilders in war-loans. In 1920, they discovered that their war-bonds were worth next to nothing. The value of the copper-utensil factory was also considerably reduced, on account of the labor troubles and the business depression. The second brother did not do any better. But Adolph still had his 100,000 guilders, now worth six million German marks, though originally they represented only about 200,000 marks. Adolph became the support and the idol of the family.

Money being worth next to nothing, the governments in Central Europe are devising other means of obtaining revenue. The first step in this direction was taken by the Hungarian Government, which takes land-taxes from landlords owning more than a thousand acres. These taxes are paid in kind, that is, a certain percentage of the land is expropriated by the Government and sold to the peasants. The maximum acreage that may be owned by one man is 1000 acres. The object of the confiscation is not only to provide revenue for the state, but also to reduce all holdings to that maximum. Nor does the confiscation extend to the whole acreage exceeding the maximum, at one time; rather, it is distributed over a number of years, until the holdings have been reduced to the allowable maximum.

The incomes of these big landlords are enormous; for the prices of agricultural products exceed all limits, thousands being paid for a bushel of grain. Taking the value of land at 40,000 kronen an acre, the taxes would amount to about a hundred acres a year in cases where estates larger than a thousand acres are involved. The big landowners, most of whom belong to the nobility and clergy, are vehemently opposed to this property tax; but the landless peasantry is only too eager to get a share of the soil that still remains, of 'Crippled Hungary' as the Magyars are fond of calling their disintegrated country, which has been parceled up into four parts, leaving to the Hungarians only one third of their former country.

In Moscow, Berlin, Vienna, Budapest, and, in fact, in every large city in Central and Eastern Europe there are, besides the official stock exchange, money exchanges on almost every corner. Coffeehouses, saloons, or ordinary inns, where business men gather, are recognized miniature exchanges, which often dictate the quotations to the great national exchanges of the capitals. There are in a place of this kind two hundred to three hundred men. They are veritable curb markets, dealing in everything, but chiefly in foreign exchanges. An Austrian clerk, at the end of his tether, discovered by chance two hundred coupons of an English soap-manufacturer, advertising his products in the English language. The clerk took these coupons to one of these coffeehouse exchanges, and offered them to one of the brokers as Berengarian currency.

'What are they quoted at?' asked the broker.

'Twenty kronen the *lotu*,' answered the clerk, giving to the imaginary Berengarian currency the fanciful name, *lotu*.

'Done,' said the broker, and paid the clerk 20 kronen for each coupon.

The next day the clerk's conscience began to trouble him; so he returned to the coffeehouse and said to the broker: 'Look here, sir, I am very sorry, but I can't accept your money for those things I sold you yesterday. Here is your money back.'

'No, no, my dear fellow; I sold them at twenty-eight, and now you could not buy them for less than 40 kronen a *lotu*. If you wait a day or two, they might drop back to 20 again.'

The shifting of values and the greatly unsettled conditions in trade and finance have, as may be seen, totally upset all moral laws. To cheat the state, to rob the treasury, has become a praiseworthy deed; to transact crooked business is not looked upon as unfair; nor is it at all unusual — in Central Europe, at least. Mail robberies, tampering with valuable packages, are matters of everyday occurrence, and, indeed, are part of the routine. A New York foreign-exchange banker, authorized by the Hungarian Government to exchange old Hungarian paper currency against the newly issued bills, states that every package of such newly issued bills that comes to him by mail, sealed, wrapped in several layers of linen, has been tampered with. Thus, from one package three million kronen of paper money was extracted *en route;* from another, only nine one-hundred-kronen notes were missing, each worth about twelve cents. How they managed to open these packages is difficult to say.

'It was quite a mystery,' said the banker, 'why this particular thief stole only nine bills out of that package containing fifteen million kronen. I presume, when he saw they were Hungarian notes, he did n't think it worth while to take any more of them.'

III

The salaried classes and the wage-earners of Central Europe are hardest hit by these conditions. No salary can really be high enough to afford them a bare living — indeed, not even mere semi-starvation. Every wage-earner or salaried worker has to speculate, barter, or steal in order to make both ends meet. The condition of judges, teachers, military officers, postal clerks, letter-carriers, and all other civil servants who receive salaries, is a desperate one, indeed. A college professor in the Central European states receives a salary that is barely equivalent to ten dollars a month, and in many cases to as little as three dollars a month. A postal clerk in Vienna, receiving a monthly salary of 5000 kronen, gets in fact an equivalent of only about 55 cents in United States currency. The letter-carriers are in the same plight, and they deserve great credit for not robbing all the American mail they deliver. It must, indeed, require a heroic effort not to succumb to the temptation of getting at the contents of American letters, most of which contain dollar bills.

But not only unimportant people have to put up with hardships. Great officeholders are hard put, also. The Hungarian Regent, with all his prerogatives of a king, receives only three million kronen a year, — equivalent to $3000, — on which he has to keep up a court not less pretentious than that of the former Emperor Charles. A cabinet minister earns something like $200 a year, and a prime minister has to live on but little more than that. The salary of a member of Parliament varies between ten and fifty dollars *a year*.

Judges of the High Court mend their own shoes and those of their children. Most of them eat a square meal only when they are invited to some rich man's table. Their clothes are ragged, for their yearly salary would not buy them a suit of clothes. And these judges have to sit in litigations involving millions. Does it not seem likely that a starving and ragged judge like this could be tempted by money? Yet corruption of the courts does not exist in Germany, Austria, and Hungary; not a shadow of suspicion has been known to attach to them.

The conclusion from all these facts is plain. The Central European nations are near bankruptcy. Their industrial life, whatever there is of it, is unhealthy and insecure. Trading and manufacturing are impaired by the political and customs barriers of the newly formed small states. A decent living is out of the question for the masses. There is every inducement for graft, corruption, and other forms of dishonesty, to which many must turn their wits for a living which is, in fact, semi-starvation. Conditions get increasingly worse, and this winter will probably see them at their worst; and there seems to be no remedy for them. What will be the end?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MY WIFE'S CHECK-BOOK

CYNTHIA tells me that the difficulties I endure in trying to understand her address-book are as nothing compared to the struggles she undergoes in trying to balance my check-book every month.

To me the explanation is obvious, but I shall postpone stating it. Cynthia, being very anxious to save me trouble, kindly suggested that she should make out all the checks for housekeeping expenses, and should even go over my check-book herself, to see that it agreed with the bank. In fact, there was nothing I should have to do but sign my name on the dotted line. Even this slight exertion Cynthia offered to spare me; for she has improved the shining hours she spends sitting at the telephone, while the operator gives her the wrong number, by toying with a pencil and paper, till she has attained a startling proficiency in reproducing my bold signature. When I describe to her the years in prison toward which her clever forgery will inevitably lead if practised in my check-book, she merely tells me not to be absurd, as the president of the bank would understand at once that she was not committing a crime, but only saving me trouble — besides which, no one would find out about it, anyway.

The first of every month there is always just a little question of how much trouble I really am saved. My wife brings her own check-book and mine into my study, and 'goes over them' while I am trying to read. When Cynthia does sums, she looks as if she were playing the piano or manipulating the typewriter.

'This is the only *certain* way of doing addition,' she assures me; 'for, although I am practically certain that 6 and 5 are 11, and not 13, I feel that I should not be doing right if I failed to prove it by ten-finger exercises. Let me see,' she begins, thinking out loud, 'how much out were my accounts in April? I always write down "A. W." for "all wrong," after going over my returned checks, just as you put "O. K." on yours, and I am starting May with $79.13 more than the bank gives me.'

'Well, you must find where the mistake is,' I begin; but she interrupts impatiently, 'Oh, no! I have learned by experience that the bank always wins, just as it does at Monte Carlo, and that saves a lot of trouble. So I just subtract $79.13 from $57.00 (which is what the bank says I have), and that leaves — Oh, goodness! I've got to do it by algebra, because there 's a minus quantity!'

Very firmly I take Cynthia's pen out of her hand and go back over her personal expenditures. 'Look here!' I presently exclaim. 'Why does the number of this check suddenly jump from 29 to 375?'

'Oh, I don't know,' Cynthia rejoins lightly. 'But the numbers don't matter; they are just for one's own convenience, and you were probably talking to me while I was numbering the check.'

'Well, let 's look at the bill you paid with that check,' I suggest. 'We may find one of the keys to the mystery.'

But it only made her surplus more unaccountable; for she had paid a bill of $3.75 with a check for $29, and instead of numbering her check 29 had recorded it as No. 375!

'How dishonest of that Chinese laundry not to have told me of the mistake! The Oriental's code, I suppose,' was Cynthia's only comment as I continued my search for similar slips of her pen. A little later, I discovered that she had entered the receipt of a small dividend on April 15, remembering that that was the date it was due, but forgetting that the company had suspended payment six months before. But even this financial liability was deftly converted into a mental asset.

'Don't you think it was wonderful that I should remember the date that dividend was due, and enter the right amount without even receiving the check?' she inquired, piqued by my failure to express admiration. And in view of the checks she *had* received and had neglected to enter, I could only agree that it was, indeed, wonderful.

One of my wife's strange customs is to write little letters to herself on the margins of her stubs — all, I feel sure, perfectly unintelligible even to the recipient of the letters. They run something like this: 'Mem. Paid J. N. $2.00 too much, and she owed me $7.30 already. Take notice May 1st'; and 'Don't forget to pay L. B. $4.50 for the *m*'s and *t*'s she got me.' Then, cramped into almost illegible characters, came the announcement, '$75.00 of this is Children's Hospital money collected from friends. Not to be spent for my personal expenses unless promptly returned.'

Cynthia also has a very confusing system, when making out checks to tradesmen in my book, of entering their names either by initials, or first names, or even a playful nickname. For example, Little & Pettingle, who sell us provisions, are entered as 'Little Pet.' 'I. M. $87.50' is supposed to tell me at once that the iceman's bill was surpassed only by the plumber's, which is entered as 'Plum. $91.00.' Our son's teacher, who happens to be an old friend of ours, with a Dr. before his name and a great many initials after it, receives a sum fit for a king's ransom, under the laconic entry of 'Billy's bill'; while my dentist, with whom — in spite of spasmodic familiarity — my relations are somewhat strained, is merely referred to as 'Edgar.' 'To Edgar, for balancing himself on a crowbar on an exposed nerve, $175.00' was the last cryptic reference to this inquisitor, whose pockets we fill with gold in exchange for his having performed the same office on the family molars.

But the thing that throws out both Cynthia's and my accounts more than anything else is the inadvertent signing of her name on the checks for household bills in my check-book. When the day of reckoning comes, it is a day of rejoicing for me and of sorrowful perplexity for Cynthia; for while my balance looms magnificently large, my wife, who has been scrupulously economical for the last month, receives a courteous note from the bank, informing her that she has overdrawn her account, and will she please, at her earliest convenience, etc., etc. Even in her consternation she remembers to point out to me that the mistake must be a very frequent one, inasmuch as a printed form was used to convey the sad news. But when the explanation of her having signed her name to my checks is discovered, Cynthia's triumph of innocence knows no bounds. 'Was there ever anything so stupid as that old bank!' she exclaims. 'Would n't you really think that, after all these months, they would know that *my* checks are pink and yours are green, even if the signature *is* wrong! What 's the good of having different-colored checks at all, except to prevent just such things as this happening? And what is n't the bank's fault is really *yours*, Algernon,' she continues, 'because, whenever I

come into your study to make out checks, you begin to read aloud to me, and then of course I make mistakes. I remember perfectly that, while I was signing my name to the meat bill, you were reading to me about some bill that Borah was hoping to get Harding to sign; and I remember thinking that I must n't sign Harding's name by mistake, so I signed my own, which was really far more disastrous for me.'

Cynthia has a positive genius for proving that her errors are never really hers, but always other people's; and I generally end by agreeing with her that the bank and I should share the blame. 'But your methods *are* rather sketchy,' I venture to suggest. To which she replies imperturbably, 'Oh, yes, I often call my check-book my sketch-book by mistake'; and she regards that as an unanswerable last word.

But to go back to my own first word: the reason that Cynthia finds my check-book so difficult to make out is a very simple one — *she* makes it out!

AN 'OMNIUM GATHERUM'

I HAVE just been reading what Teresina's mother has to say in the August Contributors' Club about a pet art or handicraft and domestic freedom: how she would like to keep two hours of every morning free in the privacy of her own soul, for the indulgence of her unquenchable desire to 'write.'

No one could understand her apologies and confessions better than I. I, too, have a slightly curly Teresina, who trots away to school every morning and leaves me a little time of potential quietness with myself and my house. I, too, have an X, who says little and understands all. And I, too, have often ached to grab the axe out of its chopping-block and smash the telephone into dumb fragments.

Teresina's mother might be my very *Doppelgängerin* in most material and spiritual ways.

But she has the ethical advantage of me. She yearns for freedom just to 'write'; and in spite of her humility she knows that 'writing' is a proper and honest thing to do. She knows in her heart that she even ought to 'write.' To practise a real art, however imperfectly, is surely an obligation — so long, indeed, as you don't try to impose all your grotesque efforts on other people.

But what would Teresina's mother say to me about what I want to do with those precious hours of freedom? Let me confess, for my mortification, to an *omnium gatherum* of suppressed desires, a 'regular farrago,' — as our dear old doctor described some thundering last-resort dose he was about to administer.

I want, this very morning, this minute, with no least delay or interruption, to make my Teresina a leaf-green coat and a nut-brown jersey dress and a black velvet tam-o'-shanter and a green apron, with two blackbirds pecking at an orange appliquéd to the front. I want to make myself a tailored pongee blouse, and a zinnia-yellow crêpe smock, and a gray velvet tabard-thing with silver threads wrought into it, and wide thin blue sleeves and blue linings and a silver girdle; and a gray-and-blue twisted turban, with peacock feathers swirling gently out behind.

I want to knit X a pair of brown-and-green-heather golf stockings, and make him a very handsome dull-blue dressing-gown instead of the pitiable, Main Street-ish green one he has worn so long. (I really do want to make these things, although he asserts that I would be a more ready seamstress for him if his shirts could have purple lions rampant on the chest, and his socks could be mended with Christmas tinsel.)

I want to paint the kitchen chairs and table bright blue all over again,

and have them dry (two coats) at once, so as to paint orange-and-black flowers on them, and varnish them smartly to last another two years.

I want to dye the curtains in the guest-room, so that the light through them will look like copper. I might dye my Teresina's old white dress too. Copper is a good color for playing in red leaves.

I want to try a new recipe for a cake that has a great many nuts and a great deal of chocolate in it, and to fix a large cold bowl of salad, — because frost is coming and the celery and the tomatoes will never be perfect again, — and to spice some peaches, because they smell so good while they are a-spicing.

I want to make Christmas presents for all my friends, — cheaply and delightfully, — by shaping from modeling clay, which hardens at a merry pace to quasi-stone, beads and pendants manifold, painting them with weird designs in gay colors, and stringing them upon cords, green and blue and orange, and pretending that I bought them for large sums at what my X vulgarly calls a Graft Shop. (But my friends will all know by the bumps and splotches that no one but I was guilty of them.)

I want to learn to play the 'Pathétique' a little less miserably, for my X likes it above all, even in my mangling hands. And there is on the piano a book of old French *Noëls*, far more beautiful than the carols our Sunday School has done to death so many years. If I had real courage, I would try to translate the easiest one, even though it appears to be in Gascon, and something about stars and angels is all I can understand of it at first glance.

I want to open a big box that the expressman has just brought. It has Dutch scribblings and billings all over it, and I know it holds Mr. C. Zandbergen's treasure of bulbs. I want to sort over, in miserly secret, the brown-papery mysteries that in January and February shall be tall golden Emperor, and starry Sir Watkin, and clear-eyed Poeticus Ornatus, and all their shining kin. I want to plant, and plant, and plant, with my pots and dirt and labels spread gloriously, and to save for my Teresina's planting certain evil fancy pots of her admiration, that she too may cherish and adore, all winter long.

Then — then — I want to read the *Atlantic*, too. It lies on the hall table still, beseeching me.

Now, Teresina's mother, do you see what a lost creature I am? Setting down in order all these things that I yearn to do has shown me up very terribly. Not one thing do I desire that is necessary, or progressive, or intellectual, or even common-sensible. They are all (except reading the *Atlantic*, and you notice how lamely that comes at the bottom of the list) silly pleasant things, that my hands want to do far more than my head.

In short, I just want to play — and I, a grown-up woman, with a college education and a cloud of New England ministers witnessing me sternly.

I want to play, and I want my Teresina and my X to play with me. I don't believe I care whether my Teresina learns much at school, or whether my X makes great important sums of money at his job. If they will let me play, and play with me, I am content.

That must be why I resent the telephonings and the committee meetings and the 'drives' and the bazaars and the lectures and the clubs. All these things interrupt my play.

An *omnium gatherum* — a 'regular farrago' — of desires. It is very shameful.

But I have one comfortable thought. When I am old and tiresome, my Teresina will never have to sigh, 'What *can* I do to amuse mother?' I shall never

have painted the kitchen chairs often enough, nor have tried all the recipes, nor have planted all the bulbs.

And there will always be more *Atlantics* to read, to redeem me from utter earthiness.

Shameful as it is, I like my *omnium gatherum*. So good hunting, Teresina's mother! My hands salute your head!

BURGLARS!

Burglars came to our house last night, but they did not get in. My wife is sure they would have gained an entrance in another five minutes, but something frightened them away. I cannot claim that it was I who frightened them. It is never well to act with too great haste, and when Sylvia warned me that they were trying to force the dining-room window, I determined not to be rash but to formulate a plan — a cool, deliberate, comprehensive plan; but before I could mature an entirely satisfactory one, something frightened them away, for we heard nothing more from them; they had time, however, craftily to remove all traces of their presence under the window, for we found none in the morning.

Sylvia had heard them coming from very far away. Our little home is on a very quiet street of a very quiet suburb, and sounds at night carry very far. These burglars were singing when Sylvia first called my sleepy attention to them. I had objected that I did not believe that burglars were in the habit of approaching their toil with songs on their lips like operatic apprentices; but Sylvia said that was just their artfulness, and so it proved: for the sounds of song and footsteps came nearer, and nearer, and nearer, and then passed and died away in the distance. And then, when I had been thrown completely off my guard, — had, in fact, again fallen asleep, — and only Sylvia was alert, just the faintest sound under the dining-room window where the lilac bushes hide it from the street, and then just the tiniest, tiniest whispering sound, — no, not at all like branches rubbing in the wind, — and then a little creaking noise that could n't have been the chirp of an insect; and then something must have frightened them away.

Of course it was the heirloom silver tea-service, which had belonged to Sylvia's grandmother, that they were seeking. Burglars have been trying to get that teapot, cream-jug and sugar-bowl ever since Sylvia inherited them. The silver is pretty enough, and the shape of the cream-jug is, I understand, perfectly fascinating to those who appreciate such things; but their intrinsic value is not so great that I can easily imagine men risking their lives or at least their liberties, in their desire to possess them; and the lust of the burglar after these particular treasures is quite inexplicable to me.

But Sylvia knows much more about burglars than I do. There is the matter of 'locking up at night,' for instance. I used to reason, in my stupid and inexcusably careless way, that, if a burglar felt obsessed with a desire to enter any particular house, he went there at the proper time of night, equipped with all necessary tools, and proceeded to attack the premises from what he had decided to be the best strategic point; and that no ordinary lock or bar entered into his considerations. Indeed, I remember reading of a burglary where the conscientious and hard-working operator had expended much time and ingenuity and a considerable quantity of nitroglycerin in forcing open a large office-safe which, it happened, had not been locked that night, and which he might have ascertained to be empty of valuables by merely turning the handle.

It seems however that you *must* see that *everything* is locked up (Sylvia's father always did); and if you cannot say, when questioned at the moment of stepping into bed, that you are *perfectly sure* you latched *every* window, you might just as well go down at once and see that it is done. It is silly to say it won't matter for once. Do you *want* to have them get Grandma Spicer's tea-service?

I think Sylvia must believe in a kind of thought-transference, by which an unlatched window or unlocked door sends out vibratory messages to all burglars in the neighborhood. I can fancy Mr. William Sikes in the bosom of his family, taking a night off from his profession, his children around his knee listening open-mouthed to the marvelous stories of his adventures, and shouting with glee at some tale of the discomfiture of the police; his good wife mending, perhaps, a professional black mask, and smiling in enjoyment of his unwonted society. But something seems to ail him. His attention wanders, and at last he speaks.

'It 's no use, dear,' he says to the partner of his joys and risks; 'I did hope for a quiet evening at home with you and the kiddies; but something keeps telling me that Mr. Allen forgot to lock the dining-room window tonight. I'm sorry, darling, but you see how it is, don't you? It would be most unprofessional not to go, and I may never again have such another chance for Grandma Spicer's silver. — Never mind, kiddies, papa will bring you home something pretty in the morning.' And he goes out into the night.

Sylvia is still a little uncertain about what to do when burglars have actually entered the house. So far in our married life they have never obtained an entrance; but we have had several rehearsals on occasions when Sylvia thought they had. Sylvia's father, it appears, loves to go down in search of them, armed with whatever weapon he can snatch up at the moment. Sylvia does not wish me to risk my life too rashly, but seems to have little apprehension that I shall do so. I think, myself, that a capital plan is to call out loudly, 'Is that you, George? Hector seems to be a little restless. He is growling dreadfully. I'll unchain him and send him down to you, and I wish you 'd let him out for a little run.'

Another suggested artifice of mine is to make as much noise as possible with my shoes on the floor, and laugh savagely, as if with the joy of battle. Again, having read that there is nothing a burglar dreads so much as a crying infant, I have proposed that I should learn to imitate one until such time as we shall be supplied with the genuine article, which could be awakened and pinched. But Sylvia seems to think all these suggestions, if not actually unmanly, at least a little undignified, and the last one really horrid.

So we still have no clearly conceived plan of action as to what I shall do if I ever leave a ground-floor window unlatched, and Sylvia forgets to question me; but, gentle reader, if you happen to be a burglar, do not, after reading this, count too much on my unpreparedness. I shall undoubtedly have a most unpleasant surprise prepared for you, and, moreover, I assure you that of that commodity which since a recent constitutional amendment is more desired by your profession than even Grandma Spicer's silver, there is only a little, a *very* little in the house.

GOD'S CARAVANSERAI

THE grease from the bacon, stretched on forked sticks, was trickling musically onto an already riotous fire, when my fiancé, that afternoon on the Palisades, suggested that we spend our honey-

moon in the Adirondacks, 'away from everybody and everything.' I thrilled, volubly. It would be one blissful continuation of the Saturday afternoon picnics we had been enjoying all spring; it would be very heaven to get away from people we did n't want to see.

I recalled my desire at fifteen, after reading *Travels with a Donkey*, to emulate Stevenson. Enthusiastically I quoted all the lines in praise of the outdoors which I had memorized — a sure sign, we said, that I was a born camper.

> 'Oh, to be out in the road
> And going one knows not where — '

'That's the idea,' my lover said, 'only we must have a general knowledge of the country. We must know about water and all those things, you know.'

I continued: —

> 'The air was still, the water ran,
> No need was there for maid or man,
> When we put up, my ass and I
> At God's green caravanserai.'

I lapsed into my undergraduate ardor for Robert W. Service: —

> 'The trails of the world be countless,
> And most of the trails be tried;
> We tread on the heels of the many,
> Till we come where the ways divide.
> And one lies safe in the sunlight,
> And one is dreary and wan;
> Yet we look askance at the lone trail,
> And the lone trail leads us on.'

My fiancé looked at *me* askance. 'Do you really mean that you want to go to the deep woods? I'm afraid most of the trails I was thinking of have been tried; but if you want to — '

'Oh, yes, let's get as far away as possible,' I urged.

'You're a good sport!' My fiancé's voice was full of pride. I agreed with him, silently, I thought I was.

We talked further. Why not camp every summer? It would be an ideal life. My lover knew it would be, because he had camped often before. I thought it would be, because I had never camped. Why should I doubt my enjoyment of the existence, when the mere poetry of camping and tramping appealed to me so irresistibly?

My husband thrives on camping. That was clear the first day out. He harnesses a hundred pounds or so of duffel-bag on his scholarly shoulders, tramps twelve miles over an overgrown trail, puts up the tent, makes a fire with wet wood, eats doughy pancakes powdered with ashes, blows up two pneumatic mattresses with what breath he has left, smiles with contentment, and sleeps until dawn. The following day he digs 'ice-boxes' in the ground, builds cupboards on the trees, constructs all sorts of wife-saving devices, and is as happy as a three-year-old with a sand-pile and a spade. By the end of each summer he is tough and brown, and totally unconnected, in appearance, with a pedagogue.

My husband *thinks* I thrive on camping. He has never guessed that through all the first nights in camp, and most of the others, though I ache with exhaustion, I sit up from starlight till dawn, clutching the flashlight in one hand and the hunting-knife in the other. If sleep does begin, finally, to close my rebellious eyes, a cedar-ball falls on the tent and brings me up to military attention, eyes stretched wide for a sight of what I hear. By the end of each summer, if it were not for mid-day naps or pretended laziness in the early morning, I should look as thin and hollow-eyed as I feel.

The first few nights, I accepted this insomnia as natural. I was not even ashamed to mention it to my husband. I agreed with him that, after a night or two, I should not know a thing; that it required a very little while to learn to sleep in the woods. Eagerly I waited for the night when I should not know a thing.

It has never come. I have learned to eat supper, to hear the first sounds of approaching darkness, without working myself into a panic. But I've never

learned to sleep in the woods. I do it, unexpectedly, sometimes for whole nights in succession; then again, I lie as on the first night, tense, expectant, waiting for some vague Horror to emerge from the trees, lurch past my soundly sleeping spouse, and grab me! Back in the forest, on those nights, foxes bark; over the lake, loons laugh; on the bank, beavers splash; at our feet, the field-mice gnaw the food-bags; at my side, my husband snores — and nothing happens. I know nothing will happen. I never wanted anything to happen. And, yet, if one morning I could have pointed out the footprints of my enemy on the damp earth, it would have been with pride.

Once, when I did mention casually having heard footsteps around the tent, my husband said, 'Only the woods animals — they have as much right here as we have.' There was no comfort in that; that was exactly my difficulty. I knew that they had more. For the same reason, I felt hesitant about complaining to the Management. I was an interloper. I could not object to the pastimes of the guests in His hostelry. If I could not sleep to the tune of their merriment, I could at least keep my difficulties to myself. It behooved me to be an humble listener.

So my husband has never known the significance of my matin song,

> 'Oh, to be up and doing
> Oh, *unfearing* and *unafraid* to go —'

He thinks it a bit of self-directed irony at late rising, after *he* has been 'up and doing' for two hours or more.

I love the days in camp. Such household tasks as airing the tent, shaking the blankets, peeling birch-bark for the fire, — and, incidentally, tidying the forest, — washing the pans in the lake, never become routine. I idle away the morning, watching the adolescent fish frisk their tails in the transparent water, or the trim little vireos frisk theirs on a near-by limb. I paddle away the afternoon, or lie in the canoe. Then I forget that night is coming, and believe, after all, that I am all I thought I was. I fairly purr with contentment there in the sunshine. I feel an honored guest — so long as the caravanserai is green. But at twilight, when the woods are dim, I, unlike Rupert Brooke, long for the sound of many human voices.

To-day I came upon our camping outfit, all neatly packed away in the attic of my husband's old home. The woodsy odor it still exhaled made me wish for the sight of sun-flecked forests and tailored vireos; but the worn handle of a hunting-knife and the scratched nose of a flashlight, protruding from the duffel-bag, made me — write this.

I feel like a Tarpeia, or a Benedict Arnold, or both. As I have written, I have had one ear alert for the approaching footsteps of my husband's eldest sister, who gave us two folding camp-chairs, or of his brother, who gave us the pneumatic mattresses, or of his mother, who gave us the roomy tent which folds compactly into a shoulder-bag, or of his youngest sister, who gave us an aluminum cooking-kit, or of all of them together, who, for each Christmas, anniversary, and birthday since our marriage, have heaped upon us khaki wall-pockets, woolen hose, fishing-tackle, books on woodcraft, folding wash-basins, folding lanterns, folding water-buckets, folding broilers and ovens. Perhaps, if I had not been ashamed of my insomnia, they would have given me, long ago, a compact sleeping-draught. Perhaps, if they read this, they will give me one which will fold my tent like the Arab. But I care not. My soul is already at peace. I shall camp no more. I feel again as gay as on that Saturday afternoon when I so innocently thrilled at the thought of life in the woods with the chipmunks and lizards.

ALADDIN'S LAMP

With darning done, and much yet in the basket, I stop occasionally to read 'What Other Women Do.' Then appears the long procession of mothers who write and act and sing, mothers who conduct big businesses, mothers who manage clubs and engage passionately in welfare activities. Suddenly, my own busy, happy life seems meandering futility. After all, what is it to feed and clothe and teach and eternally bring up two sparkling infants? Not five years ago, I should have despised the round of nurse-maiding and kindergartening on which I now spend all my time. My soul momentarily contracts with envy for those others, who, having children, yet possess eyes undimmed for beauty, and minds that can still follow with pleasure the involutions of modern thought.

It is not so with me. Sometimes, in the rare periods when a vacant hour does not coincide with complete exhaustion, I try to read the books that interested me five years ago. It makes my heart sick. Words follow words upon the printed page, but the thought remains buried too deep for my unaccustomed digging; and when I go to the beach with the babies, the sea, no doubt, sings the old silken tunes; but I cannot hear them, and the quivering blue and silver is just wind and water to me. All that world of careful thought, of color and sound, has gone. I stand an exile, gazing toward a vanished shore.

Then my little son comes over, and tries to see what it is that I watch so intently on the distant horizon. His warm and loving hand pulls at me, until I turn and see my new heaven and earth in his two eyes. Trouble enough and pain, and joys so piercing as to press upon the soul like agony, and all woven upon a warp of laughter.

Does the world hold anything like the promise of these buds? Is there anywhere a task rightfully more absorbing than the guidance of that awakening life? In the wonder of children's eyes, the commonest things put on the glory of their creation; little ants hurrying so busily over the concrete walks, and delicate moon riding in the translucent autumn haze, alike shine with the beauty of God's first thought. Is it to my clumsy hands that is entrusted the changing of that wonder into the stare of adult boredom? How pitifully ill-trained I feel!

And the laughter, over nothing, over everything. Just joy in life, just inconsequent happiness. How am I to keep that fountain bubbling, to keep it free from the choking of common foolish cares, and yet not turn my babies upon the world with the talents of the lilies of the field?

No. I do not envy those others. To hold the restless, vulgar adult world, they must pay with an exile more bitter than mine. After all, through the gate of my children's thoughts, I see Paradise Regained.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

The Very Reverend W. R. Inge, Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, is recognized as one of the most rigorous thinkers of present-day England. His better known volumes include *The Church and the Age*, and *Outspoken Essays*.

Alexander Kaun is a member of the Slavic Department of the University of California. He bases his paper on a sheaf of unpublished documents recently released from the secret archives of Soviet Russia. For the first time we have a translation of the last pages of Tolstoy's diary, revealing the explanation of his flight. Students of Tolstoy will find in the *Living Age* for January 14 and January 21 highly interesting papers dealing with the last episodes of the master's life. The essay on 'Poverty,' by **Countess Vera Tolstoy,** curiously supplements the thought and experience of her great kinsman whose adventures with poverty were so much more deliberate than hers. **E. Barrington,** who loves to interpret the most elusive personalities of bygone centuries, has brought the mystery of Stella back again. The thesis is novel and, we think, most interesting.

Hans Coudenhove, hunter and student, has shifted camp from Mtonia Mountain, which, it seems, was too little removed from civilization to be entirely to his philosophic taste. To the lovers of **Fannie Stearns Gifford's** poems, it will seem significant that the first one to be published in the *Atlantic*, in 1906, was called 'The Moods.' Ever since, at intervals, the varied moods of varied seasons have been delicately suggested in her expressive verse.

* * *

No citizen is better fitted to speak of a warden's province than the warden himself. **Brice P. Disque** writes in the light of actual experience. Trained as an army officer, his views are unaffected either by politics or by sentimentalism. In the spacious days of *McClure's Magazine*, if 'S.S.' was the man of genius, **Miss Roseboro'** was the woman of taste. Always the best of 'readers,' this first *Atlantic* essay of hers reveals a writer such as she herself might have loved to discover in those other years. **Arthur Pound** is cutting his own path in this vigorous series, and students, as well as the general reader, will do well to follow the blazed trail. **Miss I. L. Mudge** is an English writer unknown to our readers unless they chance to be acquainted with one of her volumes, *Impressions of Warsaw*, or *London Then and Now*. **Roger Wray** is the pseudonym of an English writer new to the *Atlantic*. **A. H. Singleton** has gathered folk-tales from the traditions of a familiar Irish countryside. There is no sudden invention here. The tales just grew.

* * *

Only a few of **Professor Tinker's** delightful chapters can appear in the *Atlantic*. His book *Young Boswell* will appear shortly, for the enduring pleasure of every reader who cares for an evening's holiday in the pleasantest society that the eighteenth century produced. It is a dull year at the *Atlantic* office when the postman brings no news of the work of **Jean Kenyon Mackenzie. Elizabeth Choate,** daughter of the distinguished lawyer Charles F. Choate, comes of a family which has seldom lacked for talent. **Arthur E. Morgan,** a progressive engineer of Dayton, Ohio, has, during the past year, assumed the presidency of Antioch College, where he is carrying on an experiment in education which we hope to describe in a later issue of the magazine. **Samuel W. McCall,** long a distinguished representative and afterwards thrice Governor of Massachusetts, has been following the Disarmament Conference for the *Boston Post*. This paper embodies his more deliberate reflections.

* * *

Mr. E. Alexander Powell's last paper on Japan brought from a schoolmaster in Korea this interesting bit of personal history: —

Only last week thirty-nine boys from my school were arrested for calling 'Mansei' for the inde-

pendence of Korea; fifteen are being held for further examination, while the rest were released and are back at work. Students from the girls' school demonstrated the day before, and twenty-three of them are being held. The afternoon of the demonstration a machine gun was mounted to cover the approaches to the school grounds, and we are still being guarded by armed police.

You can understand, therefore, with what interest I am reading the articles in the *Atlantic* on Japan and on the Disarmament Conference. The latter was, according to the testimony of the boys, the immediate occasion of their demonstration.

* * *

Before coming to this country, **Joseph Szebenyei** was on the staff of the *London Morning Post*. Accustomed to carrying on his literary toils in five different languages, he writes to say: 'My editors make a point of remarking, in time and out of it, that my English sounds French and my French German, not to mention that my German rings particularly Hungarian or Russian.' We need not add that the 'Dollar in Wonderland' rings particularly true.

* * *

To those critics who have accused Mr. Tannenbaum both of radicalism and of excessive sentiment in his treatment of prison reform, we commend this sober estimate of Mr. Tannenbaum's constructive programme sent us by the President of the American Prison Association. In brief compass, he says much.

Dear Atlantic, —

I have read with interest Mr. Frank Tannenbaum's article entitled 'Facing the Prison Problem.' I find 14 points with which I agree: (1) that 'properly conceived, the prison should be our special means of redemption . . . a healing ground for both the spirit and the body'; (2) that the first need is 'to take politics out'; (3) that 'no man should be a warden unless he is a certified and trained professional'; (4) that the present 'mechanical structure, the instrument, the technique, the method which the prison involves . . . must go by the board'; (5) 'the abandonment of the idea of punishment.' The conception of the prison as a place of punishment is based upon the idea of revenge. This idea is justified by the theory that the prisoner is receiving a just recompense for his wrongdoing; but a very little study will convince any thoughtful person that it is impossible for human agents to prescribe a penalty exactly, or even approximately, proportioned to the ill-desert of the offender. (6) The necessity for 'the disintegration of the prison population'; (7) the importance of the 'problem of health — using the word in its broadest sense'; (8) the fact that 'work . . . is an unsolved problem in prison,' (9) that 'the men need and . . . the prison needs . . . something new in educational work'; (10) that 'work in prison should be made to have intellectual value,' and that we should 'give it an intellectual and scientific setting'; (11) that 'the indeterminate sentence is essential to prison reform'; (12) that 'there should be a much broader development of the parole system'; (13) that 'self-government is necessary for the men and for the officials'; (14) that 'there is nothing in the programme here outlined which the present generation cannot accomplish, if only it has the will and the interest.'

I cannot agree with Mr. Tannenbaum's sweeping condemnation of the prison warden, when he says: 'The small henchman, from which the average warden is recruited, is not an expert in anything'; that 'he is usually ignorant'; and that 'there is hardly a college man among the wardens of our penal institutions.' I recall instantly six prison wardens, within my acquaintance of recent years, all of whom, I think, were college men, and six more, who, while not college-bred, were men of high intelligence and competent for their job, both in training and in spirit. I believe in education and in college training for prison wardens; but I have known those who would have been better wardens if they had less college education and more common sense and human spirit.

Mr. Tannenbaum is absolutely right in his view that there should be systematic training of prison wardens; but he makes no mention whatever of the need of systematic training for the subordinate officers of the prison. We have successful training schools for police officers, but, except in two states, no organized plan for the training of prison officers; and, thus far, we have seen no suggestion of the need of special training for jailers, who meet the prisoner at the most critical point in his criminal career.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Tannenbaum's paper on 'Prison Facts' could not have been printed in the same issue with this paper on 'Facing the Prison Problem.' The former article, taken alone, makes an unduly pessimistic impression, which is relieved by the present article.

Hastings H. Hart.

* * *

Recent liberties that the *Atlantic* has taken in discussing the press found many echoes. The following shows that Mr. Allen's suggestions are reasonably practical.

Dear Atlantic, —

'I should like to see lectures on "How to Read Newspapers" given in colleges and schools and elsewhere.' It will be of interest to Prof. Allen — and perhaps to others — to know that, here in the heart of the City of New York, we have felt the problem of newspaper-reading to be of such importance that in this high school a course in *newspaper-reading* is an integral part of our curriculum. In fact, in one of our senior classes all of the work for a month centres about the reading of one of the evening papers.

The pest we are fighting is not so much distorted news as the 'tabloid illustrated.'

Sincerely,
JOHN M. AVENT,
Chairman, Dept. of English.

* * *

We quote from another letter touching on the same subject, by a man well known in recent American history.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

There is in the popular mind a tremendous presumption in favor of the veracity of the printed word, and, so far as I know, neither our secondary schools nor colleges undertake in any systematic way to teach people how to read newspapers. That is to say, how to make a proper discount for political, personal, racial, or class prejudice. If there could be set up in the secondary schools classes in comparative newspaper-reading, the body of instruction consisting of having the pupils read the accounts of the same piece of news in several newspapers, the professional and admitted bias of which was known, as, for instance, a Democratic paper, a Republican newspaper, a Socialist newspaper, and an Independent newspaper, and the students were then required to discover and comment upon the effect which such predilection had upon the publication of the news, it would lead to an analytical approach to all newspaper-reading forever after; and after a while we should have a population educated in newspaper-reading, which would in turn react upon the newspapers themselves and make them feel that their constituency was not clay in the hands of the potter, but an exacting and critical audience.

* * *

One further comment, this time on Mr. Moorfield Storey's point of view.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have just been reading Mr. Moorfield Storey's article in the January *Atlantic* on 'The Daily Press.' Such a title, to me, is particularly enticing, for I was a newspaper man for a good many years.

Mr. Storey's article is essentially sound and true. Some of its details might be questioned, indeed, but that seems to me, at the moment, neither needful nor helpful. Yet, with his legal mind and his wide observation and experience, Mr. Storey could now proceed to write with equal strength and accuracy upon the shortcomings of lawyers and doctors and clergymen — of merchants and statesmen, and whom you please.

Very well — and what then?

The fact is that, on the whole, there has been a slight — but by no means unimportant — advance in journalistic standards in this country in the past fifty years. Newspapers used to print things that they do not print now. Newspapers used to do for pay what they will not do at all now — that is, they used to publish advertisements unhesitatingly, and as a matter of course, that would now not even be offered to them. Their mere tender would be considered an affront.

The clock of human progress must tick off a few more seconds, that is all. As this takes place, many things will be seen and done that are not now seen and done.

The present truth is that Mr. Storey's indictment is not against the newspaper business: it is against all mankind.

Yours truly,
ARTHUR ELLIOT SPROUL.

* * *

The Age of Innocence is always alluring. We are sorry that this is not a bantling for the *Atlantic's* brood.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have a story manuscript which I should like to submit to you. The manuscript contains approximately seven thousand words, and it tells the story of the birth of a boy, and gives his life-history up to the time he learns to walk, at about eight months of age.

Ned is his name.

Ned is in some respects unusual; but taken all together, he is about the same as others of his kind with perhaps a few extra degrees of that 'sameness.'

No plot, no intrigue; nothing sensational.

Would you be interested in such a manuscript?

Yours truly, —— ——

* * *

Mr. Bertrand Russell calls attention to a printer's error for which we sincerely apologize.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Would you kindly correct a misprint on p. 774 of your December number? You make me say: 'The Government had just spent nine million dollars in corrupt payments to three teachers who had descended upon the capital to extort blackmail.' Instead of 'teachers,' it should be 'TUCHUNS,' *i.e.* Military Governors. I am afraid that, if you do not correct the misprint, China will be flooded with impecunious members of the scholastic profession, under the impression that it is an Eldorado.

Yours, etc.
BERTRAND RUSSELL.

* * *

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Last Sunday a group of young people raised the question as to whether the *Atlantic Monthly* would publish Paul's Letters if they were written to-day, and various answers were given. If you can find time to give me an authoritative answer to this question from one of the staff of the *Atlantic Monthly*, I would greatly appreciate it.

Sincerely yours,
A. S. BURWELL.

What do our readers think? For ourselves, we hardly know. Certain of the Epistles could hardly have slipped unnoticed into the rejection pile. Secretly the editor be-

lieves that he would have experimented with one of them — and he thinks he knows what would have been remarked of the *Atlantic's* lack of reticence and conservatism.

* * *

The national conscience is uneasy over America's treatment of returned soldiers. It is patent from the multitude of letters called forth by our recent narrative by a victim of shell-shock. The particularity of this letter is worth noting.

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.,
Jan. 16, 1922.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Saturday is 'clean-up' day at our house. Rugs had been swept and dusted and were on the porch railing. As I sat resting, I read 'Shell-Shocked and After' in the December issue. A young man came up with writing tablets for sale. This sheet of paper is out of one. He was an ex-service man, — so his story went, — trying to make his way back to Brooklyn. He was courteous, well-spoken, had been in the marines.

Before concluding the reading of the article, another ex-service man appeared, with photograph-coupons for sale. He had walked from Los Angeles. 'Lots of work up there, but too many men to be employed.' He did not look equal to hard physical work.

Within a half-hour a third ex-service man came by, with a vacuum-cleaner, demonstrating its merits. Though I stated I was not in the market to buy a cleaner, he cleaned a 9x12 rug for me. He was a college-trained electrical engineer. Left a $60 a week job in N. C., to go to the front. Was gassed, and his wife died of 'flu' during his absence.

Does it overtax your credulity when I write that a fourth ex-service man offered silver polish for sale within an hour? All over the land Memorial Funds are being raised, with which to erect stadiums, monuments, etc., and yet many ex-service men are wandering over the country, out of employment, or in casual work far below their abilities. The disabled are suffering still more. When will a fair balance be found?

F. E. LAHMER.

* * *

We knew it was so when we published Miss Gibbs's charming chronicle of 'Cunjur and 'Suasion.' But for the willfully incredulous we adduce further testimony.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

When I read of the 'mare-maids in the 'Tomac river,' in your December issue, I sent right away to the plantation for Aunt Scylla. She came up as soon as she 'got my answer,' and here is her testimony.

'Yas 'm, I sho is seen er maremaid. When wus it? Lemme see. Hit wus when my Dave wus er baby, en dat ain't so long ergo. I ain't kilt out wid age, but jes' hard work.

'Yas 'm, I seen it down to 'Mopolis. Er man had her in er tent. I paid fo' bits (50 cents) to see her. Hizaah down to de ferry boat cot her in his net jes' as she wus comin' out de water goin' to her den in dem bluffs. Her hair wus long an' black, down to her feet. Hit wus so long she wrop herse'f up in it. She got er face like folks en she 's white — white as you are. She jes' beg pitaful to 'em to turn her loose. I wonder er had the heart to er kep' er.

'Tail? Yas 'm, she had er tail to er, lak er fish, en feet — Mam? Yes 'm, she got feet, good es you is. She people lak you.

'Nome, she died. Dis air ain't her climaty, en she pine to be turn loose.

'Dey ain't no harm in 'en. Dey ain't go hurt you. Dey 'proaches folks fer company.

'In de big ocean dey call yo' name's if dey know'd yer, en dat man gwinto throw you off, 'cause dey turn de boat over ef he did n't. Nome, dey ain't gwine hurt yer. Dey jest craves company.

'Now lemme quit my mouf — you-all jes' projerkin' wid me. Miss, ain't dey no coffee left frum de table? I ain't had er drap terday.'

Are not the rivers of Alabama as great as those of 'ol' Ferginia'!

I have quoted Aunt Scylla verbatim, for she is much too wise for my ignorant help. Has she not seen a 'maremaid,' and in addition to that 'er flyin' fish comin' down the river soundin' lak er train er roarin' ?'

I am surprised that this news had not traveled as far as Mars Jeems's plantation, for Livin'ston is n't far from 'Mopolis.

MARY WINN W. COLEBECK.

* * *

In Massachusetts we have always known that the strong silent men come from Texas. But the strong vocal ones come from there, too. From the Bryan, Texas, *Daily Eagle* we quote this burst of lyric emotion.

> Comrades, why are you so silent?
> Does n't the world with you smile?
> This is no time for moaping,
> But thank 'God' that you live.

Stanza after stanza of this solemn and resonant music, and then, —

> Look how you were so welcomed
> By your darling Mother and Sister Sue
> Now you know if you were n't here
> You would be shipped in casket, too.

But, though emotion may grip the Texan, it may not subdue him. His final thought transcends even his devotion to his loved ones. His country is ever his first or his ultimate thought.

> I hope our dear countrymen
> Will always remember well,
> That while they slept in comfort
> We were having supreme hell.

ATLANTIC SHOP-TALK

A LANDSCAPE architect once remarked, with the worldly-wise melancholy characteristic of the expert, that the only really adequate way to lay out the footpaths across a public park was to wait for a good fall of snow, and then observe the short-cuts, thoroughfares, and cross-town runways that the footsteps of the people would gradually wear down across the snow. He said that such paths were always more direct, more useful, more generally representative, than any theoretically constructed routes. The quickest way from skating-pond to subway, the best 'long path' across lots from river to shopping district, and the easiest curve around the hill, would be surveyed in a few days by those whose errands would take them along those paths forever after.

The *Atlantic Monthly* this winter has had an experience that is something like this. All winter long, the readers of the magazine have been making a direct path along the snow, straight toward one particular corner in the December number. Orders for extra copies came in until the spare supply of the issue was sold out. Then came request after request for reprints; and the object of all this search turned out to be the article called 'Consolation, a Spiritual Experience,' by Albion Fellows Bacon.

Pathways on snow sometimes become so deeply worn that the coming of spring reveals a well-marked trail across the grass. Such a route indicates a permanent need. Therefore, with the coming of the Easter season, the Atlantic Monthly Press is bringing out a reprint of 'Consolation,' in a lovely and permanent form. It is a quiet little gray-and-purple book as it lies on the table before us; and its message, like Gladstone's 'Prayer for the Dead,' which Mrs. Bacon quotes as one that helped her most, has made its way straight to the minds of many whom grief has visited.

* * *

For the last hundred and fifty years, more or less, readers of books and lovers of character have been making a path across literary fields toward one busy district of the eighteenth century, the district covered in a large and portly biography, Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. Most of these pilgrims make their way to this district, not with the idea of reading the volume completely through, but to get a bit of gossip about Oliver Goldsmith, or a snatch of David Garrick's conversation, or a moment at Fleet Street, with Dr. Johnson himself to answer questions. The world is perennially retracing its steps to the haunts of the hero whom Boswell worshiped.

But there has been no such easily accessible record of Boswell's preliminary search for a hero. Professor Chauncey B. Tinker has been tracing out the itinerary of young Boswell, as he skirmished busily over Europe and the British Isles in search of two objects of a most persistent quest: a great man to adore and a woman to marry. The reader of these revelations must laugh as he reads, quite as the members of The Club used to laugh at their Bozzy so many years ago. But the fact remains that Boswell's letters to the giants and ladies of his day are sure and sufficient proof that, whatever Boswell did or did not do, he certainly followed punctiliously one bit of advice that he received from the great Johnson. Boswell had asked him whether he approved of the courting of great men. And Johnson answered: 'Sir, you are to calculate and not pay too dear for what you get. You must not give a shilling's worth of court for sixpence worth of good. But if you can get a shilling's worth of good for sixpence worth of court, you are a fool if you do not pay court.'

Nobody can read Professor Tinker's book, *Young Boswell*, without being convinced that everybody concerned has received a full shilling's worth for every sixpence.

* * *

Speaking of shillings and values, it is a matter of record that David Garrick in 1760 bought for himself a 'fine copy, very scarce' of the First Folio Shakespeare for the sum of £1. 16s. He 'picked it up' near Charing Cross, where fashionable book-collectors visited the stall of Thomas Payne, at Mews Gate. The price of the First Folio has risen since that time. A hundred years raised the price to eight hundred pounds, and another fifty years sent it up to five thousand American dollars. But this striking boom in the market cannot compare with the increase that has doubled and redoubled around the subject of Shakespeare in those years. An old newspaper of the seventeen hundreds deplores a bit disparagingly the 'immenſe & voluminous comments on this Shakeſpeare, under which the preſs has groaned for ſo many years.'

The twentieth-century presses run more easily, with far less groaning of spirit. And no press ever pounded with more Shakespearean briskness than the Atlantic Monthly Press as it printed the

pages of a new and different volume, *A Glance toward Shakespeare*, by John Jay Chapman. A critic of Dr. Furness once said that he considered one of the most remarkable facts about the Variorum edition to be the spirit with which its editor treated certain insoluble mysteries of text. Every student will remember the dark passage where Antony is described as preparing to mount his 'arme-gaunt steed.' After adducing for the curious all the ingenious interpretations of scholars, Dr. Furness gives up the problem, with the remark that it does not matter much what kind of steed an arme-gaunt animal might have been; and that it did him good, in any event, to think that Antony was brave enough to mount such a hippogriff at all.

In something like this broad-minded spirit of profound enjoyment, Mr. Chapman discusses the plays as poetry, the plays on the stage, the individual plays, and a dozen other phases of lifelong study. The book will be immensely stimulating, not only to students and teachers, but to that vastly larger body of people who read Shakespeare for their own enjoyment.

* * *

Not for children alone, but for readers of every age, a real story about a real bear is almost sure to be interesting. An after-dinner speaker of no small repute once said that three subjects of conversation that never failed to start the ball rolling were burglars, matrimony, and snakes. The perennial appeal of these three, perhaps, cannot be entirely eclipsed by bears; but the fact remains that, beginning with the days of interest in Big Bear, Little Bear, Middle-Sized Bear, and Ole Br'er B'ar, there is always a sort of fairy-tale fascination about the creatures. At any rate, there is one little girl in the North Woods who has no fear of bears. The story of the life of little Ursula's foster-brother bear is delightfully told by Mr. Underwood in his book, *Wild Brother*. The volume is full of portraits of little Bruno busy about his daily pursuits, Bruno up a tree, stealing jam, playing football, chasing toads, playing owl in a hollow tree, playing with the hose, climbing an unsteady old ladder — everybody knows how wise and pert and human a little fat black bear can look.

One of the directors of the New York Zoölogical Park writes: —

'*Wild Brother* is a beautiful specimen of bookmaking; and what a joy it is to get a wild-animal story that is wholly and incontestably *true!* For truth is stranger than fiction — in spite of the many writers who will not believe it.'

Finding Youth, the true story of a man sixty years old, who, having been jolted out of his rut, made a fresh start, and learned the secret, not only of a 'green old age,' but also of a never-dying sense of creative achievement, is now ready for all good citizens of 'Youthland' to enjoy. 'Youthland' is the home-region of those from sixty to ninety years of age, who intend to keep their eager responsiveness to situations, and their ability to mobilize all their resources at a moment's notice. If the book were not so distinctively of a homely American flavor, the motto of the whole energetic little story might easily be the crisp French word, *Alerte*.

* * *

In the spring of the year it is fitting to remember, not only the colleges, but also the preparatory schools and junior high schools. Especially adapted for the junior high schools and for first-year college preparatory courses are the stories used in a new book to be brought out in April, *Famous Stories by Famous Authors*. This book is full of narratives, chosen from all sorts of sources, all suitable for reading and discussion in classrooms, and for 'outside-reading' groups. The Famous Authors are really famous — Dickens, Jack London, Bret Harte, Mark Twain, and twenty others; and the stories selected are among their best.

* * *

While we are on the subject of Youth, the two educational books that seem just now to be running neck-and-neck in the race for college adoption, are *Shackled Youth* and *Youth and the New World*. The first is being used in departments of education, and the second in English courses as supplementary reading. Of his ideas on the topic of education, Mr. Yeomans says: —

'I know and you know that the scientific and mechanistic systems that sharpen the mind, but compress and starve the soul, are illusory, as far as actual social welfare goes, and individual welfare, too. It seems to me that to have a wonderful mental equipment and organization, and an untrustworthy emotion at the bottom of it, is exactly like having a fine ship with a drunken captain and wooden compass. All this effort at Washington now is really to get a superior *emotion* started so that we may get a superior national conduct.

'If this *Shackled Youth*, as he makes his rounds, helps to make that idea clearer to the people who are starting children on their voyages, you and I can feel that we have contributed something in the nature of light — *lux benigna*.'

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IRELAND FROM A SCOTLAND YARD NOTEBOOK[1]

BY CARL W. ACKERMAN

AFTER a journey through the south of Ireland, in the spring of 1920, I returned to my home in London to find the 'key' to Scotland Yard among the letters which had accumulated during my absence. It was in the form of a note, penned hastily by the famous Director of Intelligence: —

METROPOLITAN POLICE OFFICE
7.5.20.

DEAR MR. ACKERMAN, —

If you could call on me to-morrow at 11.30 I have something for you.

Sincerely yours,
B. H. THOMSON.

Buried beneath other letters was another note: —

G. R. 81, VICTORIA ROAD,
KENSINGTON, W. 8.

DEAR MR. ACKERMAN, —

I think I suggested your calling at 11.30 to-morrow morning. If it would suit you equally well it would be more convenient if you came at 10.45.

Sincerely yours,
BASIL THOMSON.

These messages opened the great iron gates to Scotland Yard. From the day they were received, until Sir Basil Thomson retired recently, it was my good fortune to stand with him behind the scenes and to witness the dramatic events which culminated in the creation of the Irish Free State.

I

At the time I arrived in England, in January, 1920, to organize and direct the foreign news service for a syndicate of American newspapers, Ireland was 'at war.' 'We have now in Ireland two governments,' said Sir Horace Plunkett, during a conversation at his country home in Foxrock, near Dublin, 'a *de jure* government exercising its functions through an army of occupation, and a *de facto* government which has the greater force of the people's will at its back. Sinn Fein has its Parliament, its civil and criminal courts. . . . Naturally there is continuous conflict between these two governments.'

In the United States, 'President' De Valera was campaigning with the dual object of influencing the American Government to recognize the Irish Republic and of raising funds to carry on the fight in Ireland. The tense political situation in the States, aggravated by the anti-British agitation by the Irish leaders, together with the impatience

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of the Vatican when confronted with conflicting reports from British and Irish Catholics, caused such alarm in Whitehall that government officials and their supporters were sharply divided on the question of policy. One faction urged the vigorous and ruthless suppression of Sinn Fein by military measures and an economic embargo. Another demanded that Downing Street offer Ireland Dominion Home Rule and peace.

Mr. Lloyd George 'sat on the fence' while the *Morning Post* and former Prime Minister H. H. Asquith, leaders respectively of the war and olive-branch parties, denounced, ridiculed and chastised him for his fiddling while the south of Ireland kindled the fires which they feared might destroy the British Empire.

Shortly before the Easter holidays, when rumors were heard about the probabilities of another 'uprising' in Dublin and Cork, I made my first visit to the Emerald Isles, accompanied by Mr. John S. Steele who for more than ten years had represented leading American newspapers in London. Through the generous assistance of Steele I met, for the first time, Mr. Arthur Griffith, then Acting-President of Sinn Fein, the philosopher and dreamer who founded the Sinn Fein party; General Sir Nevil Macready, Chief Officer-in-Command of the British forces; Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald, M.P., who refused to swear allegiance to King George and take his seat in Westminster; Mr. Fred Dumont, the American Consul in Dublin, members of the Catholic hierarchy as well as political agitators and sport-loving noblemen, who deplored the rebellion because it interfered with their recreation and incomes.

Instead of attacking British forces in the cities, the Irish Republican army burned and destroyed several hundred police barracks and offices of tax collectors by firing and dynamiting them at night. By this means the I.R.A. launched its military campaign against the 'enemy,' and responsible British officials in Dublin and London realized for the first time that they were confronted by an organized, ably directed revolution pregnant with danger to the Empire, to Anglo-American relations and to the economic and strategic unity of the British Isles.

No one sensed the danger more than 'B. T.' Through his office in Scotland House, the house of mystery within Scotland Yard which was the G.H.Q. of Britain's political and economical secret information service, passed all secret reports relating to Ireland from the United States, Rome, Paris, and Ireland itself. Here they were read, analyzed, and recorded. Through Sir Basil Thomson they reached the Prime Minister, Sir Hamar Greenwood, Chief-Secretary for Ireland, and other Cabinet ministers. Convinced that the British Government and people would never agree to the absolute separation of Ireland from the 'Commonwealth of Nations,' and doubtful of the possibilities of suppressing the Sinn Fein movement by military measures, Sir Basil endeavored to arrange for an exchange of views between dependable representatives of the two belligerents.

At the meeting in his office on May 8, he expressed the opinion that, as a preliminary to any peace movement, it would be necessary for all parties to realize what he had learned after the most careful investigation — that the real leaders of Sinn Fein were not the men then in the public eye. He showed documents, which had been seized in Ireland, written by Irish Republicans, which indicated that a 'mysterious person' named Mr. Michael Collins, Commander-in-Chief of the 'Irish Republican Army' and Mr. Richard Mul-

cahy, Chief-of-Staff, were the powers behind the Revolution and that a group of five or six wealthy, influential Americans of Irish birth or extraction were the men in the United States who actually directed the political and financial policy of Sinn Fein.

Realizing the news-value of the material which Scotland Yard had accumulated, Sir Basil was asked to give his permission for its publication in the United States and England. Being intensely interested in the possibilities of helping to lay the foundation for a better understanding of the Irish problem through the press, the 'D. I.' handed me photostat copies of a number of confidential documents, among them the secret constitution of the Irish Republican Brotherhood.

Publication of this paper in the United States and England caused a storm in Irish and British circles. Mr. De Valera denied its authenticity, but admitted that there was nothing in it to which any Irishman would take exception. When General Macready came to London he gave me a statement vouching for the truthfulness of all the documents. This I sent to Sir Basil for final verification before cabling it to the United States. The original copy was, however, misplaced or lost and, after a duplicate was sent to Scotland Yard, the following note was received: —

CONFIDENTIAL

SCOTLAND HOUSE, S. W., 1.
17 *May*, 1920.

DEAR MR. ACKERMAN, —

I do not understand what has become of your first letter, as it has never reached me or you should have had your MS. back long ago. I have made one or two slight alterations which I have no doubt you will accede to, otherwise I think your cable is excellent. By the way, there is a question being asked in the House of Commons to-morrow about the constitution of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, no doubt resulting from publication in America.

Sincerely yours,
B. H. THOMSON.

As the reactions from the first efforts to acquaint the American and British public with some facts, heretofore known only to the highest British and Irish officials, were so encouraging Sir Basil decided to rush his plans for a confidential exchange of views between representatives of the two peoples. His problem was to find a man who, possessing the confidence of both sides, had the tact and ability to negotiate. As a preliminary move he sent a long statement, one month later, with the accompanying letter: —

CONFIDENTIAL

SCOTLAND HOUSE, S. W., 1.
24 *June*, 1920.

DEAR MR. ACKERMAN, —

I suppose that the enclosed would be no good to you to use as the views of responsible people here? If not, perhaps you will return it to me.

Sincerely yours,
B. H. THOMSON.

Before I could publish the document Colonel Edward M. House, former President Wilson's great associate, arrived in London where he received an urgent letter from Sir Horace Plunkett pleading with him to assume the difficult and dangerous rôle of mediator between England and Ireland. Sir Basil was enthusiastic when he heard the news, and at the joint request of Colonel House and Sir Basil I went to Dublin to explore the possibilities of peace. With letters to Sir Horace, to General Macready and Sir John Ander-

son, Assistant-Chief-Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Griffith, and the American Consul whose relationship with all factions was a source of unstinted praise from the White House and the State Department in Washington, I arrived in Ireland on the thirtieth of June and discussed with each of these men the advisability of mediation.

This was the beginning of an almost endless number of journeys between London and Dublin which led to interviews in prison with Sinn Fein leaders, to the meeting between Mr. De Valera and Sir James Craig, the present premier of Ulster, to conferences with Mr. Collins and Sir Hamar Greenwood, and to the interview between Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Martin H. Glynn, former Governor of New York, which resulted in the invitation from the Premier to Mr. De Valera to come to London and discuss the possibilities of peace. At the same time Mr. Steele was 'carrying on' negotiations between Sir Hamar Greenwood and other Sinn Fein leaders which resulted in the final negotiation of the truce last summer. Unknown to the outside world two American newspaper men were acting as the sole connecting links between Sinn Fein and Downing Street, with the ever-ready assistance and counsel of another American whose coöperation, for diplomatic reasons, cannot be recorded adequately and justly at this time.

There had been many peace feelers before this one initiated by Sir Horace Plunkett, but they had all fared badly because the negotiators lacked the confidence of either the Irish or British. In this instance, however, both sides acknowledged their faith in Colonel House. Macready, Anderson, and Plunkett said they would personally 'welcome mediation by Mr. House,' but they were skeptical about the attitude of Sinn Fein, believing that, no matter what Mr. Griffith said, the 'murder-gang' and the 'extremists' would never agree to compromise.

II

Ireland at this time presented many strange sidelights to a foreigner. In one of the fine, old Georgian mansions in Dublin, after dinner one evening, I met a dignified but irate old lady, descendant of a proud and ancient Irish family, who was vigorously opposed to American mediation, because, as she explained in detail, all good Irish servants were going to the United States where Americans were corrupting them with high wages.

'Why!' she protested, 'Do you know that I give employment to twenty-eight servants and they leave me as fast as they can get money to cross the Atlantic! Only last week one of my maids, who had been with me three years, whom I paid £20 a year, board and lodging, whom the other servants called "Pony" because she did so much work, actually left me because some fool countryman of yours offered her £100 and free passage to New York?'

'Mediation?' she asked breathlessly. 'No! Not by an American!'

Possessing the traditional poise of the British people, General Macready weighed carefully what he thought might be the attitude of Sinn Fein before he voiced his own approval. Desiring peace, he believed that the Irish leaders should not be told that he, representing the 'enemy' (which he said with a smile), approved mediation; so he asked me to tell my 'Sinn Fein friends' that General Lucas, whom they had just kidnapped, was not really important to the British military organization and that 'for every general they capture, six more are waiting to come over.'

When his message was delivered to Griffith and Fitzgerald, they remarked

that 'one British general' was enough and that even a joke could be 'carried too far.'

Mr. Griffith, who was then the official spokesman of Sinn Fein in Ireland, declared he would personally accept mediation *if* Mr. House acted officially for the Wilson Administration. Other conditions were that Ireland be recognized as the 'Switzerland of the Seas.' He did not approve Plunkett's 'Dominion plan.'

Before I returned to London, Fitzgerald, the curly-haired diplomat of Sinn Fein, said he had seen Mr. Collins. I told him the British considered Collins the leader of the murder-gang and that they believed if Griffith talked peace the extremists would soon put him out of the way. Fitzgerald retorted that Collins was the cleanest, most capable and devoted member of the Cabinet, and that he had personally heard Collins denounce one of his associates at a Cabinet meeting for suggesting that all British officers and soldiers be massacred, as being 'unworthy of Sinn Fein.' I asked him how he explained the murders of British officers, and he answered that no 'enemy' was killed in Ireland excepting those doing 'dirty work,' — spying!

Summing up the attitude of Sinn Fein, which he desired me to present to Colonel House and the British Government, Fitzgerald said that everything I had been told by individual Sinn Feiners was not official and that I would have to await a report from him later of the attitude of Dàil Eireann. The Dàil alone had power to discuss peace.

Throughout my stay in Ireland I was followed by detectives from Dublin Castle and Sinn Fein G.H.Q. Although I had pledged my word of honor to both parties that I would not exchange information on any subject, excepting mediation, I was subjected to the searching test of 'agents' so numerous that the jaunting-car drivers did a flourishing business carrying them hither and thither in following me from the private hiding-place of a Sinn Feiner to the protected walls of a British stronghold. On the cross-channel steamer plying between Kingstown and Holyhead I recognized a Scotland Yard detective whom I had met in London. I asked how many detectives there were on the ship.

'Well,' he replied, casually, 'several, I presume.'

Then he related an experience he had had the night before. Following a passenger who aroused his suspicion, he discovered that he changed his complete make-up on the ship, put on a false moustache, parted his hair in the middle, changed his suit and hat and landed in Ireland a totally different citizen from that he had been when he left England. Assisted by several 'Tommies' on guard at Kingstown, he detained the stranger for examination, showing him his Scotland Yard credentials. The visitor took from his purse a similar card, remarking with a laugh: 'By jove, you and I are in the same business!'

After my report to Colonel House and Sir Basil Thomson of the impressions gained from a hurried visit to Ireland, it was decided that steps should be taken to persuade both the British Cabinet and the Dàil to invite Colonel House. Within a few days Fitzgerald came to London. Sir Basil conferred with Mr. Lloyd George and, in the meantime, others 'sounded' Lord Reading, Viscount Grey, Lord Northcliffe, Sir Edward Carson, and Mr. Bonar Law, whom Mr. Asquith cleverly described as 'the other half of the Lloyd George shears.'

Accompanied by another member of the Dàil, Fitzgerald presented the following propositions: —

1. That any 'settlement' would have to include Ulster;
2. That only the Dàil had authority to speak for Sinn Fein and the British military leaders prohibited the Dàil from meeting;
3. That if mediation were undertaken by Colonel House he would have to represent officially the United States Government.

These unofficial, preliminary terms were communicated by Scotland Yard to the Prime Minister. It was explained that Mr. House was in no way acting for the American Government and had no intention of doing so; that his interest was only that of an American who desired a just settlement of the Irish problem.

Fitzgerald returned to Dublin. Through the influence of Scotland Yard and General Macready there were no raids by the Black-and-Tans, — until further notice! This was for the purpose of giving the Sinn Fein Parliament an opportunity of meeting without British interference.

In the very midst of these negotiations a number of British officers were murdered in Dublin. Sir Horace Plunkett was frightened and distressed. He despaired of mediation and declared that the British Cabinet would do nothing because Mr. Lloyd George was 'cowed by Sir Edward Carson.'

A few days later, however, a messenger brought the following letter:—

CONFIDENTIAL

SCOTLAND HOUSE, S. W., 1.

DEAR MR. ACKERMAN, —

I tried to get you on the 'phone. If an invitation is received by the personage we talked of, I have ascertained that an acceptance by him would be welcomed by responsible people here. I think that it is intended by Mr. Kerr to get into touch with him to-night and let him know the position that would be taken up on this side, as a guide to any negotiations he might carry out.

Should you not hear anything from your friends over there within the next day or two, no doubt you will think of some way in which you can pick up the strings.

Sincerely yours,

B. H. THOMSON.

That night Mr. Philip Kerr, chief confidential secretary to the Prime Minister, called upon Colonel House and outlined Mr. Lloyd George's position. During the following days mediation was secretly debated by Sinn Fein and the conclusion was reached, to which the Sinn Fein adhered to the end, that there could be no negotiations except between accredited representatives of the 'Irish Nation' and official representatives of the British Government. No outside mediation would be accepted by the Dàil. In the meantime word leaked out that Mr. Lloyd George was contemplating mediation. Tory leaders launched a vitriolic offensive against the Government. They charged Mr. Lloyd George with the desire to shake hands with gunmen and forgive murderers! Being a political tight-rope walker, the Prime Minister balanced himself by voicing in Parliament his determination to deal only with the 'men who could deliver the goods.'

He believed, as did Scotland Yard and the military authorities, that it was useless to talk peace until Mr. Collins and his associates were ready to discuss terms. Sinn Fein leaders on the other hand said that Mr. Lloyd George had tried to trick them into mediation; that he was insincere, unscrupulous, and dishonest. They cited a story of an event which occurred in

Paris during the Peace Conference to the effect that, one day during a conversation between Clemenceau, Lloyd George, and a third member of the Council, the British Prime Minister was called out of the room. When he left, Clemenceau turned and said: 'There goes the biggest liar I know.'

III

Within the knowledge of Scotland Yard this was the first serious attempt which had been made to bridge the gulf between Ireland and England. Although the efforts to invite Mr. House to mediate had failed, much good had been accomplished. It was learned that the real leadership of the Sinn Fein movement rested in the hands of the so-called extremists: Mr. Collins, Richard Mulcahy, and their immediate associates. Despite the official position of Mr. De Valera, he did not have the influence in Ireland which he had had before he began his campaign in the United States. In Mr. Lloyd George's opinion, Mr. Collins was the only man who could 'deliver the goods,' and until his position was clear there could be no progress toward peace.

Fighting, raids, assassinations, hold-ups, bomb-throwing and intensified activities of the Black-and-Tans followed the collapse of mediation. Visiting Ireland again to report the developments for the newspapers I represented, I heard nothing but unqualified statements of determination to fight it out. Both sides were confident and uncompromising. The spirit of young Ireland was typified by the remark of an old woman newsdealer who sold me the morning papers with their sensational headings.

Glancing at these, while she made change, I read of the accidental death of an Irish boy who was blown to pieces by the premature explosion of a bomb which he was making. Remarking to her how sad it was to read of deaths such as these, she quickly retorted: 'What a wonderful thing to die for Ireland!'

Reckless and courageous, the Black-and-Tans, who had the most difficult task of all police forces in Ireland, set about their work of suppressing the Irish Republican army, undaunted by criticism and unafraid of attack. They raided Sinn Fein clubs, schools, homes, and public places. Tramways were stopped and passengers searched for weapons. Whole sections of the city were surrounded. House to house searches were made for Collins and other leaders. Rewards were offered for the capture of these men, dead or alive. The 'war' was on! Even such a peaceful citizen as Sir Robert Woods, M.P. for Trinity College and a famous surgeon, loyal to Ireland and to the Empire, was held up and searched. As the youthful Black-and-Tan flourished a revolver in his face, while he felt his clothing for weapons, Sir Robert admonished him by saying: 'You should be more careful with that revolver: it might go off.'

'That's all right, old chap,' replied the officer, 'I can soon reload it!'

Returning to London I received a telegram from Mr. Fitzgerald, on August 18, asking me to come to Dublin at once. Four days later I left, after having had several talks about Mr. Collins with Sir Basil Thomson and Colonel J. F. C. Carter in Scotland House. The British military authorities had been endeavoring for months to apprehend him, but they always arrived at his newest hiding-place after he had departed. Sir Basil was extremely anxious to know what kind of a man he was; why he would not agree to independence within the British Commonwealth of Nations and wherein lay his strength with the Irish army and people.

I told Sir Basil that, the next time I went to Ireland, I hoped to interview Mr. Collins; but I wished beforehand to have the assurance of the British authorities that I would not be 'shadowed' or interfered with in any way. Accordingly code telegrams were sent to General Macready. Arriving in Dublin I went immediately to Mr. Fitzgerald's hiding-place, put my cards on the table, saying that I had the word of Scotland Yard that I would not be followed in case I could see Mr. Collins. Without being requested I gave him my word that I would not reveal to anyone the place, time or manner of a meeting with the head of the Sinn Fein army. This pledge was unnecessary because I was never asked by Sir Basil or General Macready at any time to reveal any confidential information which might lead to the identification or arrest of any Sinn Fein leaders.

In the afternoon of August 23, Mr. Fitzgerald called at the Shelbourne Hotel and together we went for a walk. At tea-time he suggested that we go to the home of a friend of his and we entered one of the beautiful old mansions on one of the ancient squares of the Irish capital. The maid escorted us to a small drawing-room on the second floor, in the rear, overlooking a small garden. Fitzgerald excused himself only to return within a few moments with a broad-shouldered, black-haired, smiling young Irishman, whom he introduced as 'Mr. Collins.'

Collins at this time was thirty-one years old. He was the directing genius of a volunteer army, estimated at 100,000 men. He was credited with 'supreme' authority in Sinn Fein councils. He was considered by the military authorities as the leader of the 'gunmen.' He was said to have been the one who defeated mediation. As Minister of Finance of Dàil Eireann he controlled all Sinn Fein funds.

'I see,' said Collins, who is to-day at the head of the Irish Free State, 'that you are publishing my private correspondence before it reaches me!'

Placing upon the table several clippings of my articles in American newspapers, especially those relating to confidential reports from Mr. De Valera, which Scotland Yard had seized from a Sinn Fein courier and given to me for publication, Mr. Collins added: 'You see, I know you better than you know me.'

For two hours Collins and Fitzgerald discussed every angle of mediation and peace 'within the Empire.' Mr. Collins said he had no confidence whatever in Mr. Lloyd George, and added that the basic fact which any British Government would have to consider before there could be peace was the unlimited and unrestricted right of Irishmen to rule Ireland. In the interview which he personally reread and corrected the following day, — the first public statement he had ever made, — Collins declared: —

1. There will be no compromise and no negotiations with any British Government until Ireland is recognized as an independent Republic.
2. The same effort which would get us dominion home rule would get us a republic.
3. We ask only that the American people recognize, through their Government, the Government of the Irish people which is already in existence.

Developing these propositions in greater detail Mr. Collins insisted that the Irish people would never stop fighting until they controlled the finances, the courts, the police, and the army of their own country. These three fundamental considerations, he added, would never be modified.

IV

The day following publication of the interview in the United States, Ireland, and England, Sir Basil submitted it to a third-degree examination. He asked whether I thought Mr. Collins really desired and expected a republic or whether the republic was merely a slogan and that he would compromise if the British Government accepted his fundamental propositions. I told Sir Basil what General Macready had said when he read the interview — that 'an Irishman always asked £100 for a horse if he expected to get £25.'

As Mr. Lloyd George was in Lucerne for a holiday, Sir Basil asked for a confidential written report and a copy of the interview for Sir Hamar Greenwood who was going to Switzerland for a conference with the Prime Minister. In the private report, it was emphasized that Mr. Collins had not closed the door to peace, nor even slammed it, but had submitted three extremely vital issues for the First Lord of the Treasury to decide: namely — Was England prepared to concede to Ireland her right to her own courts, her police, and her business administration.

The Director of Intelligence, knowing only too well Mr. Lloyd George's readiness to fight, did not wish him to get the impression that Mr. Collins was a man who would not deliver the goods if he had the opportunity. Sir Basil favored peace with Ireland as soon as it could be realized honorably by his own Government. He had contended from the beginning and had persuaded the Prime Minister to so state in Parliament, that Mr. Collins was the chief Sinn Feiner who could speak with authority. Now he had spoken! It was up to Mr. Lloyd George to act!

No one ever knows in advance what Mr. Lloyd George will do. In the opinion of Sir Basil Thomson he could interpret Mr. Collins either as challenging him to a fight or inviting him to a public debate on the issues of Irish independence.

When two nations are at war, or when the leaders of two belligerent peoples are unable to meet personally, they frequently accept the press of their countries or of the United States as a forum before which they can present their views. Throughout the World War the American newspapers were the principal tribunes for discussion. The leaders of every nation availed themselves of the opportunity of presenting their views to the American people and indirectly to their own and their enemy publics. This is the great service which the modern newspaper renders to the public. This forum is world-wide in its scope. It is open to all. It is more influential than parliaments and its verdict is as decisive as any recorded vote of elected representatives of the people. Mr. Collins did not speak *to* me but *through* me to the citizens of his own country, England, and the United States because the interview was distributed throughout the English-speaking world.

Confronted with opposition from the Conservatives, who were 'insulted' by Mr. Collins's protestations that he would not compromise, Mr. Lloyd George decided temporarily to 'interpret' Mr. Collins's views as a 'slap in the face of British intelligence.' The Premier intended to test the Sinn Fein organization first by a much more severe 'third degree.' The Lord Mayor of Cork had gone on a hungerstrike in Brixton prison. His starvation campaign might be worth a game of political chess. Feelers were put out to see whether Sinn Fein would 'listen to reason' if Mr. MacSwiney were released. One of the Lord Mayor's nearest relatives herself wrote a confidential

note to Mr. Mulcahy asking him to call off the hungerstrike. This note was duly photographed by Scotland Yard before it reached Mr. Mulcahy without any Irish man or woman suspecting it. Scotland Yard agents had the habit of obtaining such confidential letters quite frequently. But Mulcahy and Collins, who alone had the power to issue orders to Irish volunteers, could not be reached by the pleas of relatives and they were immune from social and political pressure because of their methods of living. They could not appear in public and in consequence they lived 'underground'; traveled underground in the sense that no one ever knew how they moved from place to place and only a very few trusted associates knew where they could be located.

While Mr. Lloyd George and others moved their pawns in the game of chess for Mr. MacSwiney's life, Collins and Mulcahy refused to play, and the Lord Mayor passed away like many other volunteers who willingly gave their lives for the republic of their dreams.

This incident cut all the peace cables between Ireland and England. The British Labor party attempted mediation, but neither the Irish leaders nor the British Government wished for political reasons to give aid and comfort to any move by Organized Labor which might result in strengthening the Labor party politically.

V

From late September to the week before Christmas, when Archbishop Clune of Australia made his plea for a Truce of God, the rupture was complete. Both sides flooded the press with attacks; attempts were made to bomb the House of Commons; military activity in Ireland was multiplied and magnified. British officials declared that the ranks of Sinn Fein were tottering because of alleged differences between the Moderates and the Extremists. The campaign in the United States for the recognition of the Irish Republic worried Downing Street and disturbed the sleep of more than one American government official who knew not to what bottomless pit the agitation might lead. Thanks to the watchfulness of the American Consul in Dublin, whose reliability and judgment had been tested on many occasions, in Spain, in Italy, and in Ireland, at critical and historic moments, the United States Government possessed such detailed confidential information that the official relations between Washington and London were never disturbed by the incidents of the British-Irish controversy.

When reports began to appear about alleged differences between De Valera, Collins, and Griffith, the two latter gentlemen wrote to me at length in London, saying, 'Every member of the Irish Cabinet is in full accord with President De Valera's policy,' to quote from Mr. Griffith's letter, while Mr. Collins, in a long letter, denounced the writers of reports of differences between Sinn Fein leaders as 'British propagandists.' The essential part of his letter follows: —

DÀIL EIREANN
DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE
MANSION HOUSE
DUBLIN

The statements are the statements of a man who sees things, not as they are, but as he would like them to be. They are the continuation of a campaign which dates from the Sinn Fein success at the Election of 1918. For months after that success the agents of English publicity wrote and rewrote that Sinn Fein was losing its hold on the Irish people. When the local elections of this year gave them a

rude shock they consoled themselves by saying, 'Sinn Fein will rapidly decline now when the people see that its representatives won't be able to work the local administration.' The propagandists were again given the lie, and now they have fallen back on the alleged differences between the leaders.

Everyone here at home knows well there is no difference, and knows equally well it is this fact that has been the great strength of our position. Anything which I said about 'no negotiations,' has been said more forcibly and much more ably both by President De Valera and by the Acting-President, Mr. Griffith. This talk of differences is an old policy with England. It is only to be expected at this time, when the situation becomes more and more difficult for her, and shames her more and more before decent people, so that she will leave nothing undone to break up the splendid solidarity of the Irish nation. Too often in the past she has deceived us in this fashion. Now she is desperate that she can no longer do it.

Frantic efforts are being made to show that certain individuals called 'Moderates' are making themselves distasteful to certain other individuals called 'Extremists' and that these Extremists are in turn standing in the way of a settlement. English propaganda will get its countless scores of journalists to write this up, in Ireland, in England, in Europe, in America, so that opinion may be prepared for the murder of Macready's 'half-hundred.' Whoever else is deceived, the Irish people and the supporters of the Irish cause will not be deceived. There are no 'Moderates' and no 'Extremists.' We all stand together on our common Election Manifesto of December, 1918.

MICHAEL COLLINS.

30. 9. 1920.

Every member of the Irish Cabinet is in full accord with President De Valera's policy. When he speaks to America he speaks for us all. In seeking explicit recognition of the Irish Republic he is acting by and with the unanimous advice of his Cabinet, and if Americans of Irish blood and Americans with Irish sympathies loyally support our President, that recognition can undoubtedly be gained.

ARTHUR GRIFFITH.

Nevertheless there were differences, then as there are to-day, between Mr. De Valera and Griffith and Collins; but the common hatred of a common enemy solidified the ranks of Sinn Fein until Father O'Flannegan, who became Acting-President after the imprisonment of Mr. Griffith, sent his startling message to Downing Street. Mr. Griffith did not know that anyone knew that he, at that very time, had grave differences with his associates, and that he went to the office of a mutual friend late one night and asked protection from his 'own people.' But these differences were natural in view of the vigorous methods of suppression inaugurated by the Black-and-Tans, and in face of the split between the Irish advocates in the United States.

Throughout these developments Sir Basil Thomson was the calmest man in England. While the peace movement which he initiated early in 1921 had had a stormy voyage upon the seas of public opinion, his experience during the war had taught him that patience

and persistence led to ultimate success. He knew, too, from reliable confidential sources in Ireland, Australia, and Rome that the Christmas season would witness new developments which might lead the ship of peace into less turbulent waters. Although disappointed he was not discouraged. Like General Macready he had been in too many campaigns to give up.

There were others, however, who were on the verge of melancholy; among them, a kindly, white-haired American woman who had shared with her husband the days and nights of terror and uncertainty of two years of Dublin life. On the verge of a nervous breakdown, she called to him early one morning for his razor.

'What in the world do you want with it?' he asked.

'I'm going to kill myself. Where is it?'

'Why, my dear, my razor won't help you. It's a safety.'

A few days later she met General Macready at dinner in the Royal Hospital on the outskirts of Dublin, where he lived with his family, and related the incident to the old officer.

'Well, Mrs. ——,' drawled the General, solemn and thoughtful, 'I shave with an old-fashioned razor. Every morning when I lather my face I take this old weapon in my hand and I say to myself: "Now, Nevil Macready, will you cut your throat or shave yourself?" — and I always shave!'

(Mr. Ackerman's second paper will deal with the Irish education of Mr. Lloyd George, and the American education of Mr. Michael Collins.)

'ACCEPTING THE UNIVERSE'

BY ETHEL PUFFER HOWES

An 'antinomy,' O my non-philosophical reader, is a contradiction between conclusions from two equally good premises. Thus, for example, did Kant the philosopher prove that space both is, and is not, infinite in extent; and that time both has, and cannot have, a beginning and an end — thereby getting a foothold, or excuse, for his world-shaking Critique of Reason itself! And even so can be shown, I ween, the self-contradictions of woman's nature and her present predicament. Is it too much to hope that a way may thus be pointed to a critique of — woman's world?

I

'The career open to talent' is now presupposed in our modern life; but 'the career open to women' is a condition sought, not yet attained. Women still greatly lack both opportunities and incentives, for the highest achievements, and are therefore still unable to bring their performance up to the level of their acknowledged abilities. And the basic inhibition still operating to suppress the powers of women is the persistent vicious alternative, marriage *or* career — full personal life *versus* the way of achievement.

Thus might be paraphrased the uttered views of more than one leader, or counselor, of women to-day. 'Women have not yet been offered anything approaching a like opportunity to that put before men,' says Dr. Simon Flexner. 'The scientific career means too often for them, if consistently pursued, the denial of domestic companionships and compensations which men easily win and enjoy. In how far this condition alone will operate to bar women from the higher pursuits and greater rewards of a scientific career only experience can show.'

Still more emphatically is it put by President M. Carey Thomas in a recent address: 'Everything leads us to believe that society cannot expect to benefit from the genius and ability of women as a sex until it gives its girls as well as its boys, its women as well as its men, the *same* opportunities and the *same* incentives to achieve distinction, and until all women of genius and talent, all women scholars and women teachers, and all women of every profession and every occupation . . . are permitted by public opinion and social sanction to marry and go on with their job, instead of being found fault with, threatened and, in many cases, actually deprived of their bread and butter for doing so.'

It would be unbelievable if it were not the fact, that, in all the years of battling for women's right to be educated and to have a voice in public affairs, this question of the ultimate destination of all women's talents should never have been deliberately faced. Suffragists of course met it in the cry, 'Woman's place is in the home'; but this was so palpably absurd as an argument against women's voting, that they were content to show its irrelevance and to pass it by. But the question of the full professional career for women in its relation to marriage; the principle of the independence of work from status — why was it ignored? Did the army of unquestioningly celibate women, standing ready to enter the few openings available, make argument unnecessary? Or were the odds against women so heavy that the basic problem was instinctively postponed, until vantage-ground at least should have been won? I am inclined to think that the question was, at first, not even formulated; it was tacitly assumed that marriage barred or terminated a career.

Whatever the reason, it has been an extraordinary unanimity of silence. Even the two most recent, practical, and detailed treatises on women's work, — Filene's *Careers for Women* and Adams's *Women Professional Workers*, — in their notes on the advantages and drawbacks of special professions, do not speak of their availability in relation to marriage, still less compare them on that basis. An occasional bit of undesigned testimony, like the phrase 'openings occur . . . a woman editor marries and gives up her business career' (Filene), makes plain that the tacit reference is to 'unencumbered' women. In the last year or two, articles in women's magazines have been observable in a kind of pendular sequence: satires on people who think a woman can't combine a home and a job, alternating with fictional variations on the theme of Mrs. Jellyby and Borrioboola Gha.

The President of Bryn Mawr College seems to have been the first person in authority to take the bull by the horns — to state the issue clearly, and not as an issue, but as a principle: to wit, that the ultimate employment of women's talents must be in the specific fields of those talents, irrespective of status; also the first to face the issue in action, inasmuch as the practice of the Bryn Mawr College administration has for years admirably squared with this principle

by opening the way for its faculty women to continue their work after marriage. But that it is to-day the paramount — nay, the only — issue for women of ability and professional training — none of *them*, at least, need be told! If ever there were a question that needed thinking through realistically, it is this one of the professional career as a universal consideration in the lives of trained and able women.

II

Now, let it be admitted at once that equal or commensurate rewards and opportunities, incentives, and achievements of women are not to be expected in the present organization of society, until women do enter the field as fully and as freely as men do. Unmarried women, limited in numbers and in contacts with life, cannot charge the citadel of professional privilege in sufficient volume and momentum to carry it. Until all women of ability, in the sense in which it may be said of all men of ability, are in action, it is probable that few women will reach the highest, and the avenues will remain obstructed.

Secondly, let it be admitted that every woman should *have the right* to marry and go on with her job; 'the right' meaning a fair field and no disfavor from trustees, administrators, employers of whatever type, or from her social fellows. Not only the right, but the need, of every human being to live a normal, emotional life, as a general condition for full development of latent powers, is at least acknowledged. And the adjustment of any personal relations whatever to the requirements of a profession is as truly a right of the individual woman as it is a right of the individual man.

But when so much has been conceded, what does it amount to? Social and professional sanction of 'the job after marriage' would be just so much watered stock. It has, and will have, no value until a vast amount of development work shall have given it value. I do not mean on account of the paucity of openings for women; but even if we suppose a perfectly fluid distribution or free trade in jobs, the gateways wide open — the *vis a fronte*; even so, the *vis a tergo* is completely wanting. I may have the permission of the universe to wag my ears, but the mechanics therefor have not been provided.

In plain words, the 'job' of the kind we are envisaging is at present a physical and mechanical impossibility for the young married woman 'as a sex' — for it is 'the sex' we are arguing about. For thirty years Mrs. Gilman has been inveighing against 'the wicked waste of housework,' without making, so far as I can see, a dent in the social mechanism. Nothing can be more absurd, to those actually at grips with the facts, than the usual references to labor-saving devices as making the professional work of married women possible. Hours of labor and physical fatigue of the housewife have indeed been reduced; but the *amount* of labor in the home is not the problem of the woman who, we are supposing, is entering on a professional career. It is the possibility of mental concentration, of long-sustained intensive application, of freedom from irrelevant cares and interruptions, which every professional *man* knows is a dire necessity, if he is to touch success. We did not need *Candida* to explain, what every woman knows, the amount of subterranean ordering, protecting, fending-off, which the ordinary career — for men — requires. This, the right to concentrate at need, no young married woman, who is making a home with her husband, can now command.

It may be theoretically possible; but an infinite deal of study, experiment, and social invention must precede.

Household operation must be so organized that the young couple in the average community, just starting up the professional ladder, may both give to their work the best of which they are capable. There is, for instance, any amount of facile talk going about on the subject of cooked-food services. Every unmarried feminist refers to them brightly as about to solve the professional woman's household problems. But the bald fact is that no such arrangements now exist. A number have been initiated, and all have dropped off, for different reasons, all excellent ones. Two or three coöperative day-nurseries for college professors' wives (I *know* of only one), a coöperative laundry or two, make up the tale for our thousands of would-be professional women. A few commercial undertakings of the kind exist, but these are quite beyond the means of young people with money success still to achieve.

There is probably no service which women of experience and intellectual background, like the Association of American University Women, could do for the younger generation, greater than the research and organizing effort necessary to solve the problem of the basic domestic functions for women professional workers — how a modest household can operate without the personal entanglement of the feminine member. 'Household Engineering,' so-called, contributes little here, for it deals only with the special technique of housework and assumes a resident engineer, the housewife herself; and it stops short of the self-propelling activity which alone can be useful to the woman we have in mind. Field-organization, not technique, is what is needed.

Mrs. Gilman took a shot at the idea in her *What Diantha Did*. She imagined, for the average small town, an establishment for visiting workers, the commercial undertaking of an educated and intelligent woman. The Woman's Land Army of America in its brief career actually set up a type of organization something like what is needed. This was a real social invention, deserving the serious attention of students — which, by the way, in spite of a wide *réclame*, it never received. That the particular kind of service supplied was confined to the land does not affect the value of the object-lesson. The Woman's Land Army put into the field units for service which were economically self-sustaining, democratic, and within the means of the farmer. The technique of unit-management and feasible economical operation were being scientifically studied at the Wellesley College Training Camp for Land Army leaders in the summer of 1918. The pressing need of the farmer passed with the war; many of the early units failed, others were maintained by wealthy patrons; but of the hundred or more organized, a sufficient number survived, and were successful, to show that the idea was a sound one, and capable of creating a revolution in the status of land-workers.

Something like this, in method of approach and in type of organization, could be done for the basic household services — food, laundry, nursing, general housework. The economically feasible standards of size, of units, methods, costs, could be determined. Coöperative organization could bring further economy. But just as technique was, after all, the minor problem of the Land Army, so, for the household, the actual bringing into being of the needed groups is the *crux*. There would have to be established, in actual operation, units for such service in every community harboring women professional workers.

It cannot, however, be too earnestly affirmed that, until this veritable revolution has taken place, and not in a few large cities, but generally, — a

revolution comparable to the introduction of the telephone, — it is premature to urge professional work on married women. Even though doors may be opened, they cannot go through them. More, it is unfair to the talented girl to offer her all the kinds of professional advice and information except the kind she is most in need of — a clear view of the actual 'state of the art' for married women.

'What is the Mission of the American University Woman?' was a question publicly put, with perhaps more sense of duty than sense of humor. I would answer as seriously, 'To work to clear the way, where it is now most obstructed, for every woman's full use of her university training.'

Is there an antinomy here? Women have learned the alphabet; the necessary and actual consequence is that they press to use to the utmost their natural talents. Yet their present disability is so complete that it amounts to a contradiction in principle. The forms of household mechanics, to which they themselves blindly cling, render that full use as yet impossible.

III

Imagine, however, this great work of research and organization done; suppose the mechanical conditions for women's professional work supplied. What of the personal element in marriage as it affects a career? Well, for the sake of the argument, we may assume that, with good-will and mutual accommodation, two separate careers are mentally and morally compatible in marriage. But two careers are often not physically compatible. Just as two objects cannot occupy the same space at the same time, so one entity, the married pair, is not to be imagined as occupying two quarters of the globe continuously. The editor of a magazine in New York might conceivably, let us say, be the wife of a college professor in New England; but suppose he gets a call to Tokyo? The institution head who moved on from chair to chair — such things have happened — would not be an eligible husband for a corporation lawyer who was building up a practice in a great city. Yet a relative mobility, freedom to make the best adjustments of location, is the *sine qua non* of success in a profession; and the force of this requirement increases, the higher in the scale we get.

Clearly, all those professions which require continuous operation in the same place would be extra-hazardous risks for the double-career marriage. And these, the static occupations, are beyond all comparison in possession of the field. Authors, artists, inventors, sailors — all the tribe of free lances of whatever kind — are indeed not affected, or only measurably affected, by the argument. If the feminine partner wants to set up a jungle laboratory, or a mountain observatory, we can imagine the author, though not the actor, as a husband for her.

But how many such foot-loose individuals are there against the millions bound to institutions: colleges, hospitals, libraries, laboratories; city, state, and federal administrations; fixed points like mines, railroads, publishers' offices, or clienteles it has taken years to establish?

No artificial sex-restriction need be invoked to explain the inhibitions of achievement, when two able individuals seek to build separate careers on a partnership of affection alone. The limitations of space and time are enough. Women ought to be able to marry and go on with their job — admitted as a principle; but the space-forms of their universe seem to contradict it. And this is the second antinomy.

Assuming, nevertheless, as we must assume, women's right and need to develop their powers, and their ability to apply common sense to the inevitable, we may at least expect a very marked limitation in the range of romantic possibilities. Marriage will have to become much more an affair of arrangement, with an eye to the exigencies of occupations, than we in America like to think it is now. It will become more and more necessary to marry 'in the profession,' as most actors, singers, and circus performers already do. A limited partnership in work will become desirable, and necessary, where the work is spatially conditioned. Thus, the chemist may take for mate another chemist, or a free lance, like a painter; but not a mining engineer, or a ranchman, on penalty of stultification for one of the pair.

It all sounds very humorous, does it not? Perhaps that is why no effort has ever been made to meet the issue intelligently and consciously, and why hundreds and thousands of talented women, who have married for love, 'with the world well lost,' have found the world of work lost to them, indeed. It should not be forgotten that the greatest scientist among women, Madame Curie, was one of just such a married partnership in work.

IV

And now, when we have come so far, I am ready to throw all my arguments away as irrelevant, impertinent, and incompetent! These be but minor antinomies, to be resolved by a critique, first, of Idols of the House; second, of Idols of Romance. But the supreme self-contradiction is in the intrinsic nature of the woman herself, as everyone knows after all. We have been rightly demanding the life of normal emotional activity and development as a necessary condition of the full growth of women's powers. But we have spoken only of marriage; and marriage — so far as the argument is concerned — is meaningless without motherhood. Of course, there have been happy marriages without children, as there have been full lives without marriage. Nevertheless, any theory or regimen of life, which shall be relevant for able women as a sex, must have motherhood as an integral part.

The argument on which our discussion opened referred to a career for women in its intrinsic sense, in the sense in which women should compete with men — a sustained, intensive, creative or constructive effort, 'a permanent and serious business' (Adams). No one supposes that *men* expect to achieve without the most intense and most ruthless concentration. Are mothers capable of this?

Tolstoy has somewhere — in *Anna Karénina*, I believe — the picture of a man who is carrying a burden up a mountain. His arms and hands are occupied with the burden, and he cannot use them to help himself up. He stumbles, breathless and suffering. At last, he places the burden on his back and binds it safely. Now that his hands are free, he can help himself; he goes on and up stoutly.

Now, a man's forbidden love, says Tolstoy, is in the first case. He must carry it always in his arms, it prevents his normal activities, it prevents his helping himself. That is how I see the love of children. The mother always carries her children in her arms. It is not possible for her to shift the burden, even if she would. The father can carry them like a burden safely stowed away; he is free to forget them. The mother — never!

Leaving for the moment all that physical care for the child which no mother can or will entirely delegate; all

those household responsibilities which the needs of children infinitely multiply, and which, I repeat, are years away from being organized to allow real freedom; looking only at the mental conditions — I do not believe (subject to certain exceptions) that the highest order of achievement in any field requiring sustained, intensive, continuous thought or effort is possible to a woman who is a mother.

And there is no profession or high-grade occupation which does not require just this. Remember that we are considering, on our first supposition, not the mother whose children are out of the fold, but the young woman — the woman who is to marry relatively early, and 'go on with her job.' On that supposition, she is at once in the formative stages of her career, and the lower grades of her income, and the early years of her children.

It is not primarily a matter of the will, but a direct psychological disability. Physicians have noted that, for months after childbirth, the mother suffers from what is sometimes an even painful inconsecutiveness of mind — a felt inability for sustained attention for anything but the child itself. I should like to see detailed studies made for a period covering the early years of motherhood. I believe the results would show — what introspection certainly indicates — a relative failure in sustained attention.

But whether or no this is true as regards the elementary forms of mental activity, there is much testimony to the lapse of that spontaneous and ruthless absorption which preëminent achievement involves. The mother has suffered a transmutation of values; self-absorption in a task apart has become less possible to her.

I do not believe that the conditions are greatly different for the average able woman who has a job and is keeping it. 'A job' means responsibility to hours, places, duties; a certain kind of concentrated effort which must be for times, or periods, — at the call of the work, — intense and protracted. Every executive or 'executive secretary' knows what I mean. The business or professional woman who is taking money for her work must be 'on call' for it. Innumerable must be the mental conflicts between preoccupation with her children and duty to her performance. Whether the children suffer or not, the quality of her work must suffer.

The woman professional worker will 'reserve time' for her children, we are told, and 'provide expert care for the rest of their waking and working hours' (quoted from a recent newspaper article by a well-known woman). Now, it ought not to be necessary, in these days of general knowledge of the mental hygiene of the child, to show what mother-love *in presence* means for his mental and moral health. The physical care may perhaps be 'organized'; though Dorothy Canfield never said a truer word than that the important times in a little child's life are when things are happening to him: baths, meals, walks, the putting-on of overshoes.

Recent studies in infant psychology suggest that the shocks of even the first year may be permanently impressed upon the growing child, determining his responses, modifying his vocational future. 'Expert care' is a weasel word; it means simply trained nurses and teachers. But the high type of person, who, as nurse or individual teacher, can to any degree replace the mother in 'the rest of his waking and working hours,' is certainly not to be provided (in addition to other house-service) by young-professional salaries — even if she were to be had, one to every professional family; which is not

the case, even in the largest cities or the most superior neighborhoods.

There is no mental or moral understudy for mother-love. Even if the mother could summon her whole energy of mind to outside work, the child whose mother is not *on call* is bound to lose. Shall we pity the tenement child, shut out on the streets by its working mother, for its lack of a warm shelter and hot dinner, and not see that the real deprivation for any child is of the mother herself, direct refuge and confidante and comforter?

I am not writing an anti-governess essay. I am simply showing that the requirements of successful work in a profession are just those which conflict with the deepest needs of children — and mothers.

This is where the average women professional workers fare worst in the argument. Their hours of work — eight-hour desk-jobs, appointments in business hours, daylight trips, the commuter's day — are precisely the worst possible, as assessed by children's needs.

It is far from being merely another practical difficulty: it is, on the contrary, symbolic of the whole situation, that the hour of getting off for school — the hour on whose adequacy, from the mother's side, the mental and physical health of the young child's whole day depends — is the hour which, by every other possible criterion, should be free from nervous tension for the professional.

As to this 'time reserved' — ask the professional mother, at the end of her commuter's day, how well able she is to enjoy, counsel, or correct her young children!

Nor is part-time work for married women at all the panacea it is heralded as being. For 'a career' in any full sense it is impossible. Miss Filene is right — 'anyone who wishes to succeed in any line of work keeps irregular hours.' The critical periods which spell preëminence or failure are those of effort without stint or limit. Part-time, for anything but a routine job, is an aggravation. For a routine job, it is subject to nearly all the disadvantages for the mother herself of the full-time job.

It is, of course, often said that the so-called 'woman of society' spends as many hours away from her children as the professional woman. But it should be noted that she has no engagement that is not revocable on the instant; she has no 'duty to her public,' no contract obligation of any kind. Moreover, the children's day falls largely without the hours of 'society'; so that the gayest young mother may, by a little effort, be with her children at all their strategic moments.

It all comes down to the paramount duty; and it seems to me that clients' or employers' recognition of what call must be paramount accounts for nearly all the alleged discrimination against women in the professions.

V

I said that there were exceptions to the principle of motherhood as an inhibiting influence on a career. The exceptions occur, I believe, when the work is of a naturally intermittent or inspirational type, — even the scientific imagination works in flashes! — and when the children are demonstrably safe and near. The woman writer, painter, sculptor, musician, home-teacher, private investigator, student, or consultant of whatever kind, who can work always within call of her children, is in the happiest case. What a heartening incident is that of George Sand, writing her first novel in a Paris garret, with her boy and girl playing about her feet!

The actress, the woman physician,

the farmer, the occasional lecturer — all those who absent themselves by appointments adjusted to children's hours, or on a light and flexible schedule, like the college teacher — come next among the exceptions.

But beyond these, of the two hundred or so 'Careers for Women' listed, all but two or three would indeed be unavailable for mothers.

One has but to cite the exponents of successful careers, as quoted in Miss Filene's book: publicity — 'not confining but intensive'; public stenographer — 'one must be ready to work continuously thirty-six hours if it becomes necessary in some special case'; private secretary — 'irregular hours'; executive secretary (irregular hours) — 'should be a member of every committee of the organization'; community-centre work — 'are n't enough hours in the twenty-four'; supervisor of physical education — 'no limit to the amount of time required for making plans, holding meetings, attending games, meets, demonstrations, etc.'; employment-management consultant — 'traveling, all kinds of sacrifice of personal life and comfort'; political organizer — 'no eight-hour day'; 'the good Sunday editor never thinks of clocks'; 'the lawyer controls her own hours; but, if she is going to make her profession worth while, her hours will be long and her perseverance never ending'; dean of women — 'longer hours, shorter vacations, nervous strain.'

There are eminent women who have actually combined happy families with high professional achievement outside the home. But these cases present, on analysis, a fortunate combination, say, of flexible working hours with independent income, or with a partnership of affectionate and self-devoted female relatives — a kind of happy chance which is not an intrinsic condition of normal family life, or one on which it is possible to base a philosophy of women's work. If no *man* without an active mother or unmarried sister could become a geologist or a court-pleader, or the field secretary of a welfare organization, we should have a situation somewhat analogous.

The normal family, professional or not, must stand on its own feet. The paradox is that the only universally possible assistance is paid assistance. That certainly does not offer the emotional insight with children, responsibility, *and continuity*, which alone can free mothers effectively. Family affection and assistance does sometimes give it. But the possibility of such assistance is pure chance.

It would seem then, that, while women are forced by a normal principle of growth to seek to use fully the abilities which their education has set free, a natural and original principle in turn saps their effort at its spring. Women are both inevitably impelled to, and interdicted from, marriage, children, and careers.

What can one say but that Woman, like Space and Time, being subject to so complete an antinomy, requires like them to have the conditions of her world somehow transcended!

'I accept the Universe!' cried Margaret Fuller. 'Gad! she 'd better,' was Carlyle's retort, so much acclaimed (by men). But I think she was, for women, o'erhasty.

VI

The only solution I can now see of the problem of a career for a creature with a natural paramount interest elsewhere is quite in the line of Kant's denial of space (already overpassed by Einstein).

Why not deny, erase, transcend the whole notion of a career, with its connotations of competition, success,

rewards, honors, titles? Might it not have an epochal effect on the progress of science, if one half of the able people in the world should consciously, explicitly, and proudly refuse to compete? What an illuminating phrase dropped by Madame Curie: her husband 'had been so deep in science that he had not paid the necessary attention to his career'!

Is it then to this vague, utopian precept that our promised realistic analysis has brought us? Certainly, it is only by greater vagueness that the myth of women's equal competence (not ability) has been maintained.

The woman's antinomy will be thrown up ever more clearly as increasing numbers seek careers. Perhaps to try the other way will hasten the day when 'the method of contest and survival' will disappear.

For the present, the practical application of the principle would be in a deliberate, purposeful making-over of the conditions of women's work. Many desk-jobs, much appointment and consultation work can be adjusted to family life. Piece-work, emergency, substitute, overseers', directors', and allied jobs will increase, and will take the place of office-work.

I think that the possibilities open here to a recognized intention would surprise us. But the great transformation would be through the marriage partnerships in work already forecast. The flexible schedule and mutual replacements of such a partnership would open up nearly all lines of work to a mother. How much it would make for companionship in marriage is clear enough, but beyond the scope of this argument.

The chance to work, and learn, and earn, would still remain if married women were explicitly to forego 'the career.' It is not to be expected or desired that women should now stifle the energies they have at last discovered and proved.

But this I know, that, unless we are to have as our next generation a race of dry, cold, warped, inhibited little creatures, we have got to make some such changes as I have suggested in the lines of women's actual occupation. The philosophy of the whole thing has got to be changed.

Suppose all women of ability could plan for love and children and 'each for the joy of the working'! But then women would have *all* the really desirable things!

THE FOSSIL MAN OF RHODESIA

BY G. ELLIOT SMITH

I

THE recent discovery, at the Broken Hill mine in Northern Rhodesia, of a hitherto unknown species of man is an event of peculiar importance to the student of the early history of the human family and its wanderings. The addition of one more to the two or three species of the genus *Homo* with which we were previously acquainted is in itself a noteworthy incident; but its interest is enormously enhanced by the bizarre features of the newly discovered member of our family, and the fact that the continent of Africa, famous among the ancients as the purveyor of surprises, — *semper aliquid novi ex Africa*, — has at last begun to reveal some of the secrets of her extinct types of mankind, which she has so closely guarded in the past.

The Broken Hill of Northern Rhodesia has attracted considerable attention during the last fifteen years, in spite of the inaccessibility of the locality, which is some 300 miles north of the Zambezi. Mr. Arthur E. V. Zealley gave an interesting account of the mine and its history to the South African Association for the Advancement of Science in 1912, from which I quote the following statement. 'Few localities in the world can be of such interest to the mineralogist as these remarkable deposits of lead, zinc, and vanadium. The variety and the extreme beauty, no less than the rarity, of several of the minerals render its study immensely attractive, and the unique association of mineralized bones, the implements, and other evidences of human occupation of the caves in the deposit further increase the interest in the mines that have been opened up.'

Nearly fifteen years ago Messrs. F. P. Mennell, E. C. Chubb, and Franklin White called attention in several journals[1] to the evidence of early human occupation afforded by the stone implements and the broken and worked animal bones in the caves. But although hundreds of tons of animal bones had been removed from the mine since then, no human bones were seen until last summer, when parts of the skeletons of two human beings were found.

Before mining operations began at Broken Hill there stood, on the spot where the open quarry-like excavation is now found, what the Dutch colonists call a kopje (or hillock), nearly sixty feet high, tunneled from west to east by a natural cave more than 120 feet long, the walls and roof of which consisted of dolomite and silicate of zinc; while on the floor was piled up, to a height varying from four to twelve feet, a vast collection of animal bones, so strongly impregnated with the salts of zinc and lead as to be worth mining. Many hundreds of tons of these bones had been taken out of what for fifteen years has been famous as the 'Bone Cave,' and put into the smelters, along with the mineral deposits found in the kopje itself, which has now been de-

[1] See especially *Geological Magazine* for October, 1907, p. 443.

molished; and the excavations had been carried down 90 feet below ground-level. In the course of this work the blind end of the Bone Cave was reached last summer and the human remains found.

If it were not for the fact that originally there had been a cleft in the roof of the cave just above the place where the skull was found, we might have drawn the conclusion that the men or women whose bones were found in the depths of the cave had already met their death before the hyenas made it a dining-hall and began the accumulation of the vast collection of animal bones, which represents the work of, perhaps, many centuries. But the cleft does leave open the possibility of the human beings having fallen into the cave at a more recent period. However, the fact that all the bones which have been examined represent animals of species that are still alive in Africa shuts out any possibility of determining the age of the human remains. In addition to this, the incrustation of the surface of the human bones with salts of zinc and lead has protected them from the action of the soil, so that, in the strict sense of the term, they are not fossilized. Although the bones are not mineralized or, strictly, fossilized, the custom of human palæontologists makes it not incorrect to refer to these bones as 'fossils.' If the investigator is grateful for this protection of the texture of the bony remains, he has to lament the absence of even the slightest indication of their age, which the state of fossilization might have afforded, had the circumstances been other than they were.

The upshot of all this is that the condition of the human remains, and the remarkable circumstances under which they were found, do not give us a scrap of information as to the date, either absolutely or relatively to other human fossils, when the Rhodesian species of man lived and became extinct. To determine his place in the human family, we are thus thrown back entirely on inferences from the anatomy of the remains themselves.

The bones that have been recovered consist of the almost complete skull (without the lower jaw), a sacral bone and tibia and the two ends of a femur, and a small fragment of the upper jaw of a second individual of the same type. According to Mr. William L. Harris, a metallurgical chemist employed at the mine, who saw the human remains when they were first brought to light and photographed them in the place where they were found, practically the whole skeleton was discovered, and was encased in a metallic cast of the surface of the body; but the negro miners destroyed most of the bones and broke up the cast, which would have been a unique and invaluable record of the actual bodily form and proportions of an extinct type of mankind. The skull is that of a comparatively young adult who had suffered severely from dental caries. The form of the sacrum suggests that it formed part of a female skeleton.

It was Mr. Harris, whose account of the Bone Cave and kopje I have quoted above, who communicated to the *Sunday Times* of Johannesburg the first account (September 25, 1921) of the finding of the Rhodesian man. He also sent to a well-known European Press Agency his collection of photographs of the skull, and a very lucid and intelligent account of their significance: but it is a dramatic illustration of the lack of knowledge and appreciation of simple anthropological facts, that even so startling an object as the grotesque face of this fossil made no impression on the mind of one of the leading disseminators of information to the world at large; for he returned Mr. Harris's manuscript and photographs, with the comment that he had no use for them.

I have referred especially to this remarkable incident because it helps us to understand the dangers to which priceless remains of early types of man are exposed, unless by happy chance some enlightened man is on the spot to save them from destruction. For this reason, it is incumbent on those who appreciate the tremendous significance of such relics to neglect no opportunity of educating the public to realize the meaning of human palæontology, and to understand the importance of rescuing the rare fragments of extinct forms of the human family, which may be found by accident, and through ignorance be lost again forever.

II

I have already explained that the circumstances under which the Rhodesian remains were found afford no indication, not the merest hint, of their age or the place of their possessor in the human family. Any inference that attempts to settle these problems must, therefore, be based upon the features of the bones themselves.

The obtrusive fact, which no one can fail to notice, is the appearance of the face, revealing as it does a form that has never been seen before. It is certainly the most primitive type of face that is known among members of the human family. But in making this statement I must guard against a misunderstanding that has repeatedly arisen in the discussion of the Rhodesian skull during the last few weeks. In referring to it as the most primitive human *face* at present known, I do not mean to suggest that the Rhodesian *skull* is the most primitive type of human being so far recovered. Two members of the human family are known from fossilized remains, found in Java and England respectively, which are vastly older than the Rhodesian man, and so profoundly different from all other members of the family that they are not included in the genus *Homo* — the new genera, *Pithecanthropus* (Dubois) and *Eoanthropus* (Smith Woodward), respectively, having to be instituted for their reception. But the face of neither of these fossils has been recovered, although the possession of the lower jaw of *Eoanthropus* makes it possible for us to restore with confidence the general form of the face.

This, however, does not affect the accuracy of the statement that the Rhodesian skull provides us with the most primitive example of an actual human face — and a most remarkable one it is. It is more definitely primitive and brutal than that of any other human being, living or extinct, that is at present known. The enormous eyebrow ridges are bigger, even, than those of the most archaic member of the human family, the Javan Ape-Man; and in the extent and form of their lateral extensions, they recall the condition found in man's nearest simian relative, the gorilla.

There is no groove at the side of the nose, to indicate the boundary between it and the face, such as one finds in all races of modern men, even in such flat-nosed individuals as the Negro, the Mongol and the aboriginal Australian. This merging of the nose in the face, to form what, in other animals, would be called a snout, is a peculiarly significant mark of the beast, which is known elsewhere in the human family only in the extinct fossil species from Europe known as Neanderthal man. But the nose of the Rhodesian man was definitely more ape-like than that of Neanderthal man. The lateral margins of the nasal aperture extend vertically downward, toward the teeth, as happens also in the gorilla, in which this arrangement is associated with the widely outsplayed margins of the nostrils that is so distinctive a feature of

man's nearest simian relative. Perhaps also the Rhodesian man had a wide nose, in comparison with which the Negro's or the Tasmanian's would seem narrow. Yet the presence of a nasal spine on the Rhodesian jaw indicates that, in spite of the simian resemblances in the nose, it had the distinctively human features of a horizontal edge of the nasal septum and a definite tip to the nose.

Another remarkable feature of the enormous facial skeleton is the vast size of the palate and teeth, and especially the extent of the interval between the nose and the margin of the upper jaw. Although the jaw is so extensive and the teeth so large, the canine teeth did not project in the ape-like manner of those of Piltdown man (*Eoanthropus*) and the fossilized proto-Australian found at Talgai in Queensland.

The form of the brain-case, and the peculiarly distinctive features of the brain that it once contained, corroborate the inferences drawn from the face, that the Rhodesian species was the most primitive member of the genus *Homo* at present known, but not the most primitive of the human family, which of course includes the vastly more ancient and lowlier genera, *Pithecanthropus* and *Eoanthropus*. The long straight shin bone and the fragments of the femur afford a very clear demonstration of the fact that Rhodesian man is separated by a very considerable hiatus from his nearest relative, the extinct European Neanderthal man. But I must defer the reference to this until a later page.

III

The bones found in Rhodesia, however, have a far wider and deeper significance to the student of mankind than these statements suggest. The recovery of a long-lost and strangely exotic cousin is an experience that excites our curiosity; and the opening-up of a new continent for the human palæontologist awakens visions of what this ancient domain of the human family may provide for future anthropologists. But the immediate problems that the study of the features of the skull and limb bones brings up for discussion involve comparisons with all the other types of mankind, and a comprehensive testing of the opinions previously put forward to interpret the significance of all the fossil remains of man and their bearing on the history and migrations of the human family.

A newly discovered species comes to have value and importance only when the effort is made to put it in its proper position in its family, and to determine the part it played and the light its structure and associations throw upon mankind as a whole. In an attempt such as this to interpret the significance of the new discovery, it is necessary, above all else, to define this setting — our present knowledge of the family circle of the *Hominidæ* into which a long-lost cousin has to be introduced and assigned his appropriate place. Hence the discussion of the significance of the newly found fossil must inevitably involve some reference to the history of mankind as a whole.

However obvious and profound are the differences in physical structure and intellectual achievement which distinguish the various races of mankind, the one from the other, anthropologists regard all human beings at present living on the earth, whether their skin is white or black, yellow or brown, as members of one and the same species (*sapiens*) of the genus *Homo*. But these modern men represent the survivor of one of probably many species and genera of the human family, all the rest of which have, at different epochs in the past, succumbed in the struggle for

survival in competition with the one successful member of the family, *Homo sapiens*.

The extinct members at present recognized consist of two species of the genus *Homo*, in addition to *Homo rhodesiensis*. These are Neanderthal man (*H. neanderthalensis*) and Heidelberg man (*H. heidelbergensis*). The Neanderthal species lived in Europe long ages ago, when the climatic conditions were vastly different from what they are now; and when a great many animals, such as mammoths, woolly rhinoceroses, and cave bears, which have long been extinct in Europe, shared the Atlantic littoral of that continent with man. The Heidelberg man is so vastly more ancient and more primitive in structure than his Neanderthal successor in the Rhine Valley, that no doubt can be entertained of his right to specific distinction. In fact, Bonarelli may ultimately be justified in his suggestion that even a genus distinct from *Homo* should be created for the reception of Heidelberg man; he has proposed the name *Palæanthropus* for this hypothetical genus, retaining of course the specific name *heidelbergensis*. But so far only the lower jaw of this form is known, — although there is a rumor of the finding of the thigh bone, — and the evidence is too scanty to justify a final decision as to whether the genus of the Heidelberg man should be *Homo* or *Palæanthropus*.

The settlement of this problem may have a very direct bearing on the interpretation of the Rhodesian man's place in the human family. For the Heidelberg jaw so nearly fits and harmonizes with the Rhodesian skull as to suggest the conundrum whether the skull recently found in the heart of Africa may be a relic of the same species as the individual who, countless ages ago, left his remains in the Mauer Sands near Heidelberg. It is only a possibility, and a very unlikely one at that; but it should not be lost sight of in the final determination of the rank and affinities of the Rhodesian species of fossil man. Both the Rhodesian and the Heidelberg fragments reveal certain affinities to the Neanderthal type, and are more primitive. It is not unreasonable to hint at their possible identity.

But if there is any doubt as to the justification for the creation of a special genus to include the Heidelberg man, there can be no such element of uncertainty regarding two other members of the human family, the so-called Ape-Man of Java (*Pithecanthropus erectus*), whose fossilized remains were found at Trinil, on the banks of the Solo River,[2] by Dr. Eugen Dubois in 1891, and the Dawn-Man (named *Eoanthropus dawsoni* by Dr. Smith Woodward) discovered by the late Mr. Charles Dawson at Piltdown in Sussex (England) ten years ago.

The peculiarities of structure of these two fossils are so definite and pronounced as amply to justify the creation of the two human genera, *Pithecanthropus* and *Eoanthropus*, quite distinct, the one from the other and from the genus *Homo*. They represent far and away the most primitive members of the human family known to us at present. Their features are so archaic that many palæontologists still regard *Pithecanthropus* as an ape, and the jaw of *Eoanthropus* as a chimpanzee's. But no competent anatomist who has examined *the actual remains* (and not merely models) of these two genera can entertain any doubt that both of them should be included definitely within the human family.

Many other fossil remains of man have been found, besides the two or three genera and the two or three species

[2] British and American writers usually mistake the Javanese word *Bengawan*, meaning 'river,' for the river's name, which is Solo.

so far mentioned; but all the rest belong definitely to one or other race of *Homo sapiens*, and therefore do not call for enumeration in our list of extinct species.

The few broken fragments of these extinct members of the human family which have so far been recovered probably represent only a small minority of the many experimental types discarded by Nature, before she succeeded in fashioning the supreme species capable of outstripping the rest in the competition for intellectual supremacy. Without undue modesty, we who belong to that species have labeled it *sapiens*.

IV

The vast continents of Africa and Asia represented (or perhaps it would be more correct to say that one or both of them included) the domain of primitive man during the early history of the human family, and the laboratory in which, for untold ages, Nature was making her great experiments to achieve the transmutation of the base substance of some brutal ape into the divine form of man. Until the Rhodesian remains came to light, no fragment of an extinct type of man had come from Africa; and Asia had provided, from Java, — which, at the end of the Pliocene period, was the extreme southeastern corner of the vast continent, — the fragments of one skeleton, *Pithecanthropus*, the most archaic member of the human family. But no trace whatever of human remains has yet been found in the central Afro-Asiatic area, the real cradle of the family. Only the broken fragments swept out to its periphery, Far-Eastern Asia, South Africa, and Western Europe, have so far been recovered, to give us some slight clues as to what was happening in the really vital spot.

The vast geographical area that separates Java from Europe, and the incalculable span of time that intervened between the epochs of *Pithecanthropus* and the fossil men of Europe, represent a tremendous hiatus in the early history of the human family. Behind the veil of all these hidden centuries, it is well within the bounds of reasonable conjecture to picture the wide stretch of Southern Asia and Africa as peopled by a variety of weird caricatures of mankind, roaming far and wide to satisfy their appetites and avoid extinction. In this competition, the distinctive characters of man were fashioned in the hard school of experience. All that we can learn of the tremendous drama that was being enacted in this laboratory of mankind is based on inferences from a skull-cap and femur from Java, a skull and tibia from Rhodesia, and an assortment of bones from Western Europe!

But if we know nothing of the wonderful story of man's journeyings toward his ultimate goal, beyond what we can infer from the flotsam and jetsam thrown upon the periphery of his ancient domain, it is essential, in attempting to interpret the meaning of these fragments, not to forget the great events that were happening in the more vitally important central area, — say from India to Africa, — and whenever a new specimen is thrown up, to appraise its significance from what we imagine to have been happening elsewhere, and from the evidence it affords of the wider history of man's ceaseless struggle to achieve his destiny.

Nature has always been reluctant to give up to man the secrets of his own early history, or, perhaps, unduly considerate of his vanity in sparing him the full knowledge of these less attractive members of his family, who too obviously retained the mark of the beast.

Thus, during the thousands of years after the members of our species came into being, they remained in ignorance

of the fact that, before the species *sapiens* emerged, the earth was occupied by other species and other genera of mankind. In fact it is only seventy-four years since the first fragment of one of these other species was found at Gibraltar; and not until many years afterward was the momentous significance of this discovery appreciated. In fact, the importance of the fossil skull found at Gibraltar in 1848 was not fully realized until parts of the skeleton of another representative of the same species was found, in 1856, in the Neanderthal cave near Düsseldorf in Westphalia. The latter, unlike the former, happened to come into the hands of a competent anatomist, who was able to appreciate the tremendous meaning of the evidence it provided; and in course of time it was made the type of a species of mankind (*Homo neanderthalensis*), differentiated from that (*Homo sapiens*) to which we ourselves belong.

In the years that followed, further remains of members of this species were found at Spy in Belgium (1886); at Krapina in Croatia (1899–1905); in France at Le Moustier and La Chapelle-aux-Saints (1908); at La Ferrassie (1909–1912); at La Quina (1911); and in Jersey (1910).

From the investigation of this large series of specimens we have learned that, at one time, Europe was inhabited from Gibraltar to Germany and from the Channel Islands to Croatia by a heavily built and brutal type of mankind, with a flat head, sloping forehead, very prominent eyebrow ridges overhanging large orbits, and a very large heavy face, with a defective development of chin. These men walked with half-bent knees and slouching gait, the coarse head being pushed forward on a thick and massive neck, so as to make the profile of the head, neck, and body into an uninterrupted curve, so markedly different from the graceful alternation of curves that constitutes one of the charms in the form assumed by the truly erect figure of modern man.

The discoveries made at Spy (and confirmed at Krapina and the various sites in the Dordogne Valley) revealed the fact that these uncouth members of the human family occupied Europe many millennia ago, at a time when there were living along with them the woolly mammoth, the woolly rhinoceros, the reindeer and the bison, the cave bear, and many other animals that we regard as utterly alien to Europe. Moreover, we have learned to associate the Neanderthal species of man in Europe (though not necessarily elsewhere) with a particular type of stone implement that has long been known and distinguished as Mousterian, from the village of Le Moustier on the banks of the Vézère, where the type-specimens were obtained by Lartet and Christy in 1860–1863.

Only since so large a series of representatives of this species have been discovered and studied, has it become possible fully to appreciate the significance of the discovery made at Gibraltar, in 1848, when Europe was in the throes of a political and social upheaval which threatened widespread revolution. Whether or not the need for putting the defenses of this British fortress in order, to prepare for the threatening contingencies, was responsible for the recovery of the first-known member of another species of man, is not certain. But it was found by an artillery officer, at a time when soldiers were preparing for the coming storm. When the distinctive features of the Neanderthal species were defined, it was recognized that the Gibraltar skull must be allocated to it; and the differences between them were explained as sexual, the Neanderthal specimen being male and the Gibraltar skull female.

But the recovery at La Quina of a female skull, not only of the same species, but also of the same race, as the man from the Neanderthal cave, shows that the difference between the La Quina and the Gibraltar women is something more than a mere sexual distinction. For there is a marked contrast between the forms of the two female skulls, from La Quina and Gibraltar respectively, and the latter is definitely the more primitive of the two. But there is no justification for reviving the old and discarded name *Homo calficus*, suggested by Falconer, or for following the Italian anthropologist, Sera, in regarding the Gibraltar woman as the sole representative of a species distinct from (and more primitive than) the true Neanderthal species. It is more in accordance with the evidence, to regard the Gibraltar fossil as a member of the Neanderthal species, but as belonging to a different and more primitive race (the Calfic) of that species.

I have entered into this question at some length, because the fact of the discovery of the most primitive member of the Neanderthal species at the very threshold of Europe, near the chief gateway from Africa, is not without significance in the discussion of the Rhodesian skull, the possible affinities of which to the Neanderthal species is now the subject of controversy among anthropologists.

The outstanding feature of the Rhodesian man's traits is the suggestion of a half-developed Neanderthal man, with some of his peculiarities grossly exaggerated, while others are lacking, or replaced by primitive features that more nearly approach the type of modern man.

When Charles Darwin discussed the evolution of man, he was inclined to regard Africa as the likeliest place for the original home of mankind. It is generally recognized that the two African anthropoid apes, the gorilla and the chimpanzee, are more closely akin to the human family than the other anthropoids, the orang and the gibbon, whose geographical domain is now restricted to the Far East; and it seemed to be more likely than not that, in the migrations of man's nearest relatives from their birthplace, perhaps in Northern India, the ancestors of the human family may have accompanied those of the gorilla and chimpanzee when they made tropical Africa their home. These, however, are mere conjectures which future discoveries may or may not confirm. But with regard to the anthropoid apes themselves, the fossil remains of the little *Propliopithecus*, found in the Egyptian Fayum ten years ago, reveal the fact that, ever since the anthropoid apes first came into existence (probably at the end of the Eocene period), Africa has been a part of their domain, if it was not their original home.

I call attention to these considerations, to suggest that the evidence now at our disposal affords some slight justification for the speculation that Africa may have been the area of characterization, or, to use a more homely phrase, the cradle, both of the anthropoid apes and of the human family. In any case, it is probable that Africa played an important part in the early history of man and his ancestors.

But hitherto no fossilized remains of early types of man have come to light in Africa, to substantiate these assumptions. Some months before the declaration of war in 1914, the announcement was made of the finding of a fossil human skull at Oldoway, in what was then German East Africa; but from the imperfect accounts that have so far been given, it seems that this type of man does not differ from the African Negroes of the present time. A much more important discovery of fossilized human

remains was made a year earlier (in 1913) at Boskop in the Transvaal. The Boskop man cannot be regarded as a member of any of the races still living in Africa; but he belongs quite definitely to the species *Homo sapiens*, and in some respects is akin to the earliest members of that species found in Europe, often called the Cro-Magnon race.

Investigation of the extinct peoples of Europe has directed attention to the probability that the earliest members of the human family found in Western Europe must have come there from Africa.

For various reasons, in addition to the fact that the Bushmen, Hottentots, Pygmies, and other Negroes are among the most lowly races of mankind, Africa is eminently the place where one might expect to discover the remains of still more primitive types of the human family.

V

The peculiarities of the Rhodesian discovery are not exhausted by the statements that the skull reveals a hitherto unknown type of face and skull, and represents the first traces of a species other than *Homo sapiens* from Africa. For the circumstances under which they were found, and the condition of the remains, are altogether different from those of any of the other famous discoveries of fossilized remains of man. The peculiarities of these circumstances I have already explained.

The claim that Rhodesian man is more primitive than Neanderthal man does not necessarily imply that the individual whose remains were found at the Broken Hill mine was alive in the remote times of the glacial epoch in Europe or had not survived to a period ages later than the period of the fossil men of Gibraltar, Neanderthal, and the Dordogne Valley. The animals with which Neanderthal man was associated in Europe became extinct there when that type of man disappeared from Europe: but many animals closely akin to them are still living in Africa; and it is quite conceivable that an early type of man also may have survived in Africa, as the elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, and hyenas have done, for many centuries after their European relatives had been wiped out of existence. It may have happened that the Rhodesian species lived on in South Africa, free from human competition, until the Boskop race, or the ancestors of the Bushmen, made their way down the Dark Continent.

So far, I have referred only to the face of Rhodesian man, and the very positive evidence it affords of the primitive (that is, definitely pre-Neanderthal) type. It has been claimed that such an inference is rendered untenable by the characters of the brain-case and the leg bones. Let us consider the question thus raised for discussion.

In many respects the features of the skull more closely resemble those found in *Homo sapiens* than those of *Homo neanderthalensis*. Hence certain distinguished authorities have suggested that Rhodesian man is later than Neanderthal man, and intermediate in type between the other two species. Even if the primitive characters of the face of the Rhodesian skull were not fatal to such an argument, it would not be convincing, because it does not take into account the fact that, in many respects, the skull of Neanderthal man is highly specialized and further removed from the primitive condition than modern man's skull is. The particular features of resemblance of the Rhodesian and modern skulls are precisely these primitive features which the Neanderthal man lost through too early specialization. Just as the gorilla and the other apes became differentiated from man's ancestors by too hastily adopting

specializations of habit and structure, which destroyed many primitive features retained in the living members of the human family, so the dominant species of the latter has retained many primitive characters that were modified or lost by his unsuccessful Neanderthal cousins. But the possession of such traits by the more primitive members of the family does not mean that the latter are post-Neanderthal in time and development. Its significance is quite the reverse: these primitive characters have been lost by Neanderthal man, never to return, either in them or any forms derived from them.

But, quite apart from this consideration, the brain-case of the Rhodesian skull does retain a number of characters definitely more primitive than those of either *Homo sapiens* or *Homo neanderthalensis*. This is not the place to discuss the technical details of these anatomical features, which are most strikingly displayed in the architecture of the base of the skull. But there is one aspect of the study of the brain-case to which attention must be called, because it is of fundamental importance in the interpretation of Rhodesian man's peculiar significance. The skull provides precise information concerning the size and general form of the brain and its various parts, which has a very direct bearing on the determination of the rank of its possessor in the hierarchy of the human family.

Charles Darwin fully appreciated the fact that the fundamental distinction between man and all other living beings is the immeasurably superior intellectual power of man. But since his time, like so many other obvious facts, this important aspect of anthropology has not received the attention that its importance merits. The intellectual supremacy of man was attained by virtue of certain structural changes in the brain, which can be studied and, in some measure, understood. The matter of primary importance to anthropologists is to estimate the significance of these variations of cerebral form and proportions, because they afford more precise and directly relevant criteria of human rank and affinities than any other anatomical evidence can provide. In the case of the Rhodesian remains, presenting as they do certain features of a more or less paradoxical nature, the cast of the interior of the brain-case becomes of special importance, because its peculiarities afford unequivocal evidence of decisive value in settling these difficult problems.

Ever since the discovery of the remains of the Javan Ape-Man, *Pithecanthropus*, there has been a difference of opinion among leading anthropologists as to whether the creature was a gigantic ape, a primitive member of the human family, or a creature that was intermediate between the apes and man — that is, a so-called 'missing link.' Speaking generally, it may be said that most German anatomists inclined toward the first point of view, the British toward the second, and the Dutch, — as perhaps one might regard as appropriate to their geographical position, — the third, or intermediate, possibility. But no one who has seen the cast of the interior of the brain-case, and is capable of interpreting its obtrusive peculiarities of form and proportions, could have any hesitation in deciding that *Pithecanthropus* was truly a member of the human family, if a very lowly one. The capacity of the brain-case of the Javan specimen was probably about 950 cubic centimetres (that is, about 100 cubic centimetres greater than Professor Dubois's estimate), which brings it within the range of variation even of *Homo sapiens;* whereas 650 cubic centimetres is the biggest record for an ape, even of a gorilla twice the body-weight of a human being.

Moreover, the endocranial cast of *Pithecanthropus* reveals a localized and precocious expansion of those areas of the brain which we associate with the power of articulate speech, that is, the ability to appreciate, in a far greater degree than other animals are capable of, the auditory symbolism of sounds, and to reproduce them as a means of communication with its fellows, not merely as signals expressive of emotional states, such as most animals can impress upon one another, but also as the means for transmitting information and ideas, and attaining the communion of knowledge and belief that is man's exclusive prerogative. There are grounds for believing that the acquisition of true articulate speech was one of the essential factors in the emergence of man's distinctive characters; and the form of the endocranial cast of *Pithecanthropus* suggests that the Javan Ape-Man possessed this hallmark of human rank, and the right to be included in the human family.

The same distinctive features are recognizable also in the somewhat larger endocranial cast of the Dawn-Man of Piltdown. The peculiarities of the brain of Rhodesian Man can best be summarized by the statement that it is intermediate in type between those of the Piltdown and of the Neanderthal men. It is distinctly larger than the former, but smaller than the latter. The process of development revealed by comparing the endocranial cast of the Piltdown skull with that of *Pithecanthropus* is carried a stage further in the Rhodesian brain. The expansion has involved other areas; but there are still territories in the upper parietal, prefrontal, and inferior temporal regions of the Rhodesian brain, which are singularly ill-developed as compared with the corresponding parts of the brains of either the Neanderthal or the modern species of man.

It is of special interest to note that the defective areas of the brain are those parts which attain their maturity latest in the developmental history of the modern human infant, and are especially associated with the discrimination of the form, weight, and texture of objects as they appeal to the sense of touch, with the power of learning highly skilled movements with the hands, and, in a general sense, with the higher intellectual functions. The part of the brain which has been found to be highly developed in several modern men distinguished for musical genius is remarkably small, and simply folded, in the Rhodesian brain. This brain, in fact, was deficient in those parts by which the high degree of foresight, discrimination, and refinement of modern men is determined and made possible.

VI

The evidence afforded by the brain thus corroborates the inference drawn from the peculiarities of the face and the skull, that the Rhodesian man conforms to a type definitely more primitive than that of the Neanderthal species.

But there is one feature of the remains found at Broken Hill that has raised some doubt as to the correctness of this inference. The leg bones found with the skull are longer and straighter than the corresponding bones of members of the Neanderthal species. The short, thick, and curved leg bones of Neanderthal man, which indicate that this ungainly type of mankind walked with a shuffling gait and bent knees, are often regarded as survivals of man's more simian ancestors. The condition of the neck vertebræ and the skull of Neanderthal man corroborates the conclusions drawn from the leg bones; for they complete the picture of the slouching posture by showing that the

head was thrown forward on the thick massive neck. Instead of being truly erect, the body was carried in a stooping attitude, the line of the back passing, by a gradual curve, along that of the neck to the brutal flattened head.

The length and straightness of the Rhodesian leg bones and the features of the base of the skull have been claimed as evidence that the man of Broken Hill walked upright, and had therefore lost the mark of the ape which survived in Neanderthal man's posture. If the Rhodesian man has really lost this simian trait, which Neanderthal man has retained, how, it may be asked, can the former be regarded as a more primitive type than the latter? Is Dr. Smith Woodward right in claiming that the Rhodesian man walked erect, and represents a phase of evolution later than the Neanderthal type? These are the problems that have to be threshed out during the coming months. All that I need say on the matter now is, first, that the base of the skull (and especially the position of the *foramen magnum*) is not in such close agreement with that of modern man as has been supposed; and, secondly, that the leg bones present peculiar features which differentiate them from those both of modern man and Neanderthal man.

In the discussion of this extremely difficult and highly technical problem, the question of the significance of the thigh bone found along with the skull-cap of *Pithecanthropus* will have to be threshed out once more. If the leg bone found in the same formation as the skull at Trinil really belonged to *Pithecanthropus*, and the specific name *erectus* given to the Javan Ape-Man by Professor Dubois is a correct description of its posture, the recognition of this fact will have a very direct bearing on the estimation of the significance of the Rhodesian man's posture. For, if the most ancient and primitive member of the human family walked erect, the (assumed) erectness of Rhodesian man cannot be fatal to the claim to regard him as primitive. In the meantime, the evidence provided by his face, brain-case, and endocranial cast, seems to me to point conclusively to the fact that, in the bones found in the Broken Hill mine, we have the remains of a type of mankind definitely more primitive than all the known members of the human family, with the exception only of *Pithecanthropus* and *Eoanthropus*, from Java and Piltdown respectively.

The Rhodesian remains have now found a resting-place, beside those from Piltdown, in the Natural History Department of the British Museum at South Kensington; and under the competent direction of Dr. Smith Woodward the difficult problems which will arise in the investigation of their anatomical features, and the interpretation of their significance, will be accomplished with care and sobriety of judgment. Within the next three months Dr. Smith Woodward and his collaborators hope to have ready for publication by the British Museum a comprehensive monograph presenting the evidence relating to the many-sided problems roughly outlined here; so that everyone interested in the history of the human family will then have the materials upon which to base independent conclusions as to the meaning of the extinct species of mankind from Rhodesia.

THE HUMAN SIDE OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

BY B. S. ROWNTREE

I

War is shorn of its glory. Men who have fought on many battlefronts, whose well-won decorations show that cowardice is only a name to them, are yet profoundly convinced that such a catastrophe as that which overtook us in 1914 must be made impossible in future. In short, we are gradually awakening to a realization of the fact that for civilized communities to settle their differences as if they were super-hyenas or super-jackals does not reflect much credit on the intelligence of the human race. And so that intelligence is gradually ceasing to develop the science and machinery of war, and beginning to develop the science, and perfect the machinery, of peace.

God knows that men have struggled against this development. They have adopted every artifice and argument to persuade themselves that war is a magnificent thing; that true greatness of character is impossible without it; that all the virtues which go to build up a virile race have their origin in the war-spirit. Only a demonstration so overpowering that it came near to ending the civilization of Europe has persuaded them of their error.

To-day, men are thinking peace. They are thinking it in Washington, they are thinking it in Geneva, they are thinking it in Paris, Rome, and London. Nations are anxiously seeking to discover means by which they can settle such differences as may from time to time arise between them, on a basis of right rather than of might. This constitutes the hope for humanity.

This development in international relations leads us to believe that the time has come for those who are responsible for the conduct of industry to think industrial peace, and to set it before themselves as an ideal, to be realized, not in some far-distant century, but now. Its realization is perfectly possible. The perpetual industrial warfare from which the whole world suffers, and which we euphemistically call 'unrest,' can be ended in your lifetime and mine.

The trouble is that, hitherto, both Capital and Labor have regarded industrial unrest as inevitable, and have accepted it just as they accept rain and sunshine, summer and winter; whereas it is not inevitable — on the contrary, its existence is a serious reflection on the ability of those who are responsible for the management of business. I believe profoundly that it is possible practically to secure industrial peace without any fundamental changes in the basis of industry. It is possible to-day; it may be impossible to-morrow. The war has had a profound effect on the psychology of the workers. It has shaken them out of their ruts, it has broadened their outlook, so that to-day they are not prepared to accept industrial conditions just as they find them. They are asking many questions that they never asked before. Even the basis of industry is being questioned,

and the social and economic developments in Russia and Germany are being watched with close interest.

Now I hold no brief for capitalism. I would gladly see it abolished to-morrow if I were sure that it would at once be replaced by some system which would better serve the interests of the community as a whole. But I see no such alternative, and I am convinced that, whatever the ultimate basis of industry may be, the right course at present is to work for improved conditions within the capitalistic system. It is, however, important to recognize that many workers — and their number is by no means confined to men holding 'Bolshevist' opinions — are profoundly dissatisfied with some of the conditions in industry to-day, and are determined to remedy them. If they can do so without upsetting the capitalistic system, they will be quite content; but, if they cannot find a remedy in one way, they will find it in another. I think it important to emphasize the changed psychology of the workers, because I have observed that many employers are trying to persuade themselves that the labor problem of to-day is that of 1914. To act on such an assumption is to court disaster.

II

Now, let us ask on what terms industrial peace can be secured.

It cannot be secured by 'keeping the workman in his place.' The day for that kind of thing is past. Popular education and political democracy sealed the doom of industrial serfdom, and the war put the last nail in its coffin. The attempt being made by some employers, to take advantage of the present industrial depression to 'teach the workers a lesson,' suggests the short-sighted cunning of the opportunist rather than the wisdom of the statesman. Nor, if we are wise, shall we attempt to secure industrial peace by establishing a balance of power between Capital and Labor, in a state of equilibrium so delicate that neither party dares take the risk of upsetting it. Such an expedient is too dangerous, and contains no basis of permanence.

There remains only one way to establish industrial peace: it is to remove the occasions of industrial war. That sounds like a mere platitude; but is it not extraordinary that so little constructive thought is being given to working out this remedy?

No one can carefully observe modern industry without being struck by the difference between the way in which the average employer approaches the solution of technical difficulties in his business and the way in which he approaches labor difficulties.

I have just visited a large number of factories in the United States, and I have been amazed by the high degree to which research departments have been developed. There are magnificent laboratories, with every kind of apparatus, and staffed by the ablest men of science. They are not only investigating the immediate difficulties presented by manufacturing processes, but are spending years in the exhaustive investigation of scientific problems perhaps only remotely connected with the practical work of the factory. Why do they do this? Because they want thoroughly to explore the why and wherefore of any factory process. Modern industry cannot afford to do things by rule of thumb. True progress depends on accurate knowledge and understanding.

But when the heads of these factories pass from the technical to the human problems of industry, the scientific spirit seems to leave them. Their dealings with 'Labor' are comparatively crude and unscientific, and are characterized by the very 'rule-of-thumb'

policy which is so rigorously avoided in connection with technical problems. There is none of the spirit of the explorer, of the research student, in the dealings of the average employer with labor problems. He is inclined to take things for granted — to accept theories which he has never examined.

He employs certain stimuli, out of which the virtue has long departed, in order to produce certain desired reactions; and because he does not obtain them, he grows impatient and finds fault with the workers. If he were working with iron or rubber instead of human beings, he would act quite differently. He would say, 'I want to obtain certain results. I have employed certain means but have been unsuccessful. I must hand this problem over to the laboratory, to find out where I am wrong.' Then his experts would patiently work on the problem, not blaming the iron or rubber, but seeking out just how it should be treated to secure the desired result.

Now, the point I want to make is that we shall allay industrial unrest only if we approach the problem in the patient, scientific spirit that we adopt in other departments of industry. The 'reaction' we desire is that Capital and Labor, instead of spending a large part of their energy in fighting each other, shall devote it all to wresting from nature the wealth she is always willing to yield up to honest effort.

We must not only ascertain and establish the basic conditions necessary to secure industrial peace, but we must establish right human relations in all our dealings with the workers.

III

I believe that our examination must cover the following items: —

1. Wages.
2. Hours of work.
3. The worker's economic security.
4. The worker's status in industry.
5. The financial interest of the worker in the profits of the industry in which he is engaged.

Wages. — Minimum wages should be based on human needs. Wages above the minimum may be left to the higgling of the market: —

The minimum wage of a man should be such as will enable him to marry, to live in a decent house, and to maintain a family of normal size in a state of physical efficiency, leaving a reasonable margin for contingencies and recreation.

The minimum wage of a woman should enable her to live in similar comfort, providing for herself alone.[1]

Now there are to-day, in America as well as in England, large numbers of men and women of normal ability whose wages fall below this standard, though the proportion of these is higher in England than America. So long as this continues, there is no hope of industrial peace.

The first duty of the employer who is studying the question scientifically is to ascertain, for his own locality, what money-wage is necessary to enable workers to live in accordance with the above standard. How many employers have done this? Is it not obviously the first thing to do? Limitations of space prevent me from discussing how such an inquiry can be made; but the information can easily be obtained.[2]

[1] I am referring here to minimum wages — the wages below which no man or woman of normal ability should be employed. I do not discuss the question of equal pay for equal work as between men and women. Minimum wages must be based on normal conditions. It is the normal condition for a man to marry and have a family; whereas normally a woman-worker is responsible only for her own maintenance.

[2] *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, for July, 1913: vol. xlv, p. 111.

The Human Needs of Labor, by B. S. Rowntree.

It may be urged that it is futile to discuss any means of securing industrial peace which involves an addition to wages. As to this, I will make two observations. First: if there were *real* industrial peace, — not merely a suspicious abstention from open hostility, but the kind of peace that leads to cordial coöperation, — wages might be increased without a corresponding increase in the cost of production. Secondly: I do not suggest that wages should, in all cases, be immediately advanced. The advance, if necessary, can be made gradually, as circumstances permit. The point of importance is that the workers shall know, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the employer, on his own initiative, recognizes his responsibility in the matter, and is straining every nerve so to increase the efficiency of his business as to enable him to pay an adequate minimum wage. If they are convinced of this, they will be willing to wait. What leads to unrest is indifference on the part of the employer to the human needs of the workers, and his refusal to raise inadequate wages save under the pressure of a strike or the threat of a strike. Such employers often protest that to raise wages will ruin their business. But the strike succeeds, wages are forced up, and the business continues to provide adequate profits. Is the anger of the workers surprising?

Hours of Work. — Workers should have sufficient leisure to enable them completely to recruit their energies after the day's work, and to express their personalities in their own way.

In America, and perhaps even more in England, we have established a normal working-week of reasonable length; but there still exist factories and even industries where the twelve-hour day is worked. It is no adequate excuse that the period spent in the factory does not consist of constant labor, but includes many spells of leisure. The point is that, when a man has to be on duty so long in a factory, his life can consist only of 'bed and work.' He cannot live like a normal citizen. It is a fairly safe rule that the claims of citizenship should take precedence over those of industry; and, where this rule is continuously broken, dissatisfaction and consequent unrest are sure to result. Wide experience points to forty-eight hours of work a week as a reasonable standard, and any deviation from it should be justified by special circumstances.

The Worker's Economic Security. — In approaching the discussion of the economic insecurity of the worker's life, we come to that condition of modern industry which, probably more than any other, contributes to industrial unrest.

I do not think that employers generally have in the least realized how heavily a sense of insecurity weighs on the worker's mind. Of the three main sources of insecurity, — unemployment, illness, and old age, — the first is the one that causes the worker the deepest concern.

As I write, there are millions of men and women who are out of work. Their unemployment is due, not to any fault of theirs, but to world-movements which they are powerless to control. When the trade depression struck America and England with the suddenness and force of a tropical tornado, millions of workers were simply 'laid off,' and left to shift for themselves till their services should be needed again. Meanwhile, industry is not concerned with them. The individual worker may have a wife and children at home; wages may not have been high enough to enable him to save — it is all the same. Industry has no word of comfort. Perhaps the foreman was sympathetic and said, 'I'm sorry, Jack, but we've no

orders in. I can't help it. Let you know when anything turns up.' But his sympathy availed nothing.

Think of the whole situation — the agony of breaking the news at home; the hopeless trudging-round, looking for work, in a world where there were scores of applicants for every job; the piling-up of debts with the landlord, the grocer, with every tradesman who can be induced to extend credit to a man without a job; the pawnshop; then short rations, the wife and children getting paler and thinner; the empty stove, the empty purse, the heart empty of hope.

That is the abyss on the edge of which the worker lives. I know a couple — a bricklayer and his wife. They are charming people, and their home is a delight to enter, so full is it of simple refinement. The man is a first-rate worker — no 300 bricks a day for him! But, during the present period of depression, his wife says that she dreads to see him coming home on pay-night, lest he should bring the news that he has been 'laid off.' Ah, yes; it may be easy for an employer to say, 'I've had to lay off 500 "hands"'; but the words are fraught with sombre meaning to each of the 'hands' laid off, and to his wife and bairns.

I wish the community realized what a tragedy unemployment is. It is a standing marvel to me, with what indifference this great evil is regarded by the man in the street, and with what a spirit of fatalism by the workers.

A spirit of fatalism — yes, that is true. But the evil engenders a deep sense of injustice. It drives the iron deeper into the heart of the worker than any other ill that besets him. There is profound bitterness in the thought that his labor (and therefore himself, since he cannot be separated from his labor) is mere chattel, to be bought and kept while needed, and, when no longer needed, to be thrown away like an empty tomato tin. That thought makes the promises of the revolutionist orators sound inviting, and is the chief cause of industrial unrest.

Effective steps to deal with the menace of unemployment must be taken before peace can be hoped for in industry. We must, as a community, adopt every possible means of lessening the volume of unemployment. I have not space even to outline some of the measures which might prove useful in this connection, but will say only, first, that there is no panacea for the cure of the evil: it must be attacked from many sides. Second, that when the utmost has been done to lessen the volume of unemployment, there will still be a considerable proportion of it left to deal with; and the problem of removing the menace of unemployment from the minds of those for whom work cannot be found can be met only by some scheme of unemployment insurance.

I have met in America a curious objection to unemployment insurance. It is partly due to grossly exaggerated accounts of the abuses which have attended its introduction in England. Of course, when, by a stroke of the pen, eight million workers are insured against unemployment, just at the beginning of the worst trade depression from which the world has ever suffered, some abuse is sure to occur. It takes time to build up the machinery necessary to check it; but to say that the Unemployment Insurance Act in England is a failure is to betray ignorance of the facts. Nothing has occurred in England to indicate that the policy is unsound, whereas much has occurred to justify it. But of course the fifteen shillings for which the British worker is insured, though much better than nothing, is quite inadequate to remove from his mind the menace of unemployment. Much more than that is required.

Careful calculations made by an unofficial committee in England show that by setting aside, year by year, a sum equal to about $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent of the wages-bill, it would be possible to insure all adult workers for half wages during unemployment, with an additional 10 per cent for a man's wife and 5 per cent for each dependent child under sixteen, up to a maximum of 75 per cent of the family wages.

There are no reliable statistics of the average amount of unemployment in America, but there is no reason to suppose that it is higher than in England. Is it not worth a sum equal to $3\frac{3}{4}$ or 4 per cent of the wages-bill to remove forever the menace of unemployment from the worker's mind?

'Ah, but,' I have heard some employers say, 'nothing could be more demoralizing than to pay men when they are not working!'

Of course, we must guard against any danger of abuse in a scheme of unemployment insurance; but it is not difficult to devise effective administrative checks. The best form of check is to make the scheme a coöperative one, the premiums being paid partly by the employers and partly by the workers; and then to leave the responsibility of administering the fund primarily in the hands of the workers. Given a well-thought-out scheme, with proper safeguards, there is no fear of abuse on a serious scale. I have seen one or two individual factory schemes working admirably in the States, and a scheme giving unemployment benefits of 50 per cent of the average wage to single men and women, and 75 per cent to married men with three children, is proving satisfactory in my own works in England.

At any rate, it is certain that any danger there may be from this source is insignificant compared with the danger of inaction. I repeat once more that the menace of unemployment is the most potent cause of industrial unrest.

The Worker's Status in Industry. — Earlier in this article I referred to the changes, resulting partly from education and partly from the experiences connected with the World War, which have affected the outlook of the workers, causing them to ask many questions, among others: 'Why should we always be regarded as the servants of Capital?'

I can imagine some capitalist saying, as he reads this, 'Really, what *are* we coming to? Am I no longer to be master in my own house?' But I beg him to be patient, and to remember that we are trying to examine the problem of labor scientifically, without any feeling, and, above all, without any preconceived ideas.

Certainly, we employers have always assumed that we were masters, and the workers servants. But is that quite fair? What is the bargain that Capital makes with Labor? Is it not essentially this: 'My capital is useless to me without workers who will use it and make it fruitful. Your labor can effect but little without my capital. Let us coöperate, and we will share the product'? But does this necessarily imply a relation of master and servant?

Briefly, what the workers ask to-day is that they shall have a definite share in determining the conditions under which they shall work. They don't like to come into the factory some morning and find, posted on the wall, some new shop-rule, vitally affecting their lives, in the framing of which they have had no part.

I think that a minority of them go much farther. But the great majority of workers do not ask to share in the control of the financial and commercial sides of industry. All they ask is to share in determining the working conditions.

This demand is being widely made,

and I have been struck by the readiness with which employers are recognizing its justice and are trying to meet it. Everywhere shop councils are springing up. Evidence shows that this new claim on the worker's part can be met, without weakening discipline or lowering efficiency.

I would utter only one word of warning. Some employers are trying to put off the workers by giving them a voice in determining what I may term 'welfare' matters. But this is not what they are asking for. On the other hand, I have seen a factory where all shop-rules are drawn up jointly by the workers and managers; where the workers are consulted before foremen are appointed; and where anyone punished, by dismissal or otherwise, for a breach of discipline, has a right of appeal to a committee consisting of two members chosen by the workers, two by the directors, and a chairman agreed upon by the four. Here the workers have a real share in the legislative, executive, and judicial sides of works-administration; and the scheme works admirably. In other factories, I have seen even more democratic methods of administration working well.

If we would secure industrial peace, let the watchword of the management be: 'How far can I invite the coöperation of the workers in the industrial side of works-administration?' — not, 'How little of my power need I give up?'

The Financial Interest of the Worker in the Profits of the Industry in Which He Is Engaged. — I come now to the last item in the account that we must meet if we would purchase industrial peace. I have included it only after much consideration, and in the face of long-held prejudice. But a very detailed inquiry into the results of profit-sharing, *where it has been given a fair trial*, has convinced me that I must lay aside my old bias.

The workers say: 'Why should we do our very best, as you are constantly urging, when the chief result, so far as we can see, is to increase the dividends of shareholders whom we have never seen and for whom we care nothing?'

It is useless to try to persuade such a questioner that the interests of Capital and Labor are really the same; and, as a matter of fact, they are not fully the same.

But the position would be quite different if an arrangement were made under which, after labor had received its standard wage, and capital the standard interest on secured capital, *plus* a reasonable premium to cover risk, any surplus profit should be divided between Capital and Labor in a previously agreed proportion. Under such a scheme a manager would be justified in urging everyone to give his best, of brain as well as brawn.

I know all the arguments against profit-sharing; I have used them for years. But a close examination of the facts has convinced me that this means of developing coöperation between the two parties in industry is an essential condition of lasting peace.

IV

These then are the items in the account which we must meet if we would purchase industrial peace: reasonable wages; reasonable hours; reasonable economic security; an improved status for the worker; a share to the worker in the profits of industry.

Some of us have tried one of these methods, others have tried others; and we may have been disappointed. I do not think that we shall achieve full success until we try all five together.

Employers in America have sometimes said to me: 'Ah, yes; that's all very well in England, but our problem is different.' Of course, there are su-

perficial differences, and of course the administrative methods of applying a principle will differ in the two countries; but I am convinced that, fundamentally, the problem of securing industrial peace is the same in England and America, and that the solution in both cases will be found on the same lines.

I recently visited a factory in America, where all the five points I have mentioned were being adequately dealt with; and the results were all that could be desired. So far from the experiments proving costly, the output per man-hour had increased by 25 per cent; and although the workers were getting 50 per cent of all profits after capital had been paid 6 per cent, the president of the company told me that he thought the stockholders were better rather than worse off than they would have been under the old régime.

One word in conclusion. It is necessary, first of all, to establish basic conditions in industry which are just, and which take full account of the changed outlook of the workers; and, secondly, to see that all administrative acts are carried out in the right spirit. We may have a machine perfectly adapted to its work, which may fail to function because the engineer does not thoroughly understand how to manipulate it. Similarly, an overbearing foreman or manager, while conforming to the letter of admirable regulations, may completely spoil their spirit. And an ideal code may yield disappointing results because it is clumsily administered.

Those of us who are responsible for 'dealing with Labor,' as we somewhat crudely express it, cannot too often remember that there is no such thing as 'Labor.' The working force consists of a number of individuals, each having a personality different from all the rest. They are as sensitive as we are to encouragement and discouragement, as easily roused to anger or suspicion, as easily roused to loyalty and effort.

Put the *best* man in the works in charge of labor, the man with the wisest head and the biggest heart. Don't minimize the labor side of business. That is the mistake we have made in the past, and for which we are paying bitterly to-day.

And lastly, let us not forget a warning uttered by Tolstoy: —

'It all lies in the fact that men think there are circumstances when one may deal with human beings without love; and there are no such circumstances. One may deal with things without love; one may cut down trees, make bricks, hammer iron, without love; but one cannot deal with men without it; just as one cannot deal with bees without being careful. If you deal carelessly with bees, you will injure them, and will yourself be injured. And so with men.'

THE MARQUIS GOES DONKEY-RIDING

BY ADELINE ADAMS

I

My great-grandmother was by no means an accomplished French scholar. Was yours? And even in English, my great-grandmother's spelling was far from faultless. In those well-thumbed receipt-books of hers, written by her own hand, and still beautifully legible, you will note that she sometimes doubles the *t* in butter, and sometimes not; she generally gives an *h* to sugar, and seldom allows an egg more than one *g* to stand on. But the far-flung fame of her cooking did not suffer in consequence. And had her prowess in languages and in orthography been equal to her skill in the household arts of her day (spinning, weaving, brewing and the like), my cousin Felix might never have known the joyous adventures of a collector of Lafayette silver. For, frankly, it was my great-grandmother, who, owing to a slip in her French, first sent the marquis on his donkey-riding. Lafayette in Egypt! Cousin Felix never rested until he got to the bottom of the matter.

Felix Bradford, you must know, is one of the great color-manufacturers of the age. Tube-colors, of course. There 's more in the business, and perhaps less in the tubes, than one would expect. But Felix is a thoroughly good sport; and twenty years ago, finding that he was making a comfortable income from the art of painting (other men's painting), he decided to become a collector of something besides money. Colonial silver, for example; and he hoped to include among his treasures the lost Lafayette porringer, from which, as a child, he had often been spiritually fed.

He had never seen that porringer, though our grandmother Bradford had frequently described its glories, and had told us just how, at the age of eight, she had lost the better part of it forever. It had been ordered in Paris, by her seafaring father, a petty officer under Paul Jones. Very likely the museums would not call it a porringer, for it was larger and finer than most vessels in that class; besides, it had a cover. Grandmother Bradford, sinful little child though she once was, had not lost the cover. Felix, as a boy, had often seen it and even handled it, delightedly running his fingers over its fluted silver dome, topped by a flaming torch wrought in silver, with touches of gold inlaid among the flames. He had an exquisite joy in caressing that silver-gilt finial. Sometimes, to vary his beautiful imaginary pain in being burned by it, he would wet a thumb and forefinger before touching it, though he knew Grandmother Bradford did not approve the gesture. Evidently Cousin Felix was early marked for some important contact with the fine arts.

Felix was a little boy of six when that great American awakening, the Philadelphia Centennial, showed the world, as by a lightning-flash, just how backward we were in matters of art. It was annoying, but it had to be admitted, that all those peoples across the water

(who, we strongly suspected, did not keep the Ten Commandments nearly so well as we did) were our superiors in the creation of beauty.

From that time onward, Felix felt the influence of our shamed national gropings in art, and groped with the best. I say nothing for his early pencil copy of a work called Pharaoh's Horses, a copy finally completed after prodigious efforts on the part of an anæmic Saturday-morning drawing-teacher to keep him at the job for many weeks. Nor can I endorse the lady's method, the first important step of which was completely to cover a steel engraving of Pharaoh's Horses with tissue paper, a small square portion of this being torn off at the beginning of each session, to disclose the exact amount of horseflesh that must be completed within the two hours. Somehow, the square inch that Felix happened to be producing at any given moment never seemed in itself to be far wrong; yet the more inches he completed, the less right his copy looked. This vaguely troubled both teacher and pupil, but neither of them knew what to do about it, except to press on. Houdon's celebrated maxim, '*Copiez, copiez, copiez toujours*,' has never, I hope, had a more literal and ruthless application. For years thereafter, Felix could not look upon a 4–H pencil without active loathing.

But even Pharaoh's Horses, for all their fiery eyes and swelling neck-veins, could not quite trample the life out of Felix's love of the beautiful. On rainy holidays, with a plate of ginger cookies at hand, he still liked to peer inside grandmother's corner cabinet, where she kept the 'bug china,' the mandarin teacups, the thin silver teaspoons, the curiously elaborate sugar-tongs, and the sugar-bowl with a castle on it. If there were no other boys about, he would gladly listen to the old lady's story of the Lafayette porringer, with its engraving of the marquis on donkey-back. Lafayette in Egypt! It was a tale to invite dreams.

Grandma Bradford had two quite different ways of talking. When she spoke of modern things, or read a paper at the Ladies' Circle, she used her modern manner; but when she talked of old-time things, she generally dropped into a style to correspond.

'There I set on the front porch.' she would say, 'eatin' my cold porridge out of the porringer. I was the only girl, and they allus called it I was some indulged. But I guess folks would n't call it that nowadays! 'T was a hot evenin', and Aunt Carline hed company, and they wanted to talk by theirselves, so she let me set out on the porch with my supper. And when I got it et, I put the porringer up onto the porch jest as careful as I could, and begun playin' with Rover. He was a real young dog, Rover was; a puppy, you might say, but a big dog, too. I dunno how 't is, but dogs don't seem to *come* as big now as they did then! And fust thing I knew, he lep' up onto the porch, and got that porringer into his maouth, and rushed off downhill, me racin' after him. And that was the last our family ever saw of it. And Rover never stopped till he got to the brook; it was roarin' turrible, the brook was, 'cos it had be'n a rainy summer; and the more I called, the more he did n't hear, but kep' a-runnin'. And he run and he run, all along the brookside, till he got to the path that led square up to the Ellicksenders' house, and there he turned up sharp — '

Grandma paused for breath, and let Felix take up the familiar tale.

'And the Ellicksenders' house,' recited Felix, with gusto, 'was no better than a den of thieves.'

'Yes, and jest then I heard Aunt Carline callin', and back I flew to the haouse. And when she said, "Why, Lydia Fairlee, where is the rest of the

porringer?" oh, my, wa'n't I scairt? I hope it will be a lesson to *you*, Felix, the way I was too scairt to tell the hull truth. I was scairt o' bein' punished, so I told a part-truth, which is a near-lie, same as some boys I know of.'

Felix reddened, and deemed it wise to advance the story as hurriedly as possible. 'You told her you put it up onto the porch, careful as anything — '

'Yes, but I did n't dass tell her Rover hed snatched the porringer, and was carryin' it straight as a streak o' lightnin' to the Ellicksender boys. No, sir, as long as I was in my right mind, I never owned up a syllable of it to anybody!' A note of sinful triumph rang in the old lady's voice. ''T wa'n't till two years later it all came out. I hed scarlet fever, and was dretful deleerious, and raved a lot about Rover and the porringer and the Ellicksender haouse; so Aunt Carline knew at last jest what had happened. That sickness spared me the rod, I guess!' Grandma chuckled at the thought of this immunity, but at once recollected herself. 'No, Felix, 't ain't any use. Be sure your sin will find you out.'

Again Felix squirmed away from any impending moral, mentally making a note to the effect that he must study ways to avoid scarlet fever, if not actual sin.

'But of course, 't was too late then to accuse the Ellicksenders. And one o' them, the wust one, hed died in jail, anyhow; so you see, Felix, if he *did* take that porringer, his sin found *him* out, too. The youngest boy turned out real good, it seems. Grew up to be a minister, real celebrated, too. Some younger 'n me, he was.'

But the career of the boy who 'turned out real good' had no vital interest for Felix. His thoughts wandered toward the 'wust one,' the one who died in jail. Not that he himself wanted to die in jail: far from it. But he certainly did not want to grow up to be a minister, either; and he hoped in his secret heart that there might be some middle course. A most determined little fellow was Felix. That day, while listening to one half of the porringer story, and repeating the other, he made up his mind that, when he should reach man's estate, he would get to the bottom of this Lafayette business.

Very delicately he twirled the silver cover over his palm, as if it were a kind of sacred top too fine for human nature's daily play. He flicked it lightly, connoisseur-fashion, with his handkerchief. For a second, he was almost sorry that the handkerchief, from its nature and uses, had to be so grimy. Then he heaved a sigh for beauty vanished. I have often thought that, if Cousin Felix had gone into poetry instead of paint, he would have made good in that, too.

'Too bad there's no bottom when there's such a beautiful top! Say, Grammer, show us the drawing you made when you were little.'

Nothing loath, Grammer unlocked one of the small drawers of her cabinet, and took from it a packet of ancient letters. In the heart of the packet was a square of brownish paper, on which was traced a circle about six inches in diameter, with two projecting lace-like ears. One might call it a plan view of the bowl of the porringer. Little Lydia Fairlee had drawn it by the simple expedient of laying the object upside down on the paper, and penciling around the outline. Evidently the pierced handles had attracted the child, for these had been drawn with great care. In the space beneath, she had done her own hand, by the same process. Many a time Felix had fitted his own five fingers over that symbol. Once his hand had been a rather good fit, but of late, it had been growing steadily beyond bounds.

'Yes, sir,' Madam Bradford was say-

ing, 'that's the drawin', and I can assure you I was well cuffed by Aunt Carline for usin' up her paper. Those days, folks did n't throw paper araound the way they do to-day. I suppose, ef I'd be'n a child these times, I'd 'a' had Sattidy drawin'-lessons, and I hope I I could 'a' profited by 'em. But nobody ever gave me a chance at Pharaoh's hosses.'

Felix grinned, guiltily.

'Anyways, your great-grandfather saved up that drawin' pretty car'ful! We found it among his papers. And when I'm through, I shall leave it to you, along with the silver cover. You're the one that loves lovely things.'

Felix was too well used to that reference, 'when I'm through,' to feel it very deeply, other than as a part of the porringer story. But he was an affectionate child, and there being no spectators, he gave his grandmother the kiss she wanted. Then he fitted the cover over the drawing, as he had often done before.

'And there was a picture of Lafayette on the side of the bottom part?'

Madam Bradford suddenly switched to her most modern style of speech. She often took a sly pleasure in disconcerting her hearers by making these lightning changes.

'An engraving is the correct term, I believe.' There was a world of prunes and prisms in her tone. 'An engraving upon silver, executed in Paris. And underneath it was engraved, all in the French language, "Lafayette in Egypt." Your great-grandmother, who was quite a French scholar for those days, used to translate it for me. Very Frenchy writing it was, too; very Frenchy and flourishy. And in the picture, I mean the engraving, there was Lafayette on donkey-back, plain as anything, all wrapped up in a big cloak, and right alongside was a man, his body servant, I expect, urging the donkey on. I can see it in my mind to this day. If I was a drawer, I could draw it for you.'

Felix sighed again, a sigh of yearning and disillusion. Somehow donkey-riding, even in Egypt, and with a body servant, seemed to him rather tame work for Lafayette. He himself would have preferred for his hero something in more heroic vein. He knew from a picture in his geography that donkeys went with the Pyramids and the mouths of the Nile. Of course, donkey-riding is well enough, in an everyday sort of way; but was Lafayette an everyday sort of man? In his heart Felix felt it a pity that the marquis had n't had a 'go' at Pharaoh's horses, or their descendants. Once, in church, the minister had read out in a great voice something about a Bible horse, whose neck was 'clothed in thunder.' That Bible horse, Felix reasoned, would have been just the mount for Lafayette! For a moment, the little boy's mind even harbored a doubt as to his great-grandmother's French scholarship.

'Grammer, are you sure it *was* a donkey? Do you remember the ears?'

Madam Bradford replied with a majesty that withered all doubt. 'I do. If I was a drawer, I could draw those ears for you. Lafayette in Egypt.'

II

To-day, Cousin Felix himself hardly knows at what age he began to fit various facts together, with an accuracy damaging to the Lafayette myth. If, as family tradition had it, the porringer had been ordered in Paris by our seafaring ancestor, in the year 1779, was it really likely that, at that date, Lafayette's exploits, either warlike or otherwise, either in Egypt or elsewhere, were already so noised abroad as to be stock subjects for the silversmith's skill? Absurd! 'Any Sophomore would know

better,' reasoned the youth Felix; 'even a Harvard man.' But by the time Felix had taken his degree at Yale, and was beginning at the bottom round of the paint business, his interest in the vanished porringer had become dormant; for many years thereafter, his business career, his new home and growing family occupied his mind, to the exclusion of childish trifles.

Nevertheless, at the destined hour, his collector's passion overtook him, and was thenceforth to remain with him. He began to haunt auction-rooms, private collections, museums. Pictures, books, furniture — he loved them all; but Colonial silver was his chief desire. He read much, studied much, and even wrote a little, now and then, upon this subject paramount. And, though he scarcely owned it, even to himself, the missing part of the Fairlee porringer was the central object of his quest. As the years rushed on with gathering speed, the by-products of this pursuit became very considerable: his collection vied with that of Lockwood or of Halsey or of Clearwater. Silver tankards and platters were his; also silver braziers and caudle-cups and chocolate-pots, silver ladles and buckles and patchboxes. But porringers were really his long suit, he said. Of these, he possessed enough to lend a score to various museums, and yet to keep in his own cabinet a more than sufficient number (all of the middle period) to serve as soup-bowls for his famous dinners of twelve.

Naturally, his delight in what he had merely whetted his longing for what he had not. Whenever his birthdays impended, as they continued to do with annoying annual precision, his wife and the elder children (especially young Felicia) would once more set out hunting for 'the Lafayette bottom'; and failing always in their search, would, in despair, purchase some costly and inadequate substitute for the thing they sought. Indeed, 'Father's feeling for antique silver, you know!' had made him no niggard with modern gold, and his offspring, even in their early youth, had their many-leaved, rigorously inspected check-books. Nor could I ever see that they were in any way the worse for this indulgence.

Felix smiled happily enough when, on the morning of his fifty-first birthday, young Felicia bounded into his study, and plumped down upon his table an ill-favored bulbous tankard of somewhat baroque design — a piece which she jubilantly declared was 'a genuine John Cony,' but which was really, as our wise expert whispered to himself in the midst of his outspoken praise and thanksgiving, 'no more a Cony than I am a king.'

'No use, Dad,' said young Felicia, shaking a wise blonde head, in her funny little perpetual morning-glory way. 'Mother and I have given up the Lafayette bottom for keeps. We've searched high and low for the old thing, from Salem, Massachusetts, to Baltimore, Maryland, and so have you. Nothing doing. *I* don't believe there ever *was* a Lafayette bottom, anyway!' This last with the air of uttering a superb and daring heresy, possibly epoch-making in the annals of silver-collecting in America.

'As for that,' replied Felix, whose self-imposed rôle it was never to turn a hair at the opinions of youth, 'I have n't believed it myself, this long time.'

Felicia started indignantly. 'Why, payrent, payrent! What do you mean by such — recalcitrating? I thought you staked your life on that Lafayette business!'

'I'm afraid you have n't been keeping up with the times,' retorted the parent. 'For the past ten years, at least, I've discounted the tale. I've been putting two and two together, and

I really don't see the sense in trying to make a baker's dozen out of it, do you?'

'Oh, well, if you're bringing it down to cold mathematics, Father, I rather think you're going to miss some of the joys of your job!'

'On the contrary, my dear Flickey, the joys will be all the keener.'

'Well, I wish you'd explain your change of base.'

'I have n't made any change of base. And have n't I told you a hundred times that the true collector should never venture out of doors without being armored in doubt? Why, from the time of dear Grammer Bradford's maunderings about Lafayette in Egypt, when I was a little boy in a wine-colored plaid shirt, I had my misgivings about the tale. It's the doubt that makes the chase interesting. Of course, all us Bradfords know that our Fairlee ancestor was with Paul Jones on the ship Ranger in the harbor of Quiberon, in 1779, when that ship received the first national salute ever given to the American flag in Europe.'

Flickey stifled a yawn behind her preposterous dinner ring.

'So far, so good. Next, we have reason to believe that our seafaring grandsire got up to Paris that same year, and there ordered the Fairlee porringer, the cover of which I now possess, the bowl being mysteriously dog-lost.'

'Yes, dog-gone lost, forever and a day.'

Felix fingered the scrolled thumbpiece of the supposed John Cony. 'But did n't you ever stop to think, my dear, just what Lafayette was up to, those days? He was only twenty when he came over to us, in 1777. Is it at all likely that he'd ever been in Egypt before that time? Not enough to notice, I'll be bound! No, I can't think he was celebrated enough in 1779 to warrant having his exploits, real or imaginary, engraved on the side of a porringer, to make a household word of himself.'

'Another illusion overboard,' cried Felicia, hopefully, as if pleased with a parent's progress. But she departed, thoughtful.

'Do you know,' she announced to her mother, afterward, 'Dad does n't really swallow that Lafayette stuff, any more than you and I do?'

'Of course not, dearie!'

'Well, of all the gay parental deceivers, you two are the limit! You'll be saying there's no Santa Claus next!'

Flickey flounced off in a dudgeon not wholly pretended. She was thoughtful, too. As her parents' interest in the quest waned, her own waxed stronger.

'The old dears got a rise out of *me*, all right,' she confided to Jimmy Alexander, a Princeton boy who had succeeded in wresting forever from Yale Felicia's sworn allegiance, originally granted to Harvard, and for a brief hour wavering between Amherst and Columbia.

'So much depends upon where you spend your summers,' Felicia had once ingenuously remarked; and, not without some anxiety, her parents had made a similar observation. However, it was with a certain feeling of relief that Felix and his wife had compared notes upon the subject of Jimmy Alexander. Weighed in the balance with every other collegian in Flickey's career, the young man triumphed conspicuously. Incidentally, he had an interest in old silver, an interest which even the skeptical Felix believed was genuine.

The fount and origin of that interest would have been clear to our cousin the collector, could he have overheard Flickey and Jimmy in the arbor, after a game of tennis.

'I'll beat you to it,' Flickey was saying. 'You find me that Lafayette bottom, and your fortune's made with Father. He tells us now, after all these

years, that he does n't believe there *is* such a thing. But all the same there 's a look of holy faith shining behind those shell rims of his. Say, Jimmy, did you ever notice how blue Father 's eyes are? They 're the eyes of a believer, every time!'

Jimmy was too much engrossed with Felicia's eyes to spare a thought for Felix's. But the girl's suggestion about the Lafayette bottom caught his fancy. An up-and-coming lawyer, such as he intended eventually to be, ought to be able to hunt down a silver bowl; or rather, what is more to the point with lawyers, to get someone else to do it.

'My aunt Amanda at Lost River,' he mused aloud, 'has quite a little collection of such trifles, and I'm sure she'd be glad to advise —'

'Your aunt Amanda, at Lost River!' hooted Felicia, the morning-glory willingly assuming the rôle of owl. 'O Jimmy, you innocent, don't you suppose Father has been up hill and down dale, from Lost River to Newfoundland Bay, looking for that bowl? Don't you know that half the dealers in New York are out with bloodhounds seeking stuff for Father's cabinets to devour? Your aunt Amanda indeed! And Lost River! Huh!'

Jimmy was nettled, but not defeated. 'All the same,' he retorted stubbornly, 'my aunt Amanda is just as good as anybody's else, and in fact a lot better than most; and there's as good fish in Lost River as you can buy in all New York. And furthermore, if you don't mind my mentioning it, my aunt Amanda is an authority on Early American silver. You probably are not aware of the fact that it was she who wrote the famous Blakeney monograph! Amanda Alexander Blakeney is her name.'

Flickey was taken aback for a fraction of a second. 'A. A. Blakeney? Why, we were brought up on her! I thought it was a him, I did, really! Dad swears by his Blakeney.'

'Then why should n't we Dodge up to Lost River,' urged Jimmy, appeased, 'and see Auntie about it?'

Felicia's eyes shone, but her words were circumspect. 'Of course, we could Dodge it in your car, or Ford it in mine; but had n't we better get Father and Mother to take us up in the family ark, with Priscilla and the children — ?'

'Not on your blooming passport! Where do I come in, with a deal like that? If anything results, does little Jimmy draw the prestige? No, no; I want to perform the quest by myself — with you, of course. Can't ask anyone else, my runabout won't stand for it. After all, I'm furnishing an aunt; and I think I ought to have something to say.'

'I'll see how Mother feels about it,' vouchsafed Flickey. She added to herself, 'I'll wear my pink-and-white stripe, with the rose blazer. But perhaps not the earrings — you never can tell about earrings.'

III

Late one July afternoon, Amanda Alexander Blakeney had ensconced herself, with *Queen Victoria*, in a shady corner of the terrace, and was looking forward to an hour of tranquil enjoyment with Lehzen's caraway seeds, and Lord M. To her vexation, the very first paragraph was punctuated for her by footsteps on the brick walk; and, peering through the pine boughs, she spied a gay young pair who had evidently just descended from a car, left in quite the wrong place in her courtyard.

'I hope,' she said to herself, 'it is n't another brazen couple come to ask if this is a "gift-shop-'n'-tea-house," and can they have something wet. Well, they 'll hear from me, and —'

A brisk voice broke in, man-fashion.

'Hello, hello, Aunt Mandy! Any-

thing wet for the weary prodigal nevvy?'

'Well, of all things,' replied the great museum authority on silver, beaming with pleasure upon her favorite Alexander nephew. Lord M. was readily enough forgotten in the vivid presence of the young people, and the subject of silver readily enough approached with the arrival of a tea-tray laden with various products, reflecting credit alike upon the collector and her cook. Mrs. Blakeney was a childless widow, distinctly pretty, with a young face framed by abundant white hair. In her fresh lilac gown with its touches of old lace, and in her daintily buckled slippers, of a Victorian slenderness, she was, as Felicia afterward declared, 'a regular storybook fairy-godmother person.' Old silver was her love, her life, her knowledge. Everybody's silver was of interest to her; she was always ready to talk, or even to hear others talk, concerning caudle-cups or apostle spoons, or saltcellars, or tankards.

She gave a delicately amused attention to Flickey's chatter of her father's quest for the Lafayette bottom. The young girl naturally felt that her hostess's interest was due, in part, to her own pleasing vivacity in telling the story of the child Lydia, the Fairlee porringer, Rover, and the evil Ellicksenders. At the mention of that name, Ellicksender, Mrs. Blakeney started, and even changed color; one would have said that a feeling of indignant protest surged over her when the 'den of thieves' was blithely insisted upon by young Felicia; but the lady did not interrupt.

'And the fun of it is,' Felicia continued, stimulated by the fact that Jimmy was admiring her within an inch of his life, while even Mrs. Blakeney was spellbound, 'the fun of it is, Father still has the drawing his grandma Bradford made when she was a little girl. You know she made a drawing of the Lafayette bowl just by laying it down on paper and tracing around it, as young things do!'

One would have supposed that the speaker was a thousand years removed from such simplicities.

'But that is n't all,' added Flickey, taking from her beaded bag a folded paper, and passing it to Mrs. Blakeney. 'What must Father do but go ahead and have half a dozen copies made of that old drawing, perfect in every detail; and he has given one to each of us children, Mother included, so that, wherever we are, we can always be prepared to find a porringer bottom that will fit exactly, if there is such a thing. Regular Bradford-family-identification tag, I call it. Of course Father has the top; but we've never had any luck in finding the bottom, though Mother and I have hunted and delved and dug. Sometimes the circle would be right, or almost right, but the handles — oh, dear! We've looked at *gorms* of handles, all of them terribly wrong.'

She paused a moment to wonder whether she had been talking too much; she did not wish to appear the raw young feminine ignoramus in the eyes of a person so delightful as Aunt Amanda, who, as Felicia now saw, was studying that drawing, and with a kind of passionate earnestness, too. The expert's face was itself a study: doubt, amazement, recognition were to be seen struggling there. The polite interest had become acute.

Flickey, jubilantly aware that as usual she was making a success of her conversation, was inspired to further efforts. In imitation of her father's most discriminating manner, she continued, 'Of course, from the collector's point of view, we don't attach any undue importance to the Lafayette myth, and —'

'Neither do I,' observed Mrs. Blakeney, with unexpected decisiveness. 'If you'd both care to come and look at

some of my things, perhaps you'll see why not.'

The girl and boy followed the lady into her gray-paneled drawing-room, fresh and delicately fragrant with the spice of July pinks nodding from crystal vases. It seemed to Felicia that she had never before entered a room that was at once so simple and so sophisticated, so withdrawn from the world, yet so inviting to a guest. Mrs. Blakeney, no less than Felicia, carried a beaded handbag; but Mrs. Blakeney's, Felicia subsequently reported to an attentive father, made her own look like thirty cents.

Mrs. Blakeney's bag held a key, with which she opened a highboy, gleaming discreetly from a nook just beyond the fireplace. Its shelves were laden with treasure; and Flickey, although long inured to the surprises that a collector can spring upon his family, exclaimed with joy before those marshaled riches. For Felicia, like her father before her, was fated to pursue beauty; even her girlish mistakes — her collection of athletic collegians, for example, her amethystine earrings, her overwrought, overworking dinner ring in all its preposterousness — resulted from her thirst after loveliness rather than from her vanity. Jimmy himself was to her largely one last pure product of the beautiful.

In Mrs. Blakeney's drawing-room, before the highboy and its spoils, her eyes filled with tears of thankfulness for beauty. She felt that the ranks of silver vessels beaming and gleaming upon her had in some mysterious way gathered into themselves, and greatly multiplied all over their surfaces, all possible beauty from all known worlds, only to reflect it back upon those who were fortunate enough to be near. Not only the faded rose of the hangings and the dim gray of the paneling and the dusky orange outline of the spinet were reflected winkingly from those silver shapes: it seemed to her that the very fragrance of the pinks and the breath of summer itself were wafted to her by silver voices. Flickey sometimes passed for flippant; but this was not her flippant day. Indeed, she was startled out of a mood that was partly pleasure and partly prayer by Aunt Amanda's matter-of-fact remark, —

'My French stuff, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. I keep it locked because, — oh, well, there are just a few trifles, — Jimmy, reach me down that top piece, will you, please? The one at the right of the alms-basin.'

With a certain grave excitement, Mrs. Blakeney had already placed Felicia's drawing upon a little table; she smoothed out the folds of the paper, especially those that crossed the lace-like handles. Then, with but a casual glance at the delicately wrought bowl that Jimmy put into her hands, she set it, with dramatic exactness, over the outline traced by the child Lydia.

Each one of the trio felt for a moment the touch of a bygone day. There could be no doubt whatever that the lost piece of silver was found. Unless, indeed, as the young lawyer's mind profanely suggested, those old boys made such things by the gross, like the green spectacles that Moses bought! But the surmise was too grotesque for utterance. Even with his slender knowledge of the silversmith's art, he could discern that the Fairlee porringer was no machine-made product. It had been created by many touches, but by few hands; perhaps by only one pair of hands, and that a master's.

Felicia's eyes (not wholly untrained, however subject to occasional error) rested admiringly, even reverently, on a master craftsman's work. She turned toward Mrs. Blakeney.

'I feel just as if you had taken down a receiver, and asked me to listen into it, and that I heard a voice say, oh, ever

so long distance: "This is little Lydia speaking."'

Jimmy, too, was thoughtful. 'But where does Lafayette come in, I wonder? Lafayette in Egypt?'

Aunt Amanda smiled, picked up the bowl, and pointed out, just below the rim, a tiny engraving of a long-eared beast, bearing a cloaked figure, while another personage trudged at the side. Palm trees and a pyramid completed the scene. How strange that anyone, most of all a God-fearing Fairlee, could ever have failed to recognize the Bible story of Mary and Joseph, fleeing with the Child! Many curves and scrolls enclosed this specimen of the graver's art, and among these could be discerned, in the flourishy French writing of which Grandma Bradford had often spoken,

La Fuite en Egypte.

For a collector, Mrs. Blakeney was certainly sportsmanlike, yes, magnanimous. We called it broad-minded when she gave to Jimmy Alexander's bride, as a wedding-gift, her 'Flight into Egypt' piece; an object so tenderly cherished by her that she had never even made mention of it in any of her monographs, but had kept it unspotted from the world, in her own collection. She had always, and with reason, considered it an Alexander heirloom, to which she was justly entitled, through the bequest of her grand-uncle, Judge Alexander. She knew, however, that the Alexanders, like most of us, had had ups and downs; she knew that one branch of the family had been prolific in good-for-nothings, some of whom had fallen so low as to misspell the family name for a whole generation, writing it Ellicksender, when they wrote it at all. Though she doubted the justice of calling the humble Ellicksender home a 'den of thieves,' she nevertheless believed it probable that Judge Alexander's 'La Fuite en Egypte' porringer had come into his family's possession in some vague, unexplained way, rather than by purchase. For Judge Alexander's father, Dr. Phineas Alexander, that pillar of the Presbyterian faith, had originally been a mere Ellicksender, so-called; he it was who had 'turned out real good,' and so had failed to win the interest of either Felix or myself, in our childish days. As Mrs. Blakeney said, 'The ironies of Time certainly do iron out everything, if you wait long enough'; and it was Dr. Alexander, *alias* Ellicksender, who had lifted up the fallen fortunes of his family to their former lofty place in American history.

Felicia is really a kindly little soul. When I went to see Cousin Felix after the wedding, I was not surprised to find that, on the ground of safety first, she insists that the Lafayette bottom shall remain, during her father's lifetime, remarried to its fluted, flame-topped cover. The *écuelle* is easily the pride of the collector's heart. 'Of course, I have costlier pieces,' quoth Felix, 'but none so dear to me as this.'

We grinned at each other as he repeated his boyhood's gesture, wetting a thumb and forefinger before he touched the flame.

POEMS

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

I. THE MEETING-PLACE

THERE fell a sudden spring-time clutch
  Upon my heart to-day;
It was Dame Nature's mystic touch
  To hale me forth to play.
Her feet were clad in dancing shoon,
  She wore a wood-green gown;
She seemed to breathe a silver tune
  That wrapt her, foot to crown.
She piped me forth with deep intent,
  To weave a magic art;
With bud and bloom, and lovely scent,
  She stabbed me to the heart;
With dandelions gleaming white,
  With lambs that skipped about,
With every green and growing sight,
  She made my joy gush out.
And so we came in love together
  To where my garden lay,
Drunk with the heady draught of weather
  That is the gift of May.
So dear it was, that darling sight,
  I spoke what I believe:
'I sometimes think, in my delight
  That God walks here at eve.'

There ran a ripple through the breeze,
The flowers drew together,
A hint of mirth was in the trees,
In nest and bird and feather.
'There was another long ago,'
I think the flowers cried,
'Who in a garden did not know
The Wonder by her side.'
Breathless I turned to Nature's face,
She bent on me her eyes.
Oh, still and lovely meeting-place!
Oh, leap of wild surprise!
Oh, utter joy! Oh, love complete!
I eagerly fell down;
I sought to kiss the shining feet,
To clutch the wood-green gown.
But He was gone — my Lord withdrew,
The garden bowed its head.
'You did not know? *We* always knew,'
The smallest blossom said.

II. THE LITTLE TRUMPETERS

I MET the herald jonquils
Amid the grass to-day,
They trooped, the little trumpeters,
In glad and green array;
Each held a golden bugle,
And each a spear of green,
They said that they were messengers
From April's misty queen.

Spring gave a swift direction,
A hidden countersign, —

Mayhap it was the blue bird's pipe,—
They straightened up in line;
There came a rushing whisper,
A mystic sudden breeze;
It tossed their little horns on high,
Their trumpets to the trees.

They blew a golden message,
A shout of love and spring,
A tip-toe blast of just one word —
A word for stars to sing;
They tossed their living trumpets,
The word they blew and blew —
And the word, O Lord of Life, the word
Was You! You! You!

EDUCATION

BY AGNES REPPLIER

I

READERS of Jane Austen will remember how Mr. Darcy and Miss Bingley defined to their own satisfaction the requirements of an accomplished woman. Such a one, said Miss Bingley, must add to ease of manner and address 'a thorough knowledge of music, singing, drawing, dancing, and the modern languages.' To which Mr. Darcy subjoined: 'All this she must possess, and she must have something more substantial in the improvement of her mind by extensive reading.' Whereupon Elizabeth Bennet stoutly affirmed that she had never met a woman in whom 'capacity, taste, application, and elegance' were so admirably and so formidably united.

Between an accomplished woman in Miss Austen's day and an educated man in ours, there are many steps to climb; but the impression conveyed by those who now seek to define the essentials of education is that, like Miss Bingley and Mr. Darcy, they ask too much. Also that, with the notable exception of Mrs. Gerould, they are unduly influenced by the nature of the things they themselves chance to know. Hence the delight of agitators in draw-

ing up lists of ascertainable facts, and severely catechizing the public. They forget, or perhaps they never read, the serene words of Addison (an educated man) concerning the thousand and one matters with which he would not burden his mind 'for a Vatican.'

With every century that rolls over the world there is an incalculable increase of knowledge. It ranges backward and forward, from the latest deciphering of an Assyrian tablet to the latest settling of a Balkan boundary-line; from a disconcerting fossil dug out of its prehistoric mud to a new explosive warranted to destroy a continent. Obviously an educated man, even a very highly educated man, must be content, in the main, with a 'modest and wise ignorance.' Intelligence, energy, leisure, opportunity — these things are doled out to him in niggardly fashion; and with his beggar's equipment he confronts the vastness of time and space, the years the world has run, the forces which have sped her on her way, and the hoarded thinking of humanity.

Compared with this huge area of 'general information,' how firm and final were the educational limits of a young Athenian in the time of Plato! The things he did not have to know fill our encyclopædias. Copra and celluloid were as remote from his field of vision as were the Reformation and the battle of Gettysburg. But ivory he had, and the memory of Marathon, and the noble pages of Thucydides. That there were Barbarians in the world, he knew as well as we do. Some, like the Ethiops, dwelt so far away that Homer called them 'blameless.' Some were so perilously near that the arts of war grew with the arts of peace. For books he had a certain delicate scorn, caught from his master Plato, who never forgave their lack of reticence, their fashion of telling everything to every reader. But the suave and incisive conversation of other Athenians taught him intellectual lucidity, and the supreme beauty of the spoken word. 'Late and laboriously,' says Josephus, 'did the Greeks acquire their knowledge of Greek.' That they acquired it to some purpose is evidenced by the fact that the graduate of an American college must have some knowledge of Plato's thinking, if he is to be called educated. Where else shall he see the human intellect, trained to strength and symmetry like the body of an athlete, exercising its utmost potency and its utmost charm? Where else shall he find a key to all the philosophies which have moulded the minds of men?

A curious symptom of our own day is that we have on one hand a strong and deep dissatisfaction with the mental equipment of young Americans, and on the other an ever-increasing demand for freedom, for self-development, for doing away with serious and severe study. The ideal school is one in which the pupil is at liberty to get up and leave the class if it becomes irksome, and in which the teacher is expected to comport himself like the kind-hearted captain of the Mantelpiece. The ideal college is one which prepares its students for remunerative positions, which teaches them how to answer the kind of questions that captains of industry may ask. One of the many critics of our educational system has recently complained that college professors are not practical. 'The undergraduate,' he says, 'sits during the four most impressionable years of his life under the tuition and influence of highly trained, greatly devoted, and sincere men, who are financial incompetents, who have as little interest in, or understanding of, business as has the boy himself.'

It does not seem to occur to this gentleman that, if college professors knew anything about finance, they would probably not remain college professors. Learning and wealth have never run in

harness since Cadmus taught Thebes the alphabet. It would be a brave man who should say which was the better gift; but one thing is sure: unless we are prepared to grant the full value of scholarship which adds nothing to the wealth of nations, or to the practical utilities of life, we shall have only partial results from education. And such scholarship can never be generally approved. It is, and must forever remain, says Augustine Birrell, 'in the best and noblest sense of a good and noble word, essentially unpopular.'

The educational substitutes, now much in vogue, are many and varied, and, of their kind, good. They can show results, and results that challenge competition. Mr. Samuel Gompers, for example, writes with pardonable complacency of himself: 'When I think of the education I got in the London streets, the training acquired by work in the shop, the discipline growing out of attempts to build an organization to accomplish definite results, of the rich cultural opportunities through human contacts, I know that my educational opportunities have been very unusual.'

This is, in a measure, true, and it is not the first time such opportunities have been lauded to the skies. 'If a lad does not learn in the streets,' said Robert Louis Stevenson, 'it is because he has no faculty of learning.'—'Books! Don't talk to me of books!' said Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. 'My books are cards and men.' It will even be remembered that old Weller boasted to Mr. Pickwick of the tuition he had afforded Sam by turning him at a tender age into the London gutters, to learn what lessons they could teach.

Nevertheless, there is an education that owes nothing to streets, or to human contact, or to games of chance. It was not in the 'full, vivid, instructive hours of truancy' that Stevenson acquired his knowledge of the English language, which he wrote with unexcelled vigor and grace. This is one of the few things which Mrs. Gerould, who is not an exacting taskmistress, holds to be imperative. No man, she says, can fairly be called educated who cannot use his native language correctly. 'He may have a Ph.D. from any place you like; but if he confuses adverbs and adjectives, he is not an educated man.'

Must he also be able to pronounce his words correctly, I wonder? This is a very delicate point, which no one seems disposed to elucidate. One of the most highly educated women I ever knew, who had been honored by a fair number of degrees, and who had turned her scholarship to good account, could never pronounce the test word, America. One of the ablest and most influential lawyers I ever knew, a college man with an imposing library, came no nearer to success. The lady said 'Armorica,' as if she were speaking of ancient Brittany. The gentleman said 'Amurrica,' probably to render himself intelligible to the large and patriotic audiences he addressed so frequently and so successfully. The liberty allowed to youth may be held accountable for such Puck's tricks as these, as well as for the grammatical lapses which Mrs. Gerould deplores. A superintendent of public schools in Illinois has decided on his own authority that common usage may supplant time-worn rules of speech; and that such a sentence as 'It is I,' being 'outlawed' by common usage, need no longer be urged upon children who prefer to say, 'It is me.'

II

Because the direct products of education are so limited, and the by-products of such notable importance, we permit ourselves to speak contemptuously concerning things which must

be learned from books, without any deep understanding of things which must be learned from people armed with books, and backed by the authority of tradition. When Goethe said that the education of an Englishman gave him courage to be what nature had made him, he illuminated, after his wont, a somewhat shadowy subject. William James struck the same note, and amplified it, not too exhaustively, in *Talks to Teachers:* 'An English gentleman is a bundle of specifically qualified reactions, a creature who, for all the emergencies of life, has his line of behavior distinctly marked out for him in advance.'

If this be the result of a system which, to learned Germans, lucid Frenchmen, and progressive Americans, has seemed inadequate, they may revise, or at least suspend, their judgment. And Englishmen who have humorously lamented the wasted years of youth ('May I be taught Greek in the next world if I know what I *did* learn at school!' said one of the liveliest of their number) need no longer be under the obligation of expressing more dissatisfaction than they feel.

In the United States the educational by-products are less clear-cut, because the force of tradition is weaker, and because too many boys are taught too long by women. The difficulty of obtaining male teachers has accustomed us to this anomaly, and we have even been heard to murmur sweet phrases concerning the elevating nature of female influence. But the fact remains that a boy is destined to grow into a man, and for this contingency no woman can prepare him. Only men, and men of purpose and principle, can harden him into the mould of manhood. It is a question of character, which great by-product of education cannot be safely undervalued even in a busy and clever age. 'It was always through enfeeblement of character,' says Gustave Le Bon, 'and not through enfeeblement of intelligence, that the great peoples disappeared from history.'

And this truth paves the way for an assertion which, however controvertible, is not without strong support. Of all the direct products of education (of education as an end in itself, and not as an approach to something else), a knowledge of history is most essential. So, at least, it seems to me, though I speak with diffidence, being well aware that makers of history, writers of history, and teachers of history have agreed that it is an elusive, deceptive, and disputable study. Yet it is the heart of all things, and every intellectual by-path leads to this central theme. Most firmly do I believe with 'the little Queen-Anne man' that

> The proper study of mankind is man;

and how shall we reach him save through the pages of history? It is the foundation upon which are reared the superstructures of sociology, psychology, philosophy, and ethics. It is our clue to the problems of the race. It is the gateway through which we glimpse the noble and terrible things which have stirred the human soul.

A cultivated American poet has said that men of his craft 'should know history inside out, and take as much interest in the days of Nebuchadnezzar as in the days of Pierpont Morgan.' This is a spacious demand. The vast sweep of time is more than one man can master — as Mr. Wells has recently shown; and the poet is absolved by the terms of his art from severe study. He may know as much history as Matthew Arnold, or as little as Herrick, who lived through great episodes, and did not seem to be aware of them. But Mr. Benét is wise in recognizing the inspiration of history, its emotional and imaginative appeal. New York and Pierpont Morgan have their tale to tell; and

so has the dark shadow of the Babylonian conqueror, who was so feared that, while he lived, his subjects dared not laugh; and when he died, and went to his appointed place, the poor inmates of Hell trembled lest he had come to rule over them in place of their master, Satan.

'The study of Plutarch and ancient historians,' says Mr. George Trevelyan, 'rekindled the breath of liberty and of civic virtue in modern Europe.' The mental freedom of the Renaissance was the gift of the long-ignored and reinstated classics, of a renewed and generous belief in the vitality of human thought, the richness of human experience. Nearly fifteen centuries have passed since the last Roman legionaries left Britain; yet who can reach any clear conception of Englishmen unless he call to mind the centuries of Roman rule which stamped its seal upon them. Back of the tenacity of the Saxon, the daring of the Dane, the pride of the Norman, there still survives that sense of values, that respect for law and order, which were the gifts of Rome.

Apart from the intellectual precision which this kind of knowledge confers, it is indirectly as useful as a knowledge of mathematics or of chemistry. How shall one nation deal with another in this heaving and turbulent world, unless it knows something of more importance than its neighbor's numerical and financial strength — namely, the type of men it breeds. This is what history teaches, if it is studied carefully and candidly.

How did it happen that the Germans, so well informed on every other point, wrought their own ruin because they failed to understand the mental and moral make-up of Frenchmen, Englishmen, and Americans? What kind of histories did they have, and in what spirit did they study them? The Scarborough raid proved them as ignorant as children of England's temper and reactions. The inhibitions imposed upon the port of New York, and the semi-occasional ship which they granted us leave to send from it, proved them more ignorant than kittens of America's liveliest idiosyncrasies.

In the United States an impression prevails that the annals of Asia and of Europe are too long and too complicated for our consideration. Every now and then some educator, or some politician who controls educators, makes the 'practical' suggestion that no history prior to the American Revolution shall be taught in the public schools. Every now and then some able financier affirms that he would not give a fig for *any* history, and marshals the figures of his income to prove its uselessness.

Yet our vast heterogeneous population is forever providing problems which call for an historical solution; and our foreign relations would be clarified by a greater accuracy of knowledge. To the ignorance of the average Congressman and of the average Senator must be traced their most complacent blunders. Back of every man lies the story of his race. The Negro is more than a voter. He has a history which may be ascertained without undue effort. Haiti, San Domingo, Liberia, all have their tales to tell. The Irishman is more than a voter. He has a long, interesting, and instructive history. It pays us to be well informed about these things. 'The passionate cry of ignorance for power' rises in our ears like the death knell of civilization. Down through the ages it has sounded, now covetous and threatening, now irrepressible and triumphant. We know what every one of its conquests has cost the human race; yet we are content to rest our security upon oratorical platitudes and generalities, upon the dim chance of a man being reborn in the sacrament of citizenship.

III

In addition to the things that it is useful to know, there are things that it is pleasant to know, and pleasure is a very important by-product of education. It has been too long the fashion to deny, or at least to decry, this species of enjoyment. 'He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow,' says Ecclesiastes; and Sir Thomas Browne musically bewails the dark realities with which 'the unhappiness of our knowledge too nearly acquainteth us.' But it was probably the things he did, rather than the things he knew, which soured the taste of life in the Hebrew's mouth; and as for Sir Thomas Browne, no man ever derived a more lasting satisfaction from scholarship. His erudition, like his religion, was pure profit. His temperament saved him from the loudness of controversy. His life was rich within.

This mental ease is not so much an essential of education as the reward of education. It makes smooth the reader's path; it involves the capacity to think, and to take delight in thinking; it is the keynote of subtle and animated talk. It presupposes a somewhat varied list of acquirements; but it has no official catalogue, and no market value. It emphatically does not consist in knowing inventories of things useful or otherwise; still less in imparting this knowledge to the world. Macaulay, Croker, and Lord Brougham were men who knew things on a somewhat grand scale, and imparted them with impressive accuracy; yet they were the blight rather than the spur of conversation. Even the 'more cultivated portion of the ignorant,' to borrow a phrase of Stevenson's, is hostile to lectures unless the lecturer has the guaranty of a platform, and his audience sits before him in serried and somnolent rows.

The decline and fall of the classics has not been unattended by controversy. No other educational system was ever so valiantly and nobly defended. For no other have so many masterly arguments been marshaled in vain. There was a pride and a splendor in the long years' study of Greek. It indicated in England that the nation had reached a height which permitted her this costly inutility, this supreme intellectual indulgence. Greek was an adornment to the minds of her men, as jewels were an adornment to the bodies of her women. No practical purpose was involved. Sir Walter Scott put the case with his usual simplicity and directness in a letter to his second son, Charles, who had little aptitude for study: 'A knowledge of the classical languages has been fixed upon, not without good reason, as the mark of a well-educated young man; and though people may scramble into distinction without it, it is always with the greatest difficulty, just like climbing over a wall instead of giving your ticket at the door.'

In the United States we have never been kindly disposed toward extravagance of this order. During the years of our comparative poverty, when few citizens aspired to more than a competence, there was still money enough for Latin, and now and then for Greek. There was still a race of men with slender incomes and wide acquirements to whom scholarship was a dearly bought but indestructible delight. Now that we have all the money there is, it is universally understood that Americans cannot afford to spend any of it on the study of 'the best that has been known and thought in the world.'

Against this practical decision no argument avails. Burke's plea for the severity of the foundation upon which rest the principles of taste carries little weight, because our standard of taste is genial rather than severe. The influence

of Latinity upon English literature concerns us even less, because prose and verse are emancipated from the splendid shackles they wore with such composure. But the mere reader, who is not an educational economist, asks himself now and then in what fashion Milton and Dryden would have written, if vocational training had supplanted the classics in their day. And to come nearer to our time, and closer to our modern and moderate appreciations, how would the 'Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard,' and the 'Ode on the Death of a Favorite Cat' have been composed, had Gray not spent all his life in the serene company of the Latins.

It was easy to define the requirements of an educated man in the year 1738 when Gray, a bad mathematician and an admirable classicist, left Cambridge. It is uncommonly difficult to define them to-day. Dr. Goodnow, speaking last June to the graduating class of Johns Hopkins University, summed up collegiate as well as professional education as the acquisition of the capacity to do work of a specific character. 'Knowledge can come only as the result of experience. What is learned in any other way seldom has such reality as to make it an actual part of our lives.'

A doctor cannot afford to depend too freely on experience, valuable though it may be, because the high prices it asks are paid by his patients. But so far as professional training goes, Dr. Goodnow stood on firm ground. All it undertakes to do is to enable students to work along chosen lines — to turn them into doctors, lawyers, priests, mining engineers, analytical chemists, expert accountants. They may or may not be educated men in the liberal sense of the word. They may or may not understand allusions which are current in the conversation of educated people. Such conversation is far from encyclopædic, but it is interwoven with knowledge, and rich in agreeable disclosures. An adroit participant can avoid obvious pitfalls; but it is not in dodging issues and concealing deficits that the pleasures of companionship lie. I once heard a sparkling and animated lady ask Mr. Henry James (who abhorred being questioned) if he did not think American women talked better than English women. 'Yes,' said the great novelist gently, 'they are more ready and much more brilliant. They rise to every suggestion. But' — as if moved by some strain of recollection — 'Englishwomen so often know what they are talking about.'

Vocational training and vocational guidance are a little like intensive farming. They are obvious measures for obvious results; they economize effort; they keep their goal in view. If they 'pander to cabbages,' they produce as many and as fine cabbages as the soil they till can yield. Their exponents are most convincing when they are least imaginative. The Dean of Harvard's Graduate School of Business Administration says bluntly that it is hard for a young man to see any good in a college education, when he finds he has nothing to offer which business men want.

This is an intelligible point of view. It shows that, as I have said, the country does not feel itself rich enough for intellectual luxuries. But when I see it asserted that vocational training is necessary for the safety of Democracy (that lusty nursling which we persist in feeding from the bottle), I feel that I am asked to credit an absurdity. When the reason given for this dependence is the altruism of labor, — 'In a democracy the activity of the people is directed toward the good of the whole number,' — I know that common sense has been violated by an assertion which no one is expected to take seriously. A

'life-career course' may be established in every college in the land, and students carefully guarded from the inroads of distracting and unremunerative knowledge; but this praiseworthy thrift will not be practised in the interests of the public. The mechanical education, against which President Lowell has protested so sharply, is preëminently selfish. Its impelling motive is not 'going over,' but getting on.

Mrs. Gerould has modified her emphatic dictum, 'Education is something that is done to you,' by a saving clause: 'It takes a much better quality of mind for self-education than for education in the ordinary sense.' This no one will be disposed to deny. Franklin had two years of schooling, and they came early in life. Whatever was done to him was finished before he was eleven. He had 'cultural opportunities' richer even than those enjoyed by Mr. Gompers, and he had a passion for knowledge. Vocational training was a simple thing in his day; but he glimpsed its possibilities, and fitted it into place. He would have made an admirable 'vocational counselor' in the college he founded, had his counsels not been needed on weightier matters, and in wider spheres. As for industrial education, those vast efficiency courses given by leading manufacturers to their employees, which embrace an astonishing variety of marketable attainments, they would have seemed to him like the realization of a dream — a dream of diffused light, of general, perhaps universal, intelligence.

And there is where we stand to-day. The elimination of Greek from the college curriculum blurred the high light, the supreme distinction, of scholarship. The elimination of Latin as an essential study leaves us without any educational standard save a correct knowledge of English, a partial knowledge of modern languages, and some acquaintance, never clearly defined, with precise academic studies. The scientist discards many of these studies as not being germane to his subject. The professional student deals with them as charily as possible. The future financier fears to embarrass his mind with things he does not need to know.

Yet back of every field of labor lies the story of the laborer, and back of every chapter in the history of civilization lie the chapters that explain it. Education gives to a student that fraction of knowledge which sometimes leads to understanding and a clean-cut system of opinions. The great and combined facts that he has mastered permit him to approach other great and combined facts with discernment. The process is engrossing and, to certain minds, agreeable and consolatory. Man contemplates his fellow man with various emotions, but not possibly with unconcern. 'The world,' said Bagehot, 'has a vested interest in itself.'

JUDGMENT DAY

BY ANNIE W. NOEL

SHE sat in her own room, knitting in the sun. She was cold, even in the sun, and tired. She dropped her hands in her lap, where they lay like fallen leaves. They were thin and withered, and she remembered how old she was. Her thoughts, too, drifted like falling leaves. She was so cold. It must be October.

'It is June,' said a voice behind her.

She did not turn; she held her breath, for fear He would go. It was God's voice. She had almost heard His voice two or three times lately. He was standing behind her.

'Have you been outdoors to-day?' asked the voice. And she knew He was disappointed. In fact He was gone again.

She rose to go outdoors, and while groping with her hand in her bureau-drawer for a handkerchief, she drew out a broad blue ribbon. She had kept it for many years, having bought it because she loved it. Her mother had liked her best in pink, her husband had wanted her to wear brown. Then other people said black, because it is worn for the dead. This was a shining ribbon, like a strip cut from the sky. She smiled as she saw it.

'I made that blue ribbon,' He said.

'Yes,' she answered softly, waiting, not turning. He loved it, you could see.

'And I made you loving blue.'

'Yes.'

'Then, don't you see,' He explained, gently as if He had remembered He was talking to a very old woman, 'that I might mind your never wearing it?'

She was sorry for Him. She had not even thought of Him. She took the blue ribbon and knotted it carefully in her dress.

She went down into the garden. And it was June. She held her breath, afraid it might go. She was startled to see it. June! The sky — the air — the earth. No wonder He had wanted her to see it. His June. And she had been sitting indoors.

On the way to her seat under the apple tree she met the bread-man. He had her favorite rolls in his basket.

'But you never buy them.'

She listened, startled, for she thought it was His voice; but it was only the bread-man.

Out under the apple tree she sat, and broke bread, and ate. It was His she remembered, given for her. Yet all these long years she had bought what others liked, not what God had given to her. Her old hands trembled with penitence as she ate.

Would there be, even in Heaven, anything lovelier than this June day? Her gaze went on, past the garden, to the fields and trees and sky beyond. Yet as she looked she doubted. Was this June day not just a part of Heaven?

'No, indeed.' He spoke again. 'It is yours. Yours. Your June on earth. I made it lovely on purpose.'

And again she saw how her doubt had hurt Him.

Yet now, even as she sat under the apple tree, a strange uneasiness growing within her drew her to her feet. She looked about her with a kind of alarm that was almost terror. She was

cold. It was too shady under the apple tree.

Besides, she was not in the right place.

She went back to her room and sat in her chair. That was not the place. She lay down on her bed. It felt good for a minute, but presently she saw that it was not the right place.

She went back to the garden, and wondered at it as she passed through — at its strange, unfamiliar look that almost terrified her. She hurried as best she could through the garden and out into the fields beyond.

She paused and looked about her, a little reassured. The field looked more familiar. She recognized the daisies in the grass with a sigh of relief, and walked more slowly.

Yes, there were the daisies. This was more like the place. Little, round, serious daisies in the tall grass brushed softly against her knees as she went — very slowly.

On beyond was a clump of young trees that looked familiar. Perhaps that was the place.

It looked like the place, if she could reach it.

With slow, difficult steps she crept toward it, reached it, and with a cry of joy she recognized the daisies in the grass again.

She recognized the tall grass itself. And the straight young trees.

Following their trunks up, with her eyes, she saw, full of joy, the great blue sky stretched out over her. It was the place.

It was the place. And she let her tired body down on the grass under the trees. She watched the slender grasses about her. She watched the round, sweet, white daisies in the grass. Surely there would be nothing prettier in Heaven than those. She would like to take some with her, to show to those who came from other worlds. But she found she could not even raise her hand to pick them, she was so tired. Yet they stood all about her, near and friendly.

It was the place.

'I made it,' He said from somewhere in among the clump of young trees.

'Yes,' she answered, gratefully, glad that He, too, was there.

It was the place to leave her tired body. It lay so heavily in the grass now, that she knew she could never lift it again.

She was glad to leave it there, as she passed on.

'The earth was lovely,' she told Him as she saw Him.

'I am glad you loved it,' He answered, welcoming her.

NOW THAT I HAVE 'PLAYED' FOR TWO YEARS

BY EDWARD W. BOK

Two years ago I wrote a piece for the *Atlantic*, in which I told that I had retired from business and was going to 'play.' My immediate friends were curiously puzzled at my 'foolish,' 'unwise,' 'impracticable' course; but their perplexity was clear as crystal compared with the letters I received from *Atlantic* readers. It was a veritable chorus of 'You'll get tired of it,' and 'You'll be back within a year.' Some conceded me even shorter terms of probation. An eminent physician wrote me a long fatherly letter, in which he traced my mental and physical disintegration step by step; in fact, month by month. I kept that letter on my desk for a year, consulting it on the first of each month, so that I might prepare for the particular phase of physical ailment or lack of mental capacity which was to descend upon me in that month.

Thus I began my 'playtime' under the most exhilarating circumstances.

The writers who were more nearly correct in their diagnosis of the case reminded me that I had written from theory, which was, of course, a fact. It happened to be a theory well-grounded in conviction. But a theory it was. 'Wait until you carry your beautiful theory into practice: then there will be another story to tell. Only, naturally, you will take good care not to tell it.'

So, despite this prediction from a son of the West, I beg leave to report.

The period of theory having passed into two actual years of practice, folks ask: 'Well?' And they all expect the answer: 'You were right. It did n't work out. Man was made for business'; and so forth, and so forth.

The truth is, it *has* worked out: in actual practice the experiment has exceeded the theory.

But not as these folks figured it out, or as, even now, they suppose. The trouble with these writers two years ago was exactly the same trouble which ails them now: they had not, nor have they yet, my view of 'play.' They interpreted the word as meaning golf, the saddle, travel, leisure, idleness. I did not. I admit that in the back of my head I had a hope for some leisure. In fact, I translated that hope into building a new study in my home, in which I pictured myself as spending long, happy days writing and reading. The lady who years ago took her husband for better or for worse — and got both, as the man said — looked at the completed study, approved it; but in the back of her head there was the thought associated with her husband's leisure: 'What in the world am I going to do with a man hanging round the house all day?'

Her comment, after two years, is: 'Why in the world did you build this study? You are never in it.' And to men: 'If you want leisure, don't retire from business.'

To that extent my theory has not worked out. The study stands unoccupied six days a week; the happy days of reading and writing in comfortable seclusion have not come; the problem, 'what to do with a retired husband,' has

solved itself by not presenting itself for solution.

I have played golf less than ever; I have not been in the saddle once; I have read fewer books; I did get in three months of travel, and I did write a book.

'Then just where does the "play" come in?' is the natural question. And in the answer lies the answer to the doubt so often expressed by scores of business men, who instinctively feel a desire to retire from affairs, but ask, 'What should I do to keep myself busy?'

The question is not so much *what* to do, as it is *which* to do. The variety of actually vital things for a man of health and executive ability to do is beyond all calculation, and no one can realize the extent, interest, and variety of these matters until he places himself before his fellow men in a position where his time will permit of taking on new interests. My two years of retirement have made it possible for me to say to any business man: 'It makes no difference in which particular business you have been; if you retire, you will have more really worth-while red-blooded jobs offered you than you could carry out if there were forty-eight hours in every day.' And so absolutely will these opportunities be suited to his taste and fitted to his ability, that his problem will be purely one of selection. Far too often is the mistake made that a business man, absorbed all his life in business, would be like a fish out of water in any position save that which calls for purely commercial knowledge or ability. The fact of the matter is that every interest, outside of purely commercial affairs, is a practical question, and must have a business basis and conduct in order to function successfully. The main trouble with so many of our organized movements is that they lack exactly this essential practical management and business organization, which the man of affairs can supply. The same knowledge of men and management is equally essential in a great civic organization and in a steel corporation; and it is only in proportion as this ability exists in the man at the top that the organization is successful.

It is all work: exactly the same work, the same call upon the capacity for organization, the same knowledge of human nature in the selection of men, the same call for soundness of judgment, wise decisions; the same responsibility. Even greater is the responsibility; for, in a business of his own, the man is to a large extent spending his own money; in a position of civic responsibility also, he is often spending his own, but more largely he is spending the money of others. Instead of dealing with iron, textiles, leather, commodities, and the welfare of his employees, he is now functioning with human beings almost entirely, and this brings the thrill which is missing in inanimate commerce.

No business man, feeling the call in his heart to retire, need think for a single instant that his hands will be empty or his brain remain inactive; nor need he feel that the same capacities which made him successful in trade are not adapted to the interests which will be presented to him. The one great point of caution and wisdom is that, in his sudden feeling of freedom, he will miscalculate and attempt too much. There is where, I am free to confess, I went wrong, and am still going strong — too strong for comfort or fullest efficiency. The temptation is to take on too much. For in this wonderful world outside of business, a man cannot drive any more horses with efficiency than he can in the world of commercial affairs.

Now, the element of 'play' in a world in which there is just as much work as in the business world lies in the

psychological joy that everything is self-imposed: all is of one's own choosing, with the instinct naturally pointing to the thing we most want to do, not to the thing that we must do, whether we like it or not. If there is a world that is like an oyster, it is this world outside of business; where one can choose the kind and size of the oyster, and open it as he wills. This is not work. Work is where one works for self; for one's own material advancement; for and from necessity. The other work is 'play,' in that one works for others. Someone will say: 'I don't see the distinction.' No one can, until it is actually felt and experienced. But the difference is there; as distinct as night from day; as marked as sunshine is from rain. A man does not feel the same when working for others as when he works for himself, and this is not empty theory or, what we choose to turn up our noses at nowadays, idealism. It is an actual physical fact.

Interesting and varied as were my duties previous to retirement, — and few positions are more absorbing than that of the editor, — I can truthfully say that never have I felt physically stronger, or more mentally fresh, than at the end of these two years of self-retirement. The notion that an active business man will deteriorate if he retires is, of course, — with the inevitable laugh removed from it, — an idle statement and not worth a moment's consideration. Cyrus W. Field did not deteriorate; nor did George W. Perkins, nor the host of other men who gave up the chase for money for the game of the other fellow. The American public shows no sign of believing that Herbert Hoover is deteriorating.

The trouble with the average business man is that he cannot let go. From habit he has for so many years gone to his desk, that he has become part of it. It has become his shrine, and so assiduous is his worship at it that he turns it into his own execution block. Scores of executives, altogether too long in the harness, are actually convinced — in their own minds — that, if they were to pull out, the wheels of the machine which they have constructed would either creak perceptibly, or cease turning altogether; whereas, the simple truth is that, in nine cases out of ten, they would revolve infinitely faster and more smoothly.

I have known several business concerns, where the best thing that ever happened to their interests was the absence — generally enforced — of the heads, for three or six months: never did the machinery work more smoothly: never did the ledgers show a larger volume of business and a better profit. One would imagine that these executives would learn from such experiences, but, oddly enough, the explanation, to themselves and to others, is always that such a result might be shown for a limited period, but that in the long run the business would naturally feel their absence. And all the while the under-executives fondly wished — to themselves, of course — that 'the old man might have remained away a while longer'!

Puck was right: 'What fools these mortals be!' How important we are to ourselves! It is positively pathetic, to how few men comes the realization that they have reached the 'saturation point.' And yet these same men could be powerful factors in new positions: a regeneration would come to them with selfless interests which, in their old positions, would be ever denied them.

So many men have said to me during these two years: 'I know. I know you are right. My wife agrees with you. I ought to stop. I mean to stop, too. But I am not quite ready.' Such men will never be ready. A business man said to me: 'Heavens! you would n't want me

to leave my business in lean times like these? This is the time of all times when my experience is needed: my guidance valuable.' That was a year ago. His line of business happened to be one of the few which have recently prospered, and so, three months ago, when he told me how busy were his works, I said: 'Well, why don't you retire now?' He looked at me amazed, forgetting his previous remarks, and answered: 'What! Leave my business now, when it is coming with a rush? Why this is the time of all times when they need my experience to show them how to handle the volume.'

The time is never right to such a man. He cannot see that his business could work for him for the rest of his life without his working for it, with executives, younger and closer in touch with modern currents, straining at the leash, eager for more responsibility, and equally able to command.

It is true that I have met men during these two years who have retired from business, and have gone back, and gladly, within a year or two, when the novelty of the changed condition wore off. But in every case there was a distinct reason that does not apply to the average intelligent man.

Of course, if a man retires from active affairs and deliberately devotes his time to idleness, he will soon exhaust the calendar of interest. And it is right that he should. The world is too busy for retired men of that calibre. But I have yet to meet one man who has let go of business in the right spirit, — and I have both met and heard from a number during these two years, — who for one moment regrets his action or has the slightest desire to go back into the harness.

'How does, and how can a man, retired from business, spend his time?' is asked.

Concretely, I should say a great deal of it — too much, alas! — is spent in convincing people why he cannot write this, or speak here, or associate himself with this or that organization, or make an appointment in a day already on a half-hour schedule, or become interested in what every writer believes to be the greatest menace to American life, or what another deems sure 'is the one solution to present world conditions.' Nor is my own experience, I find by comparing notes with other retired men, any different from the overtures that come to any man the moment his community knows that his mind is free from business pressure. Of course, a number of these suggestions are unworthy of consideration: I never quite realized before the bewildering number of disordered minds. But after these are all weeded out, the ratio of thoroughly worthy and desirable opportunities is beyond belief. It is a veritable case of holding one's horses lest one be committed, before he realizes it, to something which engrosses all his time, to the absolute exclusion of even the most minor personal interests. Nor is this to be wondered at when one scans the horizon, and realizes, not only how busy the world is, but how numerous are the problems that cry aloud for solution.

When I retired from my business, I had no set plans, and determined to have none, save that I had promised to write a book. But it was months after my freedom came to me that I could even reach this one definite plan in mind. My vacation was a brief one, of just two days, when I was plunged into one of the most engrossing tasks I ever attempted, and which consumed my energies for weeks. And so it has been for two years, and I fully expect it will be so, if not worse, for the years ahead. The variety is endless. In my own case, my lines tend more to literary, musical, civic, and educational interests. But the opportunities in every activity that

the mind can conceive of are equally great, so that no man need feel for a moment that something will not be suggested to him, which will fail of fitting his particular ability or reflecting his special taste. But the thrill which he will feel most is that priceless sense of freedom with which he can consider, select, and assume. The pressure of obligation exists, but it is different. He is not a paid executive: he is an executive of his own free will. If he enters an untried field, where the structure he is asked to raise begins at the very foundation, the novelty of romantic adventure comes full upon him; and as he blazes untried paths for others to follow, he gets a constructive sense that the new paths he created in business failed to produce.

'All of which,' says the practical business man, 'you can do, and still remain in business.' None of which you can do, and stay in business. I tried it, and I know, and so knows every man who has ever had the two experiences. No man can serve two masters wholly or fully: one or the other must suffer. Besides, the service is not full unless fully given. The problems outside of business to-day call for exactly the same concentration and single-mindedness as do the problems in the business world. They are equally large of scope and wide in momentous potentiality. It is one thing or another: there is no medium road to the man who would feel the real joy of service. That comes only from complete renunciation of the one and a full devotion to the other. You may experience pleasure from the half-time effort, but not that deep inner satisfaction which comes only to the man who serves singly and solely.

So, I respectfully report to all doubting Thomases: —

'Tired of it!'

Tired of what: one's priceless freedom?

'A theory that won't work out!'

If all theories would only work out so well!

'Ready to go back?'

To what: the bondage of the dollar and the single-mindedness of the trader?

No, my friends, there is a clearer air than all this, albeit no one has more respect for a man pulling his weight in the world of affairs than I have. But not on and on and on; when he has done his work; when he has accomplished and accumulated; and when, as he was given a chance in youth, it is for him to remember it is his duty to give others and younger men the same chance. No man is a good citizen until he has done his part in the world of business for which every man is created; but, by the same token, no man stamps himself as a good citizen who remains in business when he has accomplished, and refuses then to give others a chance and to give himself unreservedly to that public from which his opportunity for accomplishment has come. Only thus does a man stand as a foursquare citizen.

To that man, seeing clearly and forgetting self, Life holds out an experience that no words can describe, and no amount of writing can explain. To such a man, the gospel of the brotherhood of man becomes something more than a note in an after-dinner speech; idealism becomes a reality, as the soul creates the ideal and the mind takes the *l* out of it, and it becomes an idea, firm and established in the minds and lives of the people. He realizes, as he cannot in business, that the dreamer precedes the doer. Every day it is freshly brought home to his mind that practical idealism is the truest current that can sway and swing great movements. He comes closer to the American public, and his pride and confidence in that public increase and deepen. And while he con-

structs the thing in hand, he constructs, broadens and deepens himself; until, after a year's effort, the walls of his own mind have stretched to an extent which he would not have believed possible, and which years spent in business would not have brought about. He realizes that wonderful sense which comes to some men, — and fortunate are they to whom the realization comes, — that we are divinely selected agencies, through which a given piece of work is sought to be accomplished, and that he has been chosen.

And greater or deeper satisfaction can come to no man.

THE AMERICAN MIND IN THE ORIENT

BY GEORGE M. STRATTON

THERE is a state of mind quite general, even if not universal, in Americans across the Pacific — cool toward the Filipinos, sympathetic with the Chinese, unfriendly toward the government and people of Japan. It is held against the Filipinos that they are ungrateful and misguided; that, with all our service to them, they wish independence; and yet that they do not really wish it, but suffer a mere surface-agitation, stirred in a children-people who are unfit to rule themselves. Regarding the Chinese and the Japanese, it is hardly necessary to repeat the reasons given for believing in the sterling character of the one and in the want of integrity of the other — enough, if true, to warrant our friendship and aversion.

I

In seeking to penetrate this state of mind, one feels how partial is its testimony. For the Americans in the Philippines, in saying that the natives are as children, do not usually add that, unlike most children, they eagerly go to school. Indeed, in the last few years, which our residents review so ruefully, the years begun by that coming of Governor Harrison, who is reputed to have been all that a representative of our government should not be, the task has been, not to keep open the schools that the Americans established, but to provide sites and buildings and teachers for the ever-increasing number who seek admittance. It is also said — and I believe with truth — that to departments of government which have passed from American to Filipino control grave harm has come; that friends and relatives have been appointed to office, with incompetence, if not dishonesty, to the front. But it is less often said that this people has lived but a few years with our administration, and centuries with the Spanish; that the Filipinos whom age and prestige carry into more important office are those whose habits of thought were formed under Spain; that, even under American rule, serious impropriety in office has been known; and that the young Filipino officials, trained in American schools and colleges, are showing a spirit and ability which I have heard

praised in the highest quarter. And is it not greatly to their credit that, with all their aspiration for self-government, they are not unruly, not impatient of us; so that our people can, as I did, pass unarmed and unafraid among former head-hunters of the Luzon highlands?

Nor is the mind of our residents inclined to consider how much the very desire for independence is a result, not of the mere *politico* only, but of American ideals and training. For years the Filipino has observed us glorying in our separation even from a people one with us in blood and tongue and culture; and we have officially declared our purpose to grant him a like independence. Yet, when these ideas begin to bud and leaf, it seems to many the mark of a shallow and ungracious life. We may wisely hold that independence should still be delayed; that our rare experiment in the training of an Oriental and dependent people must not, for their sake and the world's, be imperiled by immense and premature responsibilities; that, indeed, the time has come to give less honor to independence and more to the spirit of community and federation. But the time will, I trust, be late in coming, when America will deny her own great pledge to the Islands; or when to remind us of that pledge will be an offense, and will lessen the patient effort toward its satisfaction.

And if, instead of defending the Chinese, our people in the East disliked them, could they not find ample ground? It will, I hope, not conceal my own renewed wonder at the greatness of China, if I suggest what an unkindly critic might say. For the unvarnished facts certainly awaken doubt of the political fibre of the Chinese: they have long and repeatedly accepted foreign rule, and now, attempting to rule themselves, they have tenfold the dissension which, should it appear among the Filipinos in their freedom, would be held a sure sign of their incompetence. North, as all know, is against South; monarchist is in arms against republican; the political authority of Peking extends hardly beyond her walls; the dethroned Emperor in the Forbidden City, with his Manchu guard, has within a few months had this guard replaced by soldiers of the national army, lest he be smuggled out and proclaimed again in the North. The turmoil of years past is expected for years to come.

But more than the dissension, its continuance seems partly due to the dishonesty of the Chinese. Disorder continues because official dishonor permits Japan to keep the Chinese waters troubled. Indeed, more than once was I told, by intelligent Chinese themselves, that a chief reason for refusing Japan's repeated offer to confer upon Shantung is that so vital a thing could not be entrusted to their own representatives. Yet, led by a sympathy in which I fully share, our own people speak only of the integrity of the Chinese, illustrating it by the hoary fable of Japanese banks all manned by Chinese tellers. One need not believe that the Chinese at marrow are tradesmen and not statesmen, ready to put private above public good; yet this would be believed and cried aloud, did we seek reasons against this admirable folk.

And if there were good-will toward the Japanese, would not there be found a counterweight to all that is now heaped in but one pan of the scale? Might we not then once more admire the industry, the intelligence, the beauty, the courtesy in Japan? As I journeyed hundreds of miles in Kyushu, I marveled, as have many before me, to see impossible lands bearing rich harvests; marveled still more to see laboring men and women, untired of body and unhungry of heart, joyful even at their toil. Almost everywhere fair nature is respected, and linked with

worship. Their insolence toward Americans has been affirmed; but in our railway-car an American sprawled his legs into the gangway until they became a hurdle for all who went that way; a large American woman put her nailed shoes hard down on a Japanese passenger's new and spotless leather suitcase, and brushing aside the rug with which he had reserved a sleeping-space for himself, she stretched herself well into his sphere of influence, and all of her slumbered and slept. Nor by word or look could one detect in the many Japanese a sign of impatience or displeasure. These are the people who, to the American in the East, almost seek occasion for discourtesy toward us.

II

This state of mind, then, is not wholly due to the reasons that are heard. Yet it has its causes, which it would be both interesting and useful to discern.

The instinctive antipathies of race are not its source. The Chinese, toward whom our people warm, are racially as repellent as are the Japanese and the Filipinos for whom we have scant favor. Nor must it seem that I am not deeply sensible of the moral offense in the substance and manner of Japan's extension upon the mainland of Asia, if I suggest that this does not fully explain the American attitude toward her. For many of our people in the East, who see with indignation Japan's delay in fulfilling her promise of Shantung, can look dispassionately on our own indefinite postponement of our promise to the Filipinos. Indeed, American merchants in Manila recently passed a resolution favoring, not delay, but repudiation; favoring definite *annexation* — but with a soothing word added, that the annexation should be 'non-imperialistic,' whatever that may mean.

But while, in spite of lapses on our part, there has indeed been deep offense in the manner of Japan's territorial growth, yet a more potent cause of ill-will lies in a vague and ominous rivalry in the Far East. We have a growing interest in national and private possessions there, in political and commercial prestige in those distant coasts. Japan and America almost suddenly find themselves powerful and face-to-face, the limits of their action all undetermined, their confronting energies without adjustment or accepted bonds. Rivalry without rules and for great possessions can hardly be other than unfriendly. It spawns ill-will, with delusions that innocence is being thwarted by cunning. Japan menaces our movement in a wide region that excites the imagination, and stirs both avarice and ambition. Were an angel from heaven to do us this turn, we should hardly find in him pure virtue. Our people fear Japan and fortify themselves for conflict. One will fight the better if he hates; one will hate the better if his rival seems to be in character detestable. The avenues of reason, when cupidity and ambition are astir, are thus given into the service of passionate desire, and truth finds its own way hindered.

But of China we are not afraid. And the natural sympathy for a nation struggling to shake off an ancient tyranny is strengthened by her hating the object of our own dislike. To this is added the sense of advantage in her friendship, both in itself and as a check upon our rival. Thus our people in the Orient see only the virtue in the Chinese.

As for the Filipino, the judgment of him is affected by the same obscure currents. He will not easily be estimated on his merits. The temptation is to condemn the Filipino's desire of liberty because it is inconvenient, not so much

to him as to us. We need his islands for our own far-flung design. All of the coolness toward him, therefore, need not be of his making: its source may, in part, be in an unacknowledged wish to find him incompetent, to justify the longer possession of his land. So the tangled skein of motives, which brings too exclusive attention to China's excellence and Japan's defect, brings also into clearest notice the shortcoming of our own island ward.

III

Such a state of mind gives promise neither of healing by time alone, nor of remaining unperilous. For, besides the possibilities of accident and drift, there are too many interests, both American and foreign, ready to use a conflict between us and Japan profitably; our paw and claw would draw out chestnuts.

We should face the truth without self-flattery; if Japan appears to us overdesirous of territory, how much more so must we appear to her. And while her political extension has been away from us, we have been sweeping into regions ever toward her: first to the hither coast of the Pacific; then up and down that coast to include both California and Alaska — on the map seeming as an arm almost ready to encircle her on the north; then out upon the Pacific, to Hawaii, Guam, and the Philippines, as an arm almost ready to encircle her on the south. Our fortifications, camps, and warships, multiplied in the waters ever nearer her, seem — I have quiet and honorable Japanese word for it — a direct threat. Our troops are on the mainland of Asia, behind her. Let us recognize that the tension in Americans of the Orient is not borne in upon them as harmless stay-at-homes, glad to hold only what their fathers had. They are in the van of the great and exciting march of a restless race. The crisis is not, as many Americans believe, forced upon us by Japan; she is not challenging our place in the sun. Upon our side it is no struggle for existence; it is rather a struggle to make a success already unparalleled still further from equality.

We are, then, not constrained: we are free to will the instrument, the time, the method. It is upon us to examine and control, in the interests of national and world policy, the promptings both of our commerce and of our military strength.

As for our commerce, important as it is for us and others, it must not be allowed to dull America's sense of right. It must not make us tear up the paper on which any national promise to an alien people is written; it must not have a deciding voice against measures that bring us nearer to a well-ordered world. The menace of our age, of which 1914 was an indication, but which did not end with Germany's defeat, lies in the acquisitive instinct, the instinct for possessions. It threatens to play in national life the rôle which, in the individual, the Freudians assign to the sex-impulse. Its energy must be sublimated if we are not to be undone. For never has there been such stimulus to this corporate impulsion; never such a prompting to make government its instrument, both at home and abroad; never such temptation to seek commercial supremacy even at the cost of international friendship, indeed at the cost of war itself.

Nor must we allow the suggestions of military strength in the Pacific to control our policy. There is less security than peril in such a programme. In so doing we follow a course which, appearing as insurance against war, is assurance that war will come. We rightly complain of the militarism of Japan, and yet we take the perfect means to give it strength. Military prudence

will suggest that we revise our standing policy regarding the Philippines, with an eye to their permanent retention, even as Admiral Mahan felt that we should permanently retain Cuba. The suggestions of needed strength at distant outposts are endless. Lord Salisbury, after listening to such appeals, sagely wrote to the Earl of Cromer: 'I would not be too much impressed by what the soldiers tell you about the strategic importance of these places. It is their way. If they were allowed full scope, they would insist on the importance of garrisoning the moon, in order to protect us from Mars.'

Is not this endless progress to be seen in our own history? A strong reason, among others, why we had to have the Hawaiian Islands was that they were the key to the Pacific. We now are tempted to continue in the Philippines as the key to our position in the East. A military writer has just told us that we have utterly failed to see that Guam is the key to the Philippines. Latest of all, the world is startled to discover that, with the little isle of Yap in Japanese hands, our whole structure of safety is insecure; Yap is the key of keys. Thus everything of this nature that we are assured will give strength gives weakness, gives a new point where we are vulnerable. No safety, no peace of mind, lies in that direction.

Our policy must show real safety in the Pacific. No one power, not even ourselves, can well be entrusted with might uncontrolled by the community. The community of nations bordering on the Pacific must be formidable, and not the several nations of themselves.

The key to the Pacific is in Europe; or rather, the keys are in Europe, Asia, and America. With the powers hovering over China, ready to snatch more flesh from her living body, Japan (by all principles of worldly wisdom) can follow little other than her present course. The only way to keep what she has (again by the worldly wisdom to which we ourselves have subscribed) is to be forever getting more. Japan's danger to us is not that she is strange to our modern world, but that she has revealed as in a glass the very face and features of the Occident. She reveals in an unexpected quarter the intrinsic peril of the historic policies of the West.

We can in honor ask of her nothing that we ourselves will not grant. She and we can be brought to comity only by a communal device for safety, an agreement organized and made institutional, in which we with others take the risk along with the benefit. Japan has shown her willingness to enter such a coöperative device, while we have refused. Japan has been willing to have her aggressive hands prevented, and to give her pledged support against the aggressive hands of others; while we have been unwilling. We haggle over the terms upon which we shall become a member of an organized community; we want no inconvenience of contract, of stated obligation. Japan has been willing to bind herself, even with her chief rival left in all liberty of action. This difference in spirit of accommodation to a new world-order ought to make our residents in the East less confident that we are always right and Japan always wrong.

It is thus within our power to relieve the perilous tension. Japan's chief incentive and excuse would disappear, should America organize the world's will against all political expansion in the Orient. But our first care must be that the organization be of certain doom to the aggressor, not that it leave us our perfect freedom. If we can persuade the nations to create an instrument more effective than the present League, therein lies our course; but we and the Eastern world need nothing less effective.

SPOKEN IN JEST

BY T. WALTER GILKYSON

I

THE ample, blue-ginghamed, somewhat disheveled maid moved with a yielding heaviness about the table, preparing it for breakfast. The misty sunlight of early May shone through the room, infusing its dull insignificance with a delicate warmth, a subdued reflection of the green and gold morning that enveloped the little house. The air from the open window, fresh with the cool smell of leaves, mingled with the fumes of hot charred bacon, the odor of eggs, thickly fried; the vapor from the thick blue platter on the table curved upward, floated back, in faint twisting spirals. Against the brown nondescript paper of the wall, the prints, Watt's figure of Hope, and Sir Galahad, shone with a clear grayness within their reddish frames.

Rose Canby came slowly through the door that led to the kitchen. She was carrying a plate of biscuit — carrying it with a certain professional air, as of a duty customarily performed. She placed it on one of the mats that dotted the varnished golden surface of the table, and then went to the other door.

'John!' she called.

A nervous tap of feet sounded on the stairway. The door opened, and John Canby came bustling into the room. He took his seat deliberately, his usual gesture of ineffectual haste subdued by a certain importance, an air of responsibility, borne with an evident sense of enjoyment. He straightened out the newspaper, glanced at it for an instant, and then looked expectantly at his wife.

'I have so much to do to-day — I don't see how I'll ever get it done!'

He sighed pleasantly, and then peered at her with vague, anxious eyes, as if seeking sympathy. His wrinkled face, habitually perplexed, lined with trifling worries, seemed that of a prematurely old, rather precise, child.

'You've no idea how much work there is in one of these dinners,' he added. 'It's the twenty-fifth anniversary, and we expect the Governor and the Attorney-General both to attend!' There was a note of personal triumph in his voice.

Rose Canby smiled, a tolerant, understanding smile; it had grown more tolerant, more understanding, and a little sadder, as the years of their married life had increased. Her brown eyes, startlingly clear in the thin face, with its delicate coloring of faded rose-petal, were maternal, protective.

'It will be fine, won't it?' She had said that each day at breakfast for a week.

Canby nodded. 'They could n't run the Six-o'-Clock Club without me,' he said. His spare shoulders straightened, and he brushed back the thin gray hair from his forehead. 'This is my tenth year as Secretary, Rose — before Mr. Stone died. Remember?' His smile was pathetically bright and eager. 'You've no idea how much detail there is in getting up a big dinner. They say down at the office' — his accent linger-

ed with reverence upon the last word — 'that I'm the finest detail man they ever had! Why' — he beamed across at her with open, childlike pride, — 'Mr. Stone said to me the other day, "Canby, if we did n't have you to supervise our accounting, the firm of Hemphill, Stone, Wilberforce & Jennings would have to devote its talents to the unprofitable art of pleading causes!"' He threw out his narrow chest, clutched the lapels of his loose blue coat. 'Mr. Stone is right, too, and the office knows it!'

His wife looked at him with quiet tolerance; there was a hint of wistfulness in her glance, a suggestion of something veiled, affectionately ignored.

'John,' she said, 'when do you think they'll take you into the firm — this year?' Her voice was hopeful, a little blurred, as if quite purposefully she was magnifying a possibility that lay before her.

Canby looked up from his plate. 'Why, Rose! I can't expect that for a long time! I've only been with the firm for twelve years, and I've only been first assistant for three! You don't understand!' He smiled knowingly. 'It takes years to get into a firm like Hemphill, Stone, Wilberforce & Jennings — there's none better in the city! I've always considered it an honor to be associated with them. Why, my dear!' His voice rose triumphantly. 'You forget, if it had n't been for Mr. Stone, I would n't be Secretary of the Six-o'-Clock Club!' His worried little face glowed with pride, and settled into assurance at the conclusiveness of his answer.

'Yes, John,' she said gently. 'You always seem to know distinguished men. But,' she persisted, 'I wish — sometimes — they appreciated you a little more! There's young Mr. Carter —'

'Oh, Carter!' Canby replied. A shadow of disappointment crossed his face. 'They did take him in this year. But,' he added reassuringly, 'he has very wide connections — he's quite rich himself. And besides, he's an unusually good speaker.' He paused for a moment, and then leaned across the table. 'As a matter of fact, my dear, he's very superficial — no man for detail at all! He comes to me with all his accounts — I'm straightening him out constantly!'

'Yes?' she said, and then reached over and patted his hand.

When he left for the garage she stood at the doorway, waiting for him to back the car up to the circle in front of the house. He did it slowly, precisely, his black derby hat placed very seriously upon his head. The car stopped exactly opposite the door, and he looked up at her with an air of accomplishment. 'I won't be home till late,' he said cheerily. 'Don't wait for me.'

'I won't,' she answered. Then she walked to the car and held up her face to his. 'Kiss me good-bye,' she said.

For a moment she lingered in the doorway, watching the car slip away over the smooth gray road. The little settlement of white, plastered houses, neat, trim, proudly exposed to each other across diminutive strips of well-kept grass, shone with a clear new-washed radiance in the misty gold of the sunlight. In its ordered precision, its careful spacing of slim, symmetrical trees, in the intricate pattern of small circling driveways, the tiny garages all alike, and standing very firm and box-like at the end of white cemented runways, it seemed curiously complete; enveloped in a placid and comfortable self-sufficiency. Her eyes rested on the big sign that flanked the entrance from the pike — the words 'Buckingham Manor' were printed on it, in high black letters. She looked beyond it, to a wide range of rich deep-shadowed wood, a pale expanse of rolling lawns, and the white gleam of pillars hidden behind shrubbery.

II

The elevator stopped at the twelfth floor, and Canby walked briskly across the hallway to the double doors of the office. His heart warmed with a little thrill of pride at the sight of the names: the firm in solid, impersonal severity on one door, a long row of individual names on the other; his own, John Canby, heading the list that lay below a straight black line. Inside, the wide, clear-lighted space, yellow-carpeted, bordered with high mahogany benches, was empty, expectant; the dull glass doors of the partitioned offices were open; at the far end the office boy was sorting the mail. Two of the stenographers, with coats and hats still on, disappeared around the corner that led to the library.

He walked past the offices with quick bustling steps; a feeling of coming activity, of importance, enveloped and stimulated him. He paused for a second before the big office at the end, caught a glimpse of the interior: the smooth surface of the walls, cut with the dark outline of engravings; a patch of scarlet and orange gleaming against a dull gray carpet; the desk, broad, shining, bare of papers; and a tall leather chair. Resting against the back of the chair was a face, motionless behind a lifted sheet of paper. The great coarse features, aggressive, jutting in outline, were in repose; in their suave immobility, their intense, almost ominous concentration, they seemed the embodiment of some subtle, corrosive, and magnificent force.

Canby drew a deep breath, his heart beat a little faster; turning, he walked with firm steps down the corridor to his office.

At his desk was a pile of thick, blue-backed accounts, the sheets of legal cap covered with columns of figures. He took up the first one and read the items as a musician reads the notes of music; he detected an error — an item of income included in principal; a glow of pride, a sense of efficiency, stirred comfortably beneath his absorption in the figures. This was his contribution to the greatness of Hemphill, Stone, Wilberforce & Jennings. No one could do this work as he could. Even Mr. Stone himself . . .

He looked up, smiled at the office boy, and glanced quickly at the typewritten memorandum he dropped on the desk. The chief wanted a brief on the liability of an elevator company. He read the facts carefully — they were complicated, including several parties. He studied the paper hard, driving the facts into his mind. They seemed extraordinarily separate, — it was difficult, somehow, to get them together and to know just what point of law was involved. Abstract questions always confused him this way — gave him a sense of being at sea mentally. He never knew quite where to begin — there were so many possible places. He put down the paper slowly, and his eyes rested upon the account before him, so clear and intelligible in its regular sequence of figures. He sighed; a premonition of long and hopeless floundering in the library beset him. The language of cases was so difficult to understand.

'Hello, Canby — thinking it out, are you?'

He looked up at young Carter, standing in the doorway. Vaguely, he felt a little frightened, as if the latter had detected his confusion.

'Yes,' he said cheerfully, 'got a question from the chief.'

'Have you?' Carter's eyes brightened. 'Let's see it.' He took the memorandum from Canby's hand and glanced over it. 'Ruled by Fernald *vs.* Quillen, in 261 Pa. I should judge,' he said carelessly; and then put the memo-

randum on the desk. 'Six-o'-Clock Club to-night, is n't it? I suppose you're very busy.' There was a gleam of kindly malice in his eyes.

'I am,' nodded Canby. He freshened perceptibly, and looked at Carter with an air of importance. 'I have charge of all the arrangements.'

'I know you have,' said Carter. He jerked his head toward the door. 'The chief's going, he tells me.'

'Really?' A faint flush spread over Canby's face. 'I'll see he's well taken care of. The Governor and the Attorney-General will both be there.'

He looked eagerly at Carter, as if awaiting his enthusiasm.

Carter smiled indulgently, and the look of kindly malice in his eyes deepened. 'It'll be a rough party — a lot of quick talk — you want to watch out they don't kid you!'

Canby laughed uneasily. 'They won't kid me, I'm sure. They never have.'

'They kid everybody, don't they?' said Carter, still smiling at him.

'Pretty nearly. It's rough sometimes — a man has to have a quick comeback.' He looked up timidly. 'I don't believe I could handle it as well as some of them,' he said.

Carter leaned over and patted his shoulder. 'I don't believe they'll try to put anything over on you, Canby. You're not the kind.' His fingers closed persuasively about his arm. 'I wonder if you could help me out with a little question of invested capital — the papers are on my desk.'

Canby rose with alacrity. 'Certainly,' he said.

At three o'clock he carefully arranged the papers on his desk, took his hat from the tree, and went to the stenographers' room. 'I'm going to the Harrington and then to Tom Moran's office. Have the menus come yet?'

One of the girls handed him a pasteboard box. 'I suppose you'll be busy with the dinner the rest of the afternoon?' she asked.

'I'm afraid so. There's always so much to arrange at the last minute.' He paused at the door, the box held closely under his arm. 'You see — they rely on me at the hotel — I have to tell them all just what to do.'

The girl smiled sympathetically. 'I don't believe they could run that dinner without you, Mr. Canby,' she said.

He walked down the pavement, very erect and eager, the box clutched tightly beneath his arm. The moving, restless mass hurried before him, about him: heads swaying in ceaseless varying rhythm; colors — orange, henna, scarlet, flashes of white, the dull gleam of gray and brown and black, all weaving a shifting changing pattern through the dusty sunlight; the thin sharpness of the shadows, the harsh, unceasing noises of the street. He felt very happy, an important significant unit in the urgent life about him. He held his head high, looked quickly at the faces that passed him, nodded with genial curtness at an acquaintance; a sudden vision of the crowded room at the Harrington, of the speeches and the applause, came to him; unconsciously he walked a little faster.

At the corner he hesitated, looked up at the tall figure that was approaching, and waited for recognition. The face was turned from him; he caught only a glimpse of the hard clear profile, the high cheek-bones, the wide sensitive mouth, compressed into a grim and steel-like firmness. He looked again, met the eyes, gray, veiled, a little savage; they shone suddenly with a light of recognition, and the man waved his hand. Canby felt suddenly warmed — the glance was so friendly, so inclusive.

'I'm coming to your office at five

o'clock,' he shouted after him. The other nodded his head without stopping.

'Big man, Tom Moran,' he thought as he stood at the corner, waiting for the traffic to pass by him. The famous speeches of Moran came to his mind; his extraordinary career, so paradoxical, so completely fitting the man himself. Engineering rotten bills through the legislature; defending a disbarred lawyer without pay; his practice — tinged with a criminal strain; his devoted loyalty to clients, his sudden outbursts of idealistic eloquence. He was President of the Six-o'-Clock Club, and, Canby reflected, almost as deeply interested in it as he himself.

He glanced down the street, at the tall gray bulk of the hotel before him. The Club flag was out, a white square of linen cut by a wooden spoon that crossed a ram's head in the centre.

'Confound them!' he thought. 'Why could n't they hang it straight.'

The revolving doors enclosed him, propelled him into the subdued bustle of the lobby. A boy ran up to take the box, but he shook his head. Passing the big crimson chairs, the crimson sofas, ornate, formally luxurious, the women, waiting apathetically, with hands folded upon stout laps, he reached the elevator. On the crimson board beside the desk he saw the words, in small white letters — 'Six-o'-Clock Club — The Ballroom at Seven To-night.'

The room was littered with greens; the decorators were just finishing their work. He stood for a moment, surveying the table. The main table extended across the room; the five branches reached from it in parallel lines. Vacant, with the light of day shining dully upon the white cloth, it seemed small, easily comprehended, an insignificant setting for a distinguished company. He picked his way to the centre of the main table. The ram's head, mounted on a flat oval of ebony, lay just beyond the centre plate; beside it lay a gavel and a smooth block of polished wood.

He put down his box and took out his cards. 'The Honorable Thomas Moran.' For a moment he looked at his own round legible writing. And then, very deliberately, with a certain reverent precision, he placed the cards along the centre table. His glance lingered upon the names; he would see them to-morrow in the paper — would read them, very slowly, to Rose at breakfast, look up at her, and wait for her to smile. His hand shook with a little tremor of excitement, of anticipation, — Rose was so proud of him, — she so enjoyed hearing about the dinner!

The headwaiter, white-haired, deliberate, and venerable, approached with soft, flat-footed steps. 'It will be a big company to-night, Mr. Canby,' he said with a quiet, deprecatory lisp. 'The twenty-fifth anniversary?'

'It is,' said Canby, expansively. 'And you've seen them all, have n't you, Jules?'

The old man nodded, paused for a moment, his hand on the back of a chair. 'Yes, all,' he said simply. 'I have been headwaiter now for thirty years.' His dull blue eyes lighted with a reminiscent gleam. 'I remember well the first dinner. It has always been a big affair.' He inclined his head gravely. 'I stay and listen to the speeches. They are so sharp and witty.' He smiled frankly at Canby.

'They are, indeed!' Canby nodded.

'Ah, yes,' the old man sighed. 'There have been some famous men — I have heard them, — back and forth, back and forth,' — he moved his arm with a quick gesture, — 'like lightning, so swift they were with their answers.' He looked keenly at his listener. 'You, Mr. Canby, you sit at the table of honor — maybe some time, to-night, you will make a speech! I should like to hear you throw it back at them!'

'Would you?' Canby beamed upon him. 'I'm afraid I could n't do it as well as the others, Jules.'

The old man bowed gravely. 'I'm sure you could,' he answered.

III

At precisely five o'clock, Canby opened the door that led into the outer office of Thomas Moran. It was a cavernous, dingy, ill-arranged room; the walls were lined with books — they sprawled over the table, about the scattered piles of paper, the legal periodicals, the hats of the waiting men, seated, in anxious immobility, their eyes vaguely turned toward the inner office.

'Mr. Canby, a member of the bar, to see Mr. Moran,' he said firmly, to one of the stenographers.

She surveyed him, and then walked with petulant languor to the door.

'Mr. Canby, member of the bar,' she announced in one word.

Canby heard Moran's voice; the girl nodded, and he entered the inner office.

Moran's foot was on the desk, he was leaning back comfortably in his chair. 'Hello, Canby,' he said easily. He motioned toward a chair. 'Sit down there by Judge Walsh and keep him in order.'

Canby turned, bowed formally to the white-haired, red-faced man who was gently tilting against the wall.

'How are you, Canby?' The judge steadied himself, and extended his hand, his genial face illumined by a facile, swiftly passing smile. 'Have n't seen you in our court for a long time! What's the matter — settling everything?' He laughed, a short satisfied chuckle, as if he had answered the question himself, and then turned to the man seated by him.

'Mr. Yerger, this is Mr. Canby, of Hemphill, Stone, Wilberforce & Jennings. Your offices don't meet as often as they should, I imagine.' He looked up at Moran. 'How was that — pretty good, eh?' He chuckled again, beamed at Canby and Yerger, and wagged his head knowingly.

Canby leaned forward in his chair, and saluted Yerger with friendly embarrassment. The latter inclined his head; his sharp close-set eyes held a glint of amused tolerance; he looked at Canby as if he expected him to do some absurd, extraordinary thing. His gaze made Canby feel uncomfortable; the elation, the pleasant sense of familiarity left him, and he twisted his hands nervously.

'All ready for the dinner?' Moran asked. There was a touch of mockery in his voice; his eyes were inscrutable, smiling; the corners of his mouth drooped ironically. 'Mr. Canby runs the Six-o'-Clock Club,' he said to Yerger.

'Oh, no,' protested Canby. 'I only look after the details!' The worried lines of his face relaxed. 'I've just come from the hotel, Mr. Moran. Everything is going along very nicely. The flag is out — they hung it crooked, and I told them to straighten it!' He moved his hands in a condescending, disdainful gesture. 'The decorators are all through — they've done a fairly good job of it. I was there for an hour or so, to make certain they had everything right. The ram's head and the gavel are at your place, and I arranged all the cards for the centre table.'

He walked over to the desk, the diagram in his hand.

'This is the order of seating. You see,' — he leaned over and spread out the paper, carefully indicating the small circles with his finger, — 'I put the Governor on your right, the Attorney-General on your left, and,' he looked inquiringly at Moran, 'I thought I'd put Mr. Stone next to the Attorney-General — if you approve.' He moved back and waited.

'That 's all right,' said Moran heart-

ily. 'You do a lot of work on this dinner, don't you?'

Canby's strained blue eyes wavered a little; the color crept into his face, and he looked inordinately pleased.

'I take a great interest in the Club,' he said solemnly.

Moran's gaze was quizzical, curious, as if probing the extent of some weakness.

'Let's see, how long have you run the Club?' he said.

'I've been Secretary for ten years.' Canby lifted his chin with dignity. 'I look after all the details myself. I consider it a very important work.'

'Yes,' said Moran, his eyes still fixed on him, 'you've taken quite a load off my shoulders!'

Canby's eyebrows arched significantly. 'That's my job. You see,' he looked candidly at Moran, 'I have a gift for that kind of thing.'

'So I observe,' said the other. 'Do you know, I don't believe we could hold our dinners without you!'

'I don't believe you could,' said Canby emphatically.

There was a significant silence after the door closed behind him. Moran took his foot down from the desk, leaned forward, and stared into space as if at some invisible object.

'Strange, is n't it?' he said meditatively. 'Even a little fellow like that!' His eyes were mournful, very clear, as if suddenly emerged from behind a veiled and inscrutable hardness. 'We all go about wrapped in the illusion of our own greatness. I suppose we could n't live if we did n't. No one is ever quite cruel enough to tell us what we really are.'

The corners of his mouth drooped bitterly, a little sadly; the wistful, hungry look of the frustrated dreamer was on his face.

He glanced suddenly at the judge with a flash of savage, distorted humor.

'No one ever dares to tell you, do they? A benevolent, old stuffed shirt, just dripping with sentimentality, are n't you?'

His smile was engaging, disarming, altogether delightful.

The judge puffed out his lips, wrinkled his forehead, and then decided to laugh.

'Must show respect to the bench, counselor,' he said, throwing back his shoulders, and then collapsing comfortably against the wall. 'Set a bad example to Yerger.' He wagged his head portentously.

Yerger rose. 'You know — that little fellow, Canby — he reminds me of my ten-year-old boy. I got him a tin watch the other day — just to see what he'd do with it. Well, the boy thinks he and that watch are just about the biggest things in the world! I was reminded of that kid all the time Canby was talking.'

He paused before the desk, his eyes dilated, and he looked at Moran as if suddenly seized by an idea.

'Tom, why don't you liven things up a bit to-night?'

'I expect to,' said the other carelessly.

'I'll tell you one way to do it.'

'How?' Moran's eyes gleamed with sudden interest.

'Present Canby with a tin watch,' said Yerger deliberately. 'Make a fine presentation speech, the kind you're good at, and then give him the watch. You'll bring down the house.'

Moran looked away; the wrinkles about his eyes lengthened, and his mouth curved in an unpleasant line.

'It would make a hit, would n't it?' he said thoughtfully.

He turned to Yerger; his smile was bright and bitter; in the sudden baring of teeth there was something ruthless, predatory. He stretched lazily. 'It's a very amusing idea, Yerger. Get the watch, will you?'

IV

It was nearly half-past seven — in a very few minutes, Canby thought, the music would start and they would go in to dinner. His heart was beating with suppressed excitement; a thrilling, intoxicating sense of his own importance pervaded him, enveloping him in sudden delightful waves of agitation; his head was very erect, his face shone with a smooth pallor above the black of his dress coat. Instinctively he moved toward the placid bulk that stood beside him in the receiving line, glanced at the face, broad, serene, lit with a potent merriness. The Governor enjoyed the Six-o'-Clock dinners; always remembered him, called him by his first name. He had placed a large hand, when the line was forming, upon his shoulder, held him, persuasively, at his side. Human sort, and a good man, in spite of what some people said. One of the judges approached, and he bowed excitedly, his face wrinkled into a deferential importance.

The music started, and the receiving line moved forward into the ballroom. Canby looked proudly over the room — at the long, white tables, gleaming beneath long rows of candles, the banked, glossy background of green leaves, the majestic spread of the flag, square and insistent against the transplanted foliage. His work, he thought; a worthy preparation for a night of distinction, of significance.

He glanced at the corner, at the reporters, alert, detached, casually informal. They represented the outside world, quite willing to hear what was said, to know of what was done, at the Six-o'-Clock Club dinners. They recognized him, John Canby, as the moving spirit; he would talk with them very pleasantly after the dinner. He determined to call them 'boys' to-night — he had always wanted to.

He took his seat at the far end of the main table, leaned forward, and looked down the row of faces. There were twelve between him and Moran. Not a man who had not made his mark, who was not what the newspapers called 'prominent.' The Attorney-General, massive, gray-haired, with a curled, combative mouth, was talking with Mr. Stone. His glance wandered vaguely over the assemblage; he twisted the cord of his menu absently — he was thinking of his speech, Canby surmised.

The Governor was placidly eating his clams; as a solid business man he had no reputation to sustain. He would give them a plain talk, poke a lot of fun, and take plenty back. A voice from one of the tables sounded above the murmur, the bustling clatter of the dishes. Someone had taken a shot at the Governor. A slow smile spread over his face as he sought out the speaker; he looked down meditatively, as if preparing a reply.

The noise grew perceptibly as the dinner progressed. Canby listened, watched, with an increasing enjoyment. Men walked from table to table, leaned over, beat each other on the shoulders, laughed uproariously. Little scraps of song floated out, were caught and echoed from distant corners. Pungent remarks — personal, political, their edge sheathed in laughter — flashed across the room; forgotten incidents in the lives of notables, mere allusions, veiled, biting, calling forth a swift and trenchant retort. At times Canby held his breath. A thin cloud of smoke drifted above the heads of the diners; the chairs swayed, tilted back; a steady clatter of dishes, piled and removed, the soft thud of hurrying waiters, sounded in a monotonous undertone through the crackle of conversation.

'They're going now, are n't they?' he said enthusiastically to the man next him.

The other turned a mild amused eye upon him. He was a middle-aged banker, grave, with a reputation for sagacity. 'Politicians like to make fun of each other,' he said impassively.

Moran leaned forward, took up the gavel, and beat vigorously upon the block of wood. Then he rose and looked out across the sea of faces. He seemed perfectly at ease, insolently, charmingly, master of the situation. He stood through the applause, a little smile, half-friendly, half-provocative, on his lips.

The noise subsided, and a low drawling voice from the corner uttered a remark. A burst of laughter followed. Moran drew back; his smile became fixed; he glanced toward the corner, found his man, and then shot his retort, pleasant, inquiring, venomously barbed.

The room rocked with laughter. Canby felt a little thrill of admiration, of fear almost, at its perfect bald brutality. How those fellows could hit each other — it was wonderful! He looked at Mr. Stone — he seemed grimly pleased, as if at an exhibition of some merited chastisement.

Moran continued. His clear, commanding voice, with its low, almost boyish note at the end of each sentence, slowly dominated the room, slowly subdued the restless humor of the listeners by the magic of its virile and sardonic humanity. The jokes became less frequent, ceased, blighted by the inevitable answer.

The men sat without moving, caught into the magnetic silence that envelops an eloquent speech. To Canby it seemed as if, in some mysterious fashion, Moran had laid hold of them, held them by the sheer force of his personality, vividly, overwhelmingly expressed. And yet, such restraint, such poise, such intellectual litheness! Wonderful that a man could hold three hundred men by the sheer force of spoken words — restless, turbulent, keen-witted men, only too anxious to strike when occasion offered.

He wondered vaguely how it was done, what quality was needed that he had not been given. It seemed so easy now, he could almost imagine himself doing it. He looked out over the hardy, capable faces, imagined himself standing up against stinging remarks, hurling back crushing answers. He could do it, if he could only conquer the fear — the paralyzing, nauseating fear that swept over him when he got on his feet. One of the men turned, looked steadily at him, and he dropped his eyes.

'John Canby.' He heard the words; saw Moran look toward him. His heart leaped, then fell with a sickening descent. The blood rushed to his face. Everybody was looking at him; the low rustle of shifting heads sounded in his ears like the audible breath of some monster.

'Our worthy Secretary.' The words came from a distance. He saw the Governor lean forward and smile; the faces before him seemed kindly, amused. Nothing had happened. Their eyes left him; the man at his side nodded in friendly fashion, and then turned away, intent upon Moran.

'John Canby, our worthy Secretary.' The phrase rang in his ears. Moran had said that. He had spoken of him, John Canby, as a factor in the success of the Six-o'-Clock Club, said it definitely, to everyone. A comfortable warmth pervaded him, a feeling of great good-will and thankfulness, a calm sustaining assurance of his own value and place among men. His service was appreciated, it was all that he thought it was. Someone had to attend to the details, and there were very few who could do such work as he could. They knew that at the office — now they knew it here, to-night. He would tell Rose just what Moran had said; she would n't mind

being wakened — it would make her so happy. A feeling of pride, of elation possessed him — a sense of power — a capacity to do great things. He looked out over the assemblage with a steady sweeping gaze, his shoulders very erect, his mouth consciously drawn into a line of deep and restrained repose.

The Attorney-General was quarrelsome, Canby thought. He could n't hold the men as Moran could. The latter had given him a difficult introduction and had received a sharp blow in return. Canby saw him, moody, reflective, twisting bits of bread between his fingers as the Attorney-General pounded through his speech. The remarks had begun again; the majority of the men were opposed to the speaker politically. He grew heated and argumentative; the men sat back in their chairs, staring sombrely at him, turning to each other at some remark, shooting back a question with startling directness. A steady fire of heckling began in the back of the room; it was broad, bitter, and to the point — quite obviously disconcerting. The speaker struggled against it, overcame it for the moment by a sudden eloquent attack, and then sat down abruptly. The applause was tremendous, sarcastic in its exaggerated insistence.

Moran arose and stood, waiting for the applause to subside. To Canby he seemed the physical embodiment of careless indifferent strength, capable of pitiless attack, of indomitable defense. There was something mocking in his smile, a grim and bitter humor, playing above a suppressed ferocity. He was angry, that was apparent, and he was going to take it out on someone, in some way!

Very easily he touched upon the Attorney-General's speech, drove home a dart, received the laughter without moving a muscle. He hesitated, and then turned slowly toward Canby. His voice lowered, became softer, gentle, almost caressing in tone. He put his hand in his pocket, took out a small object, held it concealed. Canby watched him, fascinated; he felt a faint suffocation, a vague stifling fear of something about to happen. The whole room was silent, caught by a sudden sense of the unusual.

Moran's eyes met Canby's; he leaned forward a little, as if addressing him, and then turned to his audience.

'Gentlemen,' he said, 'I want to pay a tribute to our friend, John Canby.'

A rustling wave of sound passed over the room, seemed to sweep over, beyond Canby; all eyes were upon him; he felt isolated, exposed, the very centre of the universe. He clutched nervously at his coat, looked at Moran with a white, strained face. There was something foreboding, terrifying, in the undertone of his voice — something he could n't grasp.

The voice continued through the silent room; slowly it recounted the history of the Club, the notable men that had been members, the famous dinners that had been given. It became eloquent, appealing, subtly clothed with the past glories which it made present. The constriction about Canby's heart relaxed, his fears seemed to drift away, to become absorbed in a burning glow of enthusiasm, of loyalty to the visions so marvelously evoked.

It was his Club that Moran meant — the Club of which he was Secretary! All fear had gone — he felt very proud and happy. He heard his name again, heard it carried through anecdote, incident, history, made a part of the very life of the Club — heard Moran speak of him as one who never slept in ceaseless endeavor for its welfare.

He lifted his face, felt the warm splash of tears upon his cheek. He wiped his eyes and smiled tremulously at Moran. Never in his life had he

been quite so happy — he had not dreamed that anything like this could ever happen to him. For an instant he saw the face of Rose — felt the joy he would have in telling her. If she were only here, with him, at this very moment!

The voice stopped; he saw Moran look at him, saw him hesitate as if brought to an unexpected end. His hand went deliberately to his pocket. Then his voice sounded again, lowered, a little uncertain, as if reaching for the threads of some new thought.

'Canby,' he said, 'we intended to give you a watch to-night. It is n't here — we had to send for it — we could n't find anything good enough for you in this city. When it comes, the Governor and I will give it to you ourselves.'

He sat down abruptly. There was a sudden silence. And then the room rocked about Canby in waves of tumultuous applause.

THE PASSING OF THE CHAPERON

BY THOMAS ARKLE CLARK

NANCY and I are middle-aged, and I am a member of a college faculty. We have lived most of our lives in a college town; we have seen a good deal of social life as it flourishes academically in the Mississippi Valley. For twenty years or more, we averaged about two social gatherings a week during the season; and because we liked going out and knew a good many young people and could dance pretty well, we have played the rôle of chaperon not infrequently.

We have 'kept up' pretty well, too, with the rapidly changing fashions in dancing and dress; not 'clear up,' perhaps, but we have never been very far behind the procession, and we have never been looked upon as back numbers, wedded to the waltz and the schottische and cotton stockings. We have never been extreme, but we have been through the two-step and the tango and the fox-trot, from the Virginia reel to the toddle.

In the early days, — that is, twenty years ago, — when an organization or a college class or a group of young people asked us to chaperon a dance, and we consented, the young people seemed to consider our acceptance a real event. They even boasted about it. We were their guests; our presence gave them pleasure; and nothing seemed to them too good for us. We were spoken to by everyone, we were hovered over and asked to dance and handed punch and treated as if we were royalty or were being rushed by a sorority.

The cab that was to take us to the party was always waiting at the door at the exact time agreed upon, and someone prominent in the organization or the class called for us and accompanied us to the dance-hall. When the time came for refreshments, everyone stood back until we were ushered into the dining-room, and no one was seated until we had found our places. We were among the first to arrive at

the party and the last to leave it. It was a pleasant state of affairs, which brought us a good many friends and a good deal of pleasure. The young people seemed to like it, and it broadened our interests and widened our acquaintance, while it gave them social poise.

'What thoughtful, carefully trained, polite young people they are!' I often remarked to Nancy, when, after returning from an evening's pleasure, we talked over the details.

Then we were away for a year or two, studying and traveling; and on our return, when we again took up our social activities, things were not quite the same. The particular form of dancing fashionable at the moment was not quite what we had been familiar with; but we took a few lessons, watched our step, and were soon in line again.

There was no denying the fact, however, that the attention we received was not what it had been; the men were a little cruder, the women less thoughtful and not quite so punctilious. We were still treated with a reasonable courtesy, and our dance programmes were always filled; but we noticed that it was frequently the Freshmen at a fraternity dance whose names we found on our programmes, and we suspected that it was not entirely from choice, but rather by direction, that they had singled us out. Not infrequently it was suggested that perhaps we were tired, and might like to leave before the last dance; and I was not always certain that this meant consideration for our comfort. Occasionally, though not often, our presence was entirely ignored by someone present, even when he knew us perfectly well.

'I don't believe you spoke to me the other night at the Beta dance,' I would say to Simons when he dropped in at my office a few days later. 'I felt rather slighted in not getting to meet that young lady you were with.'

'Did n't I speak to you?' he would say, half-apologetically. 'Well, you see I got in rather late, and I just did n't get around to it.' But he did n't seem to worry a great deal over his dereliction or to correct his fault the next time we met him.

Once, a little later, I recall, when we were at a Chi Sigma dance, everybody forgot all about us at supper-time. When refreshments were announced, all the young people made a scramble for the dining-room and we were left, with some of the other guests, sitting in cold isolation in the hall. Fortunately, somebody 'came to' before the first course was wholly dispatched and rushed back, crimson with shame and garrulous with apologies, to look up the lost chaperons.

On rare occasions some organization which had invited us forgot to come for us, and we sat at home during the evening, 'all dressed up and nowhere to go'; and I remember one dance, at which we were seated in a cold dark corner under a sloping roof and left to our own devices during the entire evening. But these experiences were rather rare and did not impress us then as indicative of changing customs. We laughed about them and let it go at that.

'I believe chaperons are going out of style,' I said to Nancy one night, just before the war, after we had returned from a formal dance. 'No one seemed just crazy to see us this evening, and I felt more like an interloper or a man breaking into a dinner-party uninvited, than a guest.'

'Oh, you 're tired,' Nancy replied. 'You 'll feel better in the morning.'

But I did n't feel any better when I thought it over next day, and I had had a good sleep, too. I felt irritated. It was a big dance, it was true, and it took considerable time for the young people to pass down the reception line; but

that was their social obligation, I argued. They all owed us the scant courtesy of speaking to us, at least. I have a good memory for faces, I am told, and I knew that at least a third of them had shied at the line. Was the chaperon passing?

I recalled then that the cab had been late, and that it was a drafty, ill-smelling open car, with side-curtains flopping loosely in the December breeze. They had given us the worst. No one but the taxi-driver had come for us, so that we had been forced to find our way alone to the dressing-rooms, and from there to the room where the dance was being held. There were a lot of people whom I knew well who had not come near our corner. Hawley had fox-trotted by, with a town girl dressed in rather bizarre fashion. A dozen couples had skidded over in our direction as they danced past the chaperons' booth, as if they were going to stop long enough to speak; but they thought better of it and hurried on. Powers, a fraternity brother of mine, smiled at me and loosed his hold on the girl whose face was pressed against his cheek, long enough to wave me a friendly hand in passing; but that was as far as he went.

Nancy and I had danced together a few times, had found our way with the other chaperons, unattended, to the refreshment room, and when it was time to go home had looked out for our own cab.

As I thought it over, it seemed to me that we were being sent to the side-lines. I thought about it a good deal at intervals, as the months passed; and while I was thinking, the war came on and changed everything.

There were not many formal or conventional social functions during the war, and there was not much demand for the chaperon. Everybody seemed perfectly capable of looking after himself, and many of the customs and conventions which we had always considered rock-bound and unchangeable were quickly forgotten. For some of these oblivion is just as well.

I had not thought much about the status of the chaperon until, a few weeks ago, Nancy and I were invited to the annual Sophomore cotillion of the college. It is one of the big functions of the college year, and it seemed rather pleasant to get back into things again. So Nancy got a new gown, and we accepted.

The invitations had been printed — and rather badly printed, too; and down in one corner of the card was the request, 'Please reply.' It irritated me.

We had heard that social conditions were not quite what they once were — that customs were changing, that new styles, such as thin eyebrows and bobbed hair and highly colored complexions were being worn now; and the rumor was correct. We had heard, too, from some of our friends who had suffered, that the chaperon was not the respected citizen she had once been; that she often sat alone in a remote corner of the room, neglected and forgotten.

We had arrived late, partly through the fault of the taxi-driver and partly through our own kindness of heart. The cab had come forty minutes after the time that it should have come; and then to oblige the driver we had made a detour of several miles, consuming another half-hour of time, to pick up another belated couple, middle-aged like ourselves, who had been invited to look after the social amenities of the dance.

Things were in full swing when we arrived; the dance had been going on for an hour. Our absence had not been noticed and our coming attracted no attention. During the evening a half-dozen couples, perhaps, of the three

hundred present, dropped into our booth and shook hands with us perfunctorily. The chairman of the committee in charge of the dance paid his respects to us for five minutes or less, and disappeared for the rest of the evening. If other members of the committee were in attendance, they did not reveal their identity.

I was not especially annoyed; I was not even surprised, except at not being surprised. I realized fully that the chaperon had passed; she was a back-number, she had gone out with the war, she now belonged to another generation, like the horse and the tablecloth and the pickle-caster. I accepted the situation and early in the evening we stole quietly home.

I was going to Peoria on the train the next day, when a pretty young girl sitting in front of me turned round and recognized me. She was a daughter of a classmate of mine — and a very nice girl. She is going to college herself somewhere in New England, I believe.

'Where have you been?' I asked, 'and where are you going?'

'Oh, I was at the Sophomore cotillion last night,' she said. 'It was a beautiful dance. One of the fellows from home asked me down.'

'Yes,' I replied, 'I was there, too. In fact, Nancy and I were chaperons.'

'Oh!' she said; but the tone had nothing in it of apology, nothing of regret for any dereliction on her part. It did n't occur to her that she had made a social error in not speaking to us. Her tone was rather one of amazement, of sympathy, of pity that we were so stupid and out of style as to accept the rôle of chaperon. It was as if she had asked, 'How *did* you happen to do it?' I could see that my confession had made her think less of me.

I am not one who thinks that the passing of the chaperon marks a distinct moral decline. Our young people have less reserve than they once had; they conceal less that is physical and mental than they once did. They lay quite bare, in fact, without batting an eyelash, what they are and think and feel; but I cannot see that this has affected their morality in any way.

Nor do I fear for the safety of the unchaperoned young woman in society. It is not a question of protecting her from evil or from assault. The modern young woman knows the ways of the world. She is self-reliant and resourceful, she still has ideals and principles of her own, in spite of her scanty clothing, her bobbed hair, and her rouged cheeks; and she is quite able to look after her social affairs. If she were not, I still have faith enough in men to think that the days of gallantry are not yet quite passed, and that, if the girl were not wise enough to take care of herself, the average young man would still do it for her.

It is not because the girl is unsafe, or because she is less modest, that I am sorry to see the passing of the chaperon; it is because she is a little less refined. Going to a dance now is like eating at a lunch counter, where the food may be as varied and as savory as at a well-ordered and carefully served dinner, but where there are lacking the little refinements of napery and cutlery, and the little touches and attentions which mean quite as much as the food itself.

The unchaperoned girl gives an impression of strength and independence, it is true, but she seems cruder, less polished. Her laugh is louder than it used to be. She lacks a certain graciousness, an appealing finesse and poise which characterized her older sister. She is not quite a lady, as we were once wont to define the term. She has gained something, perhaps, but at the same time she has lost something. And I am sorry.

APRIL SUNDAYS

BY AMORY HARE

SOMEWHERE this April evening I suppose
There are two beings who are the best of friends
As well as mates; and when the daylight ends
They will go home, insensibly drawn close
By the deep darkness wrapping them about.
It may have been at dawn that they set out
To inspect their world and count their kingdom's wealth;
It may have been at noon, but they have fared
Blithely all day, and all day they have shared,
With that deep faith that, hand in hand with health,
Makes peace of mind and heart. . . . Oh, it were good,
Such weariness of body, after days
Spent sturdily upon the upland ways,
Adventuring together through the wood,
Aimless as children seeking after elves!
Then to discover home and hearth anew!
All the old loyal friendly chairs, a few
Toys on the floor, the worn books on the shelves;
And gleam of copper mirroring the blaze;
The caged bird bought the day the spaniel died
To cheat the tear from eyes too young and wide,
Too new at gazing upon death's amaze.
And so, to slake the thirsty mind with sleep,
Drink of that mystic potion side by side;
No fears save those in dreams; no gift denied;
No pale dawns watched by eyes too grim to weep.

A NAVAL VIEW OF THE CONFERENCE

FLEET AND BASE LIMITATIONS

BY WILLIAM HOWARD GARDINER

I

THE stated purpose of the Washington Conference was to arrive at such 'a common understanding with respect to principles and policies in the Far East' as to permit of a general limitation of armaments by common agreement. It was a call upon the nations concerned 'to do that finer, nobler thing which no nation can do alone' — to make such sacrifices and to come to such rearrangements as would reduce the likelihood of war in the Far East and thus enable the principal Powers to limit their armaments without undue danger to themselves or to those dependent on them for security.

In effect, the Conference was like an intense drama, the circumstances of which put its participants under such pressure as to make recognizable their real attitudes toward the questions in issue and, incidentally, to bring to light the particular aims characteristic of each. But, with the best of intentions and in spite of unprecedented official publicity, inadvertently it was made particularly difficult for Americans, inexperienced in evaluating the amenities of diplomacy, to appreciate this drama, to see behind it the historical background of the problems with which it dealt, and to recognize the actual purposes of many of its participants. In some measure this was due to lack of matured understanding of the questions in issue on the part of some of the media of public information. But perhaps the most beclouding factor was the national propensity to consider everything indiscriminately with unbounded optimism — so-called. Optimism does not consist, however, in being willfully blind to all the obstacles of life, in living in a world peopled by the fatuous fancies born of kindly credulity. Real optimism consists in marching undauntedly forward to a higher goal with as full an understanding as possible of every obstacle.

From such impediments to comprehensive public appreciation of the situation, it followed that the effects of many important obstacles to the main purposes of the Conference have not been generally realized. Yet it is not to be supposed, in this day and generation, that even the most ardent advocates of unreserved ratification of every agreement drawn up by the Conference would advocate their ratification without public appreciation. It would seem to be, therefore, not only a duty to the public but the duty of the public to face frankly the undesirable as well as the desirable elements with which the Conference dealt, back of the screen of diplomatic amenities. And, happily for those who believe not merely in a limitation of armaments but in ultimate disarmament, we shall see that the Con-

ference has made possible a situation approaching much more closely to those ideals than the most ardent advocates of them seem to have realized.

II

The general objective of the United States — which was the objective of the Conference as a whole — was (1) to improve policies and consequent conditions in the Far East so as (2) to reduce a specific expectancy of war in the Pacific, and (3) thus permit of a general limitation of armaments.

With this general objective Great Britain was in hearty sympathy — under the very natural proviso that nothing offensive to her close ally, Japan, should transpire in such a way as to endanger the great British interests in the Far East or the security of British India and Australasia. And it was well understood that Great Britain came to the Conference with the particular hope that the aversion of the United States to the Anglo-Japanese alliance might result in expanding that alliance to an Anglo-American-Japanese alliance. For to bring the United States into alliance with herself has been a more or less persistent item of Great Britain's foreign policy, at least since George Canning proposed it in 1823. With respect to this policy — of increasing moment as the United States grew in power — the 'Four Party Treaty' between the United States, Great Britain, Japan, and France is an interesting development.

The particular objectives of France at the Conference were twofold. Her paramount concern was that nothing should be done at Washington that would limit the military power of France on the Continent of Europe *vis-à-vis* Germany; and M. Briand's remarks on this subject summarily deleted the entire subject of the limitation of land armaments from any further consideration by the Conference. An evident corollary to this desire for military security on the part of France was her desire to strengthen her naval power in the Mediterranean for the purpose, stated by her representatives, of being able, in the event of war in Europe, to draw with assurance on the great manpower of her vast African possessions. This entrained her possible use of a potential naval command of that vital British line of communications with the Far East which passes through the Mediterranean as a makeweight in Continental affairs — useful especially in the event that Great Britain should have trouble in the Near, Middle, or Far East.

But to grasp the full meaning of this phase of French policy, one would have to go back beyond the construction of the Suez Canal by de Lesseps, beyond Napoleon's campaign in Egypt, and even to the famous memorandum wherein Leibnitz recommended Louis XIV to assail the Netherlands by war in Egypt, — in order to reach their Far Eastern trade, — while keeping peace in Europe. Though this cannot be done here, it should be noted that the European-Continental situation and the consolidation of her vast domains in Africa are much more important to France than are Annam and her Polynesian possessions and that, consequently, it is to be expected that her outlook on Far Eastern matters in future will be as it was at the Washington Conference — quite subordinated to French interests in Europe, Africa, and the Near East. In fact, France is and will continue to be in the position of one so intensely concerned with vital matters near home that remote affairs can receive but secondary attention, with the result of scant understanding. This is evidenced by the French Government's having conceived the mistaken

idea that the real purpose of the United States in calling the Washington Conference was to adjust differences with Great Britain, and that, in this fancied juxtaposition of the two English-speaking Powers, France would find her greatest advantage in playing the rôle of peacemaker.

Of Italy it need only be said that her Far Eastern concerns are less even than those of France; and that her Mediterranean interests, though less extensive, are more vital to her because of her position. But that is not to say that they were parallel with those of France. On the contrary, it appears that Italy found her advantage in sympathy with Great Britain and, by securing the right to a fleet equal in size to that of France, quietly secured a potential naval advantage over the latter because the Italian peninsula does not divide Italy's two coasts to the extent that the Iberian peninsula divides the two coasts of France.

The fact that, of late, Japan has been spending very nearly one half of her national revenues on her navy, while the United States has been spending less than a tenth of the Federal revenue on the American navy, led Japan to welcome with enthusiasm the call of the United States to a conference for the limitation of naval armament *per se*. But the fact that the proposed limitation of naval armament was predicated on arriving at 'a common understanding with respect to principles and policies in the Far East' led the militarist press of Japan to characterize the invitation to Japan to attend the Conference as 'the greatest calamity that has ever overtaken the Japanese Empire.' To reduce naval competition might save Japan from ruin or from the internal necessity of going to war prematurely in order to justify naval expenditures and prevent internal revolt; but policies in the Far East were matters of which, in the view of some Japanese, the least said the better. Yet it was realized that, if Japan declined to attend the Conference, she might be diplomatically isolated and could not hope to save herself from the internal dangers of her excessive naval expenditures.

Finding herself forced by internal as much as by external conditions to attend the Washington Conference, it became the duty of the Japanese Government to make such an estimate of the situation and to devise such a plan of procedure as would give the best promise of protecting and, if possible, advancing Japanese policy while relieving Japan of her unparalleled burden of naval expenditure. The fact that relief from such expenditures would be very beneficial to Japan and that the United States had called the Conference as a means to the end that armaments be limited — and consequently would go far to succeed in that end — made it evident that the interest of Japan would be best served by first getting from the United States and other Powers a commitment as to the limitation of armaments; and this while holding back conclusions on vital matters of Far Eastern policy. Then over-insistence by the United States or other Powers on a practical revision of Japan's policy in Asia might be stopped by a threat to ruin the ends of the Conference as to naval limitations by alleging inability to accede to some item thereof. But such a procedure would have been merely defensive of Japan's politico-naval status as it existed at the opening of the Conference.

It was natural for Japan to suppose that, having called the Conference, the United States would be prepared to pay a high price to make it a success and might, therefore, be induced to a commitment that would constitute a positive improvement of Japan's politico-naval situation. The problem was to

determine on an objective of great naval advantage to Japan, such an objective as would render unnecessary further expansion of Japan's navy while protecting her political policy, and such an objective as might be attained by astute diplomacy at the Conference.

From the course pursued by the Japanese from the moment of their arrival at Washington it was evident that they came with such a plan, prepared by the coöperation of statesmen who understood naval strategy with naval strategists who understood statecraft. It was a plan that should have been apparent before the Conference opened to anyone really conversant with the strategy of the Pacific; for it was a plan that was obvious from the outset to all but those who did not understand both statecraft and naval strategy. Yet the Japanese put it through — as will appear hereunder — with results far transcending such a detail as whether the ratio of capital fleets was to be 10–10–6 or 10–10–7, all the talk over this detail being merely a cloud of dust thrown in the air to conceal the real objective. And, as will appear, they thereby gained an unprecedented naval victory, pregnant with political possibilities for which it would be difficult to find a parallel in history.

To the foregoing very brief outline of the particular objectives of some of the Powers at the Washington Conference, it should be added that some of the Chinese seemed to have entertained hopes of territorial restitution — in addition to Shantung — and hopes of political and economic independence which the issue has proved to have been exaggerated. They seem to have recalled the American idealism that inaugurated the Open Door Doctrine, not only to assure the openness of all China to the trade of all the world without discrimination, but also to assure the territorial integrity and political entity of China; and they seem to have expected that this same idealism would insist on the taking of material steps to correct incursions that had been made during the last twenty years against this doctrine. Furthermore, the Chinese expected that American idealism as to China would receive material support from the fact that, when the Open Door Doctrine was inaugurated, in 1900, the exports of the United States to Asia had amounted to only about $65,000,000, which was only about 1.4 per cent of the total of American exports for that year; whereas these exports had increased to over $770,000,000 for 1920 and constituted nearly 10 per cent of the total exports of this country for the last-named year. But, in entertaining such hopes, the Chinese overlooked the fact that the Open Door Doctrine has been merely a talking matter to most Americans, whereas the control of the Open Door is a fighting matter to Japan. And they also overlooked the fact — well understood by the Japanese and other strategists — that the United States would be very seriously handicapped in supporting the Open Door Doctrine, or any other policy in the Far East, against material opposition, because of the naval strategy of the situation.

III

It was not to be expected that public interest would concern itself first with such particular objectives as have been suggested, even though they were important factors underlying the primary problem of putting in effect in the Far East such policies as would ensure fair practices by all and to all in that field; and this to the end that the likelihood of further aggressions there — or of a war of defense against further aggression — would be so reduced that it would be safe for the Powers, and for

those dependent on them for security, to limit armaments.

On the contrary, public interest centred on the tangible objective of limiting armaments. And this natural centring of public interest on this objective was particularly emphasized because the Conference, though dealing with conditions in the Far East, occurred soon after the great war in Europe and, consequently, at the height of such a popular reaction against armaments as usually follows the close of every great war — especially if it has been one of the wars fought to end war.

From this it followed that the greatest popular interest was accorded to the proposal to destroy over half of the aggregate tonnage of American, British, and Japanese capital ships, built or building, to stop forthwith all building of such ships, and to set up the ratio of 10–10–6 as that to be maintained for ten years between the capital fleets of these Powers. But the Japanese insisted on retaining their brand-new Mutsu which is the greatest battleship in the world and which was built largely by popular subscription; and in order to do this they contended for a ratio of 10–10–7. This was adjusted by allowing Japan to retain the 33,800-ton Mutsu while earmarking her 20,800-ton Settsu for the scrap heap. But this increase in Japanese tonnage compelled the United States to undertake to complete the 32,600-ton Colorado and West Virginia as substitutes for the 20,000-ton Delaware and North Dakota; and this in turn caused Great Britain to desire to undertake the building of two entirely new ships of not over 35,000 tons each, whereupon the Thunderer, King George V, Ajax, and Centurion, aggregating 91,500 tons, would go to the scrap heap. This readjustment caused by the Japanese retention of the Mutsu retained virtually the ratio of 10–10–6 or 5–5–3; but it prevented the putting in practice of the plan to stop forthwith all building of capital ships.

The following tables show the number and tonnage of capital ships to be scrapped and to be retained by the United States, Great Britain, and Japan as though the above detailed replacement had been carried out: —

CAPITAL SHIPS TO BE SCRAPPED
(*as after impending replacements*)

	Old Ships Number of	Old Ships Tons	Ships Building Number of	Ships Building Tons
U. S.	17	267,740	13	552,800
Gt. Br.	24	500,000	*none*	*none*
Japan	10	163,312	4	161,958
Totals	51	931,052	17	714,758

Grand Total: —
68 ships aggregating 1,645,810 tons

CAPITAL SHIPS TO BE RETAINED
(*as after impending replacements*)

	Number	Tons
U. S.	18	525,850
Gt. Br.	20	558,950
Japan	10	301,320
Totals	48	1,386,120

From the above tables it appears that, allowing for the two 35,000-ton British ships to be built from the keel up, nearly three fifths of the tonnage of capital ships now built or building in the American, British, and Japanese navies are to be destroyed. Such a sweeping destruction of capital tonnage might be considered as a great reduction of the power of the capital fleets. But further examination will show that this would be an incorrect conclusion.

Of the total of 1,645,810 tons to be destroyed, over half is constituted by ships almost all of which are so old, so slow, or are so comparatively weakly armed, that they can no longer be considered fit to fight in an up-to-date battle-fleet. In this connection it is appropriate to recall that, before 1910, — and as a measure of naval efficiency in expectation of war by Germany, —

Admiral Lord Fisher got rid of 160 British naval vessels 'that could neither fight nor run away.' To this it may be added, on personal knowledge of the present writer, that, for several years past, some American naval authorities have been advocating disposing of 15 out of the 17 American battleships to be scrapped; and this not as a measure of reducing the power of the American fleet, but as a way of increasing the efficiency of the American navy by relieving it of practically useless deadwood. As somewhat the same holds true for almost all the British and Japanese ships afloat and to be scrapped, it is difficult to see in this doing away with 51 obsolete or obsolescent battleships any *reduction* in fleet power. On the contrary it may be esteemed as a very material contribution to naval efficiency. But it should be added that doing-away with these 17 American battleships will not relieve, to any material extent, the present shortage of personnel in the American navy; for, all in all, on 15 of them there are many fewer than 1000 men at the present time.

On the other hand, the plan to scrap over 700,000 tons of capital ships now building and not to undertake the construction of about half as much more that was in immediate contemplation is a positive gain. But it should be realized clearly that it is a *limitation* as to further expansion and not a *reduction* of present power. And the corollary to this is that the proposed fleet limitations, *per se*, do not furnish any warrant for reducing expenditures for naval operations. They give promise only of avoiding very large future increases for construction and operation; and this only after the heavy costs of carrying out the scrapping programme shall have been met.

Right here it should be realized that, if the present personnel of the American navy were to be assigned only to the ships built and to be retained under the limitation plan, and to their auxiliaries, the fleet could not be 80 per cent manned. This and other economies now make for the fact that the actual ratio between the American, British, and Japanese fleets is not 5–5–3, but between 4–5–3 and 3–5–3. The truth of this will be appreciated by those who know the relative training in these three navies, and who realize that ships do not fight each other but that it takes trained men to fight ships.

Besides putting the above-discussed limitation on the future expansion of capital fleets, the naval agreement provided that the United States and Great Britain might build airplane carriers, each to the extent of a total of 135,000 tons, Japan being limited to 81,000 tons in accordance with the 5–5–3 ratio — this in addition to such experimental airplane carriers as are now in each of these navies. As these vessels are likely to cost about $800 per ton, their construction in the near future will amount to something over $280,000,000 in all, or to about $110,000,000 for four or five American airplane carriers.

It will be recalled that the original proposals for naval limitations contemplated limiting the aggregate allowable tonnages for cruisers and for submarines as well as for capital ships and airplane carriers — which latter are coming to be considered as a special type of capital ship. But apart from specifying that no vessel of war exceeding 10,000 tons, other than a capital ship or airplane carrier, shall be acquired or built by the Powers concerned, and that no vessel of war other than a capital ship shall carry a gun of over 8-inch calibre, the limitations agreement is silent as to regular cruisers, destroyers, and submarines — and this in spite of the conflict of opinions and

interests that centred around submarines during the Conference. So France attained her strenuously voiced desire to be permitted to build as large a submarine flotilla as Great Britain.

It may be said, in short, that the naval limitations agreement does not limit the extent to which future competition may be carried in building submarines, destroyers, cruisers, or any other type of combatant naval vessel in any number, except capital ships and airplane carriers. It virtually does not reduce the present effective force of capital fleets in themselves, but merely provides against their further expansion; and it makes specific provision for expansions of the present airplane-carrier forces. As the present effective force of capital fleets in themselves is not virtually reduced, as the expansion only of capital ships and of airplane carriers is limited, and as the expansion in volume of cruiser, destroyer, submarine, and any other naval forces is unlimited, it is difficult to see why some have acclaimed this agreement as a tremendous *reduction* of naval forces. It is merely a *limitation* upon the future expansion of capital forces. And this mere limitation of capital forces — counting airplane carriers as such — was obtained by the United States in consideration, as we shall see, of a further naval agreement which may be expected to have a much greater effect on the future than any question of fleet ratios or limitations.

Because of the circumstances just outlined, the conclusion seems inevitable that we must dismiss any thought of reducing American naval expenditures below the present level of about $450,000,000 — *if* the 5–5–3 ratio is to be realized. On the contrary, there will have to be some increase if crews are to be provided for all vital ships, including the new West Virginia and Colorado, so as to raise the limited fleet to its expected place in the 5–5–3 ratio. Nevertheless there will be saved still further increases because of construction on thirteen new capital ships now to be scrapped and to provide for the operation of these ships had they been completed. Beginning a year or so hence, this saving of increase in expenses may average something under $150,000,000 a year for some years, or less than 4 per cent of the present gross annual expenditures of the Federal Government of the United States.

Considerable as such a saving would be, it would be surprising if any were to weigh a possible saving two years hence of less than 4 per cent of the Federal expenses against the question of whether or not the naval limitations of all kinds, as agreed on, conduce to peace or court war. Nor is a possible future saving of less than 4 per cent of our Federal expenditures to be considered in the same category as is a question greater than that of peace or war — namely, whether the arrangements arrived at conduce to the spread of righteousness or tend to condone unrighteousness. For, above all, 'it is righteousness and not peace which should bind the conscience of a nation as it should bind the conscience of an individual.'

Such considerations lead us to the conclusion that the most important thing for us to attempt to estimate is whether or not the naval limitations agreed on will tend to spread righteousness in the Far East; and, subsidiary to that, whether or not they will tend to maintain peace in the Pacific. But, in order to make such an estimate, we shall have to consider the functions of naval force in the Pacific as modified by the Washington Conference, political conditions in the Far East, and the very promising results to be expected from some of the non-naval agreements reached at Washington.

IV

It may conduce to a clearer appreciation of the more important naval consequences of the Washington Conference, as they affect the functions of naval force in the Pacific, if first we consider some of the functions and limitations of modern navies. Then we can apply general principles to the specific situation in the Pacific.

The first mission of all armed force, from the policeman to the navy, is to maintain law and order in consonance with the policies of peace; and this by being of such potency that a breach of the peace would not promise desirable results to anyone, whether an individual or a nation, whose ethics alone are inadequate to keep him from peace-breaking. That is what Mahan meant, in part, in saying, 'The function of force is to give moral ideas time to take root.' If armed force is unsuccessful in the maintenance of peace, then individual or international war supervenes, and it becomes the duty of the armed forces to stop the war by doing — if necessary — such violence to the peace-breaker that his will or power to continue his warfare will be broken.

The basic mission of a navy is to defend its country and those for whose defense its country is responsible. The defense of British overseas domains by the British navy and the defense of the Philippines by the American navy are instances wherein a Power, by assuming suzerainty, has incurred the concomitant and unavoidable moral responsibility for the defense of its dependents. Collateral to this primary mission of defense, there rests upon a navy the duty of supporting the external policies of its country. The Monroe Doctrine and the Open Door Doctrine are instances of such policies.

In the main, the function of a navy in war is to secure freedom of movement by sea for the other armed forces and for the commerce of its nation, while reducing the capacity of the enemy to continue to fight by excluding him from use of the sea as a channel for his combatant and commercial movements. This securing 'the command of sea communications' is accomplished by the use of two different but interdependent naval forces, one of which depends on 'concentration' for its efficacy while the other acts by 'dispersion.'

As the naval objective is to close the sea to enemy movements while keeping it open to friendly movements, it is evident that an extensive amount of 'dispersed' patrol work will have to be done. The enemy's raiders will have to be hunted down, his troop transports will have to be captured and his merchantmen driven from the sea; and the seas will have to be patrolled in order to assure safety to all kinds of friendly movement thereon. These dispersed naval operations are carried out by cruisers of all types and are known as cruiser warfare. And incidentally it may be noted that, strategically speaking, the German submarine campaign was a type of cruiser warfare, its peculiarities being due to the tactical qualities of submarines.

But if the enemy is at liberty to send to sea a number of cruisers, or more powerful vessels, 'concentrated' in a squadron, these superior forces of his will be able to overcome, unit by unit, the 'dispersed' lighter cruisers engaged in blocking his transportations and in protecting the movements of their own navigation — whereupon 'the command of sea communications' will pass to the enemy. Such squadrons must be countered by stronger squadrons; and in these juxtaposed squadrons of 'concentrated' force we find the genesis of battle-fleets, the essential and paramount constituent of which are capital ships, with their tremendous 'concen-

tration' of striking power. This brings us to the phase of naval operations opposite to 'dispersed' cruiser warfare, namely, 'concentrated' battle-fleet warfare.

The first mission of a battle-fleet is to prevent the enemy from putting to sea in such force that he can secure the command of sea communications — as just described. But if he should put to sea in concentrated force, then the mission of the battle-fleet will be to destroy or drive back to port the enemy battle force. The watch maintained by the British Grand Fleet over the German High Sea Fleet during the late war and its driving of the High Sea Fleet back to port in consequence of the Battle of Jutland furnish good example of this. And here it should be realized that, had the British not confined the heavy naval forces of the Germans, the latter would have erupted and, with the aid of lighter German forces, would have destroyed all convoy and anti-submarine operations in Western European waters — whereupon, with the passage of the command of sea communications there to the Germans, the Allied cause could not have survived.

In short, it may be said that the first mission of a battle-fleet is to destroy or confine the battle forces of the enemy so as to enable its own nation's cruiser forces to obtain and maintain dispersed command of all military and commercial movements by sea in the contested area.

When a nation has obtained command of sea communications by its battle-fleet helping its cruiser forces thereto, and when it thus has deprived the enemy of all essential movement by sea, it may be considered as exerting in full the pressure of sea power proper against the enemy in order to bring ruin to his ability to continue the war. But it may be desirable to accelerate the somewhat slow processes of economic and social disintegration by a military invasion of the enemy's country — or by invading and capturing some of his possessions as a makeweight for peace. In such an event, the battle-fleet may be called on to perform its ultimate mission of enabling the landing of an army of invasion, at an appropriate spot, under the protection of the guns of the battle-fleet; and, collaterally, it might be called on to support the invading army in coastal operations. But all of this only after adequate command of sea communications in the critical area has been secured.

This whole series of interdependent operations rests on the ability of the battle-fleet to take such a position as to control the maritime situation in the contested or critical area, such a position being preferably some strategically commanding and adequate advance-operating base with which a reasonably safe line of communications and support can be maintained from the home base. Before the days of steam, a battle-fleet of sailing vessels could remain at sea for six months without taking on supplies of any kind. It could voyage to any part of the sea and, at the end of its voyage, be thoroughly fit for battle. Its freedom from the need of bulky supplies and elaborate maintenance-repairs enabled it to operate for very long periods at sea and remote from any base. But modern battle-fleets, though vastly more dependable and powerful, have great limitations that are not generally realized. The most pronounced of these is a comparatively short radius of effective operation because of limited fuel supplies; and this effective radius is particularly short where high speed, consuming a disproportionately large amount of fuel, may have to be maintained because of danger from submarines and where, consequently, it would be very dangerous to slow up in

order to take on fuel from an accompanying tanker.

Evidently a battle-fleet must have fuel enough to steam to its war station at whatever speed, within its capacity, may be best — and zigzagging, if necessary, because of submarines; it must be able to steam about its war station at such speed as to guard it from submarines; its ships must always have on board ample supplies of fuel to go through a protracted battle and long chase at the highest possible speed; and their reserves should be adequate to get them back to their base. But the fact is that there is not a battleship to be kept in the American fleet that can steam 10,000 miles at cruising speed with a clean bottom without refueling; and most of them can go little over 6000 miles under such ideal conditions. Not one of them could travel eight days at battle speed with a clean bottom; and on the average their fuel tanks would have to be replenished before they had traveled six days. With foul bottoms — which greatly retard vessels — they could not average to steam for five days at battle speed, and some of them would be exhausted before they had traveled 2000 miles in all.

From the data from which the above statements were deduced the conclusion seems unavoidable that the limit of the effective return radius or range of the American battle-fleet would be about 2000 miles from its base, if it had to pass — as it would — through submarine-infested areas.

This suggests the simile that a battle-fleet is like a tremendous gun that can be moved from base to base and that will be all-overpowering within the radius of its range, from whatever position it is based on. But — like a gun — beyond the limit of its range from its base it will be powerless. In turn, this gun and base combination, or battle-fleet and naval-base combination, suggests that naval bases are the foci from which battle-fleet power can be exerted — to the extent of the power of the fleet and over return radii of different lengths, as may be determined by ship characteristics and by local circumstances. So, instead of having a uniformly colored map of the oceans over which the sailing ships of old might cruise at will, a naval map of the world would now show certain naval bases with special areas of high battle-fleet power emanating from them. Within such areas enemy cruisers could not carry out sustained operations. But outside those areas the battle-fleet power would not extend and be a protection to its own cruisers. This leads us to the conclusion that naval power is not merely a matter of fleet ratios, of which we have heard so much of late, but that it is also a matter of geography; that the locations of operating naval bases determine the areas in which battle-fleets have power — and that beyond those areas their power does not extend.

With this very meagre outline in mind as to some of the major principles of naval operations, we may proceed to examine the naval situation in the Pacific as it has been arranged at the Washington Conference.

V

As naval warfare, like chess, is primarily a question of location and then a matter of the timely movement of forces of different strengths, we must first picture to ourselves the very simple geography of the principal strategic points in the Pacific. Hawaii is 2100 miles west-southwest of San Francisco. With adequate base facilities — which do not yet exist — in both places, the American battle-fleet could be supplied from San Francisco if it were based on Hawaii. And from there it could protect the western coast of the United

States from enemy operations other than of a touch-and-run cruiser nature — except for the fact that Japan is building large submarines of such great cruising radius that they will be able to cross the Pacific, operate off our western coast for a month and then return to Japan without refueling.

Guam is 3330 miles slightly south of west from Hawaii; and Manila is 1523 miles west beyond Guam. As we have seen that a battle-fleet has an effective return radius of only about 2000 miles, it is clear that neither Guam nor the Philippines could be defended by a fleet based on Hawaii. But if a fleet could be sure of finding fuel and other base facilities at Guam, it could easily advance from Hawaii to Guam, for the distance is less than 4000 miles; though from Hawaii a fleet could not reach the Philippines without refueling somewhere, as they are nearly 5000 miles distant; and a fleet of superior power, based in the region of Guam, could defend the Philippines, as they are only 1500 miles from Guam, although both the Philippines and Guam are less than 1400 miles to the southward of the great naval bases in Japan proper. It will be seen from this that Guam occupies a pivotal position in the strategic geography of the Western Pacific, giving to the possessor of an adequate and secure base region, with Guam as a nucleus, what are known as 'interior lines.' For not only would a fleet based in the region of Guam command the northern and eastern approaches to the Philippines, but it would command the lines of communication between Japan and the Marshall, Caroline, and Pelew archipelagoes, which lie to the southward along the line of communications between Hawaii and the Philippines, and in close proximity to this line.

Bearing this geographic disposition in mind — and assuming that the United States had a virtually impregnable fuel-supply base at Guam — let us suppose that a war were to occur between the United States and Japan over any one of a dozen causes; and let us apply to it some of the principles of warfare that have been outlined above for this purpose. The object of each nation would be to force the other to stop fighting in order to then impose its own will in the matter in dispute. With the American battle-fleet able to base on Hawaii and to refuel at Guam, it would be most hazardous for Japanese forces, other than submarines, to venture to the eastern side of the Pacific. But it is not to be expected that Japanese submarines would not operate against commerce at focal points from Seattle to Panama. It would be vain to expect, however, that such operations could be even a seriously contributing cause toward forcing the United States to give up fighting. And as the stronger American battle-fleet, based as far west as Guam, would protect the Philippines, it would seem that in no way would Japan be able to do anything to the United States to force the latter to stop fighting.

On the other hand, it is claimed that Japan could be conclusively invaded if a fleet greater than hers were based on Guam, which is less than 1400 miles from her shores. It is impossible to see how this could be done, because Japan's vital points are either around the Inland Sea, the approaches to which are impregnably defended, or have impregnable defenses of their own. But a preponderant American fleet, based as far west as Guam, would make possible the most intensive kind of cruiser warfare against Japanese commerce at its foci — at least after certain other advance bases had been established. And a continuance of this cruiser warfare would soon come to cost Japan more than it would to yield in the matter over which the war was being fought.

So, because of having an impregnable base nucleus at Guam, the United States and those dependent directly on her for protection, namely, the Philippines, would be secure and Japan, without conclusive invasion, could be forced to stop fighting. It may be added that the above statements have been made with an appreciation of the local limitations of Guam itself, and also of its relations to other not remote archipelagoes.

But if, in the situation just described, we make but one change and suppose that Guam is not impregnable, then the American battle-fleet could not be based further west than Hawaii. In that event, it could not defend or recapture either Guam or the Philippines, to say nothing of conducting operations against Japan; and this for the very simple reason that the battle-fleet range is only about 2000 miles from its base, while both Guam and Japan are over 3300 miles from Hawaii, and the Philippines are nearly 5000 miles distant.

The situation that would arise under these circumstances has been tersely described in his *Sea Power in the Pacific* by the distinguished British naval authority, Mr. Hector C. Bywater, in the following terms: 'The conclusion is that within a fortnight after the beginning of hostilities, the United States would find herself bereft of her insular possessions in the Western Pacific, and consequently without a single base for naval operations in those waters.' If this occurred, the United States could not bring pressure to bear on Japan to make her stop fighting until after a base in the Far Eastern waters had been reconquered, an operation, it may be said, that would take about three years of purely naval warfare. Only thereafter could the cruiser operations begin under the protection of the finally advanced American battle-fleet to force Japan to stop fighting. In other words, failure on the part of the United States to have a secure nucleus base at Guam would result in adding about three years to the duration of a war with Japan.

Here the very natural thought will spring to many minds that, in the event of trouble between the United States and Japan in the Far East, the British naval forces would support the Americans, and their bases would be at the disposal of the American fleet. Such coöperation, though rendered in the heartiest way, would be of surprisingly little material assistance because of the geography of the situation.

First, the British naval base at Weihai-wei is to be abandoned and that at Hongkong, beyond the Philippines, is in a condition somewhat analogous to the American facilities in the Philippines; and the British base at Singapore is over 6000 miles from Hawaii. Furthermore, the line of communications between Hawaii and Singapore would pass through a region that would be infested with Japanese submarines. So Singapore would be inaccessible to the American fleet, except by very long circuits.

Next, Japanese waters are about 3000 miles distant from Singapore and, consequently, a fleet based at that base could not reach Japan any more than could a fleet based at Hawaii.

And last, but not least, the line of communications between England and Singapore is 8000 miles long and might require very heavy guarding at certain points, which two factors, taken together, would result in inability on the part of Great Britain to maintain at Singapore anything like as powerful a force as the United States could maintain at Hawaii. So, while there would be the most natural reasons to expect British-American naval coöperation, it should be realized that the British could not contribute as much effective force in the Pacific as the Americans —

who should look on the task, therefore, as primarily theirs.

From what has been said the conclusion seems inevitable that the single question that has the most influence on the naval situation in the Western Pacific is, whether or not the United States has secure tenure of Guam. If at Guam there are merely adequate naval stores and such defenses that it cannot be taken by a battle-fleet, then, in the event of war, the American battle-fleet could proceed there and, after refueling, cut the lines of communication the Japanese had extended to the Philippines — if the Japanese had been venturesome enough to attempt to take the latter with Guam securely in American hands. During the early stages of the war, Guam and other appropriately placed islands in the Western Pacific could be provided with adequate base facilities and then the war would proceed to a reasonably quick end.

But if Guam is not strongly enough defended to stand off a battle-fleet, then Japan can take also the Philippines and hold all the Far Eastern possessions of the United States, secure in the knowledge that it will take the latter about three years to regain from Hawaii a base in the Far East by a certain series of operations, during which the American people might get tired of an uneventful war in which there would not be over 300,000 men in the army and 400,000 in the navy, with only comparatively few of the latter seeing any fighting. The fact is, that if the popular agitation for a reduction in naval expenditures had not led the House to decline to pass the Naval Bill as passed last spring by the Senate, Guam now would be in defensible shape. But, as a result of that agitation, Guam can be taken by a battle-fleet. This brings us to the pivotal point of the whole series of negotiations that occurred during the Washington Conference.

VI

As already may have been inferred, the pivotal point of both the naval and the political conclusions of the Conference was the question of fortifications and naval bases in the Far East — and most particularly the status of the fortifications and such beginnings of naval bases as the United States has in her insular possessions in the Far East. Article XIX of the Naval Treaty provides that these latter fortifications and so-called naval bases shall remain *in statu quo* as at the time of the signing of the Treaty. That is to say that they shall remain in such a status that the Japanese battle-fleet could take Guam and most of the Philippines within about a fortnight of the outbreak of hostilities, and that thereupon, the American battle-fleet being without a Far Eastern base, would be powerless beyond its range of about 2000 miles west of Hawaii — this irrespective of its size relative to that of the Japanese battle-fleet, and for reasons similar to those that make the biggest gun conceivable literally powerless at a distance about twice as great as it can shoot its projectile. Whatever factors led to this pivotal conclusion may be viewed in two entirely different lights.

It was said early in this article that it was clearly evident to strategists that the Japanese came to the Conference with a definite plan designed (1) to safeguard their present politico-naval status in the Far East, and (2) to use the responsibility of the United States for the popular success of the Conference so as to exact concessions that would improve the politico-naval status of Japan in the Far East. A thorough knowledge of the strategy of the naval situation, which has been merely outlined above, made it extremely easy for strategists to forecast what would be the main element or objective in such a

Japanese plan. One had only to determine on that factor in the strategic situation which would be of the greatest advantage to Japan, and yet be attainable by negotiations carried out under all the circumstances qualifying the Washington Conference. So there was no surprise among those who understood the strategic factors involved when, in the very first week of the Conference, rumors developed to the effect that the Japanese, as well as objecting most positively to the proposed scrapping of their peerless new battleship, the Mutsu, were raising questions as to the fortifications and so-called naval bases in the Far Eastern possessions of the United States — and this as a factor of the proposed limitation of naval fleets, and although it had not been mentioned in the original proposals made by Secretary Hughes as to the limitation of fleets.

Here it should be recalled that at first the Japanese insisted that, instead of the originally proposed American-British-Japanese fleet ratio of 10–10–6, this ratio be adjusted in their favor to 10–10–7, whereby it would be permissible for them to preserve the Mutsu. And they even went so far as to state categorically that for many years the Japanese public had been educated to believe that the safety of Japan depended on her having a fleet in the exact ratio they desired, namely, 10–10–7; and that, in consequence of this long-established belief on the part of the Japanese public, it would be highly dangerous to the Japanese Government to agree to any fleet ratio other than 10–10–7.

But those who had strategic understanding of the situation kept their eyes on the questions being raised as to fortifications and naval bases. And again it was no surprise to them when, at the end of the first month of the Conference, it became known that Japan had yielded her desire for a fleet ratio of 10–10–7 and had accepted the ratio of 10–10–6, in spite of what had been said about public opinion in Japan; and that furthermore, it had also been agreed to maintain the status quo, namely, inadequacy of American insular fortifications and naval bases in the Far East. For those who had technical understanding of the situation had held all along that all the talk about a 10–10–7 fleet ratio had been made with a realization that the success of the Conference in the public mind, outside of Japan and France, would depend on establishing the enthusiastically acclaimed 10–10–6 ratio, and that, therefore, holding out against this last-named ratio might furnish sufficient leverage for Japan to obtain from the United States the vital concession as to the establishment of the status quo for insular fortifications and naval bases — and this especially as only naval authorities and some statesmen would realize the full bearing of this concession to Japan.

Finally it should be recalled, as supporting this technically held point of view about the fortifications and naval bases, that, on January 10, Japan held up the whole naval treaty because of it; and it was not until the end of that month that consent as to the final form of the clause dealing with them could be obtained from Tokyo and from the Japanese delegates to the Conference.

On the other hand, there are grounds, very broadly held, for dismissing the line of argument that has just been made as merely a product of the complexes of the technical mind. The more broadly entertained line of thought, as to the reasons why it was agreed not to permit the development of further fortifications and naval facilities by the United States in the Far East, rests on the conception that, in spite of some particularistic motives, the virtually

all-absorbing object of all the Powers at Washington was to bring about such conditions in the Pacific that war between the United States and Japan would be impossible and that, consequently, armaments could be reduced. Statements have been made in official circles to the effect that the capital fleets of the United States and Japan have been so reduced that neither nation is left with sufficient naval power to strike at the other — a conclusion which, as we shall see, is one-sided.

In addition to this there is the conviction held by many to the effect that the American Government was so intensely determined to give a convincing demonstration of the belief attributed to it — to the effect that peaceful concord should take the place of armed potency in the Pacific — that it acquiesced readily to the Japanese suggestion that there be no further development of American insular defenses in the Far East; and that it did this with a full understanding of the strategic consequences of this concession to Japanese desires.

But perhaps the strongest argument in favor of the theorem that there was no ulterior motive or suspicion in the steps taken to reach the agreement that these defenses should remain *in statu quo* is to be found in the fact that the British supported the Japanese suggestions to this effect *vis-à-vis* the United States. For it should be inconceivable that, in this, the British sided with Japan rather than with the United States, unless the entire matter was dealt with in such a harmonious manner and with such reliance on such diplomatic rearrangements as the Four Party Treaty as to preclude the idea that Japan was seeking to deprive the United States of any power in the Far East, and thus to leave all matters there really in Japanese and British hands.

Be all this as it may, the outstanding fact that cannot be too clearly recognized is that the agreement to maintain the status quo as to the now inadequate defenses of the Far Eastern dependencies of the United States is pregnant with naval and political results much more far-reaching than are the limitation of fleet ratios — and this because the range of power of a battle-fleet is only about 2000 miles from its base in submarine-infested waters. It is as though the United States had a great gun — its fleet — which it could mount on a concrete base at Hawaii; and as though it had the location for a similar base at Guam. Because the gun mounted at Hawaii will reach only 2000 miles, it is impotent either to protect Guam or to attack Japan, both of which are over 3300 miles from Hawaii. And the only way to give the gun potency in the Far East would be to advance it to a base from which its projectile could reach the critical areas. But the first such American-base location is Guam which could be reached by the Japanese fleet, as it is less than 1400 miles from Japan, and which is so lightly armed that it could be taken instantly by the Japanese fleet.

From this the inevitable conclusion is that the establishment of the status quo as to Far Eastern American defenses has in fact made the United States impotent in the Far East in the event of war — provided Japan keeps submarines enough to oblige the American battle-fleet to steam at high speed and, consequently, to burn its fuel so rapidly that it cannot travel far. And the corollary to this impotence of the United States in the Far East is that, as the Japanese fleet can have the Far Eastern waters to itself, it is really all-powerful there.

Here it should be recalled that, as we have seen early in this article, the whole effort toward the limitation of naval armament has not resulted in any con-

siderable reduction of effective fleet power *per se;* nor has it resulted in any limitation whatsoever of the volume of cruiser fleets or destroyer fleets or submarine fleets or fleets of any other kinds of auxiliaries; but it has resulted merely in limiting the further increase only of fleets of capital ships proper and airplane carriers — this without even a prospect of reducing naval expenses, except by not attempting to maintain in practice the 5–5–3 ratio set up in theory with so much acclaim. And in order to bring about this single limitation of moment the Administration of the United States has agreed to a strategic limitation of naval power whereby, in the event of war, the American navy would be without any real power in the Far East, while the Japanese navy would be all-powerful there.

The conclusion seems unavoidable, therefore, that the naval effect of this whole arrangement is not the establishment of a 5–3 ratio of naval power between the United States and Japan with respect to the Far East. On the contrary, it means virtually complete disarmament by the United States in the Far East while Japan — though statistically less heavily armed at home than the United States is at home — is left overwhelmingly armed in the Far East. And about the same thing might be said with respect to Great Britain's power to express naval force in the Far East *vis-à-vis* Japan. Consequently, in the Far Eastern situation, a region of international interest has been delimited in which Japan is omnipotent as far as arms go, and in which the other interests relatively are powerless. So in the Far East we have a region in which virtually the equivalent of disarmament of all Powers, except Japan, is proposed — a region in which, therefore, the only reliance will be in the validity of such diplomatic agreements as those in which the advocates of complete disarmament repose so much confidence. Consequently, this region may be looked upon in the immediate future as a localized experiment in disarmament wherein, in spite of Japan's armaments, the world is trying the experiment of relying merely on agreements.

VII

It is not within the particular purview of this article to indicate the political consequences that are possible from such a naval situation as we have been examining. But we set ourselves the task of attempting 'to estimate whether or not the naval limitations agreed on will tend to spread righteousness in the Far East; and, subsidiary to that, whether or not they will tend to maintain peace in the Pacific.'

The euphemisms of diplomatic and official expression to the contrary notwithstanding, the underlying problem that confronted the Conference was caused by what the Japanese aptly designated as the 'accomplished fact' that, in only the last sixteen years, Japan has extended her control over about 1,500,000 square miles of Eastern Continental Asia in which dwell over 50,000,000 non-Japanese — exclusive of Shantung. And it was further realized that the Philippines were very likely to come within the sphere of her expansion because it was known that, even before these islands passed from Spain to the United States, it was the Japanese who were back of the native uprising against Spain, it was the Japanese who caused the American Intelligence Service the most concern during Aguinaldo's uprising, and it has been the Japanese who have been fostering the independence movements in the Philippines ever since. This should cause no surprise; for the plan of procedure has been patently like that followed by Japan in first making Korea

independent of China, in 1894, then forcing a Japanese protectorate on Korea, and finally absorbing Korea as an integral part of Japan in 1910. Nor was the situation limited to the Philippines; for it has further possibilities that are thoroughly well realized in detail in official Dutch and British circles. Hence the British naval base expansion at Singapore.

We have seen that, in effect, the naval treaty puts up a bar that excludes the United States from naval power in the Far East; and we have seen that, with an adequate American fleet at Hawaii, Japan cannot make an attack in force on the United States. This has led many hastily to the conclusion that neither the United States nor Japan can attack each other, while each can defend its own. As none of Japan's important interests, outposts, or moral obligations lie in American waters, and as the American fleet will be powerless to enter Asiatic waters, Japan is safe from American aggression. But the Philippines lie under the very shadow of Japan, and the United States is responsible for them and for their safety, at least until such time as they can maintain their independence. Furthermore, to Continental Asia, lying immediately back of Japan, the United States is under all the moral obligations implied by the Open Door Doctrine. In our dependents and in our moral obligations Japan can assault us vitally. So any statement that the naval agreement debars aggression in the Pacific would seem to be one-sided.

In the light of all the circumstances just stated, or implied, it would seem difficult to support the contention that the naval agreement, *considered by itself*, tends to spread righteousness in the Far East — unless Japan chooses, without forceful compulsion, to bring to a definite end the general policy she has been pursuing in recent years. And if she does not so choose, it is difficult to see how peace will be maintained in the Pacific — unless the Powers pharisaically abandon all responsibility for the maintenance of righteousness in the Far East. But it may well be that the entirely new freedom accorded Japan in the Far East will result in an entirely new policy on her part, especially under the stimulus of the purely diplomatic agreements drawn up by the Washington Conference.

The underlying task before the Washington Conference really was to find a diplomatic prospect of solving the problem occasioned by the expansive course Japan has been following during the last sixteen years — and to find this in view of the depleted condition of the European Powers and in view of the popularity of the movement for disarmament in the United States. Of first importance in this respect is the Four Power Treaty which supersedes the Anglo-Japanese alliance and which binds the United States, Great Britain, France, and Japan to each respect the insular possessions of the others in the Pacific. Alongside of this is the treaty regarding China, wherein Japan joins the other Powers that participated in the Conference in categorical promises to respect the Open Door Doctrine, this latter being elaborated in such great detail that an evasion of it would seem difficult — otherwise than by a patent breach.

In the light of these treaties it would seem that the great accomplishment of the Washington Conference has been to reach something of 'a common understanding with respect to principles and policies in the Far East' — in principle. The value of the entire accomplishment will depend on the spirit with which each and all concerned put these principles into practice. Only as, in the course of years, it becomes manifest that principle is or is not being put into practice,

will it be possible to decide whether America and Britain have been wise in virtually withdrawing their great naval police power from the Far East and in giving to Japan an unchecked opportunity to choose her course.

But as year by year the real results of the Washington Conference become manifest, we should view them not in a contemporary light only — for our duty runs not to our contemporaries only. Actually we who now control the United States are the beneficiary legatees of all the accumulated product of all of the struggles and of all of the sacrifices of all of our forbears. Back through the first century of our national life, back through our colonial era, back through the rise of England and of the countries that have contributed to our minority population, goes the chain of those painfully accumulated legacies that in us have culminated, making us heirs to all that is implied by American citizenship. If we but pause for a moment to realize that upon us rests the responsibility of administering the accumulated product of the scores of generations that have labored successively to build up our civilization, we cannot fail to recognize our connection with the past and our debt to it; and we cannot but weigh with a new reverence our present decisions as to what we will do with this civilization we call our own.

Just as what we are and have to-day is the fruit of the decisions and of the struggles of Washington and his contemporaries, of the mediæval English and early Teutons, of the French and Italians back to ancient Rome and Greece and Judæa, so the results of what we do to-day will go on down the river of the centuries. Yet there are two great differences. First, we can look back with some degree of finiteness and appraise the past, at least since the dawn of definite history. But who could set up a standard whereby to measure the effect of our present doings upon the immeasurable future? Again, the past from which has come our inheritance was comparatively small and restricted in its influence on the whole world of its day. In Elizabethan England there were but about five million people; and their influence outside their island was slight. To-day there are over one hundred million Anglo-Saxons whose collective influence throughout the whole world is greater than that of any other single race. So, though our debt to a long past is great, our duty to a future, greater in every sense, transcends it beyond any measurable ratio.

In the light of such considerations we should see ourselves, not as a generation unique in history, apart from the past and lords of the present. Rather are we but the very transient trustees of the heritage of all for which the past has lived, charged with the duty of administering it for a few years that are of comparatively little moment in themselves; but above all, surcharged with the responsibility of administering to-day our trust for the future of our successors and of the world in such manner that they will not look back on us as false trustees, who took our present ease instead of performing our perhaps more painful duty as a sound link in the chain of generations — a link in nowise extraordinary in itself, but one on which rested unusual responsibilities for the foreordaining of the world-conditions of life in the immediate and more remote future.

Geography has ordained that the United States, with young Canada on her right and younger Australasia on her left, should constitute the front rank of the whole civilization of Europe facing the newer civilization of awakening Asia. Americans should realize not only the prominence, but more particularly the responsibility, of their posi-

tion. And Europeans, in spite of their present travails, should realize that the future of white civilization as a whole may require that America take not her eyes off the Pacific, however much she may desire to look helpfully across the Atlantic. And furthermore, Americans should realize the many, many times repeated lesson of history to the effect that, when the people of a civilization become so individualistic and so ease-loving that they care not if their remote dependents are subjugated by a more virile race, that selfish shirking of responsibility, and consequent recession of empire, invariably foretell the downfall of the civilization as a whole — unless an Aurelian and a Diocletian save it from disintegration and destruction as they saved Rome.

Great as may seem the promise to-day from the agreements arrived at by the Washington Conference, the actual accomplishment of its underlying purposes will be in the hands of those responsible for the maintenance of our civilization as a whole, and by force if need be, until such time as moral ideals shall have taken root and borne adequate fruit throughout the world.

THE MONEY COST OF PROHIBITION

BY L. AMES BROWN

THE fight for prohibition is over. It is far from my purpose to awaken the old and bitter controversy. Rather, it is because prohibition is now our adopted and definitive policy, that it seems worth while to find out approximately what its cost is in dollars and cents.

There can be no doubt that economic considerations had a great deal to do with the adoption of national prohibition. Although the earlier reformers had stressed the moral side of their propaganda to the exclusion of all else, the later generation, which succeeded in bringing about the Constitutional Amendment, gave much more emphasis to the economic side. An indication of the extent of this emphasis is found in the utterance of Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip before the Economic Club of New York, in February, 1920. He said: —

> With a clear insight and common sense we have amended our Constitution and have provided the greatest single economic factor looking toward material prosperity ever created by legislative enactment. I believe that the economic value of prohibition will eventually be an influence for the prosperity of society, the like of which will amaze ourselves and the world.

This forecast of Mr. Vanderlip's has been put forward with approval by leading prohibitionists. Presumably, it is not an overstatement of their anticipations.

Time must pass before it will be practicable to undertake an assessment of the moral advantages and disadvantages derived from prohibition. To-day there is a vast and widening difference of opinion on this subject. It is true, however, that many reliable sources of information exist as to the

economic effects. Fortunately, it is possible to discuss these effects from the standpoint of fact rather than from that of opinion; and it is with such an aim that the preparation of this paper has been undertaken. It is not unlikely that, as the passing months focus intelligent opinion upon the effects and effectiveness of national prohibition, increasing attention will be directed toward such topics as its relation to governmental revenues, enforcement costs, and the various direct and indirect economic results that may properly be attributed to it. The subject of taxation is of particular importance at this time, when the Congress is searching so anxiously for suitable objects of taxation that will somewhat relieve the pressure on individual and corporation incomes.

I

The liquor industry has for many years been a tested and profitable source of Federal, state, and municipal income. Taxes on intoxicating beverages were generally viewed with favor by the public before prohibition was adopted, in so far as it can truthfully be said that any tax is acceptable. The Federal government has collected many hundreds of millions from the industry since the Civil War; and until the adoption of the income-tax law it was the chief source of internal revenue. The years of the war, with their great fiscal burdens, found the government at Washington turning with larger and larger exactions toward the liquor industry. Collections in 1917 amounted to $284,000,000. In 1918, these taxes increased to $443,000,000,[1] and in 1919, to the peak point of internal revenue from liquor — $483,000,000.[2] This is the first point at which we can definitely ascertain the loss of Federal revenue due to prohibition. Collections in the fiscal year 1920 (which saw several months of so-called war-time prohibition, followed by national prohibition on January 16) dropped from $483,000,000 to $139,800,000. In 1921 collections dropped to $82,000,000. The figures for 1920 and 1921 also include the revenue from non-beverage spirits. Thus in less than two years of national prohibition, the Federal government was deprived of the larger part of a billion dollars of revenue as a result of national prohibition.

The government's loss of revenue, however, does not stop here. At the same time that these enormous internal taxes were being collected upon intoxicants, the breweries and distilleries were operating as successful businesses. That they were prolific sources of Federal income-tax revenues, is demonstrated by the Treasury Department's analysis of income-tax payments for the calendar year 1918. In that year a total of 657 establishments of this nature paid income and excess-profits taxes amounting to more than $15,000,000.

It is important to refer, in this connection, to the success attained by many of the corporations engaged in the manufacture of intoxicants, in transforming their plants to legitimate uses with the advent of prohibition. The story is one of remarkable resourcefulness. The brewers developed numerous non-intoxicating beverages which were manufactured at a profit. Distilleries increased their production of industrial alcohol. Many of these establishments are to-day manufacturing glucose, or other food-products, and many others are serving as cold-storage plants. As a class, they have done much toward vindicating the predictions of the prohibitionists that the capital invested in the liquor industry would not

[1] Including $26,300,000 assessed against non-beverage spirits.

[2] This figure includes $63,900,000 assessed against non-beverage spirits.

be lost as a result of prohibition; no doubt they pay a considerable volume of income taxes.

It is not in regard to this phase of prohibition's effect upon the liquor industry, however, that we must make our assessment. Rather, we must turn to its effect on tax-evasion. No industry in the country was more closely scrutinized by the Federal government than was the liquor industry. This scrutiny had a decided moral effect. We can safely say that the manufacturers of intoxicants, as a class, paid their full quota of income taxes, as we can safely assume that the companies that have been transformed to legitimate uses continue to contribute importantly to the Federal Treasury. The fact remains, however, that the liquor industry has not been destroyed by prohibition: it has changed hands. The 987 manufacturers who made income-tax returns in 1918 have been replaced by bootlegging manufacturers. The 71,000 payers of direct and occupational taxes in 1918 have been replaced by an army of smugglers and illicit venders of intoxicants. Thus we have extensive and profitable returns to men engaged in an outlawed occupation. Tax-evasion is not the exception, but the rule, among them, for it is dictated by the necessity of concealing the source of their income.

The losses of the Federal government have been extensive also in the field of customs revenues. In the years 1916, 1917, and 1918, the government collected a total of more than $33,000,000 in import duties on wines and distilled spirits — an annual average of more than $11,000,000. In 1919 and 1920, the average has been a little greater than $1,000,000; and, presumably, when the time comes that prohibition is rigidly enforced, there will be an even greater curtailment.

Forecasting an increased consumption of soft, or non-alcoholic, beverages as a result of prohibition, the Federal government prepared to levy larger taxes upon the manufacture and sale of these products. The government succeeded in 1920 in collecting $57,000,000 from this source, this being presumably as heavy an exaction as the traffic would bear. It is clear, therefore, that the soft-drink industry has proved an inadequate substitute for the liquor industry as a source of Federal revenue.

The taxation problem of the states growing out of prohibition is likewise a considerable one. Despite the expansion of state-wide prohibition prior to the year 1919, many of the larger states were collecting large annual revenues from liquors. New York collected nearly $5,000,000 in 1919; Missouri, $2,000,000; Kentucky, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, more than $1,000,000 each; and state revenues from this source throughout the Union amounted to $14,000,000. This was a very substantial proportion of the total of state revenues — $527,000,000. In addition, certain departments of states concerned with the regulation of the liquor traffic collected $74,000 in the form of fees. The cities have traditionally relied upon the liquor business for a considerable proportion of their revenues. The 69 leading cities collected $35,000,000 from this source in 1918, and $32,000,000 in 1919. New York and Chicago collected $8,000,000 and $4,000,000, respectively, in the latter year.

II

We come now to the expenditure of the Federal, state, and municipal governments for the enforcement of prohibition. It will be recalled that the Eighteenth Amendment makes prohibition enforcement a concurrent obligation of the states and of the Federal government.

Recognizing the traditionally close relationship between the Bureau of Internal Revenue at Washington and the liquor business, the Federal government decided to place the duties of Federal enforcement in the hands of this Bureau. The first six months of enforcing national prohibition, which fell in the fiscal year 1920, cost the Federal government $2,000,000. Expenditures in the fiscal year 1921 (including a comparatively small sum for enforcing the Harrison Narcotic Act and the Child-Labor Act) reached $7,100,000. The appropriation for 1922 (likewise including the enforcement of the Harrison Narcotic Act and the Child-Labor Act) was $7,500,000. Thus the total enforcement expenditure on the part of the Federal government will be slightly in excess of $16,000,000 at the end of the present fiscal year. There are partial offsets to these expenditures, however, in the form of receipts under the national prohibition act, and of fines, forfeitures, and so forth, obtained by the Department of Justice, which already have exceeded $5,000,000.

It is relevant in this connection to make a proper note of the mounting costs of administration of the Bureau of Internal Revenue. Upon this Bureau devolve the two major tasks — prohibition enforcement and income-tax administration. The total cost of administration of the Bureau was approximately $20,000,000 in 1919. This total increased to $29,000,000 in 1920, and to $40,000,000 in 1921; and the appropriation for the present fiscal year is $42,000,000. While the reports of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue ascribe only a fraction of these increases to the cost of prohibition enforcement, it is clear, beyond question, that a considerable additional part of the increased cost of administration represents the indirect toll levied by prohibition upon the Federal Treasury. This indirect toll is in the form of the higher costs of collecting the taxes which have been substituted for the liquor taxes. It is a notorious fact that the income tax is costly of collection as compared with the internal-revenue taxes on liquor.

The states have not all been of one mind in assuming the duties of prohibition enforcement. Some of them have been slow, indeed, in taking adequate measures to supplement the activities of the Federal government. In the fiscal year 1919, prior to the effective date of national prohibition, — we must remember that many states had prohibition laws before national prohibition went into effect, — the states spent $1,664,000 for the support of their police organizations, and $373,000 for the regulation of the liquor traffic. Just how much prohibition enforcement has added to state budgets, their bookkeeping systems do not permit us to say. The State of North Carolina, for instance, does not segregate prohibition expenditures, but includes them in general appropriations for law and order. The State of Ohio created a Prohibition Department under the Crabbe Act and the Miller Act, and appropriates $106,000 annually for its maintenance, $56,000 of which goes for salaries, $30,000 for traveling expenses, and $10,000 for the purchase of drinks in securing evidence. Each state must evolve its own statutory method of enforcement, and must decide how much enforcement should cost. The total of state expenditures to date is probably well under $5,000,000.

Considerable offsets to enforcement expenditures have been found in the fines and penalties assessed for violation of the state laws. A lively activity in obtaining these offsets is indicated in the following letter from the State Prohibition Commissioner of Ohio: —

There has already been paid into the State of Ohio approximately $300,000, as the

state's share of fines in liquor cases, and an equal amount into the city, township, or county where the cases were filed. Many cities have ordinances under which they do their prosecuting and which keep all the fines in their own treasuries. There are also a great many thousands of dollars collected that have not as yet been turned into the State Treasurer but which will be turned in at proper settlement times. We have also placed the liquor tax, and a penalty of $200 in each, against about one hundred and sixty (160) liquor-law violators; so that you will see that in Ohio the collections have already amounted to probably more than five times the expense. This department has been in existence since the first day of March, 1921, and the Crabbe Act since November 4, 1920. We believe that, as soon as we secure proper coöperation from all local officials, our liquor laws should produce a revenue of $1,000,000 or more per year; and while this law is principally to enforce the Constitutional Amendment, it at the same time is one of the best revenue-producing laws we have. In seven months, this department has made considerable change in the liquor situation in Ohio. The lines are gradually being tightened, and it is not as easy to purchase liquor here as it was the first of March. Dealers are not now selling openly or to strangers, and we feel that, as soon as the Federal government gets control of the output of alcohol and liquor from bonded warehouses, and sees that such liquor goes only to legitimate trade, we will be able to bring the liquor-law violations in Ohio down to the level of other misdemeanors. It is only a question of local authorities, state authorities, and Federal authorities properly using the tools given them by the legislature.

The most important battles of prohibition enforcement are being won and lost in the cities. The cities were the last strongholds to repel the prohibition advocates, and it is among their population that violations of the law most abound. Police departmental appropriations reflect municipal-enforcement costs. The total of such appropriations in the 69 leading cities, in 1918, was $75,000,000. In 1919, this total increased approximately $6,000,000, or less than 10 per cent. At the same time, the total governmental costs of these 69 cities increased from $690,000,000 to $753,000,000; so it will be seen that the increased appropriations for police departments no more than kept pace with the mounting costs of municipal government.

The figures for the two years preceding national prohibition are given here, to provide a proper indication of the tendency of departmental costs. While the totals for the 69 cities are not yet available for the fiscal years 1920 and 1921, it is possible to obtain from such leading cities as New York, a trustworthy basis of opinion as to the effect of attempted enforcement upon municipal expense. The police appropriation in the City of New York was $17,900,000 in 1918. It increased to $18,100,000 in 1919. In 1920, — the first year of national prohibition, — the New York police appropriation increased to $24,500,000. This appropriation reached $30,000,000 in 1921, and stands at $30,372,000 in the proposed municipal budget of 1922. Thus it will be seen that a sharp and continuing rise in police appropriations has taken place in New York City, concurrently with the city's efforts with reference to prohibition. The jump from 1919 to 1922 has been more than $12,000,000, an increase of approximately 66 per cent. If this rate proves to have been maintained in the 69 leading cities, we shall find an increase of municipal policing-costs already exceeding $50,000,000 — a sum greater than the enforcement expenditure of the Federal government thus far.

It is held that the cost of municipal enforcement, at least so far as New York City is concerned, has made itself evident, not only in increased police appropriations, but in the sacrifice of ef-

fective service in other phases of police activity. A presentment handed up to Supreme Court Justice O'Malley by the Grand Jury of Bronx County, New York, in September, 1921, attributed startling effects to the New York State prohibition law.

The members of this Grand Jury [said the presentment] are unable to understand why the Federal government, which inaugurated prohibition, has practically ceased to enforce it. The special squads employed by the Federal government to do this work only have abandoned their duties in the City of New York. By doing so, they have turned over to an already overworked police department this unpleasant and unpopular duty. Instead of spending its energy in the prevention and detection of crimes, in the regulation of traffic, and the enforcement of other laws, which mean so much for the life and welfare of our five million people, great numbers of the uniformed force have been taken away from important and much needed police activities, and have been assigned to the work of visiting saloons and searching for citizens carrying liquor upon their persons. We deplore the necessity for the assignment of trained police officers to this wasteful work.

There are, no doubt, considerable offsets to municipal enforcement-expenditures in many cities, due to fines and penalties. It would be mere guesswork to attempt an estimate of them at this time.

We find the cost of prohibition enforcement reflected, not only in actual appropriations by the Federal, state, and municipal governments, but in the condition of the courts. Congestion of the Federal courts reached such a point in the spring and summer of 1921, that the Attorney-General appointed a special commission to investigate and suggest a remedy. That commission in its report attributed no small part of the congestion to the attempted enforcement of national prohibition. Said the commission: —

The congestion existing in the United States District Courts, due, not only to our country's normal growth in population and business, but also to the increase of business caused by the war, the subsequent depression and readjustment, the increased activities of the Federal government, as evidenced by statutes enacted under the power of Congress to regulate interstate commerce, the recent internal-revenue laws, including the income-tax and excess-profits laws, and especially to the national prohibition act, presents an exigency which demands immediate relief. . . . The facts now before us warrant the assertion that the pending cases at the close of the past month (June, 1921) exceed 140,000. Although the increase over the preceding year is mainly due to cases arising under the bankruptcy and prohibition acts, it is noteworthy that there has also been a decided gain in civil jury and equity cases, cases whose disposal requires relatively more time and exacts greater consideration than cases of any other kind. If their disposal is to be prompt and speedy, criminal cases must be held in abeyance. If, as is usually done, criminal cases are given precedence, civil cases, to the great injury of the business world, will remain untried.

The numerical extent of the congestion of the Federal courts is revealed by the following statement in the report of Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, Assistant Attorney-General, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1921: —

The period covered by this report is the first complete fiscal year in which the national prohibition act has been in effect. The year has seen a tremendous growth in cases coming to the courts, the greatest increase probably being caused by violations of the liquor laws, and the inability of the courts to handle cases promptly is materially interfering with adequate law-enforcement. One of the most serious results of delay in the disposition of pending suits is the burden imposed upon the United States marshals in protecting liquors and property seized as evidence, or held pending its libel under the Volstead Act. The cost of storage alone has grown in some districts to figures which

cause much concern. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1921, there were 29,114 criminal and 1898 civil prosecutions commenced under the national prohibition act in the various district courts. Twenty-one thousand, two hundred and ninety-seven criminal cases and 622 civil cases have been terminated during that period. In the criminal cases, 17,962 convictions were secured, and there were 765 acquittals. Three hundred and ninety-one cases were dismissed on motion or demurrer, and 2179 were discontinued. The aggregate amount of fines and penalties imposed was $3,360,-298. In civil cases the aggregate amount of judgments obtained by the United States was $64,735. There are 10,365 criminal prosecutions pending at the close of the year.

A great many cases that logically involve similar violations have been brought under the internal-revenue laws and the customs statutes, the defendants being charged usually with violations of the revenue or customs laws and the national prohibition act, in the same indictment or information. The figures set out above cover national prohibition act cases only.

The total number of criminal prosecutions under the Internal Revenue Bureau, including illicit distilling cases not included in the above summary, was 6024. There have been 4153 convictions and $1,012,000 of fines and forfeitures collected.

In commenting upon this situation, Attorney-General Daugherty observes: —

> It is no uncommon thing for a district court docket to be from six months to two years in arrears. This, of course, means loss of evidence, death of witnesses, defeat of justice, and expense to the taxpayers. Many criminal cases can never be tried. *Large business interests lose heavily through delay.*

The point of view of the Department of Justice, in recommending the creation of additional district judgeships to relieve the congestion, was upheld by Chief Justice Taft, who appeared before the Senate Committee on the Judiciary to urge favorable action on a bill establishing eighteen new judgeships. The Chief Justice predicted that prohibition-law violations will increase before they begin to abate; and believes that prohibition violations have increased the business of the Federal courts about 8 per cent. A similar increase in the business of the states and of the 69 leading cities, reflected in a proportionate increase of their judiciary budgets, would mean an increased expenditure of more than $3,000,000.

III

Pursuing the economic aspects of prohibition, we encounter a number of topics, in addition to taxation and government expenditures associated, like them, with most urgent public problems. We have seen that Mr. Vanderlip did not hesitate to characterize prohibition as a great factor in material prosperity. The Anti-Saloon League *Year Book* for 1920, taking up conditions in New York State as influenced by prohibition, gave prominence to the following assertion: 'Business and industrial conditions are better, and real-estate prices, both sale and rental, were never higher.' As was natural, prohibitionists were prepared to take credit to themselves for prosperity, if the country had maintained a prosperous condition in the first few years of prohibition. However, regardless of the prohibitionists, who may have been willing to accept credit for prosperity, it would be an obvious fallacy to put prohibition forward as a major cause of the business depression which has recently visited the United States. The common-sense conclusion is that prohibition is at most but a contributing cause to either prosperity or depression.

Prohibition and unemployment is another economic topic which we should be drawn into if we sought to follow out the lines of thought developed in the

prohibition propaganda. Recently, the unemployment commission of the City of St. Louis considered a resolution introduced by a representative of the Building Trades Council, urging repeal of the prohibition law as a source of relief for the unemployment situation.

> There is at hand [said the resolution] a simple, effective, permanent and popular remedy to relieve the present unfortunate conditions, and bring prosperity and contentment to the workers, farmers, and therefore the citizens generally. The reopening of the breweries in St. Louis would mean the immediate employment in this community of no less than 10,000 persons in the brewery and allied industries. The employment of these men, through the exchange of their earnings, would stimulate business generally, so that, in the aggregate, the restoration of beers and light wines in St. Louis would support at least 50,000 properly cared-for and satisfied men, women, and children. The men in the brewery and allied industries have suffered much. They had no opportunity of earning war-time wages. Many lost their positions shortly after the enactment of the prohibition law, thus at this time aggravating the crisis by swelling the present number of unemployed.

One economic fact concerning prohibition stands out in relief: that is the continued exportation of capital for intoxicants. In days when the debate concerning the country's policy was at its height, much was said about the large expenditures for liquors of foreign manufacture; prohibition would divert these funds to the enrichment of domestic manufacturers of legitimate luxuries and necessities of life. But, despite prohibition, this exportation of capital goes on at a great rate. We imported $5,000,000 of liquors through our own customs houses in the last fiscal year.

Smuggling operations across the Canadian border are large, indeed. 'We are as a people,' says the *Globe* of Toronto, Canada, 'smuggling, or conniving at smuggling, a million gallons a year or more of whiskey, on which Canada collects duty before it finds its way into our neighbor's backyard.' Canada's own imports of distilled and fermented liquors, according to the same authority, have increased from less than $2,000,000 in 1919, to more than $34,000,000 in 1921.

In seeking to summarize the data included in this article, we naturally reject any thought of including such items as state-enforcement expenditures, state and city collections from fines, forfeitures, and levies, on which complete information is not available. We do realize, however, that in 1921, the Federal, state, and city governments were deprived of approximately $472,000,000 of revenue derived from liquor levies; and that an expenditure hardly less than $25,000,000, but possibly much larger, was made for inadequate enforcement. If we deduct $65,000,000, to cover soft-drink taxes and Federal fines and seizures, and still refuse to consider debatable and uncertain items which might unfairly augment our total, we have a minimum prohibition cost exceeding $400,000,000 to put alongside the economic gains which may be attributed to the movement — a sum greater perhaps than the taxpayers will be saved in a year by the Hughes limitation-of-armaments proposal.

One reason why generalizing is more restrained than it otherwise would be is the fact that the statutes bearing on the Constitutional Amendment have not been enforced. What will be the course of opinion if, and when, prohibition is really enforced? There can be no question that the expense involved will be infinitely heavier than now.

In the meantime, we are making large expenditures and enduring even larger sacrifices of revenues, as well as the depressing effect of substitute taxes. Of that there is no possible doubt.

THE PORTENT OF STINNES

BY JOHN MEZ

THE transition from monarchy to democracy in Germany has been marked by a phenomenon peculiar to the birth of most democracies: the rise into power of a financial aristocracy which gradually replaces the old hereditary nobility. This new feudalism is of particular import, because it ascends while the people as a whole believe that *they* have assumed control of their destiny; whereas, in fact, they merely retain nominal power, while the real power gradually passes into the hands of a small number of financiers. The nobility of the past had always remained subservient to the State, or to the dynasty which was above it and whose interests it served primarily. But plutocracy has nobody above it; it controls and uses the State for the furtherance of its own interests; the State is merely its instrument, the playground for its growth and development. It is perhaps one of the greatest tragedies of the war that the masses of defeated Germany, after having freed themselves politically, should now have come under the economic control of a few men like Stinnes. Nor could a stranger paradox be conceived than this — one man emerging from a vanquished country as the world's greatest war-profiteer and thus named 'the man for whom the war has been fought.'

'Never have such power, capital, boldness and enterprise been concentrated in one German. To the Socialist he is a Satan who desires to "Stinnesize" the whole nation; to the Pan-German he is a Messiah, sent to avenge and save Germany.' This is what Maximilian Harden wrote of Stinnes. A French paper called him the 'new Rockefeller of Germany'; others describe him as the 'Bismarck of the new régime'; 'Germany's new business Kaiser'; the 'man who grabs everything in sight'; the 'wealthiest, most influential, best-known, and at the same time least-known, man in Germany,' or 'the man who controls Germany's destiny.'

Hermann Brinckmeyer, in his admirable little study, *Hugo Stinnes*,[1] describes Stinnes as follows: 'He has the appearance of a worker and could go about in the clothes of a foreman or a miner without attracting attention. His thick head is set upon a stocky trunk; his black hair is cut close; the face is pale and expansive; the beard is black as coal; the nose is curved, and the eyes are heavily underlined. His external appearance is devoid of pose; he seems heavy and solid. Clothes, habits, and bearing denote a man of simple tastes.'

Stinnes was fifty-two years old in February last: he was born at Mülheim on the Ruhr on February 22, 1870. His black beard and curved nose give him a Semitic appearance although he is of pure Protestant stock: his mother, born Coupienne, was a descendant of the French Huguenots. He owes all his wealth and power to his untiring work and unceasing energy — an irresistible impulse to do creative work. He is very distinct from the usual type of Euro-

[1] Published by B. W. Huebsch, Inc., New York, 1921.

pean war-profiteers who may be found idling around luxurious resorts with heavy fur coats and diamond rings, or in elegant automobiles. Stinnes is an unassuming business man; he is never idle. I saw him early in November, on the night-express from Berlin to Cologne, when he went to London. He looked tired and worn out. The vast number of enterprises which he controls, from coal-mines to steamship companies, steel-mills, electrical factories, hotels, newspapers, banks, and airship lines absorb all his energy. So universal is his influence in the economic life of Germany that it would be hardly possible to spend a single day in that country without paying him tribute indirectly: either by picking up a newspaper, or by booking a room in a hotel, or by using a street-car, or by lighting an electric lamp, or by cashing a check — somewhere Stinnes will be found behind the transaction.

The Growth of Stinnes

Unlike other trust magnates, Hugo Stinnes is not altogether a self-made man. At the age of twenty he inherited from his father what was considered at that time a substantial fortune, with large interests in the coal-mining and shipping industry of the Rhine. The Stinnes family had been engaged in the coal and shipping trade for nearly a century. Its history goes back to the year 1808, when old Mathias Stinnes made himself independent as a coal dealer in the Ruhr district. It was Mathias Stinnes who made the Rhine navigable. In 1810 he bought the first coal barge on the Rhine, and in 1817 he opened the first shipping-line from Cologne to Rotterdam with a regular service of nine ships. Throughout the century the famous Stinnes boats carried coal up the Rhine and brought back grain, wine, vegetables, and iron ores.

In 1843 the first steamer, Mathias Stinnes I, plied up the Rhine; in 1845 old Stinnes died, leaving his transportation enterprises to his sons who developed the firm until the present Hugo Stinnes inherited the business. In 1848 Mathias Stinnes, Jr., founded the Mathias Stinnes Trading Corporation at Mülheim on the Ruhr, comprising a fleet of sixty barges and warehouses in Coblenz, Mainz, Mannheim, together with four iron mines and the majority stock-control of thirty-eight other mines.

The first step toward consolidation of the coal business was the foundation of the famous Rhine-Westphalia Coal Syndicate by Hugo Stinnes in 1893. This controlled a large portion of the distribution of the coal of the Ruhr district. In 1903 the Rhine Coal and Shipping Company, commonly known as the 'Coal Bureau,' was founded to regulate the prices and the distribution of the precious fuel. Simultaneously, Stinnes developed interests in the steel and iron trade, in mining and foundry companies to which he added electrical combines and power, gas, and water utilities of the Ruhr basin. Later, he acquired cellulose factories and paper mills; a whole chain of hotels and amusement resorts in Berlin, Hamburg, and on the Baltic; a big automobile factory; the bulk of stock of the Nord-Deutscher-Lloyd steamship company, Bremen; various steamship-lines and warehouses in Hamburg; air-route lines in Germany and Scandinavia; the Danube navigation in Hungary and Rumania. He is financially interested in the Austrian Daimler factory and the famous Skoda Works and owns the Elbe-Mühle paper mills.

In Austria, Stinnes has recently acquired the richest ore deposits of the European continent; he has branch houses in many European ports; he owns a fleet of ocean-going vessels and

has recently entered the field of South America. In Argentine he founded the Sociedad Anonima Hugo Stinnes which controls oil, farmlands, lumber-cutting enterprises, warehouses, and an import organization connected with the Stinnes steamship lines. It is rumored that he plans to inaugurate local steamship lines along the Parana River for the development of the Chaco region, a new and undeveloped virgin country. His interest in South America is partly explained through the fact that his wife was born at Montevideo, Uruguay, as was his first daughter.

Thus the Stinnes Trust is easily the biggest and most universal commercial enterprise of Germany, if not of the world. That Stinnes also plays a leading rôle in German politics is almost inevitable, as we shall see; but there is serious danger that he may use his influence to promote his own interests. Thus the Social-Democratic *Vorwärts* recently launched a fierce personal attack on Stinnes, saying: 'When Stinnes returned from London, he had nothing to say either about the purpose or the success of his trip. To-day it is known from an absolutely reliable source that Stinnes's task in London was to put over the denationalization of the German state railroads and their barter to an English banking syndicate, in return for a gold loan in connection with the revision of reparations. His London trip was a failure in both respects. The English Government showed Stinnes the cold shoulder and the Anglo-Russian Asiatic Company in which Stinnes sought to obtain an interest, would have nothing to do with him. Instead, the business which Stinnes wanted was done by Krupp in connection with the Berlin banking house of Mendelssohn, who secured a large block of stock of the Anglo-Russian Asiatic Company.'

A report from the London correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, published on February 1, confirms the above story. It appears that Stinnes took the British Government by surprise with his proposals: pleading patriotic motives and referring to the financial troubles of Germany, he asked for a loan of 500 million gold marks which he would offer to the German Government. By securing this credit, he hoped to get under his control the German State Railroads and administration, which he proposed to mortgage to the British Government, without however possessing the slightest official authorization to do this. Simultaneously he submitted some gigantic schemes for the reconstruction and development of Eastern and Southeastern Europe. The British Government received these proposals ironically and with indignation and found it opportune to make an official declaration that it had not invited Stinnes to come to London. Naturally this disclosure of Stinnes's unscrupulous willingness to exploit Germany's sad condition created an immense sensation!

It is very likely, however, that Stinnes is held in high esteem by Lloyd George and other personages of the English financial and industrial world, and that there exists a secret understanding between the English Government and Stinnes concerning Russia, which led the Independent Socialist leader, Herr Dittman, to demand an investigation of Stinnes's activities in this connection by the Reichstag. Before the war, the German state railroads were estimated to be worth twenty-five billion gold marks. Should Stinnes succeed with his offer to the German Government to make a gold loan for reparations, and have the whole railroad system mortgaged to him, this would be a financial *coup* of tremendous consequences to the German nation. Thus far, the unions of the railroad workers seem to have suc-

ceeded in preventing Stinnes from carrying out his intended seizure of the German nation's last and most valuable asset.

The Vertical Trust

The word Stinnes is more than a name — it embodies an idea, it stands for a new principle, a 'concept of marvelous strength like an edifice of steel,' the culmination of capitalist concentration and a symbol of the modern power of organization. The 'Vertical Trust' of Stinnes is a new and unique phenomenon in the industrial world of the twentieth century. It is a 'monster trust of trusts.' Stinnes belongs to more than fifty different boards of directors; he controls 700,000 workers; his combines swallow up one enterprise after another. The development of the Stinnes Trust is an immense capitalist drama; it has been compared to a vast spider which spins its web wider and wider 'over the utmost stretches of fields, forests, mountains, and valleys of Germany.'

A trust is generally defined as a 'corporation engaged in manufacturing, possessing sufficient power to fix prices for its products, in part at least, on the principle of monopoly.' American trusts, like the Standard Oil or Harvester Trust, chiefly sought to unite different branches of the *same* line of production and thus to monopolize one particular field of industry by the elimination of competition and the crushing of the smaller dealer and consumer. Brinckmeyer describes a vertical trust as a complete and self-contained consolidation of all the successive stages of manufacture, from the production of raw material to the final distribution of the finished article. It is an industrial cycle, completely protected at both ends, with every source of supply and every stage of production in the same hands. If the Standard Oil Company acquired coal- and iron-mines to manufacture its own supply of oil machinery, tanks, and pipes, controlled its own railroads to handle its tank-cars, and built its own tankers in its own shipyards, besides controlling the automobile industry in order to find a market for its gasoline, it would approximate the German idea of a vertical trust. But, fortunately, there is a law in the United States which forbids at least the formation of such trusts as these.

The Vertical Trust is not chiefly concerned with creating a monopoly through exclusion or absorption of other industries. On the contrary, it welcomes competition. Its chief aim is to organize and cheapen production on a rational basis by eliminating waste and utilizing by-products as far as possible; it merely implies the economic sequence of all phases of production, from raw materials to semi-manufactured and finished products, including the transport and distribution of the latter under one single management.

Thus the basis of the Vertical Trust is the possession of its own raw materials like coal, iron-ore, limestone, lumber and so forth, and the building-up of the industry around the sources of raw material. Once fuel is assured, the entire process of manufacture can be built up on this foundation. Expenses are greatly reduced, middlemen are avoided, and unnecessary transportation is eliminated.

The complete chain of the basic or 'key' industries enables the Trust to manufacture such intermediary products as iron and steel of every grade, railroad material, wires, tin, tubing, forgings, rails, coke, lime, gas, machines, screws, bridge materials, cranes, cables, passenger-, freight-, and street-cars, locomotives, buildings, wharves, and steamships. The specialized products include electrical machinery, porcelain, glass, paper. The possession of

paper mills led Stinnes to the acquisition of numerous newspapers, publishing and printing firms, which, again, have enabled him to control a large part of his own advertising, to exercise a strong political influence and particularly to control public opinion and labor successfully. The possession of ships owned by the Trust led to the development of a huge transportation and export business and the establishment of branch houses in foreign countries, as Italy, Spain, Scandinavia, South America, Dutch East Indies, Russia, Hungary, and Rumania.

The characteristics of the Vertical Trust are: decentralization of production, the independence of the individual enterprises, and a complete adaptation of the single stages of production to each other. Another important and interesting feature of the Vertical Trust is explained by the highly specialized character of German industry which necessitates the rigid control of patent rights, inventions, and technical processes; these are guarded within the Trust as the most cherished secrets upon which its preponderance in a given line largely depends.

It would be too exhaustive to give a complete history of the Stinnes Trust. For it would have to include, for example, all the individual enterprises, like the German Luxembourg Mining and Smelting Company, the Gelsenkirchen Mining Company, the Rhine-Elbe Union, and the Siemens-Schukert Electrical Company, all of which have entered the Trust.

The charter of the Hugo Stinnes Transportation and Overseas Trading Company in the commercial register of Hamburg shows how tremendous has become the scope of Stinnes's business enterprises. The company is licensed to engage in the following activities: 'Transportation of every kind; to build and manufacture all shipping accessories, whether at home or abroad; to deal in the products of the mining, smelting, and metal industries, the chemical and electrical industry, and agriculture; to market articles of every stage of manufacture, also raw materials of all kinds, especially provisions and cattle products, mineral, animal, and vegetable oils, cotton and other textiles in the unfinished state, hides, jute, wood, cellulose, paper, and all products of the intermediate industries; to engage in the reshipping and storage of all these products, especially during their transmission from or to foreign countries. The company is also licensed to undertake the extraction, manufacture, and construction of every form of raw materials and manufactured articles in its own establishments.'

This list shows what Stinnes stands for in the economic life of Germany, and yet it comprises only a branch of his business. Two factors should be mentioned which have helped Stinnes to increase his power so immensely in the recent past. One is the depreciation of the German currency. This enables the employer to pay out continuously low wages to his workers on a fixed wage-scale which does not respond quickly to the changed money-value; while the prices of the finished products adapt themselves more readily to the world-markets. This allows a large margin of profit to all industrials, and accounts to a considerable extent for the paper-money prosperity in the industries of Germany. The other factor is of a legal nature. There is a provision in German law according to which the holders of certain classes of preferred stocks may exercise a multiplied voting power. This enables industrial leaders to maintain a complete control of certain industrial enterprises, even though they may own but a small amount of stock.

It is interesting to note that Stinnes

never tries to own his industrial enterprises all by himself; he always aims to get others to share in the responsibility. In order to secure an intimate relationship between producer and consumer, he has established joint ownership among cities, communities, and private capital. In and around the city of Essen he already controls nearly all the iron, steel, gas, electricity, and water utilities; there the Vertical Trust is a reality.

Stinnes's Control of Newspapers

During the revolutionary uprisings which took place in Germany following the Armistice in 1918, one of the most significant facts was that the wrath of the populace did not turn against banks, the wealthy people, or militarists, but chiefly against the press. Both in Berlin and Munich, the big newspaper buildings were the first to be stormed and occupied by the masses, who destroyed the printing machines and the types; for they felt instinctively that the press was the chief agency which had misled them during the war, and, at the same time, was the stronghold of the big interests which control public opinion, politics, and the destiny of the nation. The people failed, however, to gain permanent control over their press; again it was Stinnes who stepped in and bought a large number of newspapers, not only in Germany, but also in Austria, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary.

He first acquired the well-known semi-official *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, a government paper of high standing but small circulation, which, since the Armistice, would have ceased to exist but for his financial support. To this he added the following Berlin papers: *Die Post*, *Deutsche Tageszeitung*, *Deutsche Zeitung*, and the famous conservative daily, *Tägliche Rundschau*, edited by Count Reventlow. In Bavaria, Stinnes is said to own the influential Munich daily, *Münchener Neueste Nachrichten*, the *München-Augsburger Abendzeitung*, humorous weeklies like the *Simplizissimus* and *Jugend*, and hosts of other papers.

His influence in Bavaria is evinced by the fact that this country, which before the war was quite democratic, has now become the stronghold of monarchism and reaction. The illustrated comic weeklies which formerly attacked reaction, clericalism, and militarism, now ridicule Germany's democratic Constitution, the Wirth Government, or Socialism, in addition to carrying on the nationalist propaganda of hatred and revenge, in common with all Stinnes papers. In the Hungarian capital, Budapest, he owns nearly all morning and evening papers. In Vienna he owns the *Allgemeine Zeitung* and *Der Neue Tag*, two dailies with a big circulation.

In addition to the sixty or more papers owned by him, Stinnes also influences scores of others by supplying them with news from his recently acquired telegraph agencies, the Rammert Agency and the Telegraphen Union. He also owns extensive forests in Eastern Prussia which supply his paper- and pulp-factories with wood and cellulose for the manufacture of printing paper. The Hugo Stinnes Book and Cellulose Company has been formed by the amalgamation of the large Büchsenstein Printing Company and the North-German Book-Binding and Publishing Company.

Whether this extensive acquisition of newspapers in Central Europe was originally intended chiefly as a money-making proposition and merely an incidental part of his gigantic trust scheme, or whether Stinnes desired to exercise political control and to create a public opinion favorable to his aims, is a matter of conjecture. The fact remains, of course, that the Stinnes press *is* a most

influential political instrument in the hands of its owner. All its weight is thrown into the support of the parties of the Right, the monarchist and nationalist elements, the interests of high finance, industry, and aristocracy as against the masses and the workers. The Stinnes papers are widely read by the intellectual classes, the middle-class bourgeoisie, college students, and millions of others whom tradition or thoughtlessness makes indifferent to what they read.

In October 1921, for example, in the last municipal elections in Berlin, it was chiefly the Stinnes press that caused the Socialists and Democrats to loose 100,000 votes to the parties of the Right. Similarly, the Stinnes papers are fiercely opposed to the Republican form of government and to such men as the Chancellor, Dr. Wirth, the Foreign Minister, Dr. Rathenau, and others who represent the new spirit of a democratic and peaceful Germany. Through his dominating influence over public opinion Stinnes will unquestionably become one of the most important figures in the future political life of Europe. His unique position affords him immense potentialities.

Like Lord Northcliffe, or W. R. Hearst, Stinnes has already used his control of the press to promote his personal political ambitions. He has become a member of the Reichstag, and in one way or another takes part in most of the important political decisions of the German Government.

Stinnes in Politics

It was early in the war that Stinnes entered the political field. During the occupation of Belgium and Northern France, he was frequently called to the General Headquarters as an economic adviser. His advice was in support of the policy of stripping Belgium of her factories, machinery, and raw materials. Stinnes was responsible also for the deportation of Belgian workers to be used to increase the output of munitions in Germany. And it was the hand of Stinnes that demolished the factories and the coal-mines of Northern France.

After the Armistice, when France had imposed tremendous demands of coal-delivery on Germany, Stinnes was again called upon for his advice, and summoned to Spa to testify as an expert. He insisted on the impossibility of an annual delivery of forty million tons of coal by Germany, and worked for a refusal of the Allies' demand. In its place, he suggested a coöperation between France and Germany, and pointed out the advantages of such a course. His speech attracted wide attention; but he failed to impress politicians like Briand and Lloyd George with his proposal for a practical solution; for, so far as the French delegate was concerned, the coal-question was 'no longer an economic issue, but a political one.' Germany was finally compelled to accept France's demands.

Stinnes's failure at Spa was sharply assailed by the German press on the ground that he had tried chiefly to safeguard his own interests and profits; that he would even have betrayed his country and welcomed the French occupation of the Ruhr district in order to prevent the socialization of German industry which was imminent at that time. His attempt to establish a community of interest with French coal- and iron-magnates was considered as aimed against the interests of German labor. Stinnes answered his critics cleverly, pointing out that he had merely tried to save the mining unions 'from having to do a great amount of overtime work' and to 'prevent unemployment in other industries.'

After the Revolution, Stinnes became a member of the State Economic

Council (*Reichswirtschaftsrat*) in which capacity he was instrumental in defeating the socialization of German industries and mines — an idea which was very popular in Germany, and is made a provision in the democratic Constitution.

To a man like Stinnes the proposed socialization of industry offered no insurmountable obstacle. To him, socialization simply meant participation and joint responsibility of labor. In the memorandum worked out at Essen, he suggested vertical consolidations of industry as a substitute for, or complement of, socialization, because, as he alleged, the great economic concentration and the cheapening of production within the Trust would comply with the principal demands of the Socialists. To Stinnes, trusts and socialization 'run parallel and need not intersect each other.' 'As regards the forms of collectivism, you must always adapt yourself to previous experiences; under no circumstances must you underestimate the importance of the individual.' It was with such phrases as these that Stinnes succeeded in sabotaging and sidetracking the proposed schemes of socialization. In fact, he once openly stated: If I have adopted advanced social theories, I have not forgotten myself in doing so.

So successful has Stinnes been in his dealings with Labor that there are even many Socialists who support the system which he has created. The French Socialist paper, *Le Peuple*, claims that he has cheapened production and set an example to French industry. The German Socialistic *Vorwärts* thinks that Stinnes is accomplishing the 'inevitable Marxian process of concentration of capital which will make industry ripe to be taken over by the community'; and there are quite a few Socialists who view Stinnes 'as a necessary product of evolution and a pathfinder for the State of the future (the *Zukunftstaat*)' who converts capitalism 'into the cocoon stage from which the finished butterfly of socialistic collectivism will some day emerge'!

At present, Stinnes is the acknowledged leader of the Deutsche Volkspartei which he finances. He does not appear in public in person, but he is unquestionably the most powerful influence behind the screen. It is an impressive thing to note how, to-day, economic leaders shape the politics of a country, whereas, in the past, economic life was largely shaped by the politicians. It is true that Stinnes has not been able so far to substitute monarchism for democracy in Germany, but he certainly uses his influence in the direction of undermining the faith in the democratic Constitution and in discrediting the democratic government.

A typical illustration of Stinnes's hostile attitude toward democracy is the fact that he has given three of his ocean-going ships the names of Hindenburg, Tirpitz, and Ludendorff, which constitutes, and is probably meant to be, a provocation to the democratic elements of Germany. His refusal to fly the black-red-golden emblem of the German Republic on his ships, which still fly the black-white-red flags of the monarchy in violation of the German Constitution, is another instance of his defiant attitude. In spite of his tremendous political influence, he does not really believe that the affairs of the world should be solved by the politicians and diplomats of the old type, nor does he place any reliance on the political power of the State. He wants economic and practical considerations to be the decisive factors in politics. He stated his views in an interview given to a foreign correspondent in which he said: —

We are merely losing time through the chatter of politicians who are wound up

like automatons by Parliament and the newspapers. What we need is a conference of business men who can talk to each other without hate. There must be no more conferences at which everybody lays down his revolver at his side. This sick world can be saved only by a consultation of a few physicians behind closed doors. It would be insane on the part of Germany to declare its willingness to pay even the interest on a loan of 50,000,000,000 marks. If the Allies are figuring on any such sums, they are going to have another disappointment. France could have had material and labor for construction two years ago, and no German would have refused to deliver them. At the present moment, there are only two kinds of countries in the world — those which can buy raw materials because of the state of exchange, and those which cannot do this. Both are bound to perish unless some form of coöperation can be agreed upon. Money is to be found, but only by giving the world an example of perfect coöperation. Every business man knows that money is to be had; only the politicians do not seem to know it. I am trying to save my country from destruction, and at the same time save other countries.

Stinnes and Russia

It is not surprising that Stinnes has turned his eyes on the immense supplies of raw materials and the trade opportunities of Russia. Preparatory to his invasion of Soviet Russia, he is conducting a comprehensive economic survey of that country through a number of German experts, according to a recent report. A delegation which left Berlin for Moscow comprised financial, economic, commercial, transportation, hotel and agricultural experts who will make a minute study of general conditions in Russia with a view to determining the nature of his operations in the Soviet Republic. 'The delegation is reported to be headed by Dr. Fehrmann, Stinnes's Russian adviser, and to include Jacques Kraemer, a widely known hotel proprietor who will supervise the organization of a chain of hotels, in anticipation of an early influx of trade representatives and tourists into Petrograd and Moscow.'

In the meantime, Stinnes has already made contracts with the Soviets for the delivery of his products, like machinery and so forth; in exchange for which, as the New York *Times* reports, the Russian crown jewels have been pawned to him for 60 per cent of their value; among them the famous Orloff diamond, estimated to be worth £240,000, and the black-pearl necklace, valued at £80,000.

It is generally thought that he sought to induce the British Government to coöperate in the resumption of trade with Soviet Russia. Subsequent events have shown that he has apparently succeeded in convincing responsible members of the British Government that the time has come to resume business with Russia. The Genoa Conference which was called on the initiative of Mr. Lloyd George is to include Germany and Russia; and surely Lloyd George means to go ahead, together with German industrials, in restoring commercial relations with the Soviets without waiting for France and the United States to join. In this sphere of Stinnes's activities we may look forward to an interesting test: which of the two chief exponents of two diametrically opposed systems in Europe, the Communism of the Soviets or the 'Vertical Trust' of Stinnes, will ultimately survive?

CHANGES IN LANDOWNERSHIP IN ENGLAND

BY HAROLD COX

I

A GREAT change is taking place in the ownership of English land, mainly as the result of heavy taxation. During the war, while the incomes of many classes were rising rapidly, landowners were debarred by legislation from raising their rents, though their taxes and all their expenses were increasing. Simultaneously, most farmers were able to make very large profits, owing to the increased prices of agricultural produce. Thus, when the war ended, large numbers of owners of land, suffering from or threatened by serious poverty, eagerly jumped at the chance of selling many of the farms they owned to the tenant farmers. The tenants, with large balances at their banks as the result of war-profits, were temporarily bitten with the idea of becoming freeholders, and often paid high prices, which many of them have since repented. In addition, many people who had made money as manufacturers or merchants during the war were fired with the desire to establish themselves and their families as landed gentry, and sometimes bought whole estates when they were offered for sale; or, alternatively, bought the mansion house and pleasure-grounds, leaving the tenant farmer to buy the purely agricultural land.

The landowners who sold at this period did extremely well for themselves from a pecuniary point of view. More recently, owing to the depression of trade and the fall in agricultural prices, there have been fewer willing buyers of land, and sales have been more difficult to effect.

Nevertheless, a good many properties were sold even in the year 1921, because the owners found that it was impossible for them to meet the heavy taxes imposed upon landed property after paying the increased charges necessary for the upkeep of their estates.

Some idea of the extent to which changes in landownership have been taking place may be gathered from the fact that, in the last five years, one firm of auctioneers and land-agents has effected sales aggregating nearly two million acres; the total area of England and Wales and Scotland is fifty-six million acres. Thus, this one firm alone has, within the brief period of five years, dealt with changes of ownership covering roughly four per cent of the total area of Great Britain.

Before considering what effect these extensive changes in landownership are likely to have upon the face of England, it is worth while to give one or two figures to indicate the financial position of English landowners.

In the first place the figures published by the Inland Revenue Department emphasize very forcibly the statement just made that, while the incomes of most classes in the community were greatly increased during the war, those of landowners remained stationary.

GROSS INCOME BROUGHT UNDER REVIEW IN THE UNITED KINGDOM FOR INCOME-TAX ASSESSMENT

	Total	*Schedule A Lands*
1913–14.....	£1,167,000,000	£52,284,000
1918–19.....	2,446,000,000	51,980,000

Thus, while the total gross income of persons liable to income tax was more than doubled in five years, the portion of that total derived from the ownership of land was slightly reduced.

The figures, it will be noticed, relate to the whole of the United Kingdom; but Irish landowners do not play an important part in the picture. During the past thirty or forty years the Government of the United Kingdom has persistently encouraged and assisted Irish farmers to become the owners of the land they cultivate. This has been done partly by lending money out of the public Treasury at a low rate of interest; partly by an actual subsidy in cash to induce the Irish landowner to sell, and the Irish tenant to buy. In effect, Irish tenants have received the freehold of their farms in return for a terminable annuity considerably less in amount than the rent they were previously paying; Irish landowners have at the same time received a much better price than they could possibly have obtained in a free market. The cost of this transaction has been met out of the exchequer of the United Kingdom, and has fallen in the main upon English taxpayers. Whether any readjustment will be made, now that the Irish Free State has been set up, is more than doubtful. From the point of view of this article, the matter is of importance only because the cost of Irish land-purchase represents one of the many additional burdens that have been placed in recent years on the shoulders of English taxpayers, quite apart from the terrific burden of war taxation.

And it is on landed property that taxation falls most heavily. This is the result partly of old traditions, partly of modern politics. In past centuries, when land was the principal as well as the most visible source of wealth, it was natural that the rulers of the country should treat land as the main basis for taxation. Even when attempts were made to tax movable as well as fixed property, they were not very successful, because of the greater facilities for evasion. The history of taxation in England is full of examples of acts of Parliament establishing the general taxation of all property, and even specifying that land should be taxed only after other forms of property; but in practice the burden remained upon the land, because the land could not be moved and could not escape observation. It is only when we reach the nineteenth century that the enormous growth of industrial wealth, and the concurrent improvement in administrative methods, rendered possible the raising of a large revenue from incomes other than those derived from landownership.

But the landowner still continues to pay on the average more than his fair share, because it is less easy for him to conceal his income. For the purpose of income tax, the annual value of the land is officially assessed on the approximate basis of the rent paid, and the tenant is required to pay the tax and deduct the amount from his next payment of rent to his landlord. Thus the landowner cannot escape payment of the full amount. On the other hand, the revenue authorities, in making assessments of incomes derived from business profits or professional earnings, are to a considerable extent at the mercy of the taxpayer who — if he is dishonest — can often successfully represent his income as being much less than it really is.

The effect of these considerations has been intensified by the political cam-

paign of recent years against landownership in particular and capitalism in general. As a result of this campaign, — inspired partly by land nationalizers, partly by Socialists, — there has been a constant tendency to increase the relative burden of taxation falling on large properties. Up to a point this movement may have been justified. The primary principle of taxation, that men should be taxed according to their ability to pay, requires that the rich man should pay at a relatively higher rate than the poor man. Unfortunately, in England the principle has been carried so far that, while the majority of voters pay no income tax at all, a small minority of rich persons are taxed at a rate which is both unjust to them and injurious to the nation. In the case of persons engaged in industry or commerce, the present enormous scale of taxation in England handicaps industrial development by preventing the accumulation of the necessary capital; in the case of the owners of land, the high taxes are one of the main causes of that break-up of estates with which we are here concerned.

It should be added that the burden of taxation does not end with the national income tax and super-tax. Local taxation has risen almost as rapidly as national taxation, and falls with special weight upon the owners of real property.

II

To see how these cumulative burdens affect the financial position of the landowner, it is desirable to examine a few actual figures. Interesting particulars were published in the London *Times* of August 4, 1921, of one of the typical great English estates — the Duke of Bedford's, of 16,000 acres, situated in the counties of Bedfordshire and Buckinghamshire. The year dealt with is 1920. In that year the owner received a gross rental of £23,437. Out of that he had to pay for the upkeep of the estate no less than £18,648. This figure includes, not merely management charges and necessary repairs and renewals, but also such expenditure upon improvements as every conscientious landowner feels bound to make, in order to keep his estate up to date. In addition, there was a sum of £3684 which had to be paid, mainly for local taxes. The residue left to the owner was only £1105. Yet the income tax on land is so assessed that, though this was all that was left to the owner to spend on himself, when he had done his duty by his estate, he was called upon to pay no less than £3623 for income tax and super-tax. In addition, social custom and local traditions required him to pay various sums, amounting to over £2000, in the shape of pensions to employees and donations to the clergy and to local institutions. The final result, as certified by the duke's accountants, is that this agricultural estate cost him in the year 1920 a net sum of £5190, which he had to meet out of his other sources of income, for example, his London house-property.

But there are many owners of agricultural estates in England who have no other sources of income, and for them the present burden of taxation is absolutely crushing. Some of them try to stave off the calamity of absolute collapse by cutting down their expenditure on the upkeep of their estates. Thus, on a number of estates brought under review by an organization of Scottish landowners, it is noticeable that the cost of upkeep in 1920–21 was, in some cases, actually less than it was ten years previously. When it is remembered that the price of labor and of all materials had risen enormously in that period of ten years, it will be seen that the reduction in expense can only mean a lower standard of upkeep. The money that would have been voluntarily

spent by the owner for the maintenance and improvement of his estate was forcibly taken from him by the Government, partly to meet the cost of the war, but partly also to pay for an enormously expensive civil administration.

Particulars of one large estate in Scotland were given by Mr. Pretyman, a well-known English landowner, in a debate in the House of Commons on June 16, 1921. The actual income of the property in 1920 was £42,490. Nearly half that sum was spent on the upkeep of the estate; and the word 'estate' here, as in the previous cases quoted, refers only to the agricultural portion of the property, not to the owner's private mansion and park. Nearly all the rest of the gross income was absorbed by local taxes and other compulsory local charges, and by the national charge for income tax and super-tax, leaving the owner for his private use the sum of £467. These figures were admitted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, himself a Scotchman, in the course of the same debate, to be entirely accurate. To quote his words: —

'With these figures and property I am perfectly well acquainted, and I know that there is no exaggeration in the statement made concerning what appears to be a rent-roll of endless dimensions; but when the whole thing is boiled down to its ultimate result, this landed proprietor, who is regarded as the child of smiling fortune, receives £467 in the year.'

The above case may be an extreme one, but it is beyond question that English and also Scotch landowners, though some of them may still possess apparently enormous rent-rolls, are in reality in a condition of real poverty, unless they have some other source of revenue than the land. Observers from outside see the stately mansion; they learn that the broad acres in the surrounding country all belong to the occupant of the mansion; and they assume that he must be a 'child of smiling fortune.' They forget the enormous burdens which social custom and an hereditary sense of duty impose upon the landowner. Not only must he keep in good repair all the farm-buildings on his estate, and provide the capital for improvements, but he is also expected to subscribe largely to all local charities and to be ready with money when any local need arises.

Custom also requires the landowner to provide cottages for the people employed on his estate; and the rents charged for the cottages represent a very inadequate return upon the capital expended. Often, indeed, when the cost of keeping the cottage in repair has been met, and the local tax levied upon it has been paid, there is nothing left for the owner; there may even be an appreciable loss.

Thus a very large portion of the income that a rural landowner nominally receives from his estate goes back to the estate again. Even the portion that remains for his private use he cannot expend entirely as he will. He is expected to keep up the amenities of his mansion and park, and to maintain generous traditions of hospitality. In practice, also, most rural landowners, from an hereditary sense of duty, give a great deal of their time, without remuneration, to local administrative services of one type or another. In a word, the ownership of land in rural England involves obligations which place the landowner in a much worse position financially than that of a man drawing a corresponding income from stocks and shares. He cannot, therefore, face the same rate of taxation; yet, in practice, as above indicated, he is more heavily taxed. The inevitable consequence is that many landowners can no longer maintain their position. They

are compelled to abandon their responsibilities in order to live.

In not a few cases the owner of the estate, unwilling to leave the locality endeared to him by long family traditions, takes refuge in one of the smaller houses or cottages on the property, where he can just afford to live on the narrow income remaining to him. A well-known land-agent recently gave to the present writer a description of such a removal witnessed by himself. He had gone down to a country estate, to arrange with the owner for the sale of his property. As he arrived at the mansion, he found the owner, an old man of seventy-eight, at that very moment engaged in leaving his ancestral home, to take up his quarters in a little cottage on the estate. His wife, almost as old as himself, had collected some of her specially beloved possessions in a little hand-barrow, which she was herself wheeling to the new home.

III

Such a picture may leave unmoved the political demagogue, who has won his position by appealing to the passion of envy; but from the human point of view, it is a personal tragedy, and from the social point of view, it probably involves a serious injury to the community. Doubtless many English landowners have lived more or less idle lives, and have devoted more of their time to hunting and shooting than to giving service to the community. Nevertheless, taken as a body, they have been one of the most valuable elements in the nation. The very conditions under which they have lived have given them qualities which are of the highest national value — a sense of duty, the spirit of sportsmanship, the spirit of comradeship. The squire and his family, until quite recent years, were the hereditary leaders of village life; there was a personal as well as a pecuniary relationship, and this personal relationship between squire and cottager has been reproduced in the relationship between officer and private in the supreme test of the battlefield. This relationship, which may best be described as personal friendliness combined with mutual recognition of difference of rank, is, of course, altogether distasteful to the modern democrat, who objects to any social inequalities, whether real or artificial, because he has filled his mind with the false belief that there are no inequalities in nature. Doubtless, also, in many cases inequality of social position does produce unjustifiable arrogance on the one side and a lack of independence on the other. Whether we shall ever be able to escape entirely from these admitted evils of inequality is perhaps doubtful; but it is quite certain that, if we attempt to remove these evils by trying to abolish all inequalities, our loss will be greater than our gain. The pursuit of the false ideal of universal equality can, in the long run, result only in universal degradation.

This consideration carries us beyond the question of English landownership, but it affects that question intimately. The ruin of the rural landowner only brings him down, at worst, to the standard of comfort that the laborers on his estate have long been compelled to accept. From the point of view of universal social equality, no injustice is done; but from the point of view of the amenities of life in rural England, the harm is immense. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the land of England to-day owes its value, not to its inherent natural qualities, but to the work done upon it by man. The thing called a farm, with its buildings, its roads and fences and drains, is the product of human labor and enterprise. It represents a capital investment made

by generations of landowners, who, instead of spending on themselves all the rents they received, or might have exacted, have progressively added to the value of the land by continuous expenditure upon improvements. The disappearance of the hereditary landowner will mean the loss of this convenient method for securing land-improvement.

No doubt, the tenant farmers who have become the owners of their farms will have an equally keen interest in improving the property they have acquired; but they will not as a rule have the necessary funds. A tenant farmer's capital is generally all required for the current working of his farm. Many farmers have depleted their capital by buying their farms at high prices; and in the present state of dropping prices for agricultural produce, they will not as a rule be likely to obtain very lavish advances from their bankers. Therefore rarely will they be able to spend money on those improvements which the landowner used to finance.

The landowner, it must be added, seldom expected to obtain much direct return for the money he spent on improvements; often he was content if, by thus laying out part of his revenue, he retained a good tenant. On the other hand, the tenant farmer has always expected to secure a high rate of interest for his capital, as part payment for his manual and mental labor. In this respect, the farmer's attitude will not be altered now that he has become an owner. He will still expect that any money he spends shall bring him a large return; otherwise he will not spend it. Therefore it is fairly certain that a good deal less will be spent on improvements.

Moreover, the improvements which the farmer will undertake will be purely of a utilitarian character. In particular, the trees are likely to suffer. Many farmers regard trees with dislike, purely for agricultural reasons. 'We puts the muck on the land, and they sucks the muck from the grass.' Beyond that is the consideration of the price which the farmer can get from the sale of the timber. Together, these two factors will certainly lead to a very extensive destruction of those broad spreading oaks and lofty elms which are such a marked feature of many parts of rural England. The farmer, intent — and excusably so — on securing the best return he can on the money he has invested in the purchase of his farm, will seldom pause to consider for a moment what effect his operations may have on the beauty of the countryside.

Yet, from the wider national outlook, the beauty of the English countryside is one of the most precious possessions of England. Even in France, with a civilization older than that of England, this peculiar charm is rarely to be found. No doubt it is possible in many parts of England to increase the yield of the soil without destroying the beauty of the land. Indeed, in some cases, purely utilitarian improvements, such as better drainage and the judicious trimming of woods, now left untouched as a breeding-ground for game, would actually increase the amenities of the country. But, on the whole, the withdrawal of the influence and of the wealth of hereditary landowners is not likely to contribute to the improvement of English land, either in productive yield or in beauty of feature.

One special problem has already arisen in acute form. So many landowners are selling their homes, as well as their estates, that there are not enough purchasers for these country mansions. In some cases it has been possible to convert these private houses into public, or semi-public, institutions. For example, a few have been turned into convalescent hospitals, some into boarding-schools, and some into holiday resorts for town workers. Possibly more

may still be done in these directions, but the prospect is not altogether hopeful; and in any event, the change involves partial destruction. In order to fit the house for its new use, it is generally desirable — or at any rate profitable — to strip off many of its most typical beauties. In advertisements of country houses for conversion to institutional uses, it is frequently stated that there is much valuable carving and paneling that can be removed before the house is converted.

Worse still occurs when no occupant at all can be found for the house. In that event, all that can be done is to pull it down and sell the material for what it will fetch. Already this is happening. In the case of a house of historic interest or architectural dignity, this is a tragedy strictly analogous to the disappearance of the hereditary landowner. A distinctive feature of the countryside disappears entirely.

One asks also, with anxiety, what will happen to the park that is generally attached to the mansion. The parks of England are part of her pride. When they are owned by an old family, they are generally left entirely open for the enjoyment of residents in the neighborhood and of visitors. All that the owner does is to keep the park in good order; and he probably gets less actual enjoyment out of it than many of his neighbors, who walk in it as freely as if it were their own. Yet, if the owner cannot afford to keep his mansion, he cannot afford to keep his park. Some newly rich man may purchase it, and to emphasize his pride of possession, may wall it round and treat it as a private close.

Worse still, it may be sold in bits, to be added to the adjoining farms or cut up for laborers' allotments. Those who are familiar with such glorious parks as Arundel in Sussex and Penshurst in Kent will tremble to think of the loss that England and all her visitors may suffer, if these beautiful pleasure-grounds, which the hereditary landowning class has so long maintained, should presently be converted into potato fields. Yet, if the landowning class is destroyed by unbearable taxation, the rural treasures which it has created or preserved may easily perish with it. Seldom is it possible to retain the benefits of any institution while destroying the institution itself.

These are the dangers which threaten the English countryside to-day. They are partly the result of the enormous price that England had to pay in the Great War for the defense of her life and of the liberty of Europe. Even more are they due to the enormous increase in civil expenditure, which is directly traceable to the Socialist delusion that, by robbing a limited number of Peters, it is possible to find money enough to pay an unlimited number of Pauls.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

AN ANECDOTE FOR AUTHORS

GENTLE reader, I once wrote a book. Among the mingled pains and pleasures attendant upon its appearance was a friendly note from a distant city, speaking of it, not effusively, but with a kind word for a weary author; commending it especially for its high idealism — idealism, a word to conjure with. Doubtless it was because of this word that the letter, after a line of thanks to the sender, was dropped into the little pile of notes to be saved, instead of being tossed into the glowing coals of the oak logs on the hearth. I know that it was not too good a book; but perhaps idealism might not unthinkably produce some result of which it would be pleasant to be reminded.

It is curious — the distinction between the letters regarding one's books that one saves, and those that one destroys. The unfriendly ones go into the fire, making friendly heat and flame; the intelligently critical, one takes to heart, trying to profit by wholesome advice; it is those other warm and gentle missives that one saves for possible moments of a golden old age, when the striving and the shaping are over, when one is beyond retrogression and improvement.

> This is the hour that just life sends
> To make amends;
> This closet space where Grief is not;
> The World forgot;
> And far behind the once-trodden ways,
> Enwrapped in haze.

It was a year later that, one evening, a stranger was ushered into our living-room — a tall, slender, elderly man, half shy, wholly friendly. He had a few minutes in my town, and, recalling a note of thanks I had written in answer to a letter about my book, had ventured to stop for a minute, trusting that I would send him away if I were too busy.

I was not too busy. He dropped into an easy-chair, and we fell to talking of books and men, of recent articles in the *Atlantic*, of literary folk whom we had both — proudly — met, Miss Repplier among them. We discussed both free verse and poetry, and the latest sophisticated treatises: he had under his arm Newbolt's *New Study of Poetry*, which he took pains to show me. Had I happened to see any of the reviews that he had written of my books? No? He was sorry.

This was a great pleasure, he said, on a most unfortunate evening. He and his sister had missed friends they had intended to call on as they waited over a train, had missed connections everywhere; the sister's husband was to meet them here, but had evidently by mistake gone on to Albany. The sister had wished to come with him for this brief call, as she knew certain friends of mine; but found herself too tired, and was waiting at the station with her two little boys.

Then we plunged back into the immensities and eternities of books; he seemed to be a well-read man, with something of insight and with a sense of humor. That was a curious gesture he had of putting his long slender hand upright over his mouth when he laughed; but of course the mannerisms of literary folk are many.

Suddenly, the hand went to his watch pocket: it was nearly train-

time; he must be going. Then, as he rose, bashfully, almost blushing through his wrinkles, he said that it was painful to ask, but he and his sister, having missed everybody, found that they had not quite enough money to take them on. It was hard on her and the little boys; whimsically he added that it was a bit hard on him to travel with the little boys, they were so restless, but he must see them all safely home. His sister had been digging down to the bottom of her bag; he had in vain emptied every pocket; they had almost enough, but would I —?

Of course I would. I remembered little boys, sleepy little boys and tired, for I, too, have nephews. Especially vivid in memory was the time I took little Tom home from the hospital, after the hurt to his hand had been cured. So sympathetic was I with the mother of these two, that I forgot to ask the names of those friends of mine with whom she was acquainted. Almost apologetically, as we never keep large sums of money in the house, I hastily secured and pressed into my caller's hand all I had. (Reader, it was about the price of a good pair of shoes.)

The relief and gratitude in his face made me see how much more serious his dilemma had been than I had realized. There was, of course, no suggestion of repayment: a 'gentlemen's agreement' in these matters is a silent one; but I knew from his look, his bearing, the whole implication of his being, that he would mail his check for the amount as soon as he reached his study and his pen.

He left hastily, saying, as he slipped through the door, that he had had a very pleasant half-hour. I feared that I had made him late for his train; his step was over-lively for his years, as he went down the walk and vanished in the darkness.

As I went back to my chair by the fire, I began to wonder that a man of his age should have such little nephews: surely he was my senior, yet my nephews are over six feet tall, and some of them are taking care of their restless little boys. That odd gesture with the hand could not have been intended to hide the distinct peculiarities of the teeth, which I had tried not to notice? I went upstairs and unearthed that note of a year ago from the bottom of the friendly pile: it seemed unmistakably a gentleman's letter, brief, courteous, and, — propitious name! — headed Oxford Street. Now, was this address fact, or art?

Reader, what could one have done otherwise? One would rather be the victim of a confidence man than fail to give help where help is needed. As the days passed and no check came I began to wonder what his real profession was. Was he an ex-actor, or, as he had seemed, a literary man of sorts, ex-professor, as he claimed, of the university in his own town? I began to realize that the tale he had told me had been too complete, too well-presented, too concrete. Doubtless he was a not wholly prosperous literary man, and I represented one of his few successes in fiction. My pride was hurt; how often, in feminine fashion had I derided (yet with secret admiration for the trust in humankind that underlies it) the easy gullibility of men, their over-readiness to be imposed upon by their fellows! To be sure, the days are decades past since I prided myself, as in the time of youth, upon a keenness of insight into human nature. Growing older, I am aware that human nature is no such easy matter.

Knowing that literary folk are the last people on earth who should be fleeced, I write my word of warning that a new Game of Authors has been devised, played for stakes. It is a clever game: your confidence man in-

troduces himself long beforehand, perfectly and convincingly, by letter. He plays cunningly upon human nature in its more superficial as well as its deeper aspects, from vanity to a longing for sympathy, and a deep desire to show sympathy. I would not have my fellows of the *Atlantic*, who follow the gentle craft, become victims of this most ungentle craft, and so I tell my tale.

Yet misgiving comes. Remembering that among the literary progeny of Sherlock Holmes was Raffles, shall I, in warning my fellow author, but be giving points to other elderly confidence men, bashful, friendly — but no! Surely these are unthinkable among readers of the *Atlantic*.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE

Long ago, in college years, I was standing one day at the window with a friend, when a particularly irritating classmate walked by. There was nothing the matter with her; she was a nice girl and a conscientious student; but she was — irritating. As she passed, my friend nodded her head decisively. 'She's on the other side of the fence,' she said.

'She's on the what?' I questioned dully.

'On the other side of the fence,' my friend repeated. 'My world is divided into two parts, separated by a fence — a bright-green wooden fence! On my side are the people who like what I like, or like the opposite agreeably. Tom's there, because he skates well, and Bess because she likes Ibsen, and my Airedale because he's so preciously homely, and — and — Charles Lamb, and Roosevelt, and you!' she finished generously. She shook her head at the retreating figure. 'She's not!' she said.

The comfort of her scheme was irresistible. I began my fence at once, and built it high and strong — not of wooden bars painted bright green, like hers, but of tall brick piers, connected by strong wrought-iron sections, with a sharp dagger design at the top. You can build such barriers easily when you're young; and if you build them with your own zealous hands, they will last a lifetime. I merely commanded mine to rise, and it stood ready for use. Through its several gates I drove the people I 'simply could n't stand,' and shot the bars behind them.

In those days I was strong — very strong. I could play tennis all day, and dance all night, without fatigue. I could carry my college work and run my Italian club at the settlement without loss of zest. The hectic girls who 'never had time' to do interesting things, and went to the Infirmary after exams, bored me — or would have, if I had not remembered that they were safely stowed on the other side of the fence. I used to watch them sometimes and silently, incredulously, ask, 'Are you tired?'

But the time came when I took a job, a steady job, as teacher in a boarding-school; a most interesting job, combining the rôles of hostess, big sister, mother confessor, and teacher. The output of sympathy was large, and the drain on my strength too heavy to be resisted without recreation. My new enthusiasms supplanted my old athletic habits, and I forgot to take exercise. Then, one day, as I lurched to my seat in the crowded five o'clock car, which I had run to catch, I looked at the tell-tale faces of my fellow passengers, and found myself saying tenderly, 'You're tired, are n't you?'

There was a crash! At first I was startled. Then I looked through a wide breach in my fence, and gayly waved an invitation to all the tired people there to come through it into my garden.

A sense of adventure once sent me for a three years' term in the Philippines. As it drew to an end, and I bought my passage for America, I suddenly began to wonder whether the friends at home would find me changed. I knew well that the climate of the Islands does not enhance the freshness of one's complexion; and I remembered how utterly dowdy returning missionaries had always seemed to me. Indeed, I had with difficulty refrained from telling them that I held it a vice, not a virtue, to come home dressed in a way 'to make God's little green earth hideous.'

But then — they were on the other side of the fence. On my side people were 'well but simply dressed'; so I borrowed a fashion magazine of a fastidious friend, bought some charming dark-blue material, and presented myself before the finest dressmaker in Manila. I selected a style of extreme simplicity, whose distinction lay in its lines, and gave my orders. I confess to some misgivings as I left the establishment. It was a single great room, against the four walls of which sat fifty girls, cross-legged on the floor, sewing. The modiste, wearing a short loose blouse, which failed to meet a skirt very short in front and trailing richly behind, paced barefooted up and down, with the bearing of a queen. My misgivings were justified — how could it be otherwise? I presented myself to my family, looking 'just like a missionary.'

Crack! Rumble! Crash! A large section of my fence is down, and across it I see an interesting group of people doing interesting things. I apologetically, but eagerly, invite into my garden — not a set of oddly dressed missionaries, but people of distinction who, as another recently said of them, 'have moved off Main Street.'

One especially strong stretch of fence, against which I had gone so far as to plant thistles, kept out people who are slaves to their housekeeping and know but one topic of conversation — the servant problem. Unless a person is a wit, who can make an elegy out of the breaking of a dish, or an epic out of experiences at an intelligence office, she should eschew household gossip. But it so happened that I returned from a Wanderjahr to find a trained nurse on duty in my home, and all the able-bodied members of the family holding jobs. The kitchen was unoccupied, except by little black Phœbe, who was quick, but refused to cook. 'I don't want to learn to cook,' she drawled. 'I want to git married!'

I fell upon the new task of cooking with zest, and gave the family delectable dishes such as they had never before tasted. But there were pots and pans to wash, sweeping to do, laundry to supervise, telephone calls to answer, and family correspondence to attend to. Moreover, Phœbe gave herself a holiday once or twice a week, and in time my nerves were apparent to the nurse.

'You must get out more,' she said.

So I went to a tea, and chatted gayly for an hour with everyone I knew. It was not until I was leaving that the refrain of all I had said fell on my own ears: 'I'll do anything in the world for you, if you'll put us on the trail of a competent cook!' I looked at my group, and we simultaneously burst into peals of laughter so loud and merry that I scarcely heard the falling of another stretch of my garden barricade.

Twenty years have passed since I jubilantly erected my ornate fence. Now, as I look back along the line, I find it down in a thousand places, its ruins buried in honeysuckle and heartsease. Only here and there does it remain — over against the pessimists and the blasé, and the futurists who

think they have arrived. Some day, when these parts too shall have fallen, I shall build a little rest house on the spot where the fence stood highest and most fiercely spiked, and over the door I shall paint, in beautiful, illuminated characters, the slowly valued legend —

Put yourself in his place.

THE OPENING DOOR

HAVE you ever paused, on the way to school, to snuggle your bare toes into the soft warm dust at the side of the lane, or slipped under a forbidden gate to shake down a Northern Spy from a forbidden apple tree? Have you ever wound your long woolen tippet about your throat, buckled on your red-lined overshoes, pulled down your cap, drawn on your red mittens, and ploughed through the fresh-crusted drifts between your house and the schoolhouse, or beaten your way, half-blinded, against a driving snowstorm down an unbroken road? Have you ever, on a winter night, drawn your special chair close to the sitting-room table and absent-mindedly helped yourself to popcorn from a big blue bowl, while you studied your geography by the light of a student lamp and the warmth of a large coal-stove? Did your father have his own sleepy-hollow armchair, and your mother her black walnut rocker and overflowing mending-basket; and did she look up and smile at you above your little brother's stocking the way ours did? Did you go to a country school in the pioneer days of the Middle West, and were your schools as primitive and your teachers as varied as ours?

Ed Bieger — no one ever called him anything else — was the first teacher that John and Sherman remember. He taught the Corners School — the first school in Brierly — in the days when Brierly was just a cluster of brown and white houses that slept through the summer sunshine at the edge of the river, or huddled together for shelter against the winter winds that swept our Illinois prairie.

The Corners School stood near the bridge, where two roads met. It was a one-story frame building, furnished with rough pine benches and tables, and heated by a 'volcano' stove. Mother had some doubts about it from the first; but father, who was circuit judge of the county at that time, held out strongly for the democratic institutions of these United States. A compromise was finally reached by Tryphena's being taught at home, while John and Sherman were entrusted to the tender care of Ed Bieger.

Ed was a large, blue-eyed, gentle-mannered man, of the type usually described in Brierly as 'fleshy.' He taught the Corners School for thirty-five dollars a month 'and board himself,' performing the triple offices of teacher, janitor, and fireman, though he received some assistance in the last two lines of activity from John and Sherman — each in his own fashion. John swept out the school building, daily, for twenty-five cents a week. Sherman once climbed the hickory tree that stood in the playground, dropped to the roof of the school, and stuffed his coat down the chimney, in the fair hope that a holiday would be declared.

His disillusionment was sudden and complete. He found that getting up was easier than getting down; and while he straddled the ridgepole in indecision of spirit, the schoolhouse filled with smoke. Ed quickly sought the purer air of out-of-doors, and the children came after him, to act as an interested audience during the little scene that followed.

There was no graduation from the Corners School. Ed's pupils attended until they were needed at home. They

used any textbook that happened to be in the family, 'went through' it, and began another. There was no attempt to divide the school by grades. And yet, in spite of these haphazard methods, Ed had the real teacher's gift. He opened doors for those boys and girls, and they looked through them beyond the Brierly horizon. Geography, as he taught it, was no dusty succession of flat, pale-colored maps and uninteresting paragraphs, but a wonder-tale of snow-capped mountains, green valleys, and burning deserts, of great winds and tossing waves, of white-winged ships and slowly winding caravans.

In winter, when he was stimulated by the presence of the older boys and the biting northeasters, the atmosphere of that school was satisfactory even to mother. But in summer, things were different. The school dwindled to a mere handful of younger children. The sun beat down on the frame schoolhouse. The river slipped past its door, talking softly to itself. The big hickory tree rustled in the south wind. Bees droned past the windows, and the air was full of the smell of clover.

I have mentioned that Ed was portly, good-natured, and — usually — mild. Such temperaments require a maximum of repose in warm weather. At the morning recess, it was his custom to go out with the children, lie down on the bank of the stream under the hickory tree, and fall asleep with a red cotton handkerchief over his face. The children gently withdrew, and played quietly at some distance. John and Sherman slipped away in the direction of the swimming-hole. The recess prolonged itself from fifteen minutes to half an hour — an hour — sometimes two. Ed frequently slept until noon.

It seemed to the children a singularly happy arrangement; and by common, though unspoken, agreement they refrained from mentioning it at home. But a day of reckoning arrived — a perfect summer day, when Toby Schwartz, a black-haired former pupil of Ed's, with a devil of mischief in his eye, came rowing down the river and rested on his oars beside the Corners School, to watch the *maestro* peacefully slumbering while his disciples played.

The previous winter Toby had been whipped, before the school, for answering, 'Ham and eggs!' when Ed said, 'Order, please!' No doubt a memory of that day lingered in Toby's mind, as he climbed the bank and gently but strongly tied the painter of his boat around Ed's left ankle. A strong pull at the oars, and the horrified children saw Ed sitting up suddenly, — clutching grotesquely at the red cotton handkerchief, — sliding, slipping, and landing in the river with a tremendous splash.

Ed's career as a teacher in Brierly ended here. Indignantly he shook the dust of our village and the water of its river from his heels, and left us for parts unknown. This seemed an auspicious moment for a change in the educational environment of Sherman and John. Tryphena had been taught at home for two years, and Frances and I were now ready for some regular instruction. Mother enrolled all five of us, that autumn, in Miss Fowles's private school.

The opening of this institution of learning — held, by the way, in the second story of Miss Fowles's home — marked the beginnings of a social system in Brierly; and, from that time on, the cleavage was sharp and distinct. All the 'nicer people' sent their children to Miss Fowles — a typical maiden lady of great refinement and quiet dignity. Tryphena took to her at once, although Sherman and John, inured to the bracing atmosphere of the Corners School, adapted themselves with difficulty to some of her frills. There was a 'calisthenics class for young ladies'

which was felt to be a distinct innovation and was perhaps the first systematized physical culture for girls in this part of the state. The knickerbocker girl of to-day would dissolve in derisive mirth at the sight of that ring of young ladies bending, balancing, and swaying on their heels and toes, carefully lifting their skirts a few inches each time they raised a foot, while Miss Fowles primly enunciated 'One, *tue*. One, *tue*.'

We also studied elocution. I remember hearing father tell mother, after visiting the elocution class, that when he had heard twelve children recite, in pleading tones, 'Give me three grains of corn, Mother! Only three grains of corn! 'T will keep the little life I have till the coming of the morn!' he felt himself transported to the famine districts of India. Another great favorite was, 'Woodman, spare that tree!' — and here we used 'chest tones.'

But not all our time was devoted to these gentler arts. John and Sherman studied Latin with Miss Fowles, and Tryphena began French, much to mother's quiet satisfaction, for she always encouraged us to learn new languages. 'It opens another door,' she used to say.

We went for three years to Miss Fowles's school. Then, to the amazement of all of us, this demure little lady, who seemed divinely suited to a life of single blessedness and the gentle bending of small intellectual twigs, married a burly German farmer from Bloomingdale and rode smilingly away with him in his two-horse wagon. Mr. Skinner, from Indiana, took her place.

He was the tallest, narrowest, and chilliest man I ever knew. He had gray hair, gray eyes, and a gray army shawl which he folded diagonally and wrapped about his shoulders in almost all weathers. He went on with the boys' Latin, but Tryphena's French had to be abandoned, to mother's disappointment. I shall always remember that Mr. Skinner opened the door of English history to me — a country of hitherto unknown delights, where I was instantly at home. Tryphena might have her irregular verbs and the boys their Gallic Wars — I was always three or four chapters ahead of the history class and impatient of their slowness, although God's own fool when it came to fractions and decimals.

Arthur, Edward, and Caroline began school during Mr. Skinner's dynasty. They were his primer class, and he was very lenient with them — merely saying, when he caught them eating apples behind their table-desk, 'Children, kindly throw your chankings out of the window.'

There were seven of us now to do lessons at night around the sitting-room table, and lessons presently took on a new significance, for Mr. Skinner developed a chronic cough and went back to Indiana, and that fall the 'Academy' opened.

It was the first graded school in Brierly — a square, two-story stone building, west of the town, with plastered walls, cinder playgrounds, and a stove in every room. There was a primary department for Gerald and Charley, a high-school division for Sherman, John, and Tryphena. There was Greek as well as Latin, and German in addition to French, and, best of all, there was Mr. Addington, — tall, clean-shaven, romantically good to look at, — the nicest thing in teachers that had ever happened to Brierly.

Richard Addington was one of those rare teachers who are called to their work as men are called to the ministry. He was full of infectious enthusiasm. The boys admired him, the girls adored him, and the whole school took his word for law. He had charge of the high-school work, but he superintended the reading of the whole school. Eng-

lish literature was his hobby. He taught all Brierly to read, and to read well. Under his care even Arthur, the sensitive, shy dreamer, bloomed into a public speaker and recited 'Sheridan's Ride' at a Friday-afternoon entertainment, with such vigor and abandon that I heard, from behind me, the awe-struck whispered comment of a little Dutch boy: 'My, did n't he holler, though!'

One by one, Tryphena, John, and Sherman attained the high-school department, passed beyond it, and out through the Academy gates: Sherman to college, Tryphena to teach, and John to read law in father's office. The rest of us rose steadily toward those heights, and mother's contentment about us knew no bounds. Her dreams for our education were being realized, and our occasional lapses never worried her.

There were dark days and bright ones — but one of the brightest was the day that Caroline came home, at the mature age of twelve, and announced that Mr. Addington had said she might study Greek. The Greek class was Richard Addington's special pride, and the goal toward which every masculine heart in the Academy was set. Caroline's joy and pride were difficult to describe; as was the blackness of her disappointment when John, who had somewhat unnecessarily taken upon himself much of the responsibility for the proper bringing up of his younger brothers and sisters, set his foot down determinedly. Greek, he said, was no language for a girl. Let Caroline learn French, as Tryphena had done, or study German with Frances.

There was a stormy interview in which father rather inclined to John's view, mother maintained a judicial calm, and Caroline argued and wept. John departed at length, feeling that he had won his point; father had long since left for the court-house; and Caroline turned to mother. 'I thought you'd be pleased,' she sobbed, 'and you never said a word! Don't *you* want me to study Greek?'

'Of course I do,' comforted mother; 'and so you shall.' And she gave Caroline the money to buy a Greek grammar, but enjoined her to silence.

'Study and wait,' she said, smiling, 'and don't talk about it. John has some very-young-man's thoughts just now about the things that are proper for women-folks to do. Besides, he 's quick-tempered. Have n't I told you you must "Speak him canny, speak him fair, stroke him gentle, with the hair?"'

'He might stroke *me* gentle, sometimes,' murmured Caroline. But she went her way in secret, though burdened with such a sense of guilt, that she always studied her Greek on the top flight of steps leading up to the attic.

It was here that John almost fell over her as he raced up the attic stairs to get something from an old trunk, one afternoon when, by all precedent, he should have been at the law office. And it was here that she faced him, and translated a difficult passage so well, that his wrath was changed to admiration and he sat down on the attic steps with an arm across her shoulder, and went on with the next page — and the next.

From that evening on, when we drew up to the sitting-room table with our books and papers, John's chair was next to Caroline's — his brown head and her taffy-colored one bent close together in the lamplight, while he helped her with her Greek; and mother smiled at them across her mending basket.

PARASOLS

From my high porch, I looked down on Oneida Street, and saw the enameled cars flash past. Ladies, too wealthy and too idle, leaned back upon their cushions. They rode very fast, and

looked quite hard and bright. Despite the elegance of the thoroughfare, 'garish' was the word that persisted in my mind; and the letters in the name of the street kept juggling themselves stubbornly inside my eyes, until they spelled the 'Street of One-idea.'

I turned to my book for other ideas.

When I looked up again, a gray cloud was over all the sky that the city had, and thick drops hit smartly on the asphalt, to leap back up again like tiny dancing men.

And out of a near-by cross-street, came airily floating — a purple parasol.

Time was when an umbrella was a dank, rheumatic thing, smelling of wet black dye, and suggestive of soaked feet and cold-in-the-head. Its canopy was of funereal black cloth, and its rusty wires drooped gloomily under the downpour of the rain. Hidden in mouldy closets under the stairs, it became a necessity in time of storm, an embarrassment when the sun shone again. You never wanted to buy one.

To be sure, there have been lovely parasols in years gone by: ruffled confections of lace; but they were furniture that belonged with seventeen-year-olds and rosebudded Leghorn hats and garden parties. One spat of these big drops could send them scurrying.

But this brave canopy is of crisp silk and strong. Its hue is richest when wettest, a royal color. Surely the age-lost secret of the Tyrian mollusks has been brought up again, dripping from the purple seas. And here are no such ribs as yielded dispiritedly and brokenly to the onslaught of the flood. This parasol has saucily put up its back, and there underneath is a level-ceilinged space, with only a concession of a narrow width of purple eaves.

Even as that purple splendor moves away, down the double avenue of trees, on some princess errand to the heart of the city, a scarlet one, jauntily alive, is 'blown out like a thin red bubble of blood,' bright as any inverted tulip, on the sidewalk. All its points are tipped with ivory in that exquisite fashion of the waxwing's coral decorations. How different from the horn and bone monstrosities that we remember is the ivory ring of the handle, all delicately chased! Such a parasol cannot but add to the tripping spirit of the gray silk ankles which visibly own it.

Next, a green, all softly bright, walks with a brown, the beautiful brown of wet dead leaves. Crimson and King's blue and henna — how new an idea and how fine, to carry the prettiest and brightest into dullness and deluge. I lean out to watch, until the 'minute drops from off the eaves' slide down my neck, and I like it. For when I lean so, the scent of the rain on lawns and thick leafage, and the liquid noises of runnels at the curb, come up, and immediately that misanthrope of a word, 'garish,' is washed clean out of my consciousness, and the misty street smells — bosky!

What a word to use on our street! And with that fresh and woodsy word, many parasol shapes come sweetly before me: the half-opened parasols of the earliest buckeye leaves; the filmy circlet of the lace of Queen Anne; the great green lily pad, to shelter the great green frog. Vividly there appear the coveys of mandrake or May-apple umbrellas, which used to rise on sunny glades of the woods, or even under the orchard trees. We carried them solemnly aslant, as shelter from the sun. Little more shelter did they give than shadow for a child's pink ear. I see the waxen beauty of the flower-lady, whose shy face was discovered only when you boldly uptipped her parasol, as you would never dare to tip-tilt this green one just passed, to gaze enough into the flower-face hidden there.

The umbrella *motif* leads us far — to the flat and pungent circles of the nas-

turtium leaf. Fit shelter is that for a selfish elf. The handle is set too cunningly to one side, so that, while the owner goes dry, any wayfarer, taken in by offer of asylum, can take the drip on the far and narrow side.

Yet what an intriguing touch of style did a nasturtium parasol add to the costume of a dolly made of a very young ear of corn, filched from the garden rows!

But, best of all, to live once more through an early August morning, in a hillside pasture, where overnight mists from the great Ohio have risen, to veil the miracle of the springing of the meadow mushrooms through the sweet-smelling mould.

Not many birds are singing thus early in the morning, and thus late in the summer. Only one warbler is close at hand, very lively over the gleaning of his breakfast. His song is snappy-sweet, like a line of happy children cracking the whip, so that the last gay child is whipped off laughing into the daisies. His last gay note is whipped off so, into space.

All the gorgeous midsummer flowers become pastel-tinted under the dew — joe-pye weed and ironweed, self-heal and mullein and ox-eyed daisies. The hyssop, as always, is a strange, quiet little plant, ever subdued, since with its wisp of flowers the blood was sprinkled on the lintels of those doors in Egypt which the Angel of Death passed by. The patterned cobwebs hang jeweled on every bush; and not too commonly, but here and there, the sod has opened to the pushing tips of the fat umbrellas we seek. Incredible as it may seem, sometimes the plumpest of the little fellows pop so impetuously that they fly out of the hands of whatever burrowing creature is hoisting them, and fall ownerless upon the earth. Oh, the melting, fluted pink of the lining, and the milky loose skin above, so ready to curl back and off. So firm of flesh, so delicate, so eatable! To be gathered toward the daintiest breakfast ever enjoyed since manna fell straight from the harvest-fields of Paradise, and was garnered in the dawn.

How wistful we grow, remembering them, and how we come back to tea-time in Oneida Street with a hollow hunger for meadow mushrooms that are not, stewed gently in country cream that cannot be.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Carl W. Ackerman has served as a foreign correspondent for the United Press Associations, the *Saturday Evening Post*, the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* and the *New York Times*. His first book, *Germany, The Next Republic?* was published in May, 1917. During the past two years he has been directing the foreign news service for a syndicate of American newspapers. While living in London he was in daily association with Sir Basil Thomson, the famous Director of Intelligence in Scotland Yard. The article in this number of the *Atlantic* is the first of a series of three relating to the secret negotiations which led to the peace conference between England and Ireland. The paper by **Ethel Puffer Howes** comes to grips with its subject in a manner that reveals the trained psychologist. Chairman of the Committee on Training of the Women's Land Army during the war, Mrs. Puffer has since that time occupied herself with a score of knotty problems, among which the 'Woman's Antinomy' is most recent but not the least. **Professor G. Elliot Smith,** a distinguished anthropologist of the University of London, has made a special study of the extraordinarily interesting and valuable discovery which at the *Atlantic's* request he describes in this lucid paper.

* * *

B. Seebohm Rowntree, noted economist and writer, who has recently returned to Great Britain after a visit to the United States, has had ample opportunity to observe the American factory system with a non-provincial eye. His paper forms a commentary that will especially appeal to those whose interest in the social side of factory management has been stirred by Arthur Pound's studies of the *Iron Man*. **Adeline Adams,** wife of the distinguished sculptor, Herbert Adams, makes with this diverting tale her first essay in story-telling. A volume of kindred stories on which she is at work will shortly be published by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

Meditating informally upon the topic of education, **Miss Repplier** once remarked, 'People are becoming almost excited upon the subject of education. They are sure it means knowing things, and they rather think it means knowing things about which they are likely to be questioned.' At all seasons of the year, **Margaret Prescott Montague** has delighted the *Atlantic* household with her prose. Now, for the April number, she sends from West Virginia these Easter hymns. **Annie W. Noel,** who leaves the suburbs for this excursion into larger life, has a way of making us glance back always over her pages for a second reading of passages well worth the double consideration.

* * *

Edward Bok, who rests from his labors with one eye open and the other only partly closed, makes but a moderate claim for this pendant to his autobiography. 'It may,' he writes, 'answer what is in the mind of many men who would like to jump and yet lack confidence in themselves. If the *Atlantic* can give these men a push it will be doing a good work, because the longer I am in my retired state the more I realize how much the world needs men who will give to its problems their whole time and effort.' Do our readers, we wonder, recall the beautiful paper by President Tucker on the possibilities before men who retire a decade or so later than Mr. Bok suggests? **George M. Stratton,** Professor of Psychology in the University of California, has found much to interest him in the American state of mind as he saw it in the Philippines, in China, and in Japan. As a practising member of the Philadelphia bar, **T. Walter Gilkyson** knows the ways of the legal brotherhood from the inside. He will not have to appeal the case for his hero after the verdict of the *Atlantic* court. For more than twenty years Dean of Men at the University of Illinois, **Dr. Thomas Arkle Clark** says that he 'was the first of the species to break into an American faculty, though since that time Deans have become as numerous as Fords.'

Amory Hare Cook sends us her April poetry from her 'Little House' in Pennsylvania. **Roderick Peattie** of the department of Geology in the Ohio State University went 'hunting oil' as the culmination of a geographic training at Chicago and Harvard. In Oklahoma, however, he was in the field not for geography but for geology. For two summers, since his return from the fighting zone, he has carried on field investigations in petroleum for a corporation in Tulsa, Oklahoma. He is the son of Mrs. Elia W. Peattie, essayist and critic of the *Chicago Tribune*.

* * *

William Howard Gardiner reminds the editors that 'naval matters cannot be considered in a water-tight compartment by themselves, but are interwoven with and dependent on foreign relations; and that, consequently, it is impossible to arrive at any worth-while naval conclusions except on the basis of reasonably definite conditions in international politics.' In turn we would remind the reader that Mr. Gardiner is a very serious and painstaking student of these questions. We cannot assert, but we may suspect, that the definite view he expresses in his article is representative of the consensus of naval opinion in the United States. **L. Ames Brown,** long a Washington correspondent and of late years the member of an advertising agency, has contributed to the *Atlantic* some half-dozen papers including one entitled 'The New Era of Good Feeling.' **Dr. John Mez,** correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, has followed the successive stages in Herr Stinnes's career with critical attention. His own position is in accord with the well-known views of his paper. **Harold Cox,** editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, enjoys a second reputation as an economist of distinction.

* * *

From one camp of commentators on the prison question, we select a spokesman.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The difference of view between Mr. Tannenbaum and those who expressed themselves in the Contributors' Column of the last issue of the *Atlantic* is, it appears to me, not extreme as regards methods to be adopted, but most profound as regards the theory which determines the final end to be attained.

Yet, ultimately, is not the determination of method dependent upon one's conviction as to whether human beings do wrong willfully or unintentionally? Is Mr. Tannenbaum right when he says, speaking of the criminal, 'The difference between us and them is mainly relative and accidental; and, where real, it is a difference which may be rooted in ill health, in broken spirit, in a deformed temper, in a neglected childhood, in bad habits, in lack of education.' If so, the case is closed. There can be no more justification for a stern disciplinarian in a prison than for a Sairy Gamp in a sick room. Then Mr. Connor's ironical reference to making a prison a sort of country club is not ridiculous at all. It is a proper ideal to seek. Society ought to be bowed in sackcloth and ashes every time a thug commits burglary and perhaps, incidentally, murder. He is not to blame. He is just unfortunate. We should not let him suffer for what he has done if by any means we can help it.

But suppose we are convinced that there is such a thing as moral responsibility for evil, and therefore moral guilt; suppose we do not feel justified in dissolving free will in a mixture of hopeless fatalism and mushy sentimentalism; suppose we continue to believe that men do wrong not because they were not fed on the right consistency of soup but because they deliberately choose to follow the beast in them rather than the promptings of intelligence and love; well, 'that is something else again.' We shall still welcome criticism of prison methods to-day and change those that are bad. But we shall bear in mind that the prison deals (excluding those clearly proved by scientific examination to be mentally diseased and who should go to an insane asylum) with a group of people who prefer crooked and vicious ways of living to respectable but tame ones.

Society punishes not to be revenged, not even most fundamentally to reform, but to resist evil. Wrong is a reality; not a synonym for bad luck. Righteousness is due to a real choice; not a resultant of birth and environment. The difference between Jerry McAuley, the river thief, and Jerry McAuley, the founder of the mission, is actual; not a matter of soap.

Yes, Mr. Editor, I submit that the issue ultimately turns on the truth or falsity of the question, do we sin because the 'peepul' fail in their duty to us, or because, as an ancient authority has it, 'we love darkness rather than light.'

FERD. Q. BLANCHARD.

* * *

Two small boys were once conversing on their way to the trout-stream. 'You know Jimmie Ellis's neck?' asked the first. 'Yes,' said the second. 'Well,' said the first, 'he fell into the river up *to* it.'

With a similar delicate procedure in leading up to our subject we should like to inquire of our readers, 'You know that last article about the spinster?' and if they said, 'Yes,' we might go on to say that we had fallen in up to our eyes in correspondence about it — so much correspondence, in fact, that we find ourselves able to print only a few fragments, several in prose, one other in verse, with every apology to Mr. Kipling.

February 5, 1922.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have been asked by a class of college freshmen to thank you for giving utter respectability and literary value to a discussion of a subject in which we are intensely interested, but which we have hitherto found only in magazines not accepted for parallel reading in any course in English I. We have enjoyed accumulating college credit by stating our reactions to the views of the writers of 'Courtship after Marriage,' 'The Abandoned Spinster,' and 'No Courtship at All.'

We feel an irrepressible urge to give you our reactions to the last article of the series: 'No Courtship at All.' The question is: Would the writer of that article be happy if married?

She insists, in a literary style which of itself has repaid our study, that she does not demand the 'tinsel and the tulle of love': she asks *only* 'unselfish, brave, and tender companionship.' In other words, she is willing to skip the episode of the honeymoon and begin, 'When passion's trance is overpast.' But has she pondered on the rarity of the very qualities with which she is willing to be content? Suppose that her husband is not 'unselfish *and* brave *and* tender'? Not a Lancelot *and* a Galahad? Suppose that he is neither unselfish *nor* brave *nor* tender? Neither a Lancelot *nor* a Galahad? Many husbands are not. Suppose that he refuses to provide her kitchen with 'lustrous aluminum and cool enamel ware,' but insists that she use the iron pots his mother left him? (The hypothesis is not absurd. Such a case was reported in class.) Would the dissatisfied teacher be a satisfied wife? Would she not be moved to discourse on the 'agony of beating against the stone wall' of a man's indifference, selfishness and stubbornness? Of the terror of divorce which restrains a woman longing for freedom? Would there not always remain the 'residuum, the burning core' — not to be satisfied by any ordinary man?

LAURA S. COPENHAVER.

Another spinster who, we hazard, has fought more than one sharp engagement in her time, fires this long stern shot.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Years ago when my friends were all marrying and the exultant husbands often twitted me for not having 'landed anything,' I could nearly always succeed in silencing them by saying, 'If I had been as easily satisfied as your wife was, I would have been married long ago.' Truth is ever effective, but sometimes it requires bravery to utter it.

— —

Striking a deeper note, one contributor reminds us of the *Autocrat* in his tenderest mood.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I should like to be assured that the writer of 'No Courtship at All' is familiar with that beautiful passage from Holmes's *Autocrat* that begins, 'The great mystery of God's providence is the permitted crushing-out of the flowering instincts. . . . Somewhere, somewhere, love is in store for them. The universe must not be allowed to fool them so cruelly.'

FRANCIS M. MASSIE.

The last word is to the poet.

NO COURTSHIP AT ALL

'Pleasant the snaffle of courtship improving the manners and carriage,
But the colt who is wise will abstain from the terrible thornbit of marriage.'
'T is Kipling who says so, but Kipling, they tell us, loves little the ladies
And a man cannot fathom the female heart, its Heaven and Hades.
O starry romance of the dishes! O worshipful rites of the kitchen!
O lustrous aluminum pots, and — rolling pins ready to pitch him!
Yet — 'Pleasant the snaffle of courtship improving the manners and carriage,'
And Ho! ye colts who are wise! Come shoulder the halter of marriage!

D. C. L.

* * *

A busy life is the laboratory of realities.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

This is decidedly not incense, nor roses; juniper, perhaps, winter juniper from those high slopes on the Medicine Bow Mountains.

When I was very young and important, *Atlantic* seemed to connect neither with my dreams nor with my realities, and I must confess to condemning it as 'high-brow.' But here am I, middle-aged, unimportant though the mother of four boys, and as busy as a juggler with seven balls in

the air; any one of them ready to mash his nose at the first false move. I am a dairy farmer's wife, do all my own work, and deliver milk three days in the week.

But I fell heir to some 1920–21 *Atlantics*, and I've come awake. Every number has tempted me to dispute or appreciate. Your writers all think true and dream true — biology, politics, education, human nature, poetry. And you had better believe, we busy people are good judges of truth.

I catch myself in the act of really knowing things and being of interest to myself and others. I am an essential part of life. The salt which had lost its savor has become salted. So the drudgery is easier, and the boys are happier. It's as if the juggler had found another pair of hands and could now keep a dozen balls going.

So please accept a farm mother's gratitude.

MARGUERITE KNOPF PERYAM.

* * *

It's not every girl that wears a sailor hat who owns a yacht, nor every bookstall clerk who professes literature.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

A clerk and I were searching through a counter of books of *Selected Poems* in a well-known department store. One of the special holiday floorwalkers appeared and asked what I wished. I replied, 'We are looking for *Paul Revere's Ride*.' She promptly told us with a condescending air, 'If it 's one of his latest, it won't be in.'

MINNIE H. CHURCHILL.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

A customer stepped into a London bookshop and asked for Omar Khayyam. The man shook his intelligent head. 'No,' he said. 'His *Iliad* we 'ave and his *Odyssey*, but not his *Khayyam*.'

LOUIE C. BOYD.

* * *

Sometimes, on very cold nights, we have dreamed it — the nightmarish tramp, tramp, tramp of unnumbered poets, as they prepared to storm the editor's Bastille. Here 's matter worth considering.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Your magazine has many pseudo-enemies. They are the writers of the poems which you have sent back, 'with regrets.'

This vast army of disappointed poets have an unanswered question rankling in their hearts: '*Why* did the *Atlantic Monthly* return MY poem, and print another not half as good?'

There must be some reason I have never dreamed of, for my poem was from-my-heart sincere.

I know this — that, were you to publish a brief article on some such subject as: 'A Specimen Rejected Poem,' giving the reason for its non-acceptance, many, many hundreds of would-be, 'rejection-slip' poets would buy your magazine instantly.

May I send you two of my returned poems for the basis of such an article?

— —

And sometimes they come with the very best credentials, too.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The enclosed is offered you at your regular rates. My poems, though not without imperfection, have been recognized by *twenty-four* of the most famous and distinguished men in the world, including three kings, the former Emperor of Russia, and three presidents of the United States.

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The only time when the *Atlantic* really feels its age is the moment when it has occasion to hunt through its three generations of 'rejection files.' Here is a poem from one of the generation now extant.

OPENING DIRGE
FOR THE
CONVENTION OF DESCENDANTS
OF NEW ENGLAND
WHO HAVE NEVER HAD ANYTHING AT ALL
ACCEPTED
BY
THE ATLANTIC

OUR forbears sailed from Salem,
From Gloucester or Niantic;
Like them — we trust our argosies
With hope, to the *Atlantic*.

Some dream of Carcassone,
Of glamorous names romantic;
But we — we dream of 'Contents,' with
Our names on the *Atlantic*.

Whene'er, at urgent pleadings,
Our Ouija boards grow frantic,
Our grandsires' ghosts spell only this —
'Send it to the *Atlantic!*'

We notice other magazines,
We are not too pedantic;
But 'Oh!' we cry, 'Excelsior!
We may make the *Atlantic!*'

Alas, alas! — The postman
Still brings his load gigantic
Of all the essays, poems, tales,
That braved the great *Atlantic!*

M. E. CROCKER.

ATLANTIC SHOP-TALK

In the days when John Burroughs used to stroll pleasantly through the Atlantic offices, the Shop-Talk editor once made something of a reputation with that foe of the nature-faker by remembering one classic bit of old New England farm-lore: 'When the oak leaf is as big as a mouse's ear, it is time to plant corn.'

April is the time for planting new seeds in the old earth. The busy publisher in April has just one advantage over the busy farmer: he can choose his earth. This spring, the Atlantic Press, believing with the perversity of all good planters in the superior luckiness of even numbers, has chosen three good fields, the sixteenth, eighteenth, and twentieth centuries. For the sixteenth, a glance toward Shakespeare; for the eighteenth, there is Boswell; and for the twentieth, The Iron Man.

Every chapter of *The Iron Man*, by Arthur Pound, is written in a spirit of analysis subtly different from Napoleon's famous remark to the court lady who protested because a laborer with a heavy load of ironmongery on his back once barred her path: 'Respect the burden, madame.' Studying closely the effect of automatic machinery upon the workman, Mr. Pound respects the burden, but he scans it also with a critic's eye. In *The Iron Man*, respect is there without the condescension. Situations, not classes, are his topics: labor-strain, monotony, training for leisure, the ideal job for the workingman, education for avocation, the boss. Dr. Parkhurst used to say, 'The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but they make better time when someone takes after them.' Those parts of Mr. Pound's book that have already appeared in the *Atlantic* have stirred up a considerable and lively correspondence, but not from any especially 'wicked' class that Mr. Pound has been pursuing. His challenge is to the community and to the shop; and his discussion is with progressive manufacturers and progressive employees, who have been alike in finding the book constructive.

* * *

Once upon a time, Dr. Samuel Johnson was discoursing after his manner. 'Sir,' said he, 'I hope the day will never arrive when I shall neither be the object of calumny nor ridicule, for then I shall be neglected and forgotten.'

By this token, there is no danger that James Boswell will ever be forgotten. Certain of his youthful letters to those whom he wished to cultivate may have been neglected, but not by Professor Chauncey B. Tinker, whose book, *Young Boswell*, is now off the press. The advance sales of this book put one in mind of an event in the early days of women's colleges, when there was a rule in a certain campus house that all young gentlemen calling upon students must take their leave at nine. One young lady, upon occasion, entertained till ten, and was next day reasoned with for overtime. 'I thought,' said she, 'that the rule meant he should *begin* to go at nine. He did *begin* to go.' In a publishing house, it is a matter of some curiosity to watch the varying times when certain books 'begin to go.' *Young Boswell*, like a proper laird, began to go long before schedule time, at a rate that has nearly sold out his first edition before the date of publication. This circumstance has naturally enhanced the value of first-impression copies, and the wise ones of this world are gathering in their volumes before it is too late.

The books on eighteenth-century material, in fact, seem to be enjoying a boom of *Collectors' Luck*. First editions of *Amenities* are now going at ten dollars, and of the *Magnificent Farce* at six-fifty. The rush of orders for *Young Boswell* strikes one anew with the contrast between modern bookselling and the leisurely methods of old-time publishers. Thoreau, for instance, was given as compensation for his first book the privilege of claiming for his own any copies unsold from an edition of one thousand. Three hundred copies were sold, and seven hundred were trundled in installments out to Walden, in a handbarrow. Thoreau remarked to a friend that he was the owner of a library of eight hundred volumes, seven hundred of which he wrote himself. Professor Tinker and Mr. Newton would both be put to it to assemble a wheelbarrow-load of their first editions now.

* * *

As to the sixteenth century and Shakespeare, they have for some years had good going. John Jay Chapman, in his *Glance Toward Shakespeare*, quotes the following significant endorsement of that popular playwright. A retired Boston business-man, advised to read Shakespeare's collected works, did so diligently, and then broke a lifelong habit of restraint, threw discretion to the winds, and remarked heartily, 'That is a great book, sir, an extraordinary book! Why, sir, there are not ten men in Boston who could have written it!' The discriminating will enjoy Mr. Chapman's

discriminations; the critical will like his chapter on 'Types'; and there are not ten men in or out of Boston who will not revel in his criticisms of the critics, of whose unguarded statements he sometimes ventures to quote 'the most imposing.'

* * *

In the Shop-Talk editor's earliest youth, there was a certain riddle, old then, prehistoric now, that ran like this: 'What is it that has eight legs, and sings?' As the editor posits that ancient query, he fancies that he can hear the voices of his entire generation of the Atlantic family bursting out in chorus to give the answer: 'A quartette.' The Shop-Talk editor must confess that when, as a child, he heard the answer to this riddle, he visualized a quartette as a kind of insect, eight-legged, to be sure, but tuneful, with wings. And until this day he never hears a grasshopper, cricket, mosquito, or katydid, in full song, without recalling the old conundrum and the quartette. It is with real effort that he calls his Freshman zoölogy to the rescue, and remembers that the insect has only six legs, yet sings.

Miss Edith Patch, whose book on the six-legged kingdom has charmed so many beginners in the science of entomology, was one day at an entomologists' dinner in Toronto. A scientist from Wisconsin and a scientist from Texas were comparing notes on their methods of teaching the rudiments of nature-lore. It turned out that they were both using Miss Patch's *Little Gateways to Science* series, and that their daughters had not only learned about the bees, butterflies, crickets, fireflies, and locusts, from the *Hexapod Stories*, but had also put in a request for *Bird Stories*. These entomological fathers of ornithological daughters forthwith hunted up Miss Patch, and requested her autograph for the copies of *Bird Stories* that they were taking home.

The New York State Board of Education has recently adopted both the *Hexapod Stories* and *Uncle Zeb and His Friends* for use in the public schools.

* * *

Robert M. Gay's *Writing Through Reading* has been adopted by several large universities, where an occasional sprint away from the traditional is not considered a misdemeanor. Mr. Gay believes that students are dragged through needless tortures in the process of 'Daily Themes.' His book contains a series of first-class exercises which can be worked out, tested, judged, and graded by the students themselves.

* * *

At the coming of Commencement time, there is usually a brisk inquiry for pageants or dramatic arrangements suitable for school exercises and educational programmes. Two arrangements by Miss Katherine Bryce are especially planned to meet this need: *The Light*, a pageant that gives many students a chance to take not-too-taxing parts, and *The Charm*, an ingenious dramatization of the ideal art of language. The pieces are not over-difficult to 'put on,' and have had the advantage of thorough testing before large audiences.

* * *

Said Hawthorne, once, in a moment of enthusiasm over his garden, 'Let him who is without children among you plant a hill of beans.' A hill of beans, and more besides, is recommended for this time of year by Mrs. Francis King, in her book that has furnished winter reading for so many house-bound gardeners. She offers advice, not only for the grown-up garden, but for *The Little Garden*, even the tiny garden that can be planted and enjoyed by a child, who is, she says, 'One of many good reasons for the little garden.' Whoever among us remembers a childhood plot of ground, meticulously surveyed and bounded with clothespin landmarks and twine, will agree with Mrs. King.

* * *

Down on Cape Cod, a tourist once asked a sea-captain if he could explain what caused the variations in the tide on the two sides of the Cape. 'Oh, yes,' said the captain, 'it's the sun, moon, and stars, and one thing and another.' A book about the Cape is sure to concern itself with 'one thing and another'; but at the time of planning for summer excursions in Barnstable County, the owner of an automobile sometimes longs for something more detailed than a Blue Book or a road-map. An account of actual explorations along the Plymouth to Provincetown country has been written to 'illustrate the illustrations' drawn in pencil by the artist, C. Scott White. A Cape-Cod fisherman was once heard commenting on this book, *Pilgrim Trails: a Plymouth-to-Provincetown Sketchbook*. He said, 'Most books about the Cape make us feel like a piece of clam-pie that 's been hove out to the chickens. But this book we like to read over again when it 's winter and we have to stay indoor.'

* * *

There are times, even in spring, when one has to 'stay indoor.' For showery evenings, what better company than a heap of new books of friendly quality, whether on the sixteenth, eighteenth, or twentieth century. The Shop-Talk editor takes a glance through the disordered pile at his elbow, — *Consolation*, *Finding Youth*, *The Perfect Gentleman*, *Collectors' Luck*, *Wild Brother*, and *The Comforts of Home*, — and recalls Thoreau's remark to one who said he must be lonely: 'I am no more lonely than a weathercock, or the North Star, or the South Wind, or an April shower, or an early dandelion, or the first spider in a new house.'

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MAY, 1922

A CLEAN-UP'S JOB IN THE 'PIT'

A CHAPTER IN STEEL

BY CHARLES RUMFORD WALKER, JR.

A SMALL torrent of khaki swept on to the ferryboat that was taking troops to the special train for Camp Merritt. They stood all over her deck, in uncomfortably small areas; there seemed to be no room for the pack, which, perhaps, you were expected to swallow. Faces were a little pale from seasickness, but carried a uniformly radiant expression, which proceeded from a lively anticipation of civilian happiness. The conversation was ejaculatory, and included slapping and digging and squeezing your neighbor. Men were saying over and over again: 'This is about the last li'l war they'll ketch me for.'

I succeeded in getting beside the civilian pilot. 'What's happening in America?' I asked.

'Oh,' he said, 'it's a mess over here. There ain't any jobs, and labor is raisin' hell. Everybody that hez a job strikes.' He looked out over the water. 'I don't know what we 're comin' out at. Russia, mebbe.'

Naturally, I wondered about my new job — my civilian job. It was not just an ordinary change from one bread-winning place to another. It was a new job, in a world never revertible, quite, to the one that had kindled the war. It was impossible not to feel that the civilized structure had shaken and disintegrated a bit, or to escape the sense of great powers released. I was unable to decide whether the powers were cast for a rôle of great destruction or for one of great renewal.

In that civil life to follow, I began to see that I wanted two things: first, a job to give me a living; second, a chance to discover and build under the new social and economic conditions.

I was twenty-five — a college graduate, a first lieutenant in the army. In the civilian world into which I was about to jump, most of my connections were with the university I had recently left; few or none in the business world. Why not *enlist*, then, in one of the basic industries — coal, oil, or steel? I liked steel — technically and economically it interested me. Why not enlist in steel? Get a laborer's job? Learn the business? And, besides, the chemical forces of change, I meditated, were at work at the *bottom* of society.

The next day I sent in the resignation of my commission in the regular army of the United States.

I

Outside the car window, ore-piles were visible, black stacks and sooty sheet-iron mills, coal dumps, and jagged cuts in the hills, against greenness and the meadows and mountains beyond. There were farms here and there, let in by sufferance amid the primary apparatus of the steel-makers.

What an amazingly primary thing steel had become in the civilization we called modern! Steel was the basic industry of America; but, more than that, it was, in a sense, the buttress — the essential frame, rather — of present-day life. It made rails, surgical instruments, the girders of skyscrapers, the tools that cut, bored, and filed all the other tools. It was interesting to think that it contained America's biggest 'trust,' the greatest example of integration, of financial, of managerial combination anywhere to be found. Steel was critical in America's future, was n't it — critical for business, critical for labor?

I gazed out of the window at the black mills. I was about to learn the steel business. I knew perfectly well that the men who built this basic structure were as hardy and intelligent as this new generation of mine. But the job — difficult, technical job though it was — appeared too simple in their eyes. 'Build up business, and society will take care of itself,' they had said. A partial breakdown, a partial revolution, had resulted. Perhaps a thorough-going revolution threatened. I did n't know.

I knew there was no 'solution.' There was nothing so neat as that for this multiform condition. But an *adjustment*, a *working arrangement*, must be found out somehow by my generation. I expected to discover no specific after working at the bottom of the mill; but I did expect to learn something of the practical technique of making steel; and, alongside that, — despite, or perhaps because of, an outsider's fresh vision, — some sense of the forces getting ready at the bottom of things, to make or break society. Both kinds of education are certainly up to my generation.

The train jarred under its brakes, and in another minute I had stepped out on the platform. I found the Bouton station, built of gray stone, with deeply overhanging roof and gothicized windows. It seemed unrelated to the rest of the steel community. On the right loomed a dark gathering of stacks rising from irregular acres of sheet-iron roofs. Smoke-columns of various texture, some colored gold from an interior light, streaked the sky immediately above the mill-stacks.

The town spread itself along a valley, and on the sides of encircling hills on my left. In the foreground was Main Street, with stores and restaurants and a fruit-seller. I went across the street to explore for breakfast.

'Can I look at the job?' I asked.

'Sure,' he said, 'you can look at the job.'

I walked from the square, brick office of the open-hearth foreman, and lost my way amid a maze of railroad tracks, trestles, and small brick shanties, at last pushing inside a blackened sheet-iron shell — the mill. I entered by the side, following fierce white lights shining from the half-twilight interior. They seemed immensely brighter than the warm sun in the heavens.

I was conscious first of the blaring mouths of furnaces. There were five of them, and men with shovels in line, marching within a yard, hurling white gravel down red throats. Two of the men were stripped, and their backs were shiny in the red flare. I tried to feel perfectly at home, but discovered

a deep consciousness of being overdressed. My straw hat I could have hurled into a ladle of steel.

Someone yelled, 'Watch yourself!' and I looked up, with some horror, to note half the mill moving slowly but resolutely onward, bent on my annihilation.

I was mistaken. It was the charging machine, rattling and grinding past furnace No. 7. The machine is a monster, some forty feet from head to rear, stretching nearly the width of the central open space in the mill. The tracks on which it proceeds go the whole length, in front of all the furnaces. I dodged it, or rather ran from it, toward what appeared open water, but found there more tracks for stumbling.

An annoyed whistle lifted itself against the general background of noise. I looked over my shoulder. It relieved me to find a mere locomotive. I knew how to cope with locomotives. It was coming at me leisurely, so I gave it an interested inspection before leaving the track. It dragged a cauldron of exaggerated proportions, on a car fitted to hold it easily. A dull glow showed from inside, and a swirl of sparks and smoke shot up and lost themselves among girders.

The annoyed whistle recurred. By now the charging affair had lumbered past, was still threatening noisily, but was two furnaces below. I stepped back into the central spaces of the mill.

The foreman had told me to see the melter, Peter Grayson. I asked a short Italian, with a blazing face and weeping eyes, where the melter was. He stared hostilely at me.

'Pete Grayson,' I said.

'Oh, Pete,' he returned; 'there!'

I followed his eyes past a pile of coal, along a pipe, up to Pete. He was a Russian, of Atlas build, bent, vast-shouldered, with a square head like a box. He was lounging slowly toward me, with short steps. As he came into the furnace-light, I could see that he was an old man, with white hair under his cap, and a wooden face which, I was certain, kept a uniform expression in all weathers.

'What does a third helper do?' I asked when he came alongside.

Pete spat and turned away, as if the question disgusted him profoundly. But I noticed in a moment that he was giving the matter thought.

We waited two minutes. Finally he said, looking at me, 'Why a third helper has got a hell of a lot to do!'

He seemed to regard this quantitative answer as entirely satisfying.

'I know,' I said, 'but *what* in hell?'

He again looked at the floor, considered, and spat. 'He works round the furnace,' he said.

I saw that I would have to accept this as a prospectus. So I began negotiations.

'I want a job,' I said. 'I come from Mr. Towers. Have you got anything?'

He looked away again and said, 'They want a man on the night shift. Can you come at five?'

My heart leaped a bit at 'the night shift.' I thought over the schedule the employment manager had rehearsed: 'Five to seven, fourteen hours on the night-week.'

'Yes,' I said.

We had just about concluded this verbal contract, when a chorus of 'Heows' hit our eardrums. Men make such a sound in a queer, startling, warning way, difficult to describe. I looked around for the charging machine or locomotive, but neither was in range.

'What are they "Heowing" about?' I thought violently to myself. But Pete grabbed my arm, with a hand like a crane-hook. 'Want to watch y'self,' he said; 'get hurt'; and I saw the overhead crane, about to carry over our

heads a couple of tons of coal, in a huge swaying box.

I looked around a little more before I left, trying to organize some meaning into the operations I observed, trying to wonder how it would be to take a shovel and hurl that white gravel into those red throats.

I said to myself: 'I guess I can handle it.' And I thought strongly on the worst things I had known in the army.

As I stood, a locomotive entered the mill from the other end, and went down the track before the furnaces. It was dragging flat cars, with iron boxes as big as coffins laid crosswise on them. I went over, and looked carefully at the trainload, and at one or two of the boxes. They were filled with irregular shapes of iron — wire coils, bars, weights, sheets, fragments of machines; in short, scrap.

'This is what they eat,' I thought, glancing at the glowing doors. 'I wonder how many tons a day.'

I waited till the locomotive came to a shaken stop in front of the middle furnace, then left the mill by the tracks along which it had entered.

I followed them out and along a short bridge. A little way to my right was solid ground — the yards, where I had been. Back of Mr. Towers's little office were more mills. I picked out the power house — half a city block. Behind them all were five cone-shaped towers against the sky, and a little smoke curling over the top — the blast furnaces. Behind me the Bessemer furnace threw off a cloud of fire, which had changed while I was in the mill from brown to brownish gold. In front, and to my left, the tracks ran on the edge of a sloping embankment, which fell away quickly to a lower level. Fifty yards from the base was the blooming-mill, where the metal, I knew, was being rolled into great slabs called 'blooms.' A vague red glow came out of its interior twilights.

Down through the railroad ties on which I walked was open space, twenty feet below. Two workmen were coming out with dinner-buckets. I had a curiosity to know the arrangement and workings of the dark mill-cellar from which they came.

Turning back on the open-hearth mill, when I had crossed the bridge, I could see that it extended itself in a sort of gigantic lean-to shelter over what the melter had called the 'pit.' There was a crane moving about there, and more centres of light. I wondered about that area, too, and what sort of work the men did.

When I reached the end of the track, I thought to myself, 'I go to work at five o'clock. How about clothes?'

No one in the mill wore overalls, except the carpenters and millwrights, and so on. The helpers on the furnaces were clad in shapeless, baggy, gray affairs for trousers, and their shirts were blue or gray, with a rare khaki. Hats were either degraded felts or those black-visor effects — like those worn by locomotive engineers.

The twelve-o'clock whistle blew. A few men had been moving toward the gate slowly for minutes. The whistle sent them on at top walking-speed. I stared at them, to assure myself as to the correct dress for steel-makers.

II

I walked the four hundred yards to the open-hearth, at a quarter to five, and noticed clearly for the first time the yard of the blooming-mill. Here sheets and bars of steel, looking as if they weighed several thousand pounds each, were issuing from the mill on continuous treads, and moving about the yard in an orderly, but most complex manner. Electric cranes were sweeping over the quarter-acre of yard-

space, and lifting and piling the bars swiftly and precisely upon flat cars.

I entered the open-hearth mill by the tracks that ran close to the furnaces. The mill noises broke on me: a moan and rattle of cranes overhead, — fifty-ton ones, — the jarring of the trainloads of charge-boxes stopping suddenly in front of Number 4, and minor sounds, like chains jangling on being dropped, or gravel swishing out of a box. I was conscious of muscles growing tense in the face of this violent environment — a somewhat artificial and eager calm. I walked with excessive firmness, and felt my personality contracting itself into the mere sense of sight and sound. I looked for Pete. 'He's in his shanty,' said an American furnace-helper who was getting into his mill clothes.

I went after Pete's shanty. It was a sheet-iron box, 12 by 12, midway down the floor, near a steel beam. Pete was coming out, buttoning the lower buttons of a blue shirt. He looked through my head and passed me, much as he had passed the steel beam. With two or three steps, I moved out and blocked his way. He looked at me, loosened his face, and said very cheerfully, 'Hello.'

'I've come to work,' I said.

'Here,' he said, 'you'll work th' pit t' night. Few days, y' know — get used ter things.'

He led the way to some iron stairs, and we went down together into that darkened region under the furnaces, about whose function I had speculated.

To the left, I could make out tracks. (Railroads seemed to run through a steel mill from cellar to attic.) And at intervals, from above the tracks, torrents of sparks swept into the dark, with now and then a small stream of yellow fire.

We stumbled over bricks, mud, clay, a shovel, and the railroad track. In front of a narrow curtain of molten slag we waited for some moments. We were under the middle furnaces, I calculated. Gradually the curtain ceased, and Pete leaped under the hole from which it had come.

'Watch yourself,' he said.

I followed him, with a broad jump, and a prayer about the falling slag.

We came out into the pit, which had so many bright centres of molten steel that it was lighter than outdoors. I watched Pete's back chiefly, and my own feet. We kept stepping between little chunks of dark slag, that made your feet hot, and close to a bucket ten feet high, that gave forth smoke. Wheelbarrows we met, with and without men, and metal boxes, as large as wagons, dropped about a dirt floor. We avoided a hole with a fire at its centre.

At last, at the edge of the pit, near more tracks, we ran into the pit gang: eight or ten men, leaning on shovels and forks, and blinking at the molten metal falling into a huge ladle.

'Y' work *here*,' said Pete, and moved on. I remember feeling a half-pleasurable glow as I looked about the strenuous environment of which I was to become a part — a glow mixed with a touch of anxiety as to what I was up against for the next fourteen hours.

Two of the eight men looked at me and grinned. I grinned back and put on my gloves.

'Number 6 furnace?' I asked, nodding toward the stream.

'Ye-ah,' said the man next me.

He was a cleanly built person in loose corduroy pants, blue shirt open at his neck. Italian.

He grinned with extraordinary friendliness, and said, —

'First night, this place?'

'Yes,' I returned.

'Goddam hell of a —— job,' he said, very genially.

We both turned to look at the stream again. For ten minutes we stared.

I was eager to organize into reasonableness a little of this strenuous process that was going forward with a hiss and a roar about me.

'That's the ladle?' I asked, to start things.

'Ye-ah, where yer see metal come, dat's spout; crane tak' him over pour-platform, see; pour-man mak li'l hole in ladle, fill up moul' — see de moul' on de flat cars?'

The Italian was a professor to me. I got the place named and charted in good shape before the night was out. The pit was an area of perhaps half an acre, with open sides and a roof. Two cranes traversed its entire extent; and a railway passed through its outer edge, bearing mammoth moulds, seven feet high above their flat cars. Every furnace protruded a spout; and when the molten steel inside was 'cooked,' tilted backward slightly and poured into a ladle. A bunch of things happened before that pouring. Men appeared on a narrow platform with a very twisted railing, near the spout, and worked for a time with rods. They prodded up inside, till a tiny stream of fire broke through. Then you could see them start back to escape the deluge of molten steel. The stream in the spout would swell to the circumference of a man's body, and fall into the ladle — that oversized bucket thing hung conveniently for it by the electric crane. A dizzy tide of sparks accompanied the stream, and shot out quite far into the pit, at times causing men to slap themselves, to keep their clothing from breaking out into a blaze. There were always staccato human voices against the mechanical noise, and you distinguished by inflection whether you heard command, or assent, or warning, or simply the lubrications of profanity.

As the molten stuff filled toward the top of the ladle, curdling like a gigantic pot of oatmeal, somebody gave a yell, and slowly, by an entirely concealed power, the 250-ton furnace lifted itself erect, and the steel stopped flowing.

But it splashed and slobbered enormously in the ladle at this juncture; a few hundred pounds ran over the edge to the floor of the pit. This, when it had cooled a little, would be our job to clean up, separating steel scrap from the slag.

When a ladle was full, the crane took it gingerly in a sweep of a hundred feet through mid-air, and, as Fritz said, the men on the pouring platform released a stopper from a hole in the bottom, to let out the steel. It flowed out in a spurting stream three or four inches thick, into moulds that stood some seven feet high, on flat cars.

III

'Clean off the track on Number 7, an' make it fast,' from the pit boss, accompanied by a neat stream of tobacco juice, which began to steam vigorously when it struck the hot slag at his feet.

We passed through to the other side of the furnaces by going under Number 6, a bright fall of sparks from the slag-hole just missing the heels of the last man.

'Is n't that dangerous?' I said to myself angrily. 'Why do we have to dodge under that slag-hole?'

We moved in the dark, along a track that turned in under Number 7, into a region of great heat. Before us was a small hill of partially cooled slag, blocking the track. It was like a tiny volcano actively fluid in the centre, with the edges blackened and hard.

I found out very quickly the 'why' of this mess. The furnace is made to rock forward, and spill out a few hundred pounds of the slag that floats on top. A short 'buggy' car runs under, to catch the flow. But someone had

blundered — no buggy was there when the slag came.

'Get him up queek, and let buggy come back for nex' time,' explained an Italian with moustachios, who carried the pick. 'Huh, whatze matter goddam first helper, letta furnace go,' he added angrily. 'Lotza work.'

This job took us three hours. The Italian went in at once with the pick, and loosened a mass of cinder near one of the rails. Fritz and I followed up with shovels, hurling the stuff away from the tracks.

The slag is light, and you can swing a fat shovelful with ease; but mixed with it are clumps of steel that follow the slag over the furnace doors. It grew hotter as we worked in — three inches of red heat to a slag-cake six inches thick.

'Hose,' said someone.

The Italian found it in behind the next furnace, and screwed it to a spigot between the two. We became drowned in steam.

We had been at it about an hour and a half, and I was shoveling back loose cinder, with a little speed to get it over with. 'Rest yourself,' commanded Moustachios. 'Lotza time, lotza time.'

I leaned on my shovel, and found rather mixed feelings rising inside me. I was a little resentful at being told what to do; a little pleased that I was, at least, up to the gang standard; a little in doubt as to whether we ought not to be working harder; but, on the whole, tired enough to dismiss the question and lean on my shovel.

The heat was bad at times: 120 and 130 degrees, when you're right in it, I should guess. It was like constantly sticking your head into the fireplace. When you had a cake or two of newly turned slag, glowing on both sides, you worked like mad to get your pick work done, and come out. I found that a given amount of work in heat fatigued me at three times the rate of the same work in a cooler atmosphere. But it was exciting, at all events.

We used the crowbar and sledge on the harder ledges of the stuff, putting a loose piece under the bar, and prying.

When it was well cleared, a puffy switch engine came out of the dark from the direction of Number 4, and pushed a buggy under the furnace. The engineer was short and jolly-looking, and asked the Italians a few very personal questions in a loud ringing voice. Everyone laughed, and all but Fritz and me undertook a new cheekful of 'Honest Scrap.' I smoked a Camel and gave Fritz one.

Then Al, the pit boss, came through. He was an American, medium husky, cap on one ear, and spat through his teeth. I guessed that Al somehow was n't as hard-boiled as he looked, and found later that he was new as a boss. I concluded that he adopted this exterior in imitation of bosses of greater natural gifts in those lines, and to give substance to his authority. He used to be a workman in a tin mill.

'All done? If that —— —— —— first helper on the furnace had any brains . . .' and so forth. 'Now get through and clean out the goddam mess in front.'

We went through, and Fritz used the pick against some very dusty cinder that was entirely cool, and was massed in great piles on the front side of the slag-hole.

'Getta wheelbarrow, *you*.'

I started for the wheelbarrow, just the ghost of resentment rising at being ordered about by a 'Wop,' and then fading out into the difficulties I had in finding the wheelbarrow. Two or three things that day I had been sent for — things whose whereabouts were a closed book. 'Where in h—,' I thought to myself, violently disturbed, 'are wheelbarrows?' I found one at last,

near the masons under Number 4, and started off.

'Hey, what the h—? what the h—?'

So much for that wheelbarrow.

I found another, behind a box near Number 8, and pushed it back over mud, slag, scrap, and pipes, and things. I never knew before what a bother a wheelbarrow is on an open-hearth pit-floor. Only four of us stayed for work under Number 7, a German laborer and I coöperating with shovel and wheelbarrow on the right-hand cinder-pile.

We had been digging and hauling an hour, and it was necessary to reach underneath the slag-hole to get at what was left. I always glanced upward for sparks and slag when shoveling, and allowed only my right hand and shovel to pass under.

Just as arm and shovel went in for a new lot, Fritz yelled, 'Watch out!'

I pulled back with a frog's leap, and dodged a shaft of fat sparks, spattering on the pit-floor. A second later the sparks became a tiny stream, the size of a finger, and then a torrent of molten slag, the size of an arm. The stuff bounded and splashed vigorously when it struck the ground.

It did n't get us, and in a second we both laughed from a safe distance.

'Goddam slag come queek,' said Fritz, grinning.

'How you like job?' he added.

Before I had any chance to discuss the *nuances* of a clean-up's walk in life, Fritz was pointing out a new source of molten danger.

We were standing now in the main pit, beyond the overhanging edge of the furnace.

'Look out now, zee!' said Fritz, pointing upward.

Almost over our heads was Number 7's spout, and, dribbling off the end, another small rope of sparks.

We fell over each other to the pit's edge, stopping when we reached tracks. Looking back at once, we saw that the stream had thickened, like the other in the slag-hole. But here it was molten steel, and with a long drop of thirty feet. The rebound of the thudding molten metal sent it off twenty-five or thirty feet in all directions.

The stream swelled steadily, till it reached the circumference of a man's body, and fell in a thudding shaft of metallic flame to the pit's floor. Spatterings went out in a moderately symmetrical circle forty feet across. The smaller gobs of molten stuff made minor centres of spatter of their own. It was a spectacle that burned easily into memory.

The gang of men at the edge of the pit watched the thing with apparent enjoyment, and I wondered, slowly, two things: one, whether anyone ever got caught under such a molten Niagara; and two, whether the pit was going to have a steel floor before it stopped. How could it be stopped anyway?

The crane man had been busy for some minutes picking up a ladle from Number 4, and at that instant he swung it under, and the process of steel-flooring ceased. About ten tons had escaped, out of a furnaceful of 250.

What the devil had happened? I talked with everybody I could. It was a rare thing I learned: the mud and dolomite (a limestone substance) in the tap hole had not been properly packed, and broke through. My companions told me about another occasion, some years before, when molten steel got loose. It caught twenty-four men in the flow — killed and buried them. The company, with a sense of the proprieties, waited until the families of the men moved before putting the scrap, which contained them, back into the furnace for remelting.

THE UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION

BY KIRBY PAGE

WHAT are the social consequences of current business policies? To what extent are human values subordinated in the effort to secure large returns on invested capital? Do the workers receive an adequate share of the proceeds of modern industry? How shall we determine an equitable adjustment of profits and wages? Wherein resides the dominant power in the control of modern business?

This study of one of our large corporations is an attempt to shed light upon such questions as these. The United States Steel Corporation was selected for this purpose because of its magnitude and the important part which it plays in one of our basic industries. A preliminary draft of this manuscript was sent to Judge Elbert H. Gary, Chairman of the Corporation, with the request that he point out any statements that he regarded as inaccurate or unfair. He very kindly arranged that I might have an interview with three of the Corporation officials, and later that I might have a personal interview with him. He most generously set aside an hour and a half for an informal discussion of the subject matter of this article. For this interview he also invited in Mr. James A. Farrell, President of the Steel Corporation; Mr. William J. Filbert, Comptroller; Mr. C. L. Close, head of the Bureau of Safety, Sanitation, and Welfare; and Mr. George K. Leet, his secretary.

There are many statements herein with which these gentlemen do not agree, some of which they regard as inaccurate or misleading. I have endeavored to note the most important of these in footnotes. The officials of the Corporation emphatically disagree with the general viewpoint of this article. Perhaps I ought to state that I do not regard the policies of the Steel Corporation as unique, but rather as a fair illustration of practices which are widely prevalent in modern business circles. It seems highly important that a vigorous effort be made to discover the social consequences and ethical implications of these policies.

'A Corporation with a Soul'

This is the subtitle of a recent book dealing with the United States Steel Corporation. There is much to be said in favor of the contention that this Corporation has a soul. Ninety-five millions of dollars have been spent by the Steel Corporation in various kinds of welfare work for its employees.

It is estimated that safety-devices installed and precautionary measures taken have reduced the number of accidents in its plants approximately 55 per cent.

Much attention has been given to the protection of the health of its workers. Twenty-five base hospitals have been erected and supported.

Large sums have been expended for sanitation, toilet and locker facilities, lunch-rooms, club-rooms, playgrounds, athletic fields, and other recreational features.

Fifty schools and twenty-six church-

es have been built. Many thousands of dollars have been appropriated for the building of houses for its employees.

Employees have been given the opportunity to purchase stock in the Corporation, and thousands of them are now small stockholders.

The Corporation has been tremendously successful in its business. Its products have found their way into all parts of the world. Regular dividends have been paid and a huge reserve has been built up. Enormous sums have been paid to the Federal Government in taxes. High wages are paid to its skilled mechanics. The average earnings of all employees during the year 1920 were approximately seven dollars per day.

Hours of Work

There are other factors, however, which need to be taken into account. First of all, let us inquire as to hours and working conditions. In his testimony before the United States Senate investigating committee, Judge Gary, Chairman of the Steel Corporation, said: 'Twenty-six and a half per cent of all employees work the twelve-hour turn, and the number is 69,284.'

Concerning the proportion of those actually employed in the processes of steel-making who work the twelve-hour day, Mr. Horace B. Drury,[1] after an extensive investigation, says: —

> So far as concerns these continuous operation processes which make up the heart of the steel industry, such as the blast furnace, the open-hearth furnace, and most types of rolling mills, together with the various auxiliary departments necessary to keep these processes going, and make a complete plant, the bulk of the employees work 12 hours. All the men whose presence is essential to the carrying-on of the processes, from the chemist and boss down to the lowest helper, — the technical graduate, the American-born roller, and the unskilled foreigner, — all these, with very few exceptions, work 12 hours. Most likely the percentage of 12-hour workers for the whole plant — which, we are assuming, is entirely, or almost entirely, devoted to the more fundamental steel processes — will be considerably over 50 per cent; in some cases two thirds. . . . For them and for their families, numbering perhaps a half or three quarters of a million of people, the 12-hour day has become a fixed industrial habit, firmly intrenched in the traditions of the industry and in human lives and habits.[2]

As to the necessity for the twelve-hour shift, Mr. Drury reminds us that in England, France, Germany, Sweden, Italy, Belgium, and Spain, it has been abandoned, and that twenty steel plants in America are now running on three shifts.

As to the increased cost of steel under an eight-hour day, Mr. Drury says: 'If all the departments in a steel plant were to be changed from two to three shifts, the increase in total cost for the finished rail, bar, or plate could not, on the average, be more than about three per cent.[3]

As to the effects of the twelve-hour day, President Farrell said that the situation is not so bad as it is often pictured. He said that many of the men actually work only half of the time they are on duty. The other side of the case is presented by Mr. John A. Fitch in these words: —

[1] Recently with the Industrial Relations Division of the United States Shipping Board; formerly of the Economics Department, Ohio State University.

[2] *Bulletin of the Taylor Society*, vol. vi, no. 1, Feb. 1921. *The Three-Shift System in the Steel Industry*, by Horace B. Drury, pp. 3, 4. Concerning this report, Mr. C. L. Patterson, Secretary of the Bureau of Labor, National Association of Steel and Tin-Plate Manufacturers, said: 'Mr. Drury has given us the most illuminating and thorough analysis of the subject that I have ever heard or read.'

[3] Mr. Wm. J. Filbert, Comptroller of the Corporation, said to the present writer that the increase in labor-costs would greatly exceed three per cent.

Some of the twelve-hour men, such as blooming-mill rollers, for example, are busy practically every minute of the full twelve hours of work. Others work under conditions of such strain, or under such heat, that 'spell-hands' are provided. Others, as in the open-hearth furnaces, have periods of idleness between heats. When these men work, however, they work under conditions of terrific strain and in great heat.

Judge Gary said that the Corporation is endeavoring to abolish the twelve-hour day and hopes to succeed within the near future.

It does not require a vivid imagination to picture the consequences of the twelve-hour day. Twelve hours at the mill, one half-hour going to and one half-hour coming from work, one half-hour for breakfast and one half-hour for supper, eight hours sleep — add these up! A scant two hours are left for domestic duties, home life, social and civic life, reading and study! What sort of a husband, father, and citizen is a twelve-hour worker likely to be? How much energy and interest is such a worker likely to have left for intellectual and spiritual matters?

Wages

Let us next analyze the wages paid by the Steel Corporation. Surely wages must be adequate if the average for all employees in 1920 was approximately seven dollars per day. There is no doubt that skilled labor is paid well, in comparison with other industries. But how about unskilled labor? According to the Interchurch Report on the Steel Strike of 1919,

> The annual earnings of over one third of all productive iron and steel workers were, and had been for years, below the level set by government experts as the minimum subsistence standard for families of five. The annual earnings of 72 per cent of all workers were, and had been for years, below the level set by government experts as the minimum of comfort level for families of five. This second standard being the lowest which scientists are willing to term an 'American standard of living,' it follows that nearly three quarters of the steel workers could not earn enough for an American standard of living.

That was the condition in 1919. What are the facts at the present time?

Three successive wage-cuts during 1921 reduced the wages of unskilled labor in the employ of the Steel Corporation slightly more than 40 per cent, the rate now being 30 cents per hour, with no extra pay for overtime.[4] Eight hours a day, six days per week, at this rate amounts to $14.40 per week — $748.80 per year, if no time is lost from sickness or otherwise. Is this a partial explanation of the reluctance of the employees to give up the twelve-hour day, about which we hear so much?

Ten hours a day at this rate amounts to $18 per week, or $936 per year. Twelve hours a day at this rate amounts to $21.60 per week, or $1123.20 per year.

The numbers of workers in normal times receiving this lowest wage is about 70,000. About 30 per cent of the steel workers are unmarried. These figures mean that about 50,000 married men are unable to earn as much as $1150 per year, even by working 12 hours per day and 52 weeks per year. The size of the average American family is five — father, mother, and three children under fourteen years of age. The average family of the foreign steel worker has 6.63 members.[5]

[4] *Literary Digest*, October 1, 1921, p. 58. Judge Gary pointed out to the present writer that some of the independent steel concerns are paying only 25 cents an hour to unskilled workers.

[5] Steel Corporation officials say that the average family has more than one wage-earner. It is undoubtedly true, however, that there are many thousands of families with small children in which there is only one wage-earner.

Family Budgets

Persons who are interested in human and community welfare will pause to inquire as to the standard of life these thousands of families are able to maintain. Extensive investigations have been made by a number of agencies as to minimum health and decency budgets, among which are those of Professor Ogburn, Professor Chapin, the New York Factory Investigation Commission, the New York Board of Estimate. These estimates were made at different periods, but it is possible to reduce them to a common date. At the average prices prevailing in June, 1918, they varied from $1317 to $1395 per year. According to the National Industrial Conference Board, an organization maintained by employers' associations, the cost of living in June, 1918, was 52 per cent higher than in July, 1914. The high peak was reached in July, 1920, when the increase over 1914 amounted to 104 per cent. In July, 1921, the increase over 1914 was 63 per cent, an increase of 7 per cent as compared with July, 1918.

Reduced to the prices of July, 1921, these minimum budgets vary from $1410 to $1490, the average being $1465. In the opinion of these authorities, a family of five cannot maintain a minimum health and decency standard on less than $1465, at July, 1921 prices. During August and September, 1921, there was a slight upward trend in the cost of living. At the prices of July, 1921, $1465 was the equivalent of $898 at July, 1914 prices. Any reader who has had experience with family budgets during this period of high cost of living will recognize that $1465 is an exceedingly limited annual budget for father, mother, and three children under fourteen.

Fifty thousand married workers in the employ of the United States Steel Corporation in normal times, by working twelve hours per day, six days per week, and fifty-two weeks per year, can earn only $1125 — $340 less than this minimum health and decency budget. As a matter of fact, the actual earnings of a large proportion of these men are much less than $1125 per year, because of lost time and unemployment.

Our next inquiry is, of course, whether or not the Steel Corporation could afford to pay its married workers a living wage. To increase the annual pay of these 50,000 married men $340 each, would require $17,000,000. In the scale above these men is a group of 60,000 semi-skilled workers, of whom approximately 40,000 are married men. To increase the annual pay of this group the modest sum of $200 per year, would require $8,000,000.

If the annual wages of 50,000 married men in the unskilled class were increased $340 each, and those of 40,000 married men in the semi-skilled class were increased $200 each, the additional cost to the Steel Corporation would be $25,000,000 a year.[6]

Cost of Abolishing the Twelve-Hour Day

This would still leave the twelve-hour day undisturbed, however. Can the Steel Corporation afford to pay these wages for an eight-hour day?

To change from two shifts to three shifts per day would not require a 50 per cent increase in the number of employees, because eight-hour workers are more efficient than twelve-hour workers. After investigation, Mr. Drury estimated that the change to three shifts would not require more than a 35 per cent increase in the working force.

[6] Judge Gary told the present writer that he regards it as utterly impracticable to pay different rates to single men and married men. He said that wages cannot be determined on a basis of family budgets. He said that rates of wages respond to the laws of supply and demand.

With regard to the cost of changing to an eight-hour day, Mr. John A. Fitch says, in the *Survey:* —

> If the Steel Corporation had introduced the three-shift system in 1920 by increasing its force in the departments affected by 35 per cent, and had paid each man as much for eight hours as he formerly had received for twelve, the addition to the pay roll would be something over $61,000,000. This statement is made without taking into account a probable increase in efficiency that would cut down the cost very materially.

As a matter of fact, however, the actual increase would probably be very much less than $61,000,000. After his investigation of the twenty steel plants in the United States which have already adopted the three-shift system, Mr. Drury says: —

> There seems, in fact, to be substantial reason for believing — in view of results already accomplished in some of the plants — that, when the three-shift system once gets into fair running order, the labor-cost need not be to any great degree higher than it has been under two-shift operation; and, indeed, a rather fair argument might be drawn up to show that all of the increase in labor-costs might in time be wiped out.[7]

Earnings of the Steel Corporation

Now let us look into the question of the financial ability of the Corporation to stand higher wage-costs. The annual report for 1920 shows that the total earnings were slightly more than $185,000,000, and the net income $130,000,000.

The first annual report of the Corporation was for the year ending December 31, 1902. In the eighteen years following, ending December 31, 1920, the total earnings of all properties, after deducting all expenditures incident to operation, including ordinary repairs and maintenance, also interest on bonds and mortgages of the subsidiary companies, employees' bonus and pension funds, corporation excise tax, Federal income tax, and excess-profits tax, amounted to slightly more than $2,817,000,000. Of this amount some $574,000,000 were set aside for depreciation, depletion, sinking and replacement funds, leaving $2,243,000,000 as the net income for nineteen years.[8]

Out of this net income a total of $1,002,000,000 has been paid in dividends. A regular 7 per cent dividend on preferred stock has been paid each year. The dividends on common stock have been as follows: two years no dividends were paid on common stock, one year 1¼ per cent, three years 2 per cent, one year 3 per cent, one year 3½ per cent, two years 4 per cent, six years 5 per cent, one year 8¾ per cent, one year 14 per cent, one year 18 per cent — making an average for these years of a fraction less than 5 per cent on common stock, and 7 per cent on preferred stock. Regular 5 per cent interest has been paid on bonds.

The total net amount expended for additional property, and construction and development work, amounts to more than $991,000,000.

As far back as 1911, Mr. Herbert Knox Smith, United States Commissioner of Corporations, in referring to the Steel Corporation, said: —

> During the period from April, 1901, to December 31, 1910, the Corporation has made an additional net investment in its properties of no less than $504,928,653. Of this amount, roughly, $435,000,000 was virtually provided from earnings. These

[7] Judge Gary expressed the opinion that there would be a heavy increase in labor-costs under the three-shift system. He pointed out that a number of steel plants have changed back to the two-shift system after experimenting with three shifts.

[8] These figures were secured by adding the totals of earnings in the nineteen annual reports of the Corporation.

amounts, it should be noted, are over and above the allowance for ordinary maintenance and repairs and for actual net depreciation.

In his recent book, *United States Steel: A Corporation with a Soul*, — the library copy of this book which the present writer consulted bears the inscription: 'Presented by Elbert H. Gary,' — Mr. Arundel Cotter says in this connection: 'Practically all this gain in production has been attained by "ploughing" profits back into additions and improvements. Practically all expenditures for extensions have been from earnings. Approximately $900,000,000 have been expended in this manner.'

At the end of 1920, the total undivided surplus of the Steel Corporation amounted to more than $523,000,000.

Overcapitalization

Another factor must be considered. At the time of its formation the Corporation was heavily overcapitalized. In this connection, Mr. Herbert Knox Smith, United States Commissioner of Corporations, said: —

> In 1901 the fair market value of its tangible property was about $700,000,000, slightly less than one half of its capitalization. The figures show clearly that the entire issue of approximately $508,000,000 of common stock of the Steel Corporation in 1901 had no physical property back of it; and also a considerable fraction, say from one fifth to two fifths, of the preferred stock was likewise unprotected by physical property. Even granting that there may have been a considerable value in intangible considerations, it is reasonably clear that at least the entire issue of common stock, except in so far as what may be termed 'merger value' may be considered, represented nothing but 'water.'

In his book, Mr. Cotter admits that the common stock of the Corporation 'had nothing behind it but blue sky.' He says that this claim 'has never been denied and probably cannot be.'[9]

In spite of the fact that this issue of $508,000,000 of common stock was all 'water,' regular dividends have been paid upon it. During the nineteen years, the total amount of dividends paid on this 'watered' common stock amounts to more than $480,000,000.[10] We are not attempting to say that this common stock is heavily watered at the present time. We are merely pointing out the fact that it has value only because more than $900,000,000 of earnings have been 'ploughed' back. If the Corporation had not been heavily overcapitalized, a large part of this $900,000,000 could have been paid out in increased wages to unskilled workers, without jeopardizing the financial position of the Corporation.[11]

Summary of Earnings

Let us summarize these figures: total earnings in eighteen years, $2,817,000,000; total net income, $2,243,000,000; total dividends $1,002,000,000 — 7 per cent on preferred stock and 5 per cent on common stock, including $480,000,000 on common stock, which was originally all 'water'; 5 per cent on bonds; a total of $574,000,000 set aside for depreciation, depletion, sinking and replacement funds; a total of more than $900,000,000 from earnings 'ploughed' back, in the form of new property and improvements.

The average net income of the Corporation from 1901 to the end of 1920,

[9] Judge Gary said to the present writer that, if 'good-will' and other considerations were taken into account, he did not think the Corporation was overcapitalized at the time of its organization.

[10] See Cotter, p. 308. His figure of approximately $455,000,000 plus the $25,000,000 paid on common stock in 1920, gives the above figure.

[11] Mr. W. J. Filbert, Comptroller of the Corporation, emphatically disagrees with this statement.

after deducting all operating expenses, ordinary maintenance and repairs, and generous appropriations for depreciation, depletion and sinking funds, was approximately $118,000,000 per year. This means that the returns on the $868,000,000 of common and preferred stock have been at the rate of approximately 13½ per cent annually — this in spite of the fact that originally more than half of this stock was 'pure water.'

If the rate of return on capital stock had been reduced to 10 per cent, the additional amount available for wages would have been more than $30,000,000 annually; and if the rate had been reduced to 7 per cent, the additional amount available for wages would have been more than $56,000,000 annually. Either of these sums would have gone a long way toward making possible the abolition of the twelve-hour day, and raising the wages of unskilled workers to a point where they could maintain a decent standard of living.

Causes of Low Wages and Long Hours

Why, then, does the Corporation continue to pay its unskilled workers about $340 a year less than a minimum health and decency standard, and in normal times compel approximately 70,000 of its employees to work the twelve-hour day?

The first reason is, because it follows the usual procedure of not basing wages upon the needs of the workers but upon the market rate. The market rate is paid for labor as for any material commodity. The size of the Corporation enables it to play an important part in determining the market rate. Unskilled workers can now be secured for 30 cents an hour, and therefore it is not necessary to pay a higher wage. Judge Gary told the present writer that he regards it as utterly impracticable to base wages upon family budgets. He said that wages respond to the law of supply and demand.

The second reason is that, from the viewpoint of the management, it is more important to pay regular dividends, and to build up a huge reserve than it is to pay workers in excess of the market rate, even though this rate is insufficient for the maintenance of a decent or comfortable standard of life. Judge Gary said that capital invested in manufacturing properties is entitled to a return of 15 per cent annually, and pointed out that the earnings of many manufacturing concerns are greatly in excess of this rate. He said that the Steel Corporation could not afford to raise wages, since this would reduce the returns on capital below a fair rate, that is, below 13 to 15 per cent.

The third reason is that adequate pressure has not been brought to bear upon the Steel Corporation by the workers themselves or by public opinion.

Labor Policy

What is the labor policy of the Corporation? On June 17, 1901, six weeks after the Corporation was organized, the Executive Committee passed the following resolution: —

> That we are unalterably opposed to any extension of union labor, and advise subsidiary companies to take a firm position when these questions come up, and say that they are not going to recognize it — that is, any extension of unions in mills where they do not now exist; that great care should be used to prevent trouble, and that they promptly report and confer with this Corporation.

This policy has been rigidly adhered to. 'Whereas, in 1901, one third of the Corporation's mills dealt with unions, in 1919 these and all other unions had been ousted; no unions were dealt with.' Judge Gary, the Chairman, refused to confer with representatives of the

American Federation of Labor in the face of an imminent strike, even when requested to do so by President Wilson.

On April 18, 1921, Judge Gary thus expressed his attitude toward unions:—

> As stated and repeated publicly, we do not combat, though we do not contract or deal with, labor-unions as such. Personally, I believe they may have been justified in the long past, for I think the workmen were not always treated justly; that because of their lack of experience or otherwise, they were unable to protect themselves, and therefore needed the assistance of outsiders in order to secure their rights. But whatever may have been the condition of employment in the long past, and whatever may have been the results of unionism, concerning which there is at least much uncertainty, there is at present, in the opinion of the large majority of both employers and employees, no necessity for labor-unions; and that no benefit or advantage through them will accrue to anyone except the union-labor leaders.

Some years ago Mr. Andrew Carnegie, in his *Gospel of Wealth*, said:—

> Now the poorest laborer in America or in England, or indeed throughout the civilized world, who can handle a pick or shovel, stands upon equal terms with the purchaser of his labor. He sells or withholds, as it may seem best to him. He negotiates, and thus rises to the dignity of an independent contractor. Not only has the laborer conquered his political and personal freedom, he has achieved industrial freedom as well.

It will be worth while to look into this matter a little further. Does the unskilled worker, with his 'pick or shovel,' stand upon equal terms with the United States Steel Corporation? Does he 'negotiate' and has he 'the dignity of an independent contractor'?

Power of the Corporation

In attempting to answer this question, let us consider the size and strength of the Steel Corporation. Its total assets are listed at $2,430,000,000. Its gross volume of business during 1920 was $1,755,000,000. It owns 145 steel works, approximately 800,000 acres of coal and coke properties, 993 miles of railway, 1470 locomotives, and 112 steamers.

In addition to these huge holdings, the Corporation is represented in many other industries. Some years ago, an investigating committee of the House of Representatives found that

> one or more of the directors of the Steel Corporation are also directors in terminal, steamship, express, and telegraph companies having a total capitalization of $1,271,778,890; in industrial corporations with a combined capitalization of $2,803,509,348; and in banks and trust companies having a capital, surplus, and undivided profits aggregating $3,314,811,178; of $18,417,132,238 invested in railways of the United States, the directors of the United States Steel Corporation have a voice in the directorates of, or act as executive officers of, railroad companies with a total capitalization or bonded indebtedness of $10,365,071,833.

The policies of the Corporation are determined by a Board of Directors, composed of thirteen members in 1921, and a Finance Committee of six members. The total number of stockholders is over 100,000, but a majority of the stock is held by less than two per cent of the stockholders. The vast majority of the stockholders take no active part whatever in determining policies. Actual control is in the hands of the thirteen directors, six of whom are also members of the Finance Committee.

The degree of this control was brought out by Judge Gary in a recent interview with Mr. Whiting Williams:—

> Some years ago, in 1912, I believe, Mr. Charles Cabot of Boston arose in a stockholders' meeting and proposed a committee to study the hours of work. I asked him how many shares he had. He replied that he had ten or twenty, I have forgotten

which. I reminded him that, as I held the proxies of a majority of the voting shares, I could very easily outvote his motion. Nevertheless I was glad to vote for it, and so the committee was put into action.[12]

This concentration of control is brought out even more vividly in the address of Judge Gary at the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Corporation on April 19, 1920, in these words: 'Since the United States Steel Corporation commenced business on April 1, 1901, there have been held, including the present one, nineteen regular and also ten special stockholders' meetings. I have had the honor of presiding at every one, and of voting the major part of all the outstanding capital stock. For the confidence reposed and the uniformly courteous treatment accorded I am appreciative and grateful.'

Consequences of Anti-Union Policy

In the light of the facts obtained, the Commission of Inquiry of the Interchurch World Movement summarized these consequences as follows: —

> Maintaining the non-unionism alternative entailed for the employers, (1) discharging workmen for unionism; (2) black lists; (3) espionage and the hiring of 'labor detective agencies' operatives; (4) strike breakers, principally negroes. Maintaining the non-unionism alternative entailed for communities, (1) the abrogation of the right of assembly, the suppression of free speech, and the violation of personal rights (principally in Pennsylvania); (2) the use of state police, state troops and (in Indiana) of the United States army; (3) such activities on the part of constituted authorities and of the press and the pulpit as to make the workers believe that these forces oppose labor. In sum, the actually existent state of the steel industry is a state of latent war over rights of organization conceded by public opinion in other civilized countries.

[12] *Collier's Weekly*, July 23, 1921, p. 7.

Concluding Questions

The present writer desires to state emphatically that this article is not intended as a specific attack upon the officers and directors of the United States Steel Corporation. This discussion deals with policies and not with personalities. The facts set forth herein are used as conspicuous examples of widely accepted policies and practices in modern business life.

Let us conclude this discussion by asking five fundamental questions upon which the people of America will do well to deliberate.

First: Should labor be regarded as a commodity to be purchased at the lowest possible rate, or should the cost of maintaining a decent and comfortable standard of life be used as the basis of determining the lower rates of wages?

Second: What are the costs to society of driving mothers and children under sixteen into industry because of the inadequacy of the father's wage?

Third: Is invested capital ethically entitled to an annual return of 13 per cent, or even 10 per cent, if this involves the payment of inadequate wages to unskilled workers?

Fourth: What should be our attitude toward overcapitalization, the 'watering' of stock, and the concealing of profits?

Fifth: What should be our attitude toward employers who hold in their hands an enormous concentration of economic power, and who refuse to bargain collectively with their workers through representatives of the workers' own choice?

The material and spiritual well-being of a large proportion of our population, the stability and prosperity of industry, the growth of real democracy, and the progress of mankind depend upon the answers given to such questions as these.

THE QUARE WOMEN

BY LUCY FURMAN

I

Aunt Ailsie first heard the news from her son's wife, Ruthena, who, returning from a trading trip to The Forks, reined in her nag to call, —

'Maw, there 's a passel of quare women come in from furrin parts and sot 'em up some cloth houses there on the p'int above the court house, and carrying on some of the outlandishest doings ever you heared of. And folks a-pouring up that hill till no jury can't hardly be got to hold court this week.'

The thread of wool Aunt Ailsie was spinning snapped and flew, and she stepped down from porch to palings. 'Hit 's a show!' she exclaimed, in an awed voice; 'I heared of one down Jackson-way one time, where there was a elephant and a lion and all manner of varmints, and the women rid around bareback, without no clothes on 'em to speak of.'

'No, hit hain't no show, neither, folks claim; they allow them women is right women, and dresses theirselves plumb proper. Some says they come up from the level land. And some that Uncle Ephraim Kent fotched 'em in.'

'Did n't you never go up to see?'

Ruthena laughed. 'I 'll bound I would if I 'd a-been you,' she said; 'and but for that sucking child at home, I allow I would myself.'

'Child or no child, you ought to have went,' complained Aunt Ailsie, disappointed. 'I wisht Lot would come on back and tell me about 'em.'

Next morning she was delighted to see her favorite grandson, Fult Fallon, dash up the branch on his black mare.

'Tell about them quare women,' she demanded, before he could dismount.

'I come to get some of your sweet apples for 'em, granny,' he said. ''Peared like they was apple-hungry, and I knowed hit was time for yourn.'

'Light and take all you need,' she said. 'But, Fulty, stop a spell first and tell me more about them women. Air they running a show like we heared of down Jackson-way four or five year gone?'

Fult shook his head emphatically. 'Not that kind,' he said. 'Them women are the ladyest women you ever seed, and the friendliest. And hit 's a pure sight all the pretties they got, and all the things that goes on. I never in life enjoyed the like.'

Aunt Ailsie followed him around to the sweet-apple tree, and helped him fill his saddlebags.

'Keep a-telling about 'em,' she begged. 'Seems like I hain't heared or seed nothing for so long I 'm nigh starved to death.'

'Well, they come up from the level country — the Blue Grass. You ricollect me telling you how I passed through hit on my way to Frankfort — as smooth, pretty country as ever was made; though, being level, hit looked lonesome to me. And from what they have said, I allow Uncle Ephraim Kent

fotched 'em up here, some way or 'nother, I don't rightly know how. And they put up at our house till me 'n' the boys could lay floors and set up their tents.'

The saddlebags were full now, and they turned back. 'Stay and set with me a while,' she begged him.

'Could n't noways think of hit,' he said; 'might miss my sewing-lesson.'

'Sewing-lesson!' she exclaimed.

'Had n't you heared about me becoming a man of peace, setting down sewing handkerchers and sech every morning?' he laughed.

'Now I know you are lying to me,' she said, in an injured tone.

'Nary grain,' he protested. 'Come get up behind and go 'long in and see if I hain't speaking the pure truth!'

'I would, too, if there was anybody to stay with the place and the property,' she replied. ''Pears like your grandpaw will set on that grand jury tell doomsday! How many indictments have they drawed up again' you this time, Fulty?' she asked, anxiously.

Fult threw back his handsome dark head, and laughed again as he sprang into the saddle. 'Not more 'n 'leven or twelve!' he said. 'They 're about wound up, now, I allow, and grandpaw will likely be in by sundown. You ride in to-morrow to see them women!'

It was past sundown, however, when Uncle Lot rode up, grave and silent as usual. Aunt Ailsie hardly waited for him to hang his saddle on the porch-peg before inquiring, —

'What about them quare women on the p'int?'

Uncle Lot frowned. 'What should I know about quare women?' he demanded. 'Hain't I a God-fearing man and a' Old Primitive?'

'But, setting on the grand jury all week, right there under the p'int, you must have seed 'em, 'pears like?'

'I did *see* 'em,' he admitted, disapprovingly. 'Uncle Ephraim Kent, he come in whilst we was a-starting up court a-Monday morning, and says, "Citizens, the best thing that ever come up Perilous is a-coming in now!" And the jedge he journeyed court, and all hands went out to see. And here was four wagons, one with a passel of women, three loaded with all manner of plunder.'

'What did they look like?'

'Well enough — *too* good to be a-traipsing over the land by theirselves this way.' He shook his head. 'And as for their doings, hit 's a sight to hear the singing and merriment that goes on up thar on that hill when the wind is right. Folks has wore a slick trail traveling up and down. But not *me!* Solomon says, "Bewar' of the strange woman"; and I hain't the man to shun his counsel.'

'I allow they are right women — I allow you would n't have tuck no harm,' soothed Aunt Ailsie.

'Little you know, Ailsie, little you know. If you had sot on as many grand juries as me, you would n't allow nothing about no woman, not even them you had knowed all your life, let alone quare, fotched-on ones that blows in from God knows whar, and darrs their Maker with naught but a piece of factory betwixt them and the elements!'

Aunt Ailsie dropped the subject. 'What about Fulty?' she asked, in a troubled voice.

'There was several indictments again' him and his crowd this time — three for shooting on the highway, two for shooting up the town, two for breaking up meetings — same old story.'

'And you holped again to indict him?' remarked Aunt Ailsie, somewhat bitterly.

'I did, too,' he asserted, in some anger; 'and will every time he needs hit.'

'Seems like a man ought to have a leetle mercy on his own blood.'

He held up a stern forefinger. 'Let me hear no more sech talk,' he commanded; 'I am a man of jestice, and I aim to deal hit out fa'r and squar', let hit fall whar hit may.'

II

Next morning, which was Saturday, Aunt Ailsie mildly suggested at breakfast, 'I might maybe ride in to town to-day, if you say so. I can't weave no furder till I get some thread, and there's a good mess of eggs, and several beans and sweet apples, to trade.'

Uncle Lot fixed severe eyes upon her. 'Ailsie,' he said, 'you would n't have no call to ride in to The Forks to-day if them quare women was n't thar. You allus was possessed to run atter some new thing. My counsel to you is the same as Solomon's — "'Bewar' of the strange woman"!'

However, he did not absolutely forbid her to go, and she said gently, as he started up to the cornfield a little later, hoe in hand, —

'If I do ride in, you 'll find beans and 'taters in the pot, and coffee and a good pone of cornbread on the hairth, and the table all sot.'

Two hours later, clothed in the hot brown-linsey dress, black sunbonnet, new print apron and blue-yarn mitts which she wore on funeral occasions and like social events, she set forth on old Darb, the fat, flea-bitten nag, with a large poke of beans across her side-saddle, and baskets of eggs and apples on her arms.

The half-mile down her branch and the two miles up Perilous Creek had never seemed so long, and the beauty of green folding mountains and tall trees mirrored in winding waters was thrown away on her.

'I am plumb wore out looking at nothing but clifts and hillsides and creek-beds for sixty year,' she said aloud, resentfully.

''Pears like I would give life hitself to see something different.'

She switched the old nag sharply, and could hardly wait for the first glimpse of the 'cloth houses.'

They came in sight at last — a cluster of white tents, one above another, near the top of a spur overlooking court house and village. Drawing nearer, she could see people moving up the zigzag path toward them. Leaving the beans across her saddle, she did not even stop at the hotel to see her daughter, Cynthia Fallon, but, flinging her bridle over a paling, went up the hill at a good gait, baskets on arms, and entered the lowest tent with a heart beating more rapidly from excitement than from the steep climb.

The sides of this tent were rolled up. A group of ten or twelve girls stood at one end of a long, white table, where a strange and very pretty young woman, in a crisp gingham dress and large white apron, was kneading a batch of light-bread dough, and explaining the process of bread-making as she worked. Men, women, and children, two or three deep in a compact ring, looked on. Gently pushing her way so that she could see better, Aunt Ailsie was a little shocked to find that the man who gave way at her touch was none other than Darcy Kent, the young sheriff, and Fult's arch enemy.

After the dough was moulded into loaves and placed in the oven of a shining new cook-stove, most of the crowd moved on to the next tent, which was merely a roof of canvas stretched between tall trees. Beneath was another table, and this was being carefully set by two girls, one of whom was Charlotty Fallon, Aunt Ailsie's granddaughter.

'The women teached me the pine-

blank right way to set a table,' she said importantly to her granny, 'and now hit 's aiming to be sot that way every time.'

The smooth white cloth was laid just so; the knives, forks, spoons, and white enameled cups and plates were placed in the proper spots; even the camp-stools observed a correct spacing. There were small folded squares of linen at each plate.

'What air them handkerchers for, Charlotty?' inquired Aunt Ailsie, under her breath.

'Them 's napkins, granny,' replied Charlotty in a lofty tone.

'And what 's that for?' indicating the glass of flowers in the centre of the table. 'Them women don't eat posies, do they?'

'Hit 's for looks,' answered Charlotty. 'Them women allows things eats better if they look good. I allus gather a flower-pot every morning and fotch up to 'em.'

Soon Aunt Ailsie and the crowd went up farther, to a wider 'bench,' or shelf, where the largest tent stood. Within were numerous young men and maidens, large boys and girls, sitting about on floor or camp-stools, talking and laughing, and every one of them engaged upon a piece of sewing. Another strange young woman, in another crisp dress, moved smilingly about, directing the work.

But Aunt Ailsie's eyes were instantly drawn to the tent itself, the roof of which was festooned with red cheese-cloth and many-colored paper chains, a great flag being draped at one end, while every remaining foot of roof-space and wall-space was covered with bright pictures. Pushing back her black sunbonnet, she moved around the tent sides, gazing rapturously.

''Pears like I never seed my fill of pretties before,' she said aloud to herself again and again.

'You like it then, do you?' asked a soft voice behind her. And, turning, she confronted still another strange young woman, standing by some shelves filled with books.

'Like hit!' repeated Aunt Ailsie, with shining eyes, 'Woman, hit 's what my soul has pined for these sixty year — jest to see things that are pretty and bright!'

'You must spend the day with us, and have dinner, and get acquainted,' smiled the stranger.

'I will, too — hit 's what I come for. Rutheny she told me a Thursday of you fotched-on women a-being here, and then Fulty he give some account of you, too — '

'You are not Fult's granny, he talks so much about?'

'I am, too — Ailsie Pridemore, his maw's maw, that holp to raise him, and that loves him better than anybody. How many of you furrin' women is there?'

'Five — but we 're not foreign.'

'Why not? Did n't you come up from the level land?'

'Yes, from the Blue Grass. But that 's part of the same state, and we 're all from the same stock, and really kin, you know.'

'No, I never heared of having no kin down in the level country.'

'Yes, our forefathers came out together in the early days. Some stopped in the mountains, some went farther into the wilderness — that 's all the difference.'

'Well, hain't that a sight now! I 'm proud to hear hit, though, and to have sech sprightly looking gals for kin. Did you ride on the railroad train to get here?'

'Yes, one day by train, and a little over two days by wagon.'

Aunt Ailsie sighed deeply. ''Pears like I 'd give life hitself to see a railroad train!' she said. 'I hain't never

been nowhere nor seed nothing. Ten mile is the furdest ever I got from home.'

'Well, it 's not too late — you must travel yet.'

'Not me, woman,' declared Aunt Ailsie. 'My man is again' women-folks a-going anywheres; he allows they 'll be on the traipse allus, if ever they take a start. What might your name be?'

'Virginia Preston.'

'And how old air you, Virginny?'

'How old would you guess?'

'Well, I would say maybe eighteen or nineteen.'

'I 'm twenty-eight,' replied Virginia.

'Now you know you hain't! No old woman could n't have sech rosy jaws and tender skin!'

'Yes, I am; but I don't call it old.'

'Hit 's old, too; when I were twenty-eight I were very nigh a grandmaw.'

'You must have married very young.'

'No, I were fourteen. That hain't young — my maw, she married at twelve, and had sixteen in family. I never had but a small mess of young-uns, — eight, — and they 're all married and gone, or else dead, now, and me and Lot left alone. Where 's your man while you traveling the country this way?'

'I have no man — I 'm not married.'

'What?' demanded Aunt Ailsie, as if she could not have heard aright.

'I have no husband — I am not married,' repeated the stranger.

Aunt Ailsie stared, dumb, for some seconds before she could speak. 'Twenty-eight, and hain't got a man!' she then exclaimed. She looked Virginia all over again, as if from a new point of view, and with a gaze in which curiosity and pity were blended. 'I never in life seed but one old maid before, and she was fittified,' she remarked tentatively.

'Well, at least I don't have fits,' laughed Virginia.

Lost in puzzled thought, Aunt Ailsie turned to the books. 'What did you fotch them up here for?' she asked.

'For people to read and enjoy.'

'They won't do me no good,' — with a sigh, — 'nor nobody else much. I hain't got nary grain of larning, and none of the women-folks hain't got none to speak of. But a few of the men-folks they can read: my man, he can,' — with pride, — 'and maybe some of the young-uns.'

A collection of beautifully colored sea-shells next claimed her attention; and then Virginia adjusted a stereopticon before her eyes, and for a long time she was lost in wonderful sights. At last, when she was again conscious of her surroundings, her eyes fell upon Fult's dark head near-by, bent over a piece of muslin.

'If there hain't my Fulty, jest like he said,' she exclaimed joyfully. 'And I made sure he was lying to me. Hit shore is a sight for sore eyes, to see him with sech a harmless weepon in hand! Does he behave hisself that civil all the time?'

'Yes, indeed, — always.'

A sudden cloud fell upon Aunt Ailsie's face. 'As I come up,' she said, 'I seed Darcy Kent there in the cook's house. Hit would n't never do for him and Fulty to meet here on the hill. They hain't hardly met for two year without gun-play.'

'Oh, I 'm sure they 'd never do such things in our presence!'

'Don't you be too sure, woman,' admonished Aunt Ailsie. 'There is sech feeling betwixt them boys they hain't liable to stop for nothing. For twenty-five year their paws fit, — the war betwixt Fallons and Kents has gone on nigh thirty year now, — and they hate each other worse 'n pizen. I raised Fulty myself, mostly, hoping he never would foller in the footsteps of Fighting Fult, his paw. And he never, neither, till Fighting Fult was kilt by Rafe

Kent, Darcy's paw, four year gone. Then, of course, hit was laid on him, you might say, to revenge his paw, — being the first-born, and the rest mostly gals, — and the day he were eighteen he rid right out in the open one day and shot Rafe in the heart — the Fallons never did foller laywaying. And of course the jury felt for him and give him jest a light sentence — five year. And then the Governor pardoned him out atter one year. And then he fit in Cuby nigh a year. Then, when he come back home, hit wa'n't no time till him and Darcy was a-warring nigh as bad as their paws had been; and for two year we hain't seed naught but trouble, and I have looked every day for Fulty to be fotched in dead.'

'Yes, Uncle Ephraim told us about the feud between them. It is very sad, when both are such fine young men.'

There was a stir among the young folks, who rose, put away their work, and gathered at one end of the tent, under the big flag. Then the strange woman who had taught them sewing sat down before a small box and began to play a tune.

'Is there music in that-air cupboard?' asked Aunt Ailsie, astonished.

'It is a baby-organ we brought with us,' explained Virginia.

'And who 's that a-picking on hit?'

'Amy Scott, my best friend.'

'How old is she?'

'About my age.'

'She 's got a man, sure, hain't she?'

'No.'

'What — as fair a woman as her — and with that friendly smile?'

'No.'

The anxious, puzzled look again fell upon Aunt Ailsie's face.

Then a song was started up, in which all the young folks joined with a will. It was a new kind of singing to Aunt Ailsie, — rousing and tuneful, — very different from the long-drawn hymns, or the droning ancient ballads she had loved in her young days.

'They are getting ready for our Fourth of July picnic next Wednesday,' said Virginia.

'I follered singing when I were young,' Aunt Ailsie said after a period of delighted listening. 'I could very nigh sing the night through on song-ballats.'

'That 's where Fult must have learned the ones he sings so well,' cried Virginia. 'You must sing some for us, this very day.'

Aunt Ailsie raised her hands. 'Me sing!' she said; 'Woman, hit would be as much as my life is worth to sing a song-ballat now; I hain't dared to raise nothing but hime-tunes sence Lot j'ined.'

'Since when?'

'Sence my man, Lot, got religion and j'ined. He allows now that song-ballats is jest devil's ditties, and won't have one raised under his roof. When Fulty he wants me to larn him a new one, we have to go clean up to the top of the ridge and a little grain on yan side, before I dairst lift my voice.'

A little later Aunt Ailsie was taken by her new friend to see the two bedroom tents, with their white cots and goods-box washstands; and then to the top of the spur, where, in an almost level space under the trees, a large ring of tiny children circled and sang around another strange young woman.

'The least ones!' exclaimed Aunt Alisie. 'What a love-lie sight! I never heared of larning sech as them nothing before. And if there hain't Cynthy's leetle John Wes, God bless hit!' as a dark-eyed, impish-looking five-year-old went capering by. 'Hit were borned the very day hit 's paw got kilt — jest atter Cynthy got the news. I tell you, Virginny, hit were a sorry time for her — left a widow-woman with seven young-uns, mostly gals.'

'Little John Wes is very bright and attractive.'

'Hit is that — and friendly, too; hit never sees a stranger!'

'He gives us a good deal of trouble, though, with his smoking and chewing.'

'Yes, hit 's pyeert every way; I hain't seed hit for two-three year without a chaw in hit 's jaw. And liquor! Hit 's a sight the way that young-un can drink. Fulty and t'other boys they jest load him up, to see the quare things he 'll do.'

At this moment the little kindergartners were dismissed, and marched, as decorously as they were able, down the hill after their teacher, followed by all the onlookers. The tents were discharging their crowds, too, and Aunt Ailsie recognized several more of her grandchildren on the way down.

III

Arrived at the lowest tent, Aunt Ailsie presented her baskets of apples and eggs to the women. A dozen or more elderly folk, and as many young girls who were deeply interested in learning 'furrin' cooking, remained to dinner. The rest of the strange women, Amy, the kindergartner, the cooking teacher and the nurse, Aunt Ailsie now met, putting to each the inevitable questions as to name, age, and condition of life. As each smilingly replied that she had no man, a cloud of real distress gathered on Aunt Ailsie's brow, which not all the novel accompaniments of the meal could entirely banish.

Afterward, when the dishes were washed and all sat around in groups under the trees, resting, she said confidentially to Virginia, —

'I am plumb tore up in my mind over you women, five of you, and as good-lookers as ever I beheld, and with sech nice, common ways, too, not having no man. Hit hain't noways reasonable. Maybe the men in your country does a sight of fighting, like ourn, and has been mostly kilt off?'

'No, we have no feuds or fighting down there — there are plenty of men.'

'Well, what's wrong with 'em, then? Hain't they got no feelings — to let sech a passel of gals get past 'em? That-air cook, now, — her you call Annetty, with the blue eyes and crows'-wing hair, and not but twenty-three; now what do you think about men-folks that would let her live single.'

'Maybe they can't help themselves,' laughed Virginia; 'maybe she does n't want to marry.'

'Not want to marry? Everybody does, don't they?'

'Did you?'

'I did, too. My Lot was as pretty a boy as ever rid down a creek — jest pine-blank like Fulty.'

'And you 've never been sorry for it?'

'Nary a day.' Then she caught her breath, leaned forward, and spoke in Virginia's ear: 'Nary a day till he j'ined! I allus was gayly-like and loved to sing song-ballats, and get about, and sech; and my ways don't pleasure him none sence then, and hit 's hard to ricollect and not rile him. But, woman, while I 've got the chanct, I want to ax you one more thing, for I know hit 's the first question my man will put when I get home. How come you furrin women to come in here, and what are you aiming to do?'

'We came because Uncle Ephraim Kent asked us,' was the reply. 'A lot of women from down in the state — the State Federation of Women's Clubs — sent us up to Oliver County last summer to see what needed to be done for the young people of the mountains. And one day, while we were there, Uncle Ephraim walked over and made us promise to come to the Forks of Perilous if we ever returned. And we are here to learn all we can, and teach all

we can, and make friends, and give the young folks something pleasant to do and to think about. But here comes Uncle Ephraim up the hill: he 'll tell you more about it.'

An impressive figure was approaching — that of a tall, thin old man, with smooth face, fine dark eyes, and a mane of white hair, uncovered by a hat, wearing a crimson-linsey hunting-jacket, linen homespun trousers and moccasins, and carrying a long staff. Amy, who had joined him, brought him over to the bench where Virginia and Aunt Ailsie were sitting.

'Well, howdye, Uncle Ephraim, how do you find yourself?' was Aunt Ailsie's greeting.

'Fine, Ailsie — better, body and sperrit, than ever I looked to be.'

'I allow you done a good deed when you fotched these furrin women in.'

'I did, too, the best I ever done,' he said, with conviction. Sitting down, he looked out over the valley of Perilous, the village below, and the opposite steep slopes. 'You know how things has allus been with us, Ailsie, shut off in these rugged hills for uppards of a hunderd year, scarce knowing there was a world outside, with nobody going out or coming in, and no chance ever for the young-uns to get larning or manners. When I were jest a leetle chunk of a shirt-tail boy, hoeing corn on yon hillsides,' — pointing to the opposite mountain, — 'I would look up Perilous, and down Perilous, and wonder if anybody would ever come in to larn us anything. And as I got older, I follered praying for somebody to come. I growed up; nobody come. My offsprings, to grands and greats, growed up; still nobody come. And times a-getting wusser every day, with all the drinking and shooting and wars and killings — as well you know, Ailsie.'

'I do, too,' sighed Aunt Ailsie.

'Then last summer, about the time the crap was laid by, I heared how some strange women had come in and sot up tents over in Oliver, and was a-doing all manner of things for young-uns. And one day I tuck my foot in my hand, — though I be eighty-two, twenty mile still hain't no walk for me, — and went acrost to see 'em. Two days I sot and watched them and their doings. Then I said to 'em, "Women, my prayers is answered. You air the ones I have looked for for seventy year — the ones sont in to help us. Come next summer to the Forks of Perilous and do what the sperrit moves you for my grands and greats and t'other young-uns that needs hit." And here they be, doing not only for the young, but for every age. And there hain't been a gun shot off in town sence the first night they come in. And all hands is a-larning civility and God-fearingness.'

'Yes, and Fulty and his crowd sets up here and sews every morning.'

'And that hain't all. I allow you won't hardly believe your years, when I tell you that I 'm a-getting me larning.' He drew a new primer from his pocket, and held it out to her with pride. 'Already, in three lessons, Amy here has teached me my letters, and I am beginning to spell. And I will die a larned man yet, able to read in my grandsir's old Bible!'

Aunt Ailsie was speechless a moment before replying, 'I 'm proud for you, Uncle Ephraim — I shore am glad. I wisht hit was me!'

But already the young people were trooping blithely up the hill and past the dining-tent. Fult went by, with his pretty, pale sweetheart Aletha; and all his followers and friends, with various girls of their choice. For from two to three was 'play-time' on the hill, and every young creature from miles around came to it.

The older folks followed to the top

of the spur, and Virginia told a hero-story, and the nurse gave a five-minute talk; and then the play-games began, all taking partners and forming a large ring, and afterward going through many pretty figures, singing as they played, Fult's rich voice in the lead. Aunt Ailsie had played all the games when she was young; her ancestors had played them on village greens in Old England for centuries. Her eyes shone as she watched the flying feet and happy faces.

They were in the very midst of a play-game and song called 'Old Betty Larkin,' when the singing suddenly broke off, and everybody stood stock still in their tracks. The cooking-teacher — the young woman with the blue eyes and crows'-wing hair — was stepping into the circle, and with her was Darcy Kent.

All eyes were riveted upon Fult. He stiffened for a bare instant, a deep flush overspread his face as his eyes met Darcy's; then, with scarcely a break, he took up the song again and deliberately turned and swung his partner.

Astonishment took the place of apprehension, faces relaxed, feet became busy. Aunt Ailsie, who had not been able to suppress a cry of fear, laid a trembling hand on Uncle Ephraim's arm.

'Hit 's a meracle!' she exclaimed.

'Hit is,' he agreed, solemnly.

She ran to Virginia and Amy, in her excitement throwing an arm about each.

'Do you see that sight — Fulty and Darcy a-playing together in the same game, as peaceable as lambs?'

'Yes,' they said.

'I would n't believe if I did n't see,' she declared. 'Women, if I was sot down in Heaven, I could n't be more happier than I am this day; and two angels with wings could n't look half as good to me as you two gals. And I love you for allus-to-come, and I want you to take the night with me a-Monday, if you feel to.'

'We shall love to come.'

'And I 'll live on the thoughts of seeing you once more. And, women,' — she drew them close and dropped her voice low, — 'seems like hit purely breaks my heart to think of you two sweet creaturs a-living a lone-lie life like you do, without ary man to your name. And there hain't no earthly reason for hit to go on. I know a mighty working widow-man over on Powderhorn, with a good farm, and a tight house, and several head of property, and nine orphant young-uns. I 'll get the word acrost to him right off; and if one of you don't please him, 't other will; and quick as I get one fixed in life I 'll start on t' other. And you jest take heart — I 'll gorrontee you won't live lone-lie much longer, neither one of you!'

(In course of their next adventure, the Quare Women will 'take the night' with Aunt Ailsie.)

THE IRISH EDUCATION OF MR. LLOYD GEORGE[1]

BY CARL W. ACKERMAN

'MEN say to me sometimes, "You have changed your coat." Now I will tell you my answer.'

Mr. David Lloyd George was making a confession. Addressing a Unionist meeting at Maidstone, in Kent, May 7, 1921, he said: —

'You remember Kitchener's army. There was a call for men to serve their country in emergency and every man who came forward came in his own coat. You saw them marching and drilling, you saw them in every quality of cloth, every kind of cut, some fitting nicely, but all side by side, prepared to fight for the old land that belonged to them all. Afterwards, it is true, they put on the same uniform; but it was a uniform very few of them had worn before. Now that is my answer about a changed coat.'

Those who seek to understand Mr. Lloyd George will find in this story the key to his character, his mind, his politics, and policies. He is forever and eternally changing. Throughout the confidential negotiations which culminated in the formation of the Irish Free State he seldom wore the same 'coat' twice, but each time he changed his opinion or course of action, public opinion followed.

Peace between England and Ireland was the logical outcome of the Irish education of the Premier. This article deals with a part of his 'schooling' — with the events and the correspondence which influenced him in changing his views about the men who led the fight for the freedom of Ireland and the terms of an Irish settlement. It is a continuation of the narrative, 'Ireland from a Scotland Yard Notebook,' which began in the April number of the *Atlantic*.

I

One night, before the curfew proclaimed by the British military authorities forced the inhabitants of southern Ireland to be indoors before the last cock crowed, a group of Republicans, armed with buckets of white lead, brushes, a sense of humor, and a disregard for property, both public and private, left their homes and literally painted Dublin, Thurles, and Cork with the signs: —

'Up De Valera!'

'Buy Sinn Fein Bonds.'

In Dublin they evidently paused long enough before a billboard to read a British Government recruiting sign, appealing to the young men of Ireland to join the Royal Air Force, and 'see the world.' It was changed the next morning.

At this particular time members of the Royal Irish Constabulary, known as the R.I.C., who were doing special police duty for the 'enemy,' were being assassinated, secretly, silently, and mysteriously. One of these Sinn Fein sign-painters, effervescent with Irish wit, changed the poster by substituting 'R.I.C.' for the 'R.A.F.' and inserted the word 'Next' before 'World,' so that the citizens of Dublin read this announcement the following day: —

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JOIN
the
R.I.C.
and
See the NEXT World.

During the riots in Londonderry, when the old Roman city was divided into hostile camps of belligerent Protestants and Catholics, an associate of mine, who went there to report the developments for the *Times*, was arrested, first by one camp and later by another. Each time he was released, and he was finally given the freedom of the city. When asked how it happened, he replied that, being charged with espionage, he was closely questioned; but his fate was decided by his answer to one leading question, which both parties asked: —

'Are you Catholic or Protestant?'

His reply was simple and effective: —

'Neither — Journalist!'

So many unreal things happened in Ireland during the terrible days of murder, plunder, and arson which ushered in the present Government, that these stories are told for the purpose of picturing the half-tragic, half-comic circumstances surrounding the confidential peace negotiations which began anew in December, 1920.

But equally queer things happened in England. The queerest, beyond doubt, was the instability of Mr. Lloyd George. Although everyone knew that the secret of the correct understanding of the Prime Minister was the successful determination of his thoughts in contrast to his words, they were never easy to determine.

When I was reporting one of the meetings of the Allied Supreme Council last year, a member of the conference, who observed how the British Premier 'switched' from one policy to another at one session, related the incident as follows. The French and British premiers were arguing about reparations. Mr. George saw that he was not convincing his associates so he asked Arthur James Balfour, Esquire, to present the British point of view. The dignified elder statesman, with his thumbs pulling at the armholes of his vest, explained to the best of his ability what he thought his chief had in mind. Meanwhile, the Prime Minister was studying the facial expressions of the Council. Convinced that Balfour was not making headway, Lloyd George interrupted by remarking that what Balfour had said was not the British position at all.

The President of the Privy Council sat down and listened to the Premier's exposition of a change in policy. When he concluded Mr. Balfour rose, apologized, and said with a smile that the policy which he had expounded had been but was no longer the policy of his Government, and everyone understood. Mr. George had changed his 'coat'!

The political coat which the Prime Minister wore on December 1, 1920, when he commissioned Archbishop Clune, of Perth, Australia, to negotiate a truce with Sinn Fein, which was known at the time only to a few members of the Cabinet, Scotland Yard, and certain Republicans, was not the same coat that he intended wearing throughout the negotiations. Being a politician, Mr. George told Archbishop Clune one thing and stated in Parliament something quite different. Accordingly, for the moment, he satisfied both!

Prior to the 'peace move' of Christmas 1920, after the several attempts at mediation by Sir Horace Plunkett, the British Labor Party, and a score of influential Unionist landowners, Ireland and England were at war. Both sides issued official military *commu-*

niqués. Both suffered casualties. Each destroyed property and attempted to place the responsibility on the other. Both bombarded the public with their propaganda. At times it looked as if Ireland would kindle the fires which might consume the British Empire; and again, it would appear as if Ireland were about to succumb to a modified form of British rule.

II

In December, Mr. George inaugurated a dual policy toward the south. He authorized a leader of the Catholic Church to go to Dublin and negotiate a truce, and he attempted to divide Sinn Fein. Ten days after his first meeting with the Archbishop of Perth, he declared in Parliament that the Government had a twofold policy: it would talk peace with Father O'Flanagan and the 'Moderates' but not with those who were 'responsible for murder.'

'The Government are also very regretfully convinced that the party, or rather the section which controls the organization of murder and outrage in Ireland, is not yet ready for peace.'

Despite the advice of Scotland Yard and everyone acquainted with the Sinn Fein organization, Lloyd George was determined not to deal with Michael Collins, the real Republican leader and idol. Arthur Griffith, the acting-President, was already in prison under personal orders from Downing Street. Most of the members of the Dàil Eireann were either in Mount Joy in solitary confinement, or in a prison camp, surrounded by Tommies and barbed wire. Collins and his able chief of staff, Richard Mulcahy, would have been there too if the British authorities could have apprehended them. At the time Mr. George was insisting upon dividing Sinn Fein, the party was more united than it had been for months.

No one was more certain of this than Archbishop Clune. After conversations with the Prime Minister and the Cabinet in London, he went to Ireland and interviewed Collins. Aside from myself, he was the only 'outsider' who saw Collins until the Peace Conference in London. He knew, as I did, that if he could come to terms with 'Mick,' the hero of the Irish rebellion, he could conclude a truce.

In these negotiations the Archbishop unquestionably had the sanction of the Vatican, although members of the Catholic Church were divided at the time on an Irish policy. While the Irish hierarchy was urging one policy upon Rome, the supporters of Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, were advocating another, and Mr. Balfour was making secret pilgrimages to St. Peter's on behalf of the British Government. The following excerpts from a letter of Mr. Art O'Brien, who led the Sinn Fein forces in London, and who later became a member of the Irish peace commission, to Cardinal Bourne, is indicative of the tense feeling which existed in Catholic circles.

Cardinal Bourne's political pronouncement, contained in the letter which, by his instructions, was read at all the Catholic churches in his diocese on Sunday last, has created the greatest indignation amongst Irish Catholics resident in England.

I can speak with confidence on the opinion of the vast majority of the Irish residents here, who, whether Catholic or Protestant, are solidly at the back of our people at home in their demand for the complete independence of their country, and for the settlement of the long-drawn-out struggle on the only lines that will lead to peace between the two countries, *i.e.*, the recognition of the government, which has been established by the will and the exertions of the Irish people.

Cardinal Bourne may hope that his partisan-political lecture to members of his spiritual flock will help the activities of his Government at the Vatican, which for the

past year have been very vigorous, and which, very recently, were hoped to produce fruit in a papal condemnation of the Republican movement in Ireland. If his Eminence has any hopes in this direction, it is as well that he, and the leading English Catholics who share his hopes, should understand that not even the most devoted Catholic in Ireland, or amongst the Irish people throughout the world, will accept political guidance or dictation from Rome. . . . His Eminence may equally rest assured that the only impression left by such letters upon the Irish laity, as well as the Irish clergy, in his diocese, is one of disgust at his narrow and unchristian attitude.

The only basis for Mr. Lloyd George's contention that Sinn Fein was divided was a telegram from Father O'Flanagan, who became the acting-President of the Irish Republic when Griffith was jailed, and another from the Galway County Council, offering to negotiate peace. The Premier considered them Moderates, when, in fact, they did not represent any of the real leaders of southern Ireland.

When Father O'Flanagan's telegram was sent, Mr. De Valera was in the United States; but he hurried across the Atlantic — how, when, and where the British Government never learned. Lloyd George was convinced that De Valera would side with Father O'Flanagan, so he gave orders to the British military authorities not to interfere with the president under any circumstances.

Before De Valera arrived, Archbishop Clune saw most of the Sinn Fein officials, both those in prison and those outside. These negotiations continued over a period of about five weeks; and in the end they failed, not because of any fault in the diplomacy of the Archbishop or in the attitude of Sinn Fein, but because Mr. George's idea of a truce was a truce of surrender. He was not yet in favor of a 'peace without victory.'

Late in January, the Dàil Eireann met secretly in Dublin. Mr. De Valera reported at length on the negotiations. What he said is best told in his own words, and I quote from a transcript of the secret minutes. He began by saying that the Archbishop had come 'to Ireland as an official intermediary to arrange a truce, and that he found Griffith and Collins to be "fair and reasonable men." ' Then he continued: —

The attitude of Mr. Lloyd George seemed to have changed somewhat during the week. He had before him the document which emanated from six of the thirty-two members of the Galway County Council, — that document was passed upon the world as a resolution of the Council 'quite unanimously,' as Mr. George handsomely appended, — and also Father O'Flanagan's telegram, both of which he believed, or pretended to believe, were indications of a general break-up of the morale of the Irish people and a cry for 'peace at any price.' In his speech on December 10, in the British House of Commons, he flourished, as you remember, these signs, as he chose to regard them, of our demoralization, and outlined his plan for the victorious final assault. Our defenses in front were to be stormed and we were to be subtly and elaborately sapped from the rear.

However, His Grace was asked to return here, which he did. He had further interviews with Mr. Griffith and with the others, whom he had already seen on December 12, 13, and 14. On the latter date the English Cabinet intimated its willingness for a truce for a month, on certain general terms which had been the subject of the discussions. These terms were reduced to a written formula and presented by His Grace to Dublin Castle on February 16. Here is the formula: —

'The British Government undertakes that, during the truce, no raids, arrests, pursuits, burnings, shootings, lootings, demolitions, courts-martial, or other acts of violence will be carried out by its forces, and that there will be no enforcement of the terms of the martial law proclamations. We, on our side, undertake to use all possible means to ensure that no acts whatsoever

of violence will occur on our side during the period of the truce. The British Government on their part, and we on ours, will use our best efforts to bring about the conditions above mentioned with the object of creating an atmosphere favorable to the meeting together of the representatives of the Irish people, with the view to bringing about a permanent peace.'

This was a decided step in advance, which everyone at the time recognized. On December 17, Dublin Castle agreed to the formula, but added the condition that Sinn Fein surrender its arms! Mr. Lloyd George wished a truce of surrender!

Mr. De Valera continued his statement: —

The Archbishop returned and saw Mr. George once more on December 22. Before returning, he had got Dublin Castle to waive the condition of the surrender of arms. But Mr. George thought it could not be waived — an opinion which was enforced by Mr. Bonar Law.

As the Archbishop, who wished to be fair, could not dream of asking us to accept such a condition, the negotiations remained in abeyance until the 29th and 30th, when they were disposed of finally at a British Cabinet meeting. So the Archbishop was informed on December 31. On that date a totally new proposition was put forward, with which His Grace would have nothing to do. Thus [concluded Mr. De Valera] the whole thing ended, as I am sure many of you anticipated it would end, by the British Premier's running away from the terms he had himself originally suggested.

Although the efforts of Archbishop Clune were not crowned with success, they were destined to teach Mr. Lloyd George a very serious series of lessons. But not for the moment. The British authorities were convinced that Sinn Fein was on the verge of disintegration. They boasted that they had 'murder by the throat,' and that the 'terror was broken.' The Prime Minister believed he had split Sinn Fein. The Tories whispered the advice that, once Britain offered peace to the Moderates, the Irish would fight among themselves. Even Scotland Yard was looking forward to the day when all the rebels would be imprisoned and powerless.

Day after day the military forces in Ireland hunted the Republican officers and scouts, captured their papers, closed their secret offices, and arrested them by scores. Mulcahy escaped one raid in his night clothes. Another time the military found his secret headquarters, and entered his room, to find the ink still wet on a letter he was writing his wife; but he was gone. Collins had similar close calls. To avoid capture one night he jumped into a well. Another time he was buried under the floor of a country cottage. Each time I saw him he bore a new scar; but on each occasion he refused to talk about himself. 'My life does n't matter,' he used to say.

The widespread destruction of property and the loss of life were, however, weakening the morale of both the Irish and British people. Throughout Ireland and England there were prayers for peace. The statesmen representing both belligerents were requested, not once but a hundred times, to cease fighting and 'settle'; but the leaders were determined not to compromise, and when the public understood, especially the Irish public, their nerves were steeled for the fighting that was still to come.

Ireland was not a comfortable place to visit during these uncertain days. The streets of Dublin were policed by soldiers in fast motor-lorries, which raced hither and thither, dodging Sinn Fein bombs and ambushes. When the Irish began to throw bombs from tops of houses at passing motor-trucks, they were equipped with steel sides, and wire netting was arched over the tops.

These cars the Dubliners called 'bird-cages.'

'Bird-cages' were the armored fortifications which the Irish denounced and ridiculed, as the following incident so poignantly illustrates.

For years, — how many, no one knows, — an old woman had been selling cut flowers on the corner of Grafton Street and St. Stephen's Green. One day a 'bird-cage' stopped directly in front of the flower-stand. The soldiers aimed their rifles through the port-holes in the armored steel sides, and the spectators, anticipating an attack, grouped themselves about the old woman. Looking steadily at the lorry, and becoming more and more indignant, she exclaimed at last, shaking her fat fist at the soldiers: —

'The Boers made you put on khaki, the Germans made you wear tin hats, but the Irish put you in cages!'

Is it necessary to add that she was the Joan of Arc of the crowd, and that even the Tommies laughed?

III

By February, 1921, it was evident in Downing Street that the Government had blundered by blocking Archbishop Clune's efforts to negotiate a truce. The 'politician' began to look forward to the future. Reflection convinced him that there could be no negotiations so long as Mr. Bonar Law was in the Cabinet, and while Sir Edward Carson, the Ulster 'boss,' remained unyielding. But before Mr. George could move his pawns on the political chessboard, an Irishman by the name of Mr. Arthur Vincent appeared in London, as an alleged 'envoy' of Sinn Fein. The Prime Minister was anxious to know whether he spoke with authority. If he did, another effort would be made to 'talk' to the Irish leaders.

In the meantime, Sir Basil Thomson suggested that the first move in bringing about another series of informal conversations would have to be a conference between Sir James Craig and Mr. De Valera. The elimination of Sir Edward Carson by appointment to the House of Lords was Mr. Lloyd George's method of making it easier for him to deal with Ulster. Carson would never meet De Valera. That was certain. The Prime Minister approved Sir Basil's idea of a meeting between the leaders of the North and South of Ireland. If Vincent represented Sinn Fein, he was to be entrusted with the task of paving the way.

On the eve of another visit to Dublin, the Director of Intelligence asked if I would learn Mr. De Valera's views. I was told that Mr. De Valera could be assured that the British officials would not arrest him; that Mr. Lloyd George would be glad to receive him in Downing Street if he wished to come over for a talk.

Upon arriving in Dublin, I called first upon an old neutral friend, whose name, for international diplomatic reasons, cannot be disclosed. He had drafted a platform of peace, which he wished to have placed before the Sinn Fein and British spokesmen.

As a result of these conversations, questions were prepared and submitted to Mr. De Valera. After he had given them careful consideration, he returned his answers. Encouraged and heartened by his attitude, I hastened to General Macready's office and prepared a telegram for Sir Basil, which he had requested in order to place it before the Prime Minister who was scheduled to speak on Ireland on St. Patrick's Day. The D. I. was anxious that his chief should not spoil the plans for negotiations by making statements which would interfere with the possibilities of a meeting between De Valera and Craig.

By five o'clock in the evening of

March 17 the following message was delivered in London and placed before the Prime Minister: —

DUBLIN, *March* 17.

TO SIR BASIL THOMSON, —

I submitted the questions you were interested in to Mr. De Valera on Saturday . . . and I received to-day the following note written by Mr. De Valera: —

'Mr. Ackerman is at liberty to publish the following questions and answers, provided he undertakes to publish them in full exactly as they are.'

I saw a representative of Sinn Fein, who promised that he would forward the following questions to Mr. De Valera and if possible get his answers. I have just had them returned to me: —

'Q. 1. Is Mr. Vincent acting officially or unofficially for Sinn Fein in his conversations with the British Government?

'Answer. No, neither officially nor unofficially. Neither for Sinn Fein nor for the government of the Republic. We place no hope nor do we trust the ways of secret diplomacy. The question at issue is one between the peoples of Ireland and of Britain. Both peoples have elected their responsible representatives. Hide-and-seek methods are not necessary. The Irish people have indicated quite clearly what their claim is. Britain's answer has been the partition act and a campaign of murder to make it acceptable. When Britain has made up its mind to revise its answer, it can express it in an equally definite way. When Mr. Lloyd George is seeking other ways, he is simply demonstrating that he is insincere.

'Q. 2. Would you meet Sir James Craig to discuss and devise a scheme of fiscal autonomy, presumably on the lines of the Home Rule bill?' (The last nine words were added to my question by Mr. De Valera.)

'Answer. I am ready to meet Sir James Craig, as I would meet any other Irishman, to discuss any question that affects the welfare of our country and to consider any scheme that would have for its object the prosperity, security, and happiness of any section of our people. I shall, however, never be a party to any conference, the purpose of which is to devise means for rendering more palatable the act of a foreign parliament partitioning our country and attempting to divide our people permanently into hostile sections.

'Moreover, the primary question to be solved is not one between different sections of the Irish people, but one between the Irish nation and the British nation. When this primary question is solved our domestic difficulties will be easy of adjustment.

E. DE VALERA.'

Later, I had an hour's conversation with Mr. De Valera's aide. Mr. Lloyd George's speech to-night is awaited with intense interest. If he indicates that the British Government is prepared to follow in general the proposals of Archbishop Clune, progress can be made. I have talked with three members of the Sinn Fein executive who have been interested in the following ideas: —

1. That Mr. Lloyd George discuss with Mr. De Valera an Irish settlement;
2. That the British Government, without asking the surrender of arms, proffer a truce;
3. That fiscal autonomy be granted united Ireland;
4. That Mr. De Valera meet Ulster leaders;
5. That amnesty be granted.

CARL W. ACKERMAN.

The telegram, which was coded and dispatched from General Macready's office, was paraphrased by Scotland Yard and placed before the Premier at about the same time he received the resignation of Mr. Bonar Law. The ill health of the solid, stolid Conservative chieftain was a great political loss to Mr. Lloyd George, but a victory for him so far as Ireland was concerned; and the Prime Minister, whatever his personal sentiments may be, is a farseeing statesman. The result of the resignation and the message from Dublin was that Ireland was forgotten in his speech, and the way was open for further preparations for a conference between Ulster and Sinn Fein. The next

move was to interview Sir James Craig, who was spending in London his last few days as Financial Secretary to the Admiralty.

Colonel J. F. C. Carter, of Scotland Yard, paved the way for a meeting with Craig — a typical, tall, powerful, red-faced Ulsterman, colonel in the late war, and a teetotaler, although he inherited from his father one of the largest whiskey distilleries in Ireland. Ulster, at this time, was feeling the disastrous consequences of the Sinn Fein boycott of her banks and industries. Of all the weapons of the Republican forces nothing was more effective than the refusal of the South to do business with the North. It had the same effect upon Ulster that a boycott of New York by the business interests outside the metropolis would have upon our largest financial and business centre.

I told Sir James the results of my talks with Collins, and the communications with De Valera. Craig agreed at once to a meeting with the Sinn Fein executive, naming his conditions, which I was sure would meet with Mr. De Valera's approval. After informing Mr. Philip Kerr, Lloyd George's chief secretary and Sir Basil Thomson, I left that night for Dublin. In the meantime, the new Viceroy, Viscount Fitz-Alan, and Sir Hamar Greenwood, the Chief Secretary, were informed, and within a few days the leaders of the North and South were in conference.

This meeting was hailed by the British press as the first 'hopeful sign' of the possibilities of peace in Ireland. Even the Conservative, anti-Sinn-Fein *Morning Post* admitted that the interview 'must conduce to the improvement of a very bad business.'

IV

Before arranging the preliminaries for the Craig-De Valera meeting, I had been in Rome, where I listened to an inspiring discussion of the relation of the Vatican to the Irish rebellion by Archbishop Cerretti, Assistant Secretary of State at the Vatican, one of the most powerful young men in the Church. Although a Protestant by faith, my attitude was that of my colleague who was arrested in Londonderry. I told him of the interviews I had had with Collins, Macready, Sir Basil Thomson, Griffith, and Greenwood.

Of all the Irish ministers, it seemed to me that Collins had a better understanding of Lloyd George than any of the others. He played Mr. George's game of bluff. Each time the Prime Minister denounced him as a 'gunman,' Collins retorted by asserting that Sinn Fein would never compromise, although I knew all the while, from Collins's private remarks and attitude, that if he could obtain for Ireland control of finance, army, and courts, the name of the government would not be a handicap to peace.

Griffith and Collins were not wedded to the name 'republic.' The republic to them was a campaign cry, as it was at the time for Mr. De Valera, because it crystallized in one word the aspirations of the Irish people. What Ireland wanted was independence, in fact not in name, and her leaders knew that if they could get Mr. George to recognize the demand of Ireland for individuality, freedom politically, and equal rights in international affairs, as well as control of domestic affairs, the name would not matter.

Returning from Italy to Ireland I had another interview with Collins, who returned the manuscript with the accompanying note: —

DEAR MR. ACKERMAN, —

First let me say that I am sorry I have delayed you so long with this story — things are not always easily worked, and in the present circumstances delays are inevitable.

Enclosed herewith is the story as I would like it to appear. You will observe that I have made some few slight alterations in the form, and have made a few slight corrections. I would draw your attention to the following: —

. . . . . .

Otherwise, I think, everything is clear, except that I would like to draw your attention to one serious error into which you have fallen.

I do not know any Sinn Feiners who think Macready kind and human and meaning to be fair. We believe he is here to do a dirty job for a dirty enemy, and he and his satellites are acting up to their terms of reference with apparent satisfaction. Please incorporate this as my view in any case.

Enclosed also are my answers to the questions you submitted. I would wish to give a little more time to them, but alas, it is not practicable.

If you come to Ireland again, take care you do not have this letter on you when you run into one of the English ambushes. It would ruin you in their eyes, and I fear all your American citizenship would not prevail against their first fury.

With good wishes,

Yours sincerely,

MICEAL O. COLEAIN.

(*Signed in Irish*)

Mr. Collins added the last paragraph because, during our talk, I had said that two prominent residents of London had warned me not to go to Ireland because of the danger I might be encountering by interviewing him and then the British authorities. I told him I had no fear of the British or Sinn Fein, but that I wanted his personal assurance that there would be no retaliation from his organization because of my contact with his 'enemies.'

Of course, he gave it, as General Macready did, and I did not experience the slightest danger from either belligerent.

After General Macready had read Collins's letter and interview he sent this message: —

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS
IRELAND

PARKGATE, DUBLIN

(*Personal*) 12th *April*, 1921.

MY DEAR MR. ACKERMAN, —

So many thanks for your note of Monday and the enclosure, which is most interesting. I am sorry our friend Michael has such an opinion of me; and as regards the 'satisfaction' in carrying out one's duties, I am afraid that the only satisfaction I can look forward to is that of never seeing his country or any of his compatriots again for the rest of my life!

Yours sincerely,

G. F. N. MACREADY.

Collins's answers to my questions, which were communicated to the Prime Minister and the Chief Secretary, were placed before a special Cabinet meeting. This statement by the leader of the Sinn Fein army and Minister of Finance, which was sent to me in London, after De Valera and Collins had approved it, was considered by Scotland Yard as marking the turning-point in Irish-British affairs. For the first time in over a year of confidential conversations, a real leader of the Republic had answered, in writing, questions upon which the British Government could formulate a peace policy.

The paper which was introduced at the Cabinet meeting read: —

LONDON, *April* 11, 1912.

Mr. Michael Collins, Sinn Fein Minister of Finance, has sent the following replies to written questions submitted to him on March 31, 1921: —

Question 1. The British contend that they cannot and will not grant Ireland a republic outside the British Commonwealth of Nations. You say the terms are a republic only. How are these differences to be adjusted?

Reply from Mr. Collins: —

'England's contention is based upon might, not right. If they abandon might and take their stand on right, there will, I

think, be little difficulty in a friendly solution. It is not conceivable that a *free* Ireland can encroach upon any of the national rights of a free England. All nations are justly entitled to safeguard their rights, and if, on either side, a genuine right is threatened, it will, I am sure, be found easy of adjustment, and any safeguards on one side or the other can undoubtedly be readily arranged.'

Question 2. If a safe-conduct were granted, would you and Mr. De Valera meet Sir James Craig?

Answer by Mr. Collins: —

'I have had an opportunity of consulting the President on this question. He and I are perfectly willing to meet any representative Irishman and discuss with him ways and means of advancing the interests of our nation. For such meeting we need no safe-conduct from any outsider in our own country.'

Question 3. The British military authorities declare that the use of force by the Sinn Fein has failed. You say the policy of England of terror has failed. If it is acknowledged that the British have failed, and the campaign is stopped, will the Sinn Fein cease its campaign?

Answer by Mr. Collins: —

'The Sinn Fein campaign is one entirely of self-defense. Our position is that we are protecting ourselves against the attacks of an enemy. If the English campaign of aggression stops, there will be no longer any need to defend ourselves. In other words, when the English withdraw their armies of occupation, we shall be free.'

Because it had been stated frequently that complete fiscal autonomy might be offered Ireland, I asked Collins whether there would be a basis for settlement if fiscal autonomy, separate Irish courts and police were granted Ireland, or, in other words, complete control of Irish affairs.

He answered: —

'Complete control of Irish affairs involves complete disappearance of English interference. *Complete control of Irish affairs will settle the question.* We have no desire to control or interfere in any way in the affairs of any other people. On our side, that is all we ask for ourselves. It is a simple and reasonable stand.'

Question 4. Will you agree to a truce?

Reply: —

'The best answer I can give you is to refer you to the meetings of Archbishop Clune with various parties on both sides last December. At that time a formula was practically agreed upon; but the English leaders, thinking they saw in the too hasty frankness of some of our people a weakening in our resistance, with characteristic English craftiness altered their position to one of insisting upon complete surrender. The root of the question is English aggression. The cessation of that aggression will constitute a truce in itself.'

CARL W. ACKERMAN.

The significance of these statements to-day lies in the fact that, when the peace treaty between Ireland and England was finally officially negotiated, the Sinn Fein delegation's platform was based upon Collins's proposition that 'it is not conceivable that a free Ireland can encroach upon any of the national rights of a free England,' and his further declaration that 'complete control of Irish affairs will settle the question,' as well as upon Griffith's statement to me in the summer of 1920, that peace would never be made unless the Irish and British plenipotentiaries sat around the same table *as equals*.

V

But Mr. Lloyd George, in April and May, was not convinced that the time had come to make peace. At the same time that he had the Collins statement before him, he had an interview with General Macready, which I was anxious to publish. Sir Hamar Greenwood had objected to publication. The account of what transpired is best told in the words of the Chief Officer in Command of the British Forces in Ireland.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS
IRELAND

PARKGATE, DUBLIN
9th *April*, 1921.

(*Private and Confidential*)

DEAR MR. ACKERMAN: —

This is a very private letter, for your information only, in reply to yours of the 8th.

I can quite understand from your point of view your disappointment in not being able to make use of the talk we had, but I am also sure you clearly understand my position in the matter. When I consulted the Chief Secretary [Sir Hamar Greenwood], one of the arguments which passed between us was that very possibly the Prime Minister might think it advisable to give you an interview. I am sure there is no person who would endeavor to do what was right in the matter better than Philip Kerr; and when this coal-strike trouble is over, and should you be seeing Mr. Kerr again, I have no objection to your showing him, or for the matter of that, the Prime Minister, the account you drew up of our talk, on the clear understanding that you inform them that, after consulting the Chief Secretary, I had told you that I was unable to authorize publication.

I have an idea that the Chief Secretary is keeping the interview for the purpose of showing it and your article on Michael Collins to the Prime Minister when he goes over.

I have written this in confidence to you, so that you may know exactly how the situation stands.

Yours very truly,
G. F. N. MACREADY.

For several days the Cabinet debated the possibilities of a conference with Sinn Fein. Two policies were considered — one, that the British publicly proffer a truce and invite the Irish Cabinet to a meeting, and the second, that the military campaign be intensified. The Premier, backed by the Unionists, still believed that Sinn Fein could be divided, and he refused to contemplate any conference which would admit Griffith and Collins.

On April 18, 1921, Mr. Lloyd George announced the Cabinet's decision in a letter to the Lord Bishop of Chelmsford, who, in an appeal signed by nine Anglican bishops and eleven leaders of the chief Nonconformist churches, had condemned the military measures in Ireland. In this paper he declared that, so long as the leaders of Sinn Fein held out for an Irish republic, 'and receive the support of their countrymen, a settlement is, in my judgement, impossible.' The Premier referred to the conversations I had had with Collins, but insisted upon disregarding Collins's answers to the questionnaire.

The first attack in the renewed warfare upon the Republic was contained in the interview which General Macready had given me. Although it was held up, first, by Sir Hamar Greenwood and secondly, by the Prime Minister himself, it was at last released by Lloyd George, with the statement that what Macready said expressed the opinions of the Government. As this was the first and only interview which the general gave, it caused a stir in Dublin and London. Every leading British weekly reviewed it, the official daily of Sinn Fein answered it, and for several weeks it remained the keynote of the British policy. The view of the *Spectator* is quoted as typical of the public reception in England.

General Macready, in a remarkable interview with the correspondent of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, — reproduced in Tuesday's *Morning Post*, — described clearly the foul methods of the Sinn Fein rebels. 'What they do is this: surrounded by a group of men, women, and children, they fire at Crown forces or throw bombs. If they use revolvers, they pass them to the women who work with them. When we search the men, we find they are unarmed, and it is very difficult, very difficult, indeed, to search women; and although we know that they are as active as the men, we have done nothing to them.' General Macready

went on to express his astonishment at the calmness of the troops and police, who are menaced daily in the streets of Dublin by these treacherous enemies. General Macready said that, despite their base tactics, Sinn Feiners, when taken, always had a fair trial; whereas they themselves gave short shrift to their victims. He told the correspondent that 'there is no such thing as a Black-and-Tan to-day.' The British recruits reinforcing the Royal Irish Constabulary had been amalgamated with that body. General Macready stated also that there was no starvation in Ireland, although people in districts where the rebels had damaged the roads and railways necessarily ran short of their usual supplies.

We are very glad to read General Macready's plain and graphic account of the real situation in Ireland. We may call attention also to the vivid narrative in this month's *Blackwood* by the wife of one of the officers who were attacked by assassins in Dublin on November 21 last. We cannot help wondering why the Government do not make such facts widely known. The Sinn Fein propaganda, lavishly subsidized from abroad, is very active in spreading falsehoods; whereas the Irish office issues very little news. It ought not to be left to an enterprising American journalist to extract a statement of the case from General Macready.

Cardinal Logue, speaking in a Tyrone church last week, said that he 'knew for a fact that if the people of Ireland abandoned crime, they could obtain everything that was necessary for the country. An Irish Republic,' he added, 'they would never obtain so long as England had a man to fight with. If they got a full measure of self-government, with control of the taxation, that would give them all they asked for.' Cardinal Logue, the head of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland, spoke wisely and, we are sure, sincerely. But his Church has, we fear, allowed the Sinn Fein murder-gangs to acquire too firm a hold. Mr. De Valera on Tuesday issued a manifesto to the Irish electors, informing them that a vote for Sinn Fein will be a vote for 'nothing less than the legitimacy of a republic for Ireland against England.' Mr. De Valera thus repudiated Cardinal Logue's well-meant advice.

This was May seventh. In the meantime, the Earl of Derby, the most powerful Unionist in England, had been to Ireland. When I talked with him about the attitude of the Catholic leaders, he remarked that a banner, carried in a New York Irish parade, told the 'whole story.' I give it in answer to the Americans who believe that the 'Irish question' is a religious one: 'We take our religion, but not our politics, from Rome.'

Later the *Irish Bulletin* printed the following 'on good authority':—

> In the course of a visit recently paid by Lord Derby to Cardinal Logue, a conversation took place in which the following passage occurred:
>
> Lord Derby: 'No doubt your Eminence is extremely gratified at the appointment of a Catholic Lord Lieutenant?' [Viscount FitzAlan]
>
> Cardinal Logue (after a little reflection): 'As much gratified, Lord Derby, as I would be at the appointment of a Catholic hangman.'

Thus the foundation for the Irish education of Mr. Lloyd George was laid. In this paper I have quoted extensively from certain documents to prepare for the interviews in May and June of last year which led to the peace conference. Throughout those critical months, I made repeated journeys between Dublin and London, carrying messages and ideas back and forth between Downing Street and the Irish headquarters. I interviewed Griffith in jail; Collins 'on the run'; Fitzgerald in solitary confinement; dined with Macready; carried Sir Hamar Greenwood's message to Collins, that the British would grant an amnesty during the peace conference; and arranged the interview between the Prime Minister and former Governor Glynn, of New York, which marked the climax of the Irish negotiations. The details and the difficulties of these dramatic events will be narrated in the *Atlantic* next month.

AN ADVENTURE IN PROPHECY

BY JAMES STEPHENS

PROPHECY, after all, is merely the logical continuance of the known into the unknown; and, on the data we have, it should be quite easy to prophesy for at least fifty years ahead.

It is also an admirable exercise to try to peer into the future; and, as the prophet need not prove that he is right, and as no one else can prove that he is wrong, it is a safe trade for any person to enter headlong.

The unknown is inconceivable. We may, therefore, hold that there is no such thing, and that all history and progress is merely a getting and begetting of the thing we already have. It is the game that supplies the interest: otherwise, cricketers would long ago have wearied of stealing runs, boxers of acquiring knock-outs, and baseball players of being shrieked at by enthusiastic and unknown females; for these results have all been obtained innumerably by their fathers and grandfathers and great-grandfathers. So the games of war, literature, and music are perpetually being played, with nations as teams, and the honors to be acquired have been got as immemorially and diversely as in the other games mentioned.

Mental energy usually follows on the heels of physical energy, and the country that is playing the hardest is the country that is getting ready to think the hardest. It is a mistake to suppose that play is the reward of work: it is merely its preliminary, and the country that cannot get its games going will not get much else going, either.

When Russia invented the ballet and America the tango, they were both preparing for something more than dancing. The ballet is danced with the other leg of Tolstoy; the tango is danced with the other leg of Whitman; and the modern world has no better men to show, and, apparently, no better dancing.

The country that does not export something ridiculous may be alive, but it is not kicking. It is past its playtime, and is either well into middle age and its physical reluctances, or well on its way to old age and a long sleep. These conditions of middle age and old age are the conditions apparent in the Europe of to-day. She requires a long rest, and is making up her mind to have it and to watch younger competitors undertake the business she once was supreme in.

All activities are protean, and mental activity is not less so than any of the other forces of nature; for, although force may be always the same, the form in which it is momentarily defined seems as out of our control as the elements are; which is but to say that, although we may understand ourselves very well, we are rather at a loss when coping with, or accounting for, our environment, that is, our collectivity; for man's environment is simply other men, and objective nature has been largely put out of the game.

At one time man decides that he can express himself more satisfactorily, that is, more easily, in action, and he initiates schemes of work or invention or war, satisfying thus some obscure desire of being. At another, we all conceive that we are actually interested in

thought; then the chatter of the salon revives and the feminine gender gets its chance again.

Just as men have always been interested in discovering the philosopher's stone, or the elixir of life, so they have been interested in the periodicity of things, and have speculated as gravely, and perhaps as ludicrously, about the one as about the other. So there have been people who ascribed occult significances to certain numbers and their multiples, and who have tried to discover if there may not be, underlying the measures of time, general laws and particular applications of them, which could equally interest the social philosopher and the man of science.

It is a sane postulate that law underlies all phenomena, and that the sequence of the seasons, or of birth, growth, maturity, and decay, can be applied to any other matter we are interested in. The organizations of a man and a nation are different only in terms of duration. A man lives quicker and dies quicker than a nation does; but the facts of childhood, maturity, and age are as evident in the one case as in the other.

Climatic evolution is similarly periodic, ticking in terms of thirty years from good weather to bad, with the exactitude of a grandfather's clock. Trade booms and depressions follow the like sequences, and in the matter of art, the same growths, maturities, decays, and reëmergings are to be traced. Flinders Petrie, the great Egyptologist, has indicated some of these recurring phases in books that are well worthy of being read again by those who may have forgotten them. And the peripatetics of art can be as easily followed as the passages of dynasties are.

The nation whose period of activity has arrived has usually two strings to its bow. Thus, Germany had metaphysics and music to play with; England, literature and mechanics; France, psychology and war, and so forth. For nearly all of these nations the period of work in the form specified has passed, and a new phase of life is beginning for them. We need not look any more to England for literature, to France for psychology (which is largely criticism), or to Germany for music. But if we can discover the conditions in other countries which are analogous to those of the England, France, and Germany of long ago, we may hazard a guess as to whence the world's supply of art, and so forth, is to come.

Historic England may be considered roughly as the period from fifty years before the birth of Chaucer to the death of Shelley. Before that period, all was tentative; during it, all was achievement: after it, all was inertia. And today that splendid initiative has run its course. The like appears to be true of Germany and France, except that France seems to have gone further on the road to dissolution than her companion nations have.

But these arts are the business of young peoples, and England, France, and Germany are no longer young. Leaving (and it is temerarious to do so) the East out of the question, I would suggest that the young nations of the world now are America, Italy, and Russia; and that it is by the energies of these three countries that the world will be moved, until their work also is done.

It takes time, however, to attain to, or to recognize and organize, a national inheritance, and much water will flow before any change is apparent in existing conditions, except the change that was already evident before the war. That change consisted in the fact that the countries named had ceased to produce the qualities for which they were famous, and that these qualities were appearing elsewhere, if only in the germ.

Music and metaphysics had shifted from Germany to Russia. Literature

and mechanics are shifting from England to America, and actual social and critical intelligence has, I think, deserted France for Italy.

The countries named seem to have more vitality, curiosity, invention than any others; but for English-speaking people, the new world-activity is more readily discernible than for the others, and especially so in literature.

It is safe to predict a great literary renaissance in America. All the raw material, all the fresh interest and driving energy are there, and her one necessity now is to forget English literature, from Dickens to Wells, and to let her own wells bubble like the dickens. Indeed she had started doing that some years back; and, like the beginning of anything, the first result is unpleasant and incoherent. But the old standards are not quite as satisfying as they once were: the powerful hands of Messrs. Kipling and Anthony Hope are beginning to relax what had seemed like an eternal grip, and American brains are growing self-conscious and self-sufficing.

Saving everybody's presence, I think the American story is the saddest invention of modern times; and it seems less to have been produced by a man's head than by a donkey's hoof. But the energy wasted on these tales cannot be paralleled in Europe; and within the last few years certain American writers have appeared, who are actually trying to write, and who understand that writing is a beautiful and very difficult art, demanding all of thought and sweat that a full-grown man has. America has attained national equilibrium, and her writers may be with us in less than a generation.

If one may speak of nations in the terms of master and pupil, it is reasonable to say that England has been the master of America, Germany the master of Russia, and France the master of Italy; and an interchange not only of gifts but of national characteristics has taken place between these various countries. Therefore, the person who wishes to be wise before the event should look to these pupil nations for the arts and magnificences which their tutors have grown out of.

It may seem odd, in a world packed with small and healthy nationalities, that these lighter tribes should be disregarded in this hasty summary. But they are left out, of malice aforethought. With the exception of Ireland, the small nations of the world are elderly little people. They have lived now for several centuries in a tranquillity that is near neighbor to stagnation; and if they had anything in their sacks worth giving to the world, they would have traded it long ago, or advertised somehow that they had it. None but an enraged optimist would look to Scandinavia or the Low Countries, to Switzerland, Hungary, or Spain, for any more artistic exports than emigrants, antique furniture, and cuckoo clocks. These countries are contemporaneous in history with their greater neighbors, and really fall within their orbit of influence and fortune.

With Ireland the case is different, for she is young again. She was not a partaker in her neighbors' affluence or culture, and she plays—that is, she has quite recently taken to dancing and hurling; and as the Irish dances are the most strenuous form of gayety known to the world, so hurling is the most strenuous and deadly fashion of sport that the mind of man has invented. She will hop or hurl into self-expression, though the devil himself stood in the way.

Ireland is now the world-baby, and should be very benevolently regarded by her lustier brothers of the future. Therefore, in writing this prophetical article, I place her under the protection of America, Italy, and Russia, and I wish them all Godspeed and good hunting.

POEMS

BY ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

I. A MASQUE OF LOVED LADIES

When the boat touches on the other side
And I step out in those fair meads and wide,
I think I shall not care
To stoop and smell
One hyacinth, nor pluck one immortelle
Till I have found three ladies there
Who died —
Oh, long ago, but whom I know quite well
Because of what their lovers had to tell.

And one will be by spirits bright attended,
And I shall know her by her robe of green
And by the scarlet vest that shows between
Its parted folds; and were those colors blended
From clinging memories of the gown she wore,
Walking that day
Along the Arno's shore,
When all his ardent soul was caught away
By the *Antico Amor?*

And one I'll find by 'waters clear and fresh
And sweet,' and still the mesh
Of her blonde hair
Will snare
The pearly bloom that falls upon its gold.
'Humbly she used to sit amid such glory';
Ah, *dopo i perduti giorni*, where
Is he who told
Her beauty's story?
Finding the rest he prayed for at her feet
By waters clear and fresh and sweet?

And then the last one — shall I know her, too,
The 'wayward girl' who used to pass
Outside the prison of that window-glass
And wave her kisses through?
'Graceful and silly, beautiful and strange' —
Alas, she could not change!
Always we see her as she went and came
By Hampstead Heath, and wore her 'duffel gray,'
While the wild singing flame
That burned in that young heart across the way,
Burned out at last and left her girlish name
With his to face the years,
Writ in the water of our many tears!

II. THE SUPPLIANT

Πότνια, πότνια νύξ, ὑπνοδότειρα τῶν πολυπόνων βροτῶν!

I DID not hear the footstep stealing softly through the door,
I did not see the shadow falling darkly on the floor,
I did not heed his coming nor know when he had passed,
Nor dream that he could take you when I held your hand so fast.

Are you happy in the meadows where his tall, pale flowers grow?
Do you never miss the roses that you loved here long ago?
How they bloom and how they wither while you never come again,
In the garden where the morning still must look for you in vain!

But the night knows how to find you; in her mansions cool and deep
She has spells that lure and bind you, she has dreams that clasp and keep;
And I kneel before the portal where her marble moons are hung,
And I snatch the gift immortal to my mortal yearning flung.

WHOM THE LAND LOVES

BY MARY ALDEN HOPKINS

It is a terrible thing to fight the soil.

The Puritan forefarmers lived in perpetual conflict with Nature. They 'wrested a living from the soil.' They were never reconciled to being farmers. Each farmhouse had its shelf of books — and they were not about agriculture. Every family tried to put one son into the ministry. The daughters had a term at the nearest female academy, where they lived chiefly on apple pies from home, and studied Latin grammar.

The New England farmers took and took and took from the land, and they hated the land they looted. The land held back more each year. The struggle grew fierce. Abandoned farms all over the country are the result. The humans fled from the conflict. The soil had — nervous prostration!

In all the talk about the repopulation of eastern farmlands by European peasants no one has considered how the soil itself feels about the matter.

The land likes the change.

I have been watching the gradual revival of a Connecticut countryside, settled when chimneys were built of stone, and long considered worn out. This land has gradually come back into bearing under the new peasant ownership, although the newcomers know nothing of scientific, intensive farming, and use no costly fertilizer.

Why is it? I have my theory. The land is at peace with the men who tend it. It can put its mind on its work. The poor, tired, disconsolate fields are dug and seeded and combed and sheared by friendly men and women, and the soil is gradually recovering its health.

Ondia Ocif lives at the top of the low green slope that stretches gently upward beside our house. He is a Slav, slow in motion, well on the way to being stoop-shouldered, and looking older than he is. A lump of something not gum bulges one cheek. He started as hired man to a New Englander in this same neighborhood — and now he owns four farms.

One of these farms is a half mile from us, down the road we go for berries. It includes a wonderful old orchard, where we sometimes find enormous white puff balls. Ondia's black-and-white Holstein cattle keep the green grass like a lawn. The ancient twisted trees are pink and white domes in spring, and in the autumn they are heavy with mellow apples. In the winter, their lavender limbs are silhouetted fine as seaweed against the snow-field. The land slopes in low hills, and each shoulder is topped by a stone wall so high as to be notable even in Connecticut, and so skillfully laid that hardly a stone has fallen. The walls were built, I am told, for grapevines.

This must once have been a home to dream of — a squat gray house, embowered in turn in pink and white, in summer green, and in autumn reds and yellows and purples. The house burned down, the grapevines died, and the stone-wall builder went to the poorhouse. After a time Ondia Ocif bought the place for thirty-five dollars.

The newcomers can buy up land cheap like this, because they are on the spot, can work the land, and have cash

in hand thriftily hoarded against the chance. The children of the pioneers, if they have not left the neighborhood, cannot manage any more of the stubborn land and have not the money with which to buy it.

Three nephews and a niece of Ondia Ocif own farms within easy riding-distance. One nephew, Andrew Gerig, is reported to have a mile and a half along the Housatonic River. We go there to fish, and it is a heavenly spot. Gerig bought one farm, and later added the Merwin place, which was considered a large farm in the old days. I can't give the number of acres, but it took Billy Ryan four days to go along the stone walls each fall, putting back the occasional rocks that had fallen. Billy Ryan used to come across the mountain every year to do the job for Mrs. Merwin. Now both are dead, and the Slavic man, with his seven sons, makes the rounds.

Mrs. Merwin got to be a very old lady before she died, and lost all interest in the farming. The roofs of two of her four houses fell in, her cows were dry, and her horses spent idle years in their pasture. Gerig got the great Merwin home, with its huge chimneys and tiny-paned windows, in time to save it. He lives a mile away, in a more comfortable house, but he is quite as enthusiastic over the vacant old house as are the artists who sometimes try to buy it of him. He will not sell. He keeps the roof whole and the windows in, and dreams of living there himself some day.

The Piscura connection is the other neighborhood clan. Fourteen Slavic nationalities are connected by blood or marriage in this family. I have learned a few of the difficult names, by letting the children write on my typewriter when they come to see me; and I hope to master them all before immigration is again unrestricted, and more relatives come from Europe to buy farms.

The Piscuras have many children. The schoolhouse was so inadequate last year that the little Slavs had to be put on half-time. It was enlarged to double its size this fall. As I sit at the head of our road in the morning, waiting for the postman, these young students pass me in giggling, side-glancing groups, and I wonder idly which of them put the dead cat in our well. Dead, at any rate, by the time we got her out. Oh, very dead indeed.

It seems a little strange to me that we, descendants of the original immigrants, are so much less at ease in the country than are these later comers. We are too conscious of our separation from the soil, even in our enjoyment of earthy sights and smells, truly to belong. I think the dusty roads must love to feel the bare footfalls of these scurrying children's feet. These little blond-headed things, in blue overalls or pink gingham dresses, slip into the picture as do the squirrels and the wrens.

The two clans are in a state of mild continuous feud, which breaks out in warning off from right of ways and posting trout-brooks. Family life in individual households is raucous and sometimes unkind. This is no more to the soil than is the eternal enmity of corn and weeds, and hawks and chickens. The quarrels surge over the bosom of the earth, but are not directed at her. Plants, birds, varmints, and humans are all at peace with the soil that gives them their living. Only those animals who, in the pride of intellectual understanding, try to separate themselves from the soil by whose grace they live—only those arouse her enmity.

When the rain stopped just before sunset, one autumn afternoon, we started down our road to gather bittersweet. We walked between walls of yellow and crimson and bronze leaves. At a break in the foliage, I looked across the swamp, where the wild ducks were calling, up to the pasture, where Ondia Ocif's cows

were slowly eating their homeward way. The young Russian farm-hand, who speaks no English, had let down the bars for them. He stood in the centre of the green slopes, his blue denim suit vivid in the slanting lemon sunbeams. His hands were folded in front of him, and he was chanting a long loud song, as the cows fed slowly toward him. There was the red cow, the all-white cow, and the black heifer, the heifer that had just had a calf by a young bull she had grown up with, and the Holsteins, with udders hanging down as big as rooms, all feeding placidly with heads toward the singer.

'He is singing to the cows!' I gasped. 'Is he crazy, or is it the new cider?'

'It is not unusual in Europe,' my husband assured me. 'I 've heard men chant like this in Serbia, out on the hillsides among the cows.'

Our happy land is giving better crops to men who sing the cows to the barn, than it gave the forefarmers, who argued foreordination and predestination. The pastures are green late in the summer, the corn-stacks high, the cows come into the barn with their calves, mortgages are paid off, and milk travels in motor-trucks.

Across the mountain from our home, the Italians have come in, and with them have come color and music and heaps of brown-eyed babies. Trim lawns, shiny paint, and orderly houses have disappeared. New England farm-folks were always trying to get into their houses away from the hot sun, the drizzling rain, or sharp winds. The old houses have no verandahs; only occasionally a small Georgian porch. The Italians live all over the landscape.

One family I watch with the greatest interest. Their house formerly belonged to a New England woman who was a wonderful cook. She made pumpkin pie, with whipped cream on the top, that was worth a half day's journey to taste. She lived indoors, among white paint, green chenille portières and hand-painted plaques, and she was a very unhappy woman.

The Italian family have already ruined her beautiful lawn. They built a table of sawhorses and planks under the great maple trees right in front of the house. They eat there, and all their social life goes on there, in full view of the road. Between meals the mother, in faded cotton dress and apron, lies on the grass as if it were a bed, with her two youngest babies rolling about her. The whole family act as if they had reached home after a tedious journey.

The men have started in clearing the fields all over again, and piling up the walls; for in a hundred years new layers of stones have worked to the surface. But they don't take the heavy toil as resentfully as the forefarmers did. My great-uncle Jotham, who went to California in forty-nine, and learned there that land could be turned into real estate instead of corn lots, used to tell his children that the reason his fingers were short was because he wore off the ends building stone walls. After fifty years he still hated the memory.

The Italians take farming more easily. One Sunday morning the neighborhood was awakened by music. An Italian farmer, looking like a brigand with his fierce black hair and red sash, was sitting in a chair in front of his house, playing an accordion. One of my great uncles had three organs in his parlor for church music; but I can't imagine him — or any other real New Englander — playing on the lawn while waiting for breakfast. I think that that Italian farm will prosper.

These slow-moving, hard-working folk, who worry so little about their souls, make good farmers. They do not fight the land; they live with it and tend it. Under their patient nursing, the soil is gradually recovering its health.

HAIRY MARY

BY A. H. SINGLETON

It had rained heavily and persistently all the week. The earth exhaled a moisture which penetrated through the newly built walls of the cottages, and made even a good fire unavailing to keep out the damp atmosphere.

Herself had been laid up by a more than usually severe attack of asthmatic bronchitis, and lay for days propped up by pillows and attended by her husband and Rosie, who kept doors and windows carefully closed and would not allow a breath of outside air to penetrate into the room in which she was. 'The Mistress' had called to see her, and had advised opening a window or, at least, the 'street door,' by way of compromise; but the suggestion was received with horror.

However, in spite of her illness she would not hear of postponing the Cailey. 'The childher' had been promised the treat of hearing 'owld Mickey's grand story,' and it would be a 'crool shame intirely' to disappoint them, 'the craythurs'! 'And maybe,' she said more cheerfully, 'Mickey's story would be apt to take me out av mesilf.'

There was no gainsaying this, and accordingly she was put into a chair as close as possible to a huge fire, a warm woolen shawl was wrapped tightly over her chest, and even round her head.

'An' where's Mrs. Casey?' Smith asked, as Pat Holohan, his wife, and the hopeful Patsey appeared.

'She cot a bit av a cowld, an' has a smotherin' on her chest,' Mrs. Holohan explained. 'So she stayed at home to mind the young wans. Sure an' it's a terr'ble wet night intirely; an' only that Patsey was so set on comin', we'd ha' stayed at home, too.'

'There's an owld sayin',' remarked Smith in his slow, deliberate voice: "The more the merrier, the fewer the betther the cheer." Have ye the kettle filled, Rosie? It might be bilin' while Mickey is tellin' his story. Fire away Mickey; ye'll get no interruptin' this night, anyhow.'

But Mickey was not as pleased as might have been expected. Mrs. Casey's interruptions served to give point to his eloquence, as well as an opportunity of showing his powers of repartee. He looked sadly, at his diminished audience, and began without his accustomed *verve*.

He began, as usual, with 'Wancest upon a time, — an' a very long time ago it is, too, — there was a widder woman, she was a born lady, but her husband lost all his money; an' when he died, she had to go wid her daughters to a backward sort av a place where livin' would be chape. She had three daughters. The two eldest av thim was rale beauties. The eldest wan had hair as black as the wing av a crow, an' it curlin' over her shoulders. She were tall an' had a gran' appearance. The second eldest wan was n't as tall as her sisther, but there were many as thought she were even handsomer; she had a skin like crame an' roses, an' her hair was like a ripe wheat field, an' the eyes av her was as blue as the sky on a summer marnin'. She was a rale beauty! The two av thim was the

beauties av the wurrld. But if they was beauties, was n't the youngest av them the ugliest iver ye seen? She was as brown as — ' here he hesitated for a simile — 'as bog-wather, only ye could n't see much of it be raison that her face were all covered wid reddish hair; the only thing good about her was her eyes: they was as bright as the sun on a May marnin', an' they had such a nice, kind look in them that you'd forget how ugly she was wance ye got talkin' to her. She was always civil an' friendly to ivery wan, an' ready to do a good turn to no matther who wanted wan.'

'Like Rosie here,' said Mrs. Smith gently, putting her hand on the girl's shoulder; and Rosie, who was sitting at her feet, looked lovingly up at the worn, sickly looking old face.

'Begad an' you 're right,' agreed Mickey; 'only Hairy Mary, as they called her be raison av the hair on her face, were terr'ble ugly, an' Rosie is n't *that*. No matther if Molly were ugly, she were rale good, an' the two beautiful sisthers was as proud an' disagreeable as she was good an' kind.'

'I thought in stories it was always the pretty wans that were good, an' the ugly wans bad,' said Patsey reflectively.

'Well, it was n't so this time,' said Mickey angrily. 'If you wants to tell the story get into the chair an' tell it yersilf. Sure you 're as bad as your owld gran, wid yer foolish chat.'

Patsey was crushed. The indignity of being compared with his 'owld gran' was too much for him. Mickey continued triumphantly: —

'An' where was I at all? Sure ye put iverything out av me head wid yer gab.'

'You were sayin' that the two beautiful sisters were proud and disagreeable,' said Rosie timidly.

'Ay, that's it. They was proud an' disagreeable, an' they had no sinse at all; but me poor Hairy Mary had sinse enough for the lot av thim; so, when the two sisthers said they was tired av livin' at home wid no wan only the mother, an' that they'd go out into the wide wurrld to see could they get married, as no dacent boys seemed to be comin' that way, Mary said she'd go too, for fear would they get into thrubble wid their foolishness. The sisthers did n't want her, bekase they thought she'd shame thim wid her ugliness; but they had not got to th' ind av the bohereen that led to the road when Mary says to the mother: "Give me the cake ye have on the griddle wid yer blessin', an' I'll be aff afther thim, for fear they'd do somethin' stupid an us." So whin the sisthers turned on to the road, was n't Hairy Mary at their heels?

'"Go home wid ye," ses they. "Sure it's disgracin' us you 'd be if we let you come wid us."

'But Mary would n't go home for thim; so they tied her to a big stone that was on the side av the road, an' on they wint, thinkin' they'd got rid av her intirely. But they had n't gone a mile, when was n't she beside thim again? They was rale mad, an' when they come to a bog, did n't they make her lie down, an haped a lot of turf sods over her? "She 's done for now," ses they. But they had n't gone far before she was afther thim agin.

'The next time they tied her to a tree, an' the knot they put on the rope had some sort av a charrum on it. But sorra the knot nor charrum could howld Hairy Mary, an' before they'd got another mile, was n't she up wid thim agin? So they had to give up, an' said they'd let her walk behind thim, if she'd not let on that she was their sisther, only a sarvint girrl they'd brought to attind on thim. Well, Mary agreed to this; all she wanted was to see that the foolish girrls did n't get into thrubble.

'Well, they walked on till they was clane bet out; an' at last they comes to

a house an' axes for a night's lodgin'. It was a giant wid his wife an' three daughters as lived in th' house, an' they said they might come in for the night, but they must lave agin in the mornin'.

'Hairy Mary did n't like the looks av thim at all. The lot av thim had long, sharp teeth, an' their nails was like the claws av a big bird. There was three beds in the room behind the kitchen; the giant an' his wife slep' in wan bed, an' the three daughters in the next biggest bed, an' th' other bed was close beside it, an' Hairy Mary an' her sisthers was put into it.

'Well, Hairy Mary misdoubted but that there were some mischief schamed; so she waited till they was all asleep, an' then she tuk the hair necklaces that was on the necks av hersilf an' the sisthers, an' put thim on the necks av the giant's three daughters; an' she tuk the gran' necklaces that was all gould an' jools aff av the necks av the giant's daughters, an' put them on hersilf an' her sisthers; an' then she lay down beside thim, an' waited till she 'd see what 'ud happen.

'Well, the giant an' his wife were sittin' beside the kitchen fire, an' ses he: "Won't thim three girrls make the gran' pie for our dinner to-morrer?"

'"Aye, will they," ses she; "but I'll have a job to singe the hairy wan." An' wid that they both laughed as if it were a fine joke.

'"But how 'll I tell the differ in the dark?" ses the giant.

'"Just feel the necks av thim. The strange girrls has only hair necklaces on thim, an' our wans have illigant gould necklaces on thim. It 's aisy tellin' the differ," ses she.

'Well, when he thought all was asleep, the giant takes a sharp knife in his han', an' crep' softly to the bed wid Hairy Mary an' the sisthers in it. She felt the giant's big hands on her neck, but she lay as still as anythin', purtendin' she was asleep; an' whin he felt the gould necklace an her, ses he to himsilf, "Begad, an' was n't I near makin' a quare mistake. I might ha' been afther killin' me own beautiful girrls instead av these strangers. So he goes to the next bed an' cuts the throats av the three in it, an' not a screech out av thim.

'Hairy Mary did n't get much sleep that night; an' as soon as she sees the first light of day, she wakes the sisthers very careful. "Get up," ses she, "an' don't let a sound out av yees; we must be aff out av this at wance."

'So up they gets, an' stales out av the door; an' as soon as the yard-gate was open, out they goes. They had n't gone far when they heerd the giant roaring afther thim to stop. The two sisthers begins to shout an' screech, but me brave Mary catches thim be th' arrms. "Ah! Can't yees stop that noise?" ses she. "We 'll want all the breath in our bodies to get away from the giant! Run for your lives!" ses she.

'An' bedad they run as they niver run before in all their born days, till they come to a river that was between the giant's land, an' the King av Spain's lan's; an' if Hairy Mary did n't make a buck lep over it, wid the two sisthers houldin' an to her, an' all three av thim landed on th' other side safe from the giant, bekase he did n't dare set fut on the King av Spain's land. He sat down on the bank an' looks at Hairy Mary an' the two sisthers on the bank foreninst him.

'"You 're there, are yees?" ses he.

'"Aye are we, an' no thanks to ye," ses she.

'"Ye 're afther killin' me three beautiful girrls an me," ses he.

'"You 're afther thryin' to kill mesilf an' me two sisthers," ses she.

'"Wait till I catch ye," ses he.

'"Wait till ye do," ses she. An' wid that she turns roun', an' the three of

thim walks up the hill quite cool till they comes to the King av Spain's castle. An' when the people in it seen the beautiful sisthers, an' the gran' necklaces on the three av thim, they was brought in an' got great entertainment from the whole coort.

'The King av Spain had three sons, an' did n't th' eldest av them fall in love wid th' eldest sisther? an' th' second eldest fell in love wid th' second eldest sisther, the fair-haired wan; but th' youngest av the princes was the best av the lot, an' me poor Hairy Mary fell in love wid *him;* but he would n't look the same side av the room wid her.

'Well, they had great feastin', an' the next mornin' ses the King av Spain to Hairy Mary: "The other two is rale beauties, but you're the cliver wan. If ye can bring me the talkin' quilt aff the giant's bed, I'll give me consint to my eldest prince marryin' your eldest sisther," ses he.

'"I'll thry me best," ses she. "But the giant an' his wife is terr'ble light sleepers, an' what 'll I do if I get cot?" ses she.

'"The divvle would n't catch *you*, Molly," ses the King av Spain. "Afther the cliver way you got safe out av the giant's house. There's many a wan met his death in it."

'"Maybe I'll meet my death in it, too," ses me poor Hairy Mary; "but I'll have a thry at it annyhow."

'Well, whin the giant an' his wife was fast asleep in bed, an' th' talkin' quilt over thim, did n't the quilt feel some wan pullin' soft at it? "Who are ye at all?" ses the quilt. "Aisy now," ses Hairy Mary, "sure it's only mesilf." — "Masther! Masther! wake up," ses the quilt; "there's somebody takin' me away!"

'"An' who's takin' ye away?" ses the giant. "It's only mesilf," roars the quilt. "Then let only mesilf quit wid his nonsense, an' not be annoyin' us," ses the giant; "bekase I want to go to sleep." An the next minit he was snorin' fit to raise the roof off the house.

'Whin Hairy Mary heerd the snores av him she takes another good pull at the quilt an' pulls it clane aff the bed, an' away wid her an' the quilt over her shouldhers. "Masther! Masther! Only mesilf is carryin' me off," ses the quilt, but the giant tuk no notice.

'Afther a bit the giant's wife began to feel cowld, so she wakes him, an' ses somebody made away wid th' quilt; or maybe it was bewitched and walked away wid itsilf.

'So the giant gets up an goes out to th' yard, an' whin he seen the gate open, — for Mary was in such a hurry she did n't wait to put the lock on it, — "Holy Moses!" ses he, "if that villin av a Hairy Mary has n't walked off wid me illigant quilt! There's no other wan wud be cliver enough to do it."

'Wid that he puts on his boots, an' away wid him afther her; but Mary got a good start, an' was over the river before he could catch her. "Have ye got me talkin' quilt?" ses he, shoutin' acrass the strame.

'"I have," ses she. "I tuk it to get me eldest sisther married."

'"An' when will ye come agin?" ses the giant.

'"The next time I wants annything," ses she makin' aff to give the quilt to the King. An' it was coverin' his bed that night, an' himself an' the queen had great divarshion out av it.

'Well, the eldest sisther got married, an' there was great doin's intirely; but me poor Hairy Mary was out av it all, be raison that she was so ugly the two sisthers thought she 'd have thim shamed; so she spint the day talkin' to a poor thravelin' woman that come from her part av the counthry an' brought her news av her mother an' the neighbors at home.

'The next marnin' the King ses to Hairy Mary: "If ye'll bring me the swoord av light that hangs beside the giant's bed, I'll give me consint," ses he, "to me second eldest son gettin' married to your second eldest sisther, the wan wid the light hair."

'"That's a hard job ye're givin' me," ses she, "but I can only do me best. I'll have a thry at it annyhow." An' wid that, out she goes to the thravelin' woman who had a lodgin' near the castle, to consult wid her what she could do.

'Well, the next night, when the giant's wife was boilin' the stir-about for the giant's supper, was n't me brave Hairy Mary sittin' above on the roof an' pourin' salt down the chimbley into the pot?

'"Ye put too much salt into the stir-about," ses the giant; "it's that salt I can't ait it at all." "Ah, what's thrubblin' ye?" ses the wife. "I just put in the same as usual, nayther more nor less. You're gettin' terr'ble particular these times," ses she. "Ait it up, man, an' quit yer nonsinse."

'Well, the giant had to ait it up an' say no more; but that night he could n't get a wink av sleep be raison av the drought that was on him. An' ses he to the wife, "Get up an' fetch me a drink av wather, for I 'm destroyed intirely wid the thirst that's on me."

'Well, she sarched the whole house, an' sorra the drop of wather she could get, bekase Hairy Mary had crep' in when they was sleepin' an' emptied out ivery can of wather she could find. "Well," ses he, "ye must wake up the sarvint boy an' sind him wid a can to the well till he fetches me a drink."

'So the boy tuk the can to go to th' well, but Mary was standin' behint the door wid a handful av sand in her hands, an' she dashes the sand in his eyes till he was near blinded wid it. "O Masther!" ses he, runnin' back into th' room, "it's that dark I can't see me way to the well!" — "Ye grate omadhaun!" ses the giant in a rage, "take the swoord av light, an' it 'll show ye the way to the well."

'So the boy tuk the swoord, an' he puts it down beside him when he wint to draw the wather; an' did n't Hairy Mary pick it up, an she waves it over his head till he was near blinded wid th' light av it. "Go home wid ye," ses she, "or I'll cut the head off ye." An' away wid her over hill an' holler, till she gets to the river. It was swelled that night bekase there had been a good lot av rain in the day; but she made the terr'blest lep iver she made, an' just clared it in time to get safe away from the giant who was close on her heels. He made a lep too, bekase the swoord av light was the most preciousest thing he had an' he was loath to lose it; but he only got his toes on the bank foreninst him, an' did n't he fall back head over heels into the river? an' the splash he made you 'd hear a mile away. He were a long time gettin' out, be raison that he was so heavy the bank 'ud give way under him ivery time he'd get near the top av it; an' when he was out at last, Hairy Mary was clane out av sight.

'Well, this time she did n't wait to be sint for to give the swoord of light to the King, but she runs into his room, where he an' the Queen were, as bowld as brass. "Take yer swoord," ses she; "it was the hardest job iver I had; the giant nearly had me cot, only I lep the river just as he got up beside me. He tried to lep it afther me," ses she, thryin' to keep herself from laughing, "an' maybe he's in it yet. I wisht ye heerd the splash he made in the wather whin he fell in on the broad av his back!" An she runs out av the room bekase it was not respectful to laugh before the King an' Queen.

'"That's the cliverest girl iver I

seen," ses the King to the Queen. "If she was n't so terr'ble ugly, I 'd give her our youngest son. He 's the best av the lot," ses he, "but he's a bit soft, an' it 'ud take a cliver wife to sharpen him up."

'"Handsome is as handsome does," ses the Queen. "Maybe he'd not think her so bad whin he got used to lookin' at her. I'd rather have her, not the two beauties that thinks this worrld is n't good enough for the likes of thim."

'Well, the second eldest son an' the second eldest sisther got married the next day, an' you'd think th' owld King would ha' been contint, an' not set me poor Hairy Mary anny more hard jobs to do. But not a bit av him! He heerd tell av a wondherful buck goat the giant had, wid gould bells hangin' on a collar round his neck; an' nothin' would satisfy him but he must have that goat. So ses he to Hairy Mary, "If ye'll fetch me the giant's white goat wid the collar an' gould bells, I'll give ye me youngest son for a husband for yerself."

'Well, Mary was goin' to refuse; but she had a great wish for the youngest son, so all she said was that she thought he would n't take her, be raison av her bein' so ugly an' not like the two beautiful sisthers.

'"Bedad an' I will have ye!" ses the prince, who was not such a fool as they thought him. "There's no denyin' that ye 're no beauty, but ye have sinse enough for a dozen av yer sisthers, an' ye're good too, an' that's betther nor beauty anny day." He was for gettin' married at wancest, an' niver mindin' the goat; but th' owld miser av a King stuck to his bargain.

'So Hairy Mary wint out in sarch av the thravelin' woman to see could she help her; but she was not in. Well, Mary got some of the marrer that's undher the elder-tree bark, and she crep' into the goat's sthable an' stuffs his bells wid th' marrer the way they could n't ring; an' thin she lades the goat out av the sthable. But no sooner was he outside, but he began to rare an' cut all sorts av capers, till he shuck the marrer out av the bells an' they rang loud enough to wake the dead.

'Out comes th' owld giant, wid his wife an' the sarvint boy; an' if they did n't catch poor Hairy Mary an' bring her into the house.

'"Now me brave girrl, I've cot ye at last," ses the giant. "What 'ud ye do to me if ye had me cot?" ses he makin' fun av her.

'"What 'ud I do to you, ye owld vagabone," ses she, not a bit afeeard av him. "I'd put ye in a sack, ye owld villin," ses she, "an' I 'd hang the sack to the bame that 's across the top av the ceilin' in the kitchen, an' I 'd lave ye hangin' there till mornin'. How 'ud ye like that?" ses she.

'"Troth an' it is n't a bad notion," ses the giant. So he takes a big sack that was lyin' in a corner av the kitchen, an' puts her into it head an' feet, and he ties her up to the bame that was acrost the kitchen. When he had her safe tied, ses he to the wife, "Stay ye here an' mind her, till I go to the *rassan*[1] wid the boy, to gather some green sticks to make a fire that'll smother her; an' then we'll be quit av her," ses he.

'So away wid himsilf an' the boy to the rassan, that was near a mile away; an' the faymale giant puts on the pot to make the stir-about for the giant's supper before he'd be back. When she was stirrin' the pot, what does she hear but Mary shoutin' an' laughin' as if she were havin' a gran' trate.

'"What are ye laughin' at?" ses the faymale giant.

'"I 'm laughin'," ses me cute Molly, "bekase th' owld giant thought it was punishmint he was givin' me; but it's

[1] A small wood, with undergrowth of brushwood.

a trate it is, bekase the sack's full of gould an' jools, an' niver fear but I 'll get out an' be a rich woman for the rest av me days. I whisht ye was in here wid me, till ye 'd see the dimonds, an' grand joolery there's in it, an' I fillin' me pockets as quick as I can. I would n't ha' tould ye wan worrd about it, only that ye was always a good friend to me," ses Mary, humbuggin' her, "an' I'd like to do ye a good turrn."

'Well, after more perswashion, the faymale giant cuts Mary down, an' she gets into the sack, an' Mary ties her up to the bame; "For," ses she, "ye'll not get a sight av the gran' things till ye's up near the ceilin'."

'Mary had a hard job to lift up the sack, but she did it at last, an' away wid her to the sthable to get th' goat, lavin' the faymale giant screechin' murder an' all sorts.

'Well, to make a long story short, the goat wint wid her an' passed no remarks an' the two av thim run till they got to the river; an' did n't the two av thim lep clane over it to th' other side?

'Whin the owld giant got back to the kitchen, what did he see but the sack lyin' on the flure, an' not a sight av his wife annywhere could he see.

'"How did ye get loose?" ses he, givin' the sack a powerful kick; an' his wife let a screech out av her fit to raise the roof aff av the house. "I 'll larn ye," ses he, "to stop where I put ye." An' wid that he begins to bate the sack, an' the wife inside screechin' that it was herself that was in it.

'While th' owld giant was batin' his wife, the sarvint boy runs to the sthable to see was the goat all right, an' back he comes roarin' that Hairy Mary was away wid him, an' to quit batin' the misthress for he had her near kilt. Away goes th' owld giant as quick as he could leg it; but when he got to the river, there was Hairy Mary an' the goat on th' other side, an' the two av them laughin' at him fit to kill thimselves; an' then away wid thim to the King av Spain's castle. An' if he was n't plazed to see the goat, who was? But the youngest prince was n't too well plazed, bekase the night's adventure had made me poor Hairy Mary uglier nor iver; but he stuck to his worrd, an' said he 'd marry her all the same; an' the weddin' was fixed for the next day.

'When they was all startin' for the chapel, Mary axed could she bring only the thravelin' woman in the gran' coach wid hersilf, an' the youngest prince was to ride on horseback an' meet her there. But when he got down aff av his horse an' wint to open the dure av the coach till the bride wud get out, what did he see but a beautiful lady; the two sisthers was n't a patch on her!

'She had the kind look of Hairy Mary in the blue eyes av her, an' a smile like her on the red lips; but her skin was like roses an' lilies, an' crame an' buttermilk, an' the hair av her was curlin' like threads av gould. Well, an' was n't the prince glad when he seen what a rale beauty he was gettin' for a wife. So she towld him that the thravelin' woman was a fairy as put a charrm on her when she was a babby, that she 'd be ugly enough to frighten the crows till she 'd find some wan that 'd marry her in spite av her looks, an' think only av the goodness av her.

'So they got married widout any more delay, an' th' only wans that was not plazed was the two sisthers, whin they seen that me poor Hairy Mary that they made a joke av was a greater beauty nor ayther av thim. An' if Hairy Mary an' the prince don't live happy, that you an' I may!'

HUNTING OIL IN OKLAHOMA

BY RODERICK PEATTIE

I

A GOOD deal is known of gambling with oil wells. But just what the 'business and pleasure' of the oil fields is, just what the fields look like, how oil is prospected for, is foreign matter to most of us.

One usually enters the oil fields through Tulsa. Though there are many minor centres, Tulsa is decidedly the centre of the oil life. And it is there that one gets first impressions of the people of the fields. They are that strange conglomeration that is characteristic of any 'boom' country. As a group, the geologists are the most distinctive and picturesque. They are men who necessarily have spent much of their lives in the field; and even though they may now be cooped in an office in Tulsa, they have that direct bearing which is given to men of the open the world over. Also into these offices comes the romance of the field. There is a great deal of visiting back and forth between the men of the offices — the work requires it. Also the field man, on arriving in town, will drop around to gossip and — well — make up a bit for the time that he has been exiled from society. Field men come in from everywhere.

'Where 's Scotty now?'

'Oh, he 's with the Gypsy. I saw him last in Dallas, Texas.'

'Donnelly 's working out of New York — just got back from Trinidad.'

The next man wants to know about the oil possibilities of the Spanish Riff country — one of his men just got back from Spain and saw a chance to get concessions in Northern Africa. Eckes blew in. I use the word advisedly. Wanted a geologist for Venezuela — was going back himself. Must be a man that could handle himself in the Tropics, able to keep reasonably sober, preferably one born west of the Mississippi, and competent to knock down any of his porters if they got insolent.

But most of the talk is of Oklahoma. They speak of the oil districts as 'The Osage,' 'The Creek Country,' 'The Red Beds,' 'The Glen Pool.' They know each well, as they know men; and in referring to them, have a whole separate terminology which is foreign to the layman. 'The Kitty Harney No. 2 of the Northwest of the Northeast of the Southwest of 18–5 struck a sand at 1658. Went through it for 50 feet, them came in at 1700 and went over the derrick with a flush production of 50 barrels. Then they put the soup in her, and in two days she had gone to water. So they plugged her. That stuff down there is all on the edge of structure. Most of the holes are dusters.'

This merely means that the second well on Kitty Harney's farm — she may be an old Indian who cannot write her name — gave forth 50 barrels of oil in a day's flow, and at first the oil shot up higher than the derrick. Then, hoping for more oil, they exploded nitroglycerin in the bottom of the hole, and the shock, instead of opening

up fractures, closed such as were there, and the salt water included in the rock had crept up. So they pulled the pipe-casing, as most of the wells drilled there had proved to be dry holes anyway. The region was merely on the edge of an oil pool.

Another distinctive class is that of the operators. Many of these men are indigenous — farmers, or bankers, who have drilled and succeeded, and hope to succeed again. Many of them are, of course, outsiders. Every town in Oklahoma has its men who have become rich through drilling; but Tulsa leads; it is their Mecca. They are an interesting class. Their reddened faces speak of a life in the open. Now they have retired to expensive homes in Tulsa, representing their various conceptions of opulence (and some of these are strange to behold), where they may sit on the front porch, collarless, in their stocking-feet, while their wives have donned boudoir-caps and rolled to town behind six cylinders, to buy whatever hits their fancy.

There are also the young men, whose fathers in the East, having invested well in oil, send their sons out to learn the game from the bottom. The training is a severe one, and may mean five to ten years actually in the fields. Much of it is grimy and hard, and under coarse living conditions. Such a man is, at first, merely a roustabout — a greasy laborer about the wellhead on a twelve-hour shift. Then he becomes a tool-dresser. These tools weigh hundreds of pounds, and must be constantly sharpened and tempered, that constituting the 'dressing.' Then our fortune-seeker becomes a driller, the boss of the rig. There are two such crews to a well, and day and night for months the work goes on — at night by the weird flare of a gas flame burning freely from the end of a pipe. He then passes through the stages of scout, who keeps the company constantly posted on drilling activities, to 'lease-hound,' and, perhaps, vice-president.

There are many college people in Tulsa, — fortune-seekers, — each living with the exhilarating expectation that his invested nest-egg will bring forth fabulous returns. It is a wistful community, and it is not unusual for a man to drive in two hundred miles from the field, for a bath and a Sunday evening of civilization.

II

I doubt if your reading ever sank so low as to include *A Slow Train Through Arkansas*. It was one of those continuous monologues of a traveling man's observations and jokes, as he passed the day in such a train as I took from Tulsa to the oil fields. All trains on the Midland Valley Railway stop a half hour at Tulsa, out of deference to so great a city. The day-coach that I entered was about half the length of a modern car, and was enscrolled in the best North-German-Lloyd designing of the eighteen-seventies.

The types of people in an Oklahoma day-coach are far more varied than in the East. There is a scattering of men dressed as men in the East would be dressed; but most people look and act after a species far different. Many of the men wear the huge, high hat of the plainsman, buff-colored. They are of a clean-shaved, brown-faced, rather handsome type. The oilmen usually affect the black slouch felt hat. But it has come to a point where it is difficult to distinguish between a plainsman and an oilman, for many of the drillers are local products.

The woman who sat next to me on my journey was a fat squaw, who sidled with an embarrassed air into the seat, never did fully lean back; and who fixed her eyes on a point on the aisle

floor and never looked up until she reached Bixby, her destination. There were many other women in the car, most of them of the usual farm types; but a number were dressed in a baby-doll, theatrical manner.

On leaving the town, we crossed the Arkansas River in flood. It is hundreds of feet wide, and yet one could almost ford it. Occasional brown streaks of crude oil and what is known always as B. S. (bituminous sediment) marked the surface. The river smelled so of oil that one had the throat sensation of just having eaten vaseline.

Then we went between miles — literally miles — of tanks. A tank farm is an unhappy sight. Tanks of the size of city gas tanks are set in rows through the fields. Each has a great embankment about it, sometimes twelve feet high. These are in case the tank is struck by lightning; for then a small cannon is rushed up, holes are shot in the side of the tank, and the oil is allowed to run out within the limits of the circular dam. Thus it burns evenly, instead of boiling up and exploding. Finally, as my journey proceeded, the tanks gave way to land from which the tanks had been removed — where cows feed over the unnatural surface of druid-like rings.

In the midst of the tanks there was a town — Jenks. It is difficult to describe the gaunt and haggard landscape where these monster-like tanks arise. The work on and in the tanks — they are in constant need of repair and cleaning — is terrific under the summer sun; for each becomes like a huge boiler. There is everywhere an odor, and often the smoke and stench of the burning of the B. S. after the tank is emptied. Water is also separated from the oil while standing here in storage, and this makes the stream bottoms nauseating. At Jenks the rain was pouring down, as it can pour only on these southwestern plains. A man thinly clad and entirely drenched was standing in a dray. An old man got off the train and stood looking at him. Then he looked up at the sky in face of the downpour. 'Think it'll rain?' The man in the dray considered the matter. 'Don't know, Jim, don't know — maybe.' The humor is as grim as the landscape.

The town which was my destination was characteristic, a farming town with oil production all about. A grain elevator, the towers of certain cotton gins, and the inevitable cooling-tower of the ice plant mark the town from a distance. My first night was passed in the better of the two hotels — the one having running water and a moral reputation. It was a barren series of rooms above some stores, and was built entirely of concrete. The rooms had dirty walls, though the lack of woodwork and paper gave one a sense of protection from bugs. My bed was reasonably clean, but I was not the first who had slept between the sheets since they had last been washed. My window had lost its screen, and from sunrise on I periodically drove, with the aid of the sheet, swarms of flies out of the room.

The town is one-third negro, and the hotel was on the edge of the shanty town that formed the negro quarters. That day our negroes had defeated the negroes of another town in baseball, and the mechanical piano in the café was kept going until late. About midnight there was a fight. Men and women took part. People fell downstairs, fell through glass, hurled glass at each other, and ran about like alarmed ants. They swarmed over the town, seemingly bent on murder; but the next morning all was even and happy-go-lucky again — it was merely part of the celebration.

But one should not think of Okla-

homa as lawless. The plainsman — not the oilman, far from it — takes his religion seriously. At the first clash of the cymbals and boom of the drum, the Salvation Army has a throng.

The favorite minister in one of the largest cities is known as the Jazz Parson. It is he who serves cooling drinks during the services, to moisten the lips of the devout. Besides the 'Army,' there are many smaller 'orders,' — farmers who, of a Saturday night, dress in uniform, strap a bass drum to the running-board of the Ford, and drive to the towns to harangue the Saturday-night loafer. 'For the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand. Let me tell you, brothers, the Judgment Day is coming. Oh, I used to smoke and swear and chew and go about with women. But I saw the Light, brethren, the glorious light. Hallelujah.' And then, before they get to the point of telling what the Kingdom of Heaven is, or give us a Vision of the Light, they break into a hymn, the families standing in a half-circle behind the speaker, the older ones singing with fervor, but the children singing mechanically and often sleepily. Men come out of the crowd to shake the speaker's hand. So the mavericks are corralled, some branded and then — turned loose on the range. First, however, money is collected for a 'tablernickle.'

I once saw an elderly preacher walk up from the railway station and deposit his suitcase on the curb, shouting, preaching, and singing meanwhile. As he talked, he removed his coat and hat, and donned a yellow-linen automobile dust-coat — the sacerdotal robe. People followed him to his stopping-place, and soon the crowd was dense about him.

From my room in one town I was able to hear the church choir practising. They were executing a rather difficult cantata. Considering the temperature of the evening, their devotion was great. At the end of the evening, the singing became rather faint-hearted. Someone, however, started up, —

> 'When the Roll is Called up Yonder,
> When the Roll is Called up Yonder,
> When the Roll is Called up Yonder,
> I'll be There.'

The half-hearted singing swelled into an uproar. We were back to the primitive again. It was like a Christianized savage breaking into a Voodoo chant.

III

Life is all new out there. It was but a few years (as in the Cushing country) since the settlers were gathered about the borders of the Territory, awaiting the zero hour, when the soldiers should allow the mad dash for the staking-out of farms. Men rushed in, in all sorts of vehicles, to race to some chosen spot to 'squat,' and defend it with a gun until their claim was made good by the government. Hence the towns have but one or two paved streets, and these are covered with the prairie dust and the dirt of living. They are seldom cleaned, — the town organization has not gone far yet, — and when they are cleaned, it is by the winds of the world, and houses suffer accordingly. Because of the novelty of town problems, the water systems are inadequate; and I have been in towns, where to bathe would have left one red with mud. The sanitation is a long way from good.

Many townships are of farms, all of which bear the marks of being but a few years old. You know the history of a normal farm — first a shack or cabin, then a shelter for the stock and the hay. Then the shelter is replaced by a large fine barn that dwarfs the house; and later on comes the new farmhouse and more decent living conditions. The first two stages are about as far as much of Oklahoma has progressed.

For a while I was in what is known as the Creek Country — the land allotted to the Creek Nation. After the Civil War it was broken up into farms of 160 acres, and given out to each person of the nation on his coming of age. I was in the region given over mostly to the slaves of the Creeks, and hence the farmers were mostly negroes. The Indians and the negroes to-day intermarry frequently. Most of the negroes have some white blood, and indeed the white men marry squaws and their 160 acres so frequently, that the term 'squaw man' is not one of special disrepute. Besides the black negroes, there are 'white niggers' and 'Indian niggers.' The negro is a fair farmer, though his fences are often in bad repair, and his house is apt to be a mere shack. This is not always so.

We ate lunch one day on a ridge in a large pasture. All about, the lands were wonderfully rich. The wheat was standing in the fields in heavy shocks, the uncut hay was thick and long. The several-hundred-acre pasture in which we were resting fed two hundred rangy cattle. The owner rode up to our machine in a muddy surrey, behind an excellent pair of mares. This was Jake Simons, negro. His mother was, I believe, a Creek, and it is said that he is one-quarter white. Jake is a slim elderly man, of fine features and well-bred dignity. He owns 1100 acres of the fine land that lay before us. Jake's house leaves nothing to be wished for.

The Indians have some of the best land of the region. Indians are poor farmers. They, too, often plant an excellent crop, but with the first indication of heat, retire to their porches. I think of one farm that was characteristic of many. It was an excellent piece of land — but rather than labor himself, the Indian let portions of it out to renters, who, of course, did not do the land justice. The Indian had a fine new farmhouse, which was equipped with the best of beds and all sorts of comforts. But, characteristically, there was merely a three-sided shelter for his ponies, and a large Packard lay out in the yard, exposed night and day to the elements.

I remember one Indian girl, who came to call on a white woman on whose porch I was resting at noon. She was a large girl, in her twenties, dressed in a white middy costume, with white stockings and shoes, the latter having very high French heels — but the whole outfit carried all the dirt it had collected since the day it was purchased.

The old white woman was, after the custom of the poorer white women, barefooted. Her age 'rated' her a pipe to smoke. The porch floor was covered with flies. They fairly blackened the ankles of the women.

This call was a formal occasion — one could easily see that. There were long silences between remarks — many diplomatic feints before the real purport of the call was made clear. Finally — would she come and chop cotton on the morrow? Long silences, broken by mere generalities on the weather. Both seemed rather sorry that the real subject had been aired so frankly. Then — she would come. Finally, even the time and the price were arranged.

A haze came before my eyes, and I saw, as if by the immortal Remington, a picture of the council about the fire — the white man and the Indian — the long silences — and the reticence which was the Indian's symbol of wisdom.

The girl took her leave, her high heels turning under her fat ankles as she went down the road. A detachment of flies left with her. These were augmented by a swarm from the cattle standing near the fence.

IV

One of the most interesting sets of people in Oklahoma is the drifters. These are the people who are to be seen along any of the main highways, in rickety prairie schooners, traveling — God knows where. Their outfit consists of the tottering wagon, with a home-made box and a cloth stretched over bent sticks, much askew. The horses that pull it are slight and ill fed. Even diminutive donkeys are used. A long-legged foal may be running beside the mare. Household goods project from the wagon, in every direction. A disheartened man and woman sit on the front seat. There are usually some children, packed in with the household goods. They camp by the wayside — 'down in the hollar by the crick.' It is difficult to find out where they are going. They do not know themselves. Almost equally difficult is it to learn from whence they came, for they have come from so many places and known each so short a time. They are looking for greener pastures — literally. Someone has told them of better conditions elsewhere, better grass or more work. One sees them trekking off into the dust, or struggling through seas of mud, going a weary road to a mirage. They stop and raise crops as tenants — a poor affair for themselves and the landlord.

The drifter takes over a cabin left in squalor by the previous tenant, and with little or no effort to improve the place, he unloads his disordered belongings from the shambled wagon. Here he lives for a year, in a cabin through which the winter winds howl uninterruptedly. The water is too often taken from a six-inch hole in the ground, which has been sunk just low enough to catch the ground water that drains from the vicinity of the house and barn. Occasionally there is a spring, but this is seldom fenced off from the cattle. A spring that I was forced to use at times I shared with a mare and its ungainly mule-colt. Indeed, often a single fence encloses house and barn, so that the stock released from the stalls wander about the house, and are entertained to watch through the open door the family at meals, as in the picture of our childhood, The Uninvited Guest. The hardest thing is to see the children, — poor, little beings, — undernourished mentally and physically, their mouths drawn in the hard, firm lines that tell a terrible story.

The negro is never a drifter. He remains on the land, though he may or may not own it, and he accumulates some belongings. This is partly to his credit. But, also, he is not of the breed that has pushed from the thirteen colonies, forever westward. Indeed, it takes certain initiative to be a drifter — one must know how to make one's way and to be independent of friends and surroundings. The negro is preëminently social.

V

It was my habit to start my work a little before dawn. That means that one has done a day's work before the heat of the day. Oil prospecting is accomplished by two men — the geologist and his instrument-man. We would leave town just as the sun rose. There are three times when the prairies are at their best — at dawn, at sunset, and when a storm gathers great cumulus clouds into thunderheads, and the prairies are blue and green and purple like the sea.

A clear dawn — anywhere, at any time — is an experience. And each dawn is a *new* experience — like the coming of life. The birds are not fully awake when we pass out of town. The cattle are still lying in the fields. But before we have arrived at the fields in

which we are to work, the birds are singing. The cattle have aroused themselves, and the horses from the barns have cantered to the high point of the pasture, to nicker at the fresh morning breeze. As to birds — Oklahoma is a state of birds and of flowers. Nowhere, except in high mountain meadows, have I seen grass more gayly decorated. Nowhere have I heard more birds, more kinds of birds, singing at once, than in the hayfields here in full sun. Everywhere is the meadow lark. One hears its shrill note from the Pullman above the roar of the train, the first morning in the plains. The quail and the doves are all about the road — barely giving way to the car. Also, in the morning, all the baby rabbits are sitting in the road, afraid to get their feet wet in the cold dew, and loath to retreat until the last moment.

The town out of which one works is usually an agricultural centre, and may be surrounded by rich farms. Agricultural prosperity has a charm all its own. There is a succession of crops to watch — a wonder unfolding, that occurs each year, while we city people hardly know that the seasons are passing. The green grain grows yellow, and is cleanly cut by the binder. Then it stands for a time in rows of shocks. The cotton fields are then filled with whole families 'choppin' cotton' — that is, hoeing the weeds. Then the smoke of the threshing machines is to be marked all about. I have seen the smoke of five from one position. About the time that the field corn grows tall and the ears begin to fatten, the cotton blossoms, first white and then red. A field of even-topped cotton in blossom is 'sure a pretty sight.' Alfalfa is always beautiful, and, freshly mown, has an odor as of haying-time in Elysian fields. Then the low kaffir corn begins to 'head' — that is, to shoot up tall sprouts, on the end of which comes the grain. Almost within the same week everyone starts cutting hay, and the countryside is sweet with the drying grass. Soon there are huge, rectangular piles of hay bales in the fields, and in place of the farm wagons hauling the wheat to town, bulky loads of bales crowd us off the road.

It is shortly after dawn, that work begins for the farmer, and for some geologists alike. And it is not long after that, that the heat of the day begins. Following the first fierce blast of the sun, there is a breeze, the saving grace of the prairies, that springs up with the stirring of the convection currents. This breeze soon becomes the steady prevailing southwesterly wind — a wind so constant as to rule the lives of the people. Houses are built on the windward side of the dusty roads. The sleeping-quarters are properly on the south and west exposures, and rents for sleeping-rooms vary accordingly. Barns are, or should be, built to the northeast of the houses, and the horses' stalls with their windows in the direction of the wind.

All towns and some cities are naturally built about crossroads. The east–west street will invariably have its better building on the north side of the street, so that the windows will face the breeze. If you are driving a bundle wagon for a threshing machine, see to it that you are assigned to drive up on the southwest side of the thresher, or you will have the chaff of your bundles thrown back on you all day long.

But it is not in the farming country, but in the wooded hills, that most of the geology is worked out: one drives through this farm country to where rocks are better exposed.

In the close stands of rather stunted hardwoods, little that resembles a breeze penetrates. The woods seem to have a musty, dusty, odor about them, and the heat is deadening. Where the

sandstone makes a cliff, or forms a talus slope, the sun bears directly on the rock, and is thrown back like heat radiating from an engine on a summer day. Along the creeks are willows and cottons and sycamores, and here the shade is cool and moist, and the lines of the trees more gracious. But in hollows or on hills, the woods are infested with bugs — myriads of bugs. One farmer, riding out on his horse to plough, stopped to warn me. 'Yes, sir, in them woods is misquiters and musquiters and mosquiters and galley-nippers and hell-clippers. And up in the hills is red wasps and black wasps and travelers and hornets and yellow jackets and sweat flies and bluebottle flies and green heads, and FLIES.'

I asked him if he knew of any ledges of limerock in these hills, as I was searching for them. This is the vernacular for 'outcrop of limestone.'

'Ledges of limerock is about as hard to find in these parts as a quart of whiskey.'

I 'allowed' that it was possible to have an interest in both.

'Wal, by Jimminy, I know where you can get the quart of whiskey' — eying me as a possible customer.

Whiskey is easier to find than oil in those parts. I know of several farms in the backwoods where the number of fat hogs is all out of proportion to the tiny acreage of corn: a study in 'still life.' I asked one farmer how much his corn would yield an acre. He eyed me for a moment, and then drawled, 'Do ye mean, quarts or bushels?' In one town with which I have acquaintance, there is a pale-faced man who sits on the sidewalk all day, occasionally rising to meet a man who drifts into his office with studied casualness. At night these men go on long pleasure-drives to distant — shall I say? — filling stations. Our friend is the recognized local wholesale whiskey commissioner.

VI

The way that a geologist goes about to discover oil prospects is this. He is sent into the field with an instrument-man and a car — the machine always to be distinguished by the folded surveyor's rod, painted in cryptic symbols, which is folded and strapped to the running-board. The 'rod' is a three-inch board which, when unfolded, is fifteen feet long. This the geologist carries when tramping about the fields or woods. He endeavors to follow a rock formation about the countryside. When he locates an outcropping of the rock, he raises the rod, and the instrument-man, who is equipped with a surveying instrument known as an alidade, which stands upon a plane table, sights the rod from his position on some prominence. He then marks the position of the rod accurately upon the map on the plane table, and also computes the elevation of the outcrop.

Oil lies where there is a doming in the structure of the rocks. Thus, if the rocks of the countryside happen to be dipping south, each station on a certain formation, as the geologist works northward, should be higher and higher. If however, the elevations suddenly begin dropping as he goes north, he has a reverse dip and the prospect of oil.

Oil lies under the dome for several reasons. The oil 'sand' of to-day was once nothing more or less than the bottom of a sea of geologic antiquity. The life matter of that ancient ocean was converted by one of several methods into that particularly nasty, but precious slime, known as petroleum. Oil, being lighter than water, of course rises to the top of the sandstone, passing through the pores in the rock. The gaseous products of disintegration rise above the oil. In an oil sand there is everywhere a film of this oil at the top of the water; but where the rocks are

domed, there the oil collects, as it were, in an inverted bowl. If the surface rocks are domed, the underlying rocks also are domed, more or less.

There are a score of reasons, however, why even a correct diagnosis of the surface conditions — and that is not always easy to make — will fail. The rocks may have been domed, but the dome covered up with rocks of an age later than the doming. Hence the surface will show a bewildering horizontality. Or the subsurface dome may play out before reaching the surface. Again, the surface dome may play out before reaching down to the oil-bearing formation. For these and other reasons, the geologist's report is not infallible. But what the geologist does do is to reduce significantly the element of gamble, and make the matter of drilling more a business venture.

After the discovery, there is the matter of leasing the land. Once the decision is made to drill, a rig gang can erect a 72-foot derrick in a few hours. A huge bit is then dropped from the top of the derrick. Like an arrow, it sticks in the ground, and the well is 'spudded in.' Then begins the pounding through hundreds and thousands of feet of rock. These huge tools, the bits, are lifted and dropped, lifted and dropped. Influx of water, caving-in of the walls of the hole, losing the tools in the hole, cause a variety of troubles, which are overcome with the most ingenious methods. Repairing damages done at the bottom of a two-thousand-foot hole is no mean task, and a variety of tools, known as reamers, under-reamers, fishing-tools, swabs, and what-not, are employed. Finally, when the oil sand is struck, the detritus is swabbed out and, if there is the proper 'showing of oil,' 'the soup,' that is the nitroglycerin, is exploded in the hole to shatter the rock. If the gods are good, the oil shoots up over the derrick, and one hastens to cap the pipe-casing which lines the hole, and then prepares to pipe the fluid to the nearest refinery.

Oil once discovered in a region, the derricks spring up as if by magic — the fields become forested. But, in addition to these geologically favorable structures, there are innumerable areas, which are 'wild-catted,' drilled without any more indication than a 'hunch' and a hope. There is hardly a landscape in eastern Oklahoma without its derricks. And for each derrick there are ten to twenty wells from which the derrick has been removed. These may be dry holes, — 'dusters,' — or producing wells to which a pump is attached; for the free flow of oil marks only the beginning stage of the more successful wells. A number of these wells are pumped by a single pump, which is placed in their midst and connected to the wellheads by long rods or cables, which pull and release, pull and release, the pump plungers.

These engines work by gasoline; that last word is the *motif* and *the* last word in Oklahoma organization. The people ride in gasoline cars — indeed, not infrequently in airplanes. There are large plants everywhere for extracting gasoline from the gas wells, and these are operated by huge batteries of gasoline engines. The smaller industries are run by gasoline. There is a variety of domestic engines about the farm. The 'chug-chug' is heard everywhere throughout the land, and is the key-note of the region.

VII

In an oil field, when drilling is active, the nearest town takes on a boom character. Flocks of men arrive. Every room is filled. The streets of the town are crowded at all hours of the

day with the men off shift. If the field is large, towns may spring up, — as, for example, Shamrock in the Cushing-Drumright Pool, — to accommodate the men nearer the derricks. As I saw this town, it was a dirty collection of one-storied shanties, with all the vice and disorder of a mushroom city.

All night long the traffic passes along the road. I would wake up at night, to hear and see processions of wagon frames, each frame twenty feet long and loaded with iron casing, and drawn by four to six horses, go clanking through the town. It was reminiscent of the nights when I heard the caisson trains file past my billet in France. Trucks, which are gradually taking the place of the teams, are formidable in their size. And they are never-ending when a boom is on. I have driven out at dawn, over a road which had been drenched at midnight by a downpour. Already the road was worn in smooth, deep ruts by the continuous traffic.

Oil has a distinctive effect upon the farms of the vicinity. All farmers who are anywhere near production lease their lands. This brings them ordinarily from fifty cents to ten dollars an acre. Where there is production, a lease may run to $500,000 for a quarter-section. One eighth of all the oil discovered on the land belongs to the farmer. Every farmer lives in hope of oil. It adds a zest to his life and lifts him above the weariness of the drudgery. Though many have improved their farms with the lease money, I should say that it had done about as much damage to the countryside as it has good.

The leasing game is one almost aside from the legitimate oil game. Many leases are bought up as a speculation, with no intention of drilling. As soon as you can persuade someone else that it is a better bet than the unknowing public suspects, you can sell it to him for a handsome profit, and you are the richer, without knowing even what petroleum looks like. There are many tricks to the game, in which it is well for the layman to be educated before he ventures too far into the wolves' den. For example, a wild-cat was drilled in some years ago, and brought in a fine flow of oil. Before the fact was generally known, the operators bought out or bribed out the wires leading to Tulsa. They hired every sort of rig and automobile, and allowed none of them to be used. The news of oil could not get to Tulsa, and those scouts who happened to be on the ground were unable to get authority from their headquarters to buy up leases. Then, before the farmers were aware of the proximity of production, the operators bought up all the leases for miles around, only to resell them a few days later, to enthusiasts, at a huge profit.

The oil business has many crooked sides. Thus, a syndicate may lease 10,000 acres of land, and, after an apparent survey, decide to drill in some portion. Just before the drilling gets down to the level of the alleged oil sand, they begin selling leases on properties adjoining the acreage on which the rig stands, at prices that are sufficiently high, not only to pay for the drilling of the well, but to put the men on 'easy street' for a long time to come. Friends are let in on the 'ground floor.' Then, suddenly, imaginary difficulty is developed in the drilling of the hole, and it is abandoned. The 'suckers' then come to the realization that the hole was drilled merely to lead them on, and that from the first there had been no hope of oil in the country.

There are opportunities for the geologist to be crooked, also. He may easily word his report so as to mislead, and yet avoid legal difficulties. The promoter pays him a bonus for this, and then shows the prospectus of the

drilling company, to which is appended the report, to certain gullible persons in Fostoria, Ohio, or Bath, Maine, who for their hard-earned money are left with merely a hope — a forlorn hope — for the future. Or the geologist may work for a company, and conduct the exploration at their expense, only to resell the information to a second party. Indeed, though perfectly honest, he has to be very guarded in his conversation. There are always men ready to pump him. The best plan while in the field is to avoid conversations with those to whom the information would be valuable, and thus avoid giving away trade secrets. I have had a strange oilman come up to me in the field and ask me point-blank where I should drill. I studied my surveying instrument for a time and then said, 'Stranger, I have no idea. I 'm surveying for a railway.'

VIII

The end of the summer usually means a drive into Tulsa, to turn in the equipment and make the report. I remember one such drive through the most famous of American fields — the Cushing field. Derricks were everywhere. Long pump rods ran from the pump houses to unseen wellheads. Little shanty communities among the scrub oak were passed almost before one was aware of their presence. And wells were everywhere — even in the graveyards.

Another such trip took me through Stone Bluff. To get through Stone Bluff in a car calls for all the tricks that a car driver has in his bag. Stone Bluff is a nest of worthless sand hills lying along the bank of the Arkansas, but situated over an important oil pool. How astonished must have been the farmer who lived there attempting to scratch a living from the soil! Derricks tower above the trees on all sides. Great casing-head gasoline plants puff and chug with their batteries of engines. Pumping engines, boosting engines, other engines, snort and back-fire, as they pull and release the pump rods, or drive the oil destined for Tulsa or, perhaps, Whiting, Indiana, or Bayonne, New Jersey. The little creek bottoms are filled with horrid 'crude,' or are encrusted with salt from the salt water of the seas of millions of years ago.

The area around most of the wells is a scene of destruction done during the period of drilling — the black oily pump, the old timbers, the dead trees, the rusty remnants of the cable. Often the picturesque 'bull wheel' is left, looking like a pair of wheels for some giant's cart; for the wooden wheels stand some twelve feet high, and are connected by an axle a foot in diameter.

All about, in rows, are the cottages of the workers. This life on the leases is another sort of nomadism. A lease is important for from one to ten years. Moving about from lease to lease, these people have few belongings. Often settled in a wilderness of rock hills, — it is there that the geologists have the best opportunity to inquire into the possibility of oil, — they are isolated from the farming towns, and the road out is one not lightly undertaken. But these people are not to be compared to the drifter. The men are skilled workers, drawing good pay. The counties provide schools for the children. Life is orderly and progressive, if isolated.

Notice the names. After driving through Stone Bluff, I went over the Turkey Mountain road to Red Wing. Later I made Broken Arrow, Coweta, and Choska Bottoms. Coming up over Turkey Mountain, one could see Tulsa on the plains, rising with its skyscrapers like some Babylonian temple in the wilderness.

The great dirt highway east from

Tulsa is an experience. Coming out of Tulsa, you rise up over a hogback which gives you a glorious view of the plains in all their verdant richness. Then follow miles and miles of dirt highway. When the 'hot winds' are blowing, it is as if some powerful fan were propelling the air from a hot stove upon your face. Miles and more miles of road, until, in the glare of the sun, you become road-blind and the highway appears a smooth ribbon before you — except that the car is lurching about in the ruts. You meet other machines, and from their wheels the dust parts and sprays like water at the bow of a cruiser. You dash past them into a cloud of dust, through which you cannot see, and through which you drive safely only by the grace of God. Even a single horseman raises a cloud of dust that can be seen for miles. Great trucks pass you, laden with long pipe, whose ends are supported by bouncing trailers, the whole veiled in a cloud.

Also, there is something incongruous about the automobile being driven about the country by men who, but a few years ago, were accustomed to spend all of their waking hours in the saddle, and who pillowed their heads on their saddles after the day's drive was over. There are still men in these towns who were noted for their riding, for the way they handled the rope, and for their quickness with the gun. With a bearing that bespeaks pride in their ranch-day traditions, they may still ride their horses into town of a Saturday afternoon, wearing the elaborate high-heeled boots and jingling spurs. The long shed out in the pasture was once for the sick 'doggies,' when the cattle roamed free on the range.

But those days are going. Oklahoma is fenced in. There are four farmhouses to the square mile, and four times as many fields. When Anderson, who was the first in town to do so, purchased an automobile and started it down the hill, he was unable to rein it in, no matter how hard he pulled on the steering-wheel, and the town still remembers his shouting, 'Whoa, whoa, darn ye!'

Mrs. Grayson could break any pony that her husband ever corralled. But the first machine was her undoing. Left alone with it, she threw herself into the front saddle and put spurs to it. The machine started round the house with her. The Grayson house is on a high hill. Like Anderson, she did not know how to stop it. As she was alone, there was nothing to do but to drive round and round the house until the gasoline gave out. At least, she was not thrown.

My friend Cantrell is a cattleman of the old school. His spark plug got wet one day, and he left his 'Whoopy,' as he called his Ford, out along the roadside. 'If I'd only had my saddle and a pair of spurs,' he said, 'I'd 'a' brought her home sure.'

Though the fields are now fenced, the same free wind that swept the open range still blows across the country.

WHAT IS COLLEGE FOR?

BY ARTHUR E. MORGAN

I

WHEN Zarathustra went one day over the great bridge, then did cripples and beggars surround him, and a hunchback spoke unto him. . . . Zarathustra answered thus: —

'It is, however, the smallest thing unto me since I have been amongst men, to see one person lacking an eye, another an ear, and a third a leg, and that others have lost the tongue, or the nose, or the head.

'I see and have seen worse things . . . namely, men who lack everything, except that they have too much of one thing — men who are nothing more than a big eye, or a big mouth, or a big belly, or something else big — reversed cripples, I call such men.

'And when I came out of my solitude, and for the first time passed over this bridge, then I could not trust mine eyes, but looked again and again, and said at last: "That is an ear! An ear as big as a man!" I looked still more attentively — and actually there did move under the ear something that was pitiably small and slim. And in truth this immense ear was perched on a small thin stalk — the stalk, however, was a man! A person putting a glass to his eyes could even recognize further a small envious countenance, and also that a bloated soul-let dangled at the stalk. The people told me, however, that the big ear was not only a man, but a great man, a genius. But I never believed in the people when they spake of great men — and I hold to my belief that it was a reversed cripple, who had too little of everything, and too much of one thing.'

When Zarathustra had spoken thus unto the hunchback and unto those of whom the hunchback was the mouthpiece and advocate, then did he turn to his disciples in profound dejection, and said: —

'Verily, my friends, I walk amongst men as amongst the fragments and limbs of human beings!

'This is the terrible thing to mine eye, that I find man broken up, and scattered about, as on a battle- and butcher-ground.

'And when mine eye fleeth from the present to the bygone, it findeth ever the same: fragments and limbs and fearful chances — but no men.

'The present and the bygone upon the earth — ah! my friends, that is MY most unbearable trouble; and I should not know how to live, if I were not a seer of what is to come.

'A seer, a purposer, a creator, a future itself, and a bridge to the future — and alas! as it were, a cripple on this bridge.'

To be that bridge from the past with its cripples, to the future with its perfect men and women — that should be the function of the college.

So long as men live for and by the exercise of specialized functions only, so long will fine men be absent, and so long will society be chaos. The surgeon who sees all life in terms of physical derangements, the merchant who lives in a world of leather or of cheese, the artist who knows nothing but tone or color, the savant without capacity for action — these men lack the ability for coördination which makes human relations intelligible and intelligent. Business men frequently are so helpless in fields other than their own, that they cannot choose service intelligently; professional men generally are so lacking in perception of educational principles, that the only distinctions they can make are between conservatism, which they may consider to be safety or stupidity, and innovation, which to them may be synonymous either with progress or with dangerous radicalism. Finer distinctions they frequently seem incapable of. I used to feel great satisfaction over the

enthusiastic approval I received when addressing Rotary Clubs or Chambers of Commerce; but after sitting in such assemblies for some years, I have come to the opinion that any man of fair personality, heard on any subject where prejudice does not interfere, if his voice is good, and his delivery plausible and vigorous, can at any time win the enthusiastic approval of his hearers.

We are becoming a nation of specialists, each man an authority in his own little corner, and ignorant of the relations of life as a whole. We assume that for every subject there is a specialist, and that specialists can make up life. But social life consists, not only of specialization, but also of coördination. Only to the extent that all these functions work together with mutual understanding and with unity of purpose, can there be stability or effectiveness in human relations.

There are two main undertakings that give promise of securing this element of coördination, and these undertakings constitute the essence of the Antioch Plan. First, to all the specialized callings in which men have striven for excellence, we are adding another — the profession of coördinator. The professional courses we give at Antioch all centre themselves in this — the development of ability to gather together the various tangled threads of forces, conditions, and affairs, which make up the elements of any potential human accomplishment, and to weave them into a perfect fabric, showing the texture and design of a preconceived plan. That is what we mean when we speak of training the manager, the entrepreneur, the proprietor. Despite all the specialized training of all our schools, the world always has paid its highest tributes to the coördinator, — — whether he be king, philosopher, or merchant, — and it always will.

But it is not enough that our specialists have a specialist to guide them. It is discouraging to the coördinator that he must deal with people who do not discriminate, with whom the demagogue and the charlatan are also in good standing. When he finds that people follow him because of the persuasiveness of his voice or pen, rather than because of the intrinsic merit of his plan, he is apt to become disgusted, and thereafter to go about the coördination of his private business.

If coördination is to be characteristic of our social and economic life, then it must result from the development of all-round balanced powers of discrimination on the part of all those whose native intelligence makes discrimination possible. While becoming specialists, while preparing to exercise our own special functions in our own particular callings, we must also become generalists — men and women who look at life as a whole, who have thought fundamentally in every important field of human experience. And not only must we have thought fundamentally, but we must have learned to will, to act, to undertake, and to achieve, in accordance with the results of that thinking. The unity of purpose which is to give society its motive-power is not the enforced uniformity that we came to know so well during the war, but the unity which comes from a critical examination and a reappraisal of old values; a breaking-down of barriers that are obsolete; and a building of new purposes which appeal so universally to the disciplined intelligence and instincts of men that they come to prevail.

Civilized society should be made up of men and women who have become generalists in their ability to think clearly and to act effectively in all the broad general relations of life, at least to the extent of choosing leadership intelligently; and who, with this foun-

dation of general fitness, have prepared themselves to render specialized service in the fields of their own particular occupations.

So the Antioch Plan is an undertaking to get a new appraisal of values, a new perspective of the importance of the factors that make up human personality and power; and to provide occasion for the development of these essential qualities in the proportion of their importance to complete and effective living. To turn that theory into an effective working programme is the essence of our undertaking.

II

Antioch College, at Yellow Springs, Ohio, was opened in 1853, with Horace Mann as its president. The faculty and alumni of the college have furnished presidents to Harvard University, Ohio State University, Clark University, Wellesley College, Brooklyn Institute, Lincoln Memorial University, and other institutions. Its formal history has been that of a small liberal coeducational college. During the years until his death in 1859, Horace Mann so impressed his personality upon the institution that his influence still lives in the 'Antioch Spirit.'

I first became associated with Antioch three years ago. An examination showed a physical plant of positive merit, — buildings of simple dignity in a setting of exceptional natural beauty, — and a governing board ready to take any step that would advance the welfare of the institution. A proposal was made to the trustees for a complete reorganization of the college, aimed to carry out in terms of modern life the purpose of its first president; and the proposal was accepted. Shortly afterward, local members of the board of trustees offered to make vacancies, to be filled by new appointees, with the result that fourteen of the twenty present members are men who accepted their positions because of their sympathy with and interest in the new plan. The faculty and the student body were made over to an even greater extent, and last September the new programme was put in operation.

If the Antioch Plan deserves consideration, it is not primarily because of the wisdom or efficacy of any particular method or expedient which has been adopted; but because it represents a specific, premeditated effort to develop a working programme for accomplishing the fundamental aims of college education, by methods which, though not new, have not generally controlled in the determination of educational policy. Since its significance lies, not in the details of methods adopted, but in the spirit and outlook which animate it, it is worth while, before describing the plan in detail, to indicate the general point of view which the programme is an effort to express. If there is an apparent assumption of originality in this description, it is for the purpose of simplicity of statement, and not by way of claim to any element of invention or discovery. Only through the efforts of many men, in many institutions, through many years, can a purpose such as that which animates the Antioch Plan be given full expression. In working out details of the programme there has been a careful avoidance of novelty or experiment for its own sake. At best our undertaking is so beset with problems requiring experiment and research, that we should be lacking in judgment to undertake unnecessary departures from prevailing practice.

European education, reproduced with minor variations in America, for centuries has accepted, as normal institutions, social failure, poverty, disease, the deterioration of the breed,

and war within and without; yet it does not see itself as completely, pathetically inadequate. It has no dominating impulse to admit colossal failure, and to build itself anew. Complacently it hugs to itself the bits of flotsam and jetsam it has saved from the wreck of human affairs, and thanks God it had the wisdom to choose salvage of such priceless value. Minor changes in methods it would introduce from time to time, but in the main it is content with itself. In its sentiments and its motives the old education frequently is superlatively fine; but even then it lacks the habit of visualizing and creating better ways of realizing those purposes.

Where shall we find a new vision which will set up new standards for comparison; new ideals for education which will reveal the pitiful asymmetry and futility of our own; new methods which will make our purposes effective? We cannot expect strange ships to appear on the horizon, bringing revelations of perfection; and it is very wasteful of time and of life to wait impotently through the centuries for new prophets to arise to point the way. Is there any basis for hope that we may find a way greatly to accelerate the process of evolution in educational methods? We at Antioch believe there is. We believe that men possess the qualities and resources necessary for reforming not only the details of practice, but also some of the fundamentals of the educational process, with results at least as far-reaching as those which are following the introduction of Western educational methods into China.

The essence of the Antioch method is this: denying autocratic authority to precedent and tradition and endeavoring to have the mind unshackled by prejudice, we aim to make a fresh analysis of human needs and of the factors, both new and old, which enter into human development; and we endeavor to get a new mental picture of an educational process which will prepare men and women to meet these needs. As a limitation upon the process of unbiased analysis and of original synthesis, the past must be eliminated; as a source of data for analysis, of suggestion, and of stimulus for imagination, the past has never been taken half seriously enough.

How can we apply new methods to education? First, there must be imagination: the habit of seeing far beyond what is, to what might be. Only in the presence of what might be does the present seem mean and small, and we are furnished with the basis for productive discontent. Second, we must have faith and hope. These produce the willingness to venture. Hope and faith may not directly create values in any field. But they do discover values, the existence of which was unsuspected. William James, in his essay on 'The Energies of Men,' pictures the enormous unsuspected resources of men and women. Human life is so full of undeveloped possibilities, that whoever explores with a trained alert mind, inspired by hope and faith, will make discoveries forever withheld from the cynic and the conformist. Third, we must have analysis. There can be only one proper aim and end of education — to use to the best advantage the available economic, social, and æsthetic resources, to bring about for boys and girls and men and women such development and preparation that they can best meet the experiences and relations of life.

Such a programme must be based on knowledge as definite as possible; first, of qualities of the persons affected; second, of the probability, frequency, and comparative importance of their experiences and relationships; and third, of the available resources and method of education to meet those

experiences. This process of analysis must be untrammeled by tradition and authority; and we need not be surprised when we find ourselves taking issue with current educational methods. Then, to complete the process, we must have the synthesis of the educational programme, using precedent as information, but not as authority. 'She should be my counselor, but not my tyrant.' Our fundamental process is to make a new, fresh inventory of all the universal experiences and relationships that a student will need in order to give and to get the greatest values for his life; and so to balance and proportion his preparation that any disturbance of that balance would leave him less effectively prepared.

We aim for symmetry of development. Society and the student, and not courses, are the units for which symmetry is demanded. We plan to carry no line of preparation beyond a point where its further extension would mean the elimination of other experiences more important for the development of balanced personality; even though these other experiences lie entirely outside the usual range of traditional college interests. Thus, among the most far-reaching decisions the student ever will make are his choices of a vocation, of business associates, of a mate, of a home and its equipment, of avocations and recreations, of his manner of spending his income. Would it seem strange if these subjects should appear on the curriculum, replacing Calculus and Latin? We dare not undertake all such subjects at once, for lack of preparation and of equipment; but they loom large in our analysis. College students are poring over their mathematics and languages, whereas, in these other momentous matters, in most of which they will make decisions shortly after leaving college, they are as ignorant as babes, frequently arriving at decisions based upon the most ephemeral of reasons.

A fund of information, combined with reasoning power and the habit of diligent study, while they fill the requirements of academic excellence, do not prepare a young man or woman for effective living. Only by actual experience with the real world he is to enter on leaving college can he complete his preparation. Under the Antioch Plan, while a few of our students spend their entire time at study, most of them divide their time between school and practical work as part of the economic community. To accomplish this, the students are divided into two groups, alternating in periods of five weeks between college and industry.[1] These periods of economic effort are of great advantage in acquainting young men and women with the methods and technic of the calling they may later follow. But other gains are even greater. The student learns by actual experience how much life costs in labor. He learns the range and limits of his own resources, and becomes better able to judge the significance of the difficulties and resistance he must encounter. He tries out his own personality against that of others, and in general 'finds himself,' with the prospect of saving several years that otherwise would be taken up in that process after college. He saves industry the cost of reëducating him. It is a mistake, moreover, to consider the time spent in industry as lost to education. The student's mind continues to grow while he works. Time is an essential element in assimilation. Instructors report less wasted motion in taking up work after five weeks' absence in industry than is commonly experienced with the college student after a three-day intermission.

[1] For the development of this method of cooperation, we are greatly indebted to Dean Schneider, of the University of Cincinnati.

His reading continues. He is being introduced to the proposition that education is a life-long process and is not confined to school hours. In the absence of undue stress, which frequently results from working one's way through college in the usual manner, the plan of alternating work with study is entirely superior to the habit of odd-time work of the usual self-supporting student. Self-support is incidental to the plan; yet it provides an experience in self-reliance and independence, and in the habit of measuring one's resources, which is invaluable. In maintaining the reputation of the college as its representative in industry, the student has a responsibility which he cannot delegate.

How well a body of students can rise to such responsibility is indicated by the fact that during the first half-year of this programme ninety per cent of the student-workers very definitely made good in their undertakings. The elimination of only ten per cent in the double test of work and study indicates reasonable success in the initial selection of student material. From the employer's point of view, the high morale of the students more than makes up for limitations of experience and maturity. Youth craves adventure. To be a part in a great undertaking brings into action hidden resources of energy and character, which are unsuspected and which never would be developed by a cut-and-dried programme. In their industrial work our freshman students during the first month at times exceeded experienced workmen, both in quantity and in quality of production.

Not knowing how long it would take to find places for our students in industry during the present extreme industrial depression, we left the reconstruction of our buildings to be completed by student labor, thus furnishing immediate employment. As a result, the students arrived amid a maze of sewer-trenches, lumber-piles, and the hubbub of building operations. Classes were interrupted by steam-fitters installing heating systems; and, for a month or more, working and living conditions were primitive indeed. The students took the situation in fine spirit; and by the time reconstruction approached completion, the entire student body was provided with other employment. They are now working in more than fifty different institutions, including factories, laboratories, banks, stores, schools, farms, and various other industries.

Little by little, as finances make possible, it is planned to assist students in the establishment of small industries, where they can assume responsibility to an increasing extent. The Antioch programme seems to have succeeded in its appeal to young people who wish to be responsible for their own undertakings. During these first few months we have been embarrassed by a multitude of requests and suggestions from our students, that they undertake industrial projects. These include contracting, operating a restaurant, a store, a laundry, a printing and publishing plant, a furniture-repair shop, a dairy farm, a house-wiring business, and numerous others. A few of these are now in operation; many prove unfeasible; and some cannot yet be initiated because we are not in all cases able to assist in the preliminary financing. The oversight of these projects by our accountants, engineers, and other faculty members helps to expose many a youthful fallacy in industrial policy.

It is planned also to build an industrial building on the college campus, where a number of privately owned small industries will be invited to locate. The facilities offered to such industries would be floor-space, electric-power

supply, an intelligent, serious-purposed working force supplied from the student body; and, to whatever extent desired, the services of the professional men connected with the college faculty in accounting, industrial research, traffic, cost-analysis, advertising, and in other departments of administration. Certain of these industries already have been decided upon, and we are now seeking contacts with others of the right type, including printing and publishing, metal, textile, and chemical plants.

III

Next to the provision for coördination of economic and academic work, the most notable departure in the Antioch Plan is the complete revision of the curriculum in an effort to proportion it to the actual needs of the student. It is a requirement of every technical or professional course at Antioch that it be accompanied by the fundamentals of a cultural education, the school time being divided approximately equally between the two. Technical men, as a whole, are lamentably weak in those qualities which should be developed by a liberal education. The regular course, which for the average student consists of six years of forty weeks each, for the technical or professional student is divided, fifty per cent to economic work, twenty-five per cent to technical or professional training, twenty-five per cent to a liberal education. The effect of extending this cultural work through six years is far greater than that of two years at a liberal college. Moreover, the continuity of liberalizing thought and study during six years is far more apt to result in the fixing of lifelong habits.

In the curriculum of liberal subjects also there is a complete departure from prevailing custom. Instead of a system of majors and minors, which requires that the student give much of his time to going deeply into a few subjects, he is required to get a general view of the entire field of human knowledge and interest, and only in case he makes a very creditable showing in the fundamentals of any subject is he encouraged to proceed further with it. Moreover, such advanced work must often be by means of autonomous courses, in which the student carries the subject largely by himself, in the manner of the English college tutorial system, with occasional conferences with the teacher. The time of our faculty in cultural subjects is given to a large extent to the earlier years of the student, when his mind is getting its fundamental direction, and while he is developing the habit of going alone. In this condensed programme, for example, we allow two years for a survey of history, the same for a view of psychology and philosophy, a year and a half to biology, a year each to chemistry and physics, with other fields similarly represented. Literature is the heart of the cultural courses.

We are building thoroughly modern and attractive homes for our faculty, are providing our own school facilities for faculty children, and are paying reasonable salaries. These are conditions necessary to release one's energies for one's job. But we do not want men or women who come primarily for house, or school, or salary. The great compensation we have to offer is an adventure in living; an adventure with a selected small group of boys and girls, who are here for the purpose of committing all they have to the discovery and the winning of the highest values of life. Anyone who comes to us in any other spirit, and is unwilling to share with us the risks and disappointments of pioneering, and of hope deferred, will find himself lonely and discontented. It is obvious that thorough scholarship and sound, balanced personality are essential.

Antioch has room for two hundred new students next fall. A part of these are already selected. We aim to develop young men and women for management and proprietorship — for economic self-support and independence. But we are not interested in students whose sole motive is to prepare for making a better living. Students with such an outlook will find us talking a language they do not understand. Economic independence should be but an enlargement of opportunity for giving and getting life's highest values. Antioch is no place for the student of low ability or weak purpose, who needs imposed discipline and guardianship. His limited stay with us would be a mutual embarrassment.

The part-time work of the student, especially when he undertakes projects for himself, makes possible his gradual initiation into responsible management, at the same time that his school curriculum is giving him the theory of management. Whether it is the intention of the student to become a manufacturer, a merchant, or an engineer, the training at Antioch will aim to prepare for administration and management in that field. For instance, our students in the field of public education, as soon as they have met the legal requirements as to normal training, spend their working periods in teaching country and village schools, two students alternating in filling one position. After a year of teaching under supervision, it is the aim to secure positions which combine teaching with administration, until at the end of the college period the student shall be in responsible charge of village or consolidated rural-school systems, and laying the basis for larger responsibilities. The general vocational studies during this period include the elements of administration and management, while the specific vocational courses are concerned with pedagogical theory and practice. Antioch students are now filling teaching positions on this basis.

Similarly, Antioch aims to prepare for management or proprietorship in the fields of engineering, contracting, printing and publishing, manufacturing, merchandizing, agriculture, homekeeping, house-design and furnishing, institutional management, and machine-shop operation. A fair proportion of Antioch students should be ready upon graduation to become proprietors on a small scale, or to secure positions in which management is a large element. Responsible management has a technic of its own which can be perfected only by experience in its exercise. Some men reach positions of large responsibility by beginning at the bottom and working up in large organizations; others by beginning as absolute proprietors on a small scale, and developing gradually as they master the technic of responsible management in all its phases. The latter is the Antioch way. The handicap of this method has been the lack of definite training in the technic of management. This Antioch supplies.

One requirement for financial independence will be an economical standard of living while at college. At our large endowed universities the student costs himself and society $2000 a year or more. He is a privileged person who fails to carry his fair share of the world's burden. At Antioch we have a vision of a place where a student of high quality can come with a few hundred dollars, and complete his college course without being a financial burden upon society. A deficit of about twenty-five per cent of our annual operating cost will have to be made up, if not by endowment and contributions, then by the profit on industries owned and operated by the college. With student labor of high intelligence and morale, and with the provision for caring for much of the overhead of production and distribution, we yet need directing ability for the han-

dling of such industries. We dare to hope that we may make the acquaintance of men of executive ability, who will find it to be an interesting adventure to help such a college achieve economic independence through its industries.

In the treatment of technical and professional courses, we come at once upon definite limitations. In a small college, such as we plan that Antioch always shall be, it will not be possible to compete with the highly specialized technical and professional courses of our great universities. If Antioch is to be a success as a technical and professional school, it must be because we have chosen a field in which small size is a positive asset, and in which a great university, because of its size, would have difficulty in competing. The transmission of character and ideals comes best by personal intimate contact of maturity with immaturity, which only a small college can furnish. The discovery of a student's aptitudes, the counsel, the encouragement and advice necessary for organizing his personality — these must be individual, personal undertakings. Yet many college students never have opportunity to discuss their affairs seriously with any mature person.

These considerations strengthened us in our desire to make Antioch a school for developing proprietors — men and women with the entrepreneur outlook. There is room for independent proprietorship in America to-day as never before, and Antioch plans to keep that vista open. Naturally, this programme demands a careful selection of students, and carefully worked-out plans for such selection are in use. The necessity of relating educational opportunity to the character of the student is one of the fundamentals developed by any analysis. Without that precaution, either the student or the educational opportunity may be wasted. It should not be assumed that every student must become a paragon of balanced qualities in order to succeed. We have come to associate right to ownership almost solely with administrative ability. Antioch hopes to develop the point of view that any high-class essential service is a sound basis for a claim to a share in ownership. Partnerships are more generally successful than individual proprietors, because weakness is neutralized and strength reinforced. We hope to teach our students to make such associations as will lead to the union of complementary qualities, and to share in ownership where an essential contribution is made.

Antioch hopes to take a place, however small, among the agencies that are at work to make a new world — new in power, in intelligence, in wisdom, in friendship and good-will. Any graduate who leaves Antioch without that spirit will be a failure in the eyes of his associates. In the ability to exercise the functions of proprietorship, where he can determine the conditions of service and of relationships, the Antioch graduate will be able to build his own little world about him to an extent that he could not in the position of an employee, where conformity to existing standards would be his first duty. The entrepreneur who has ventured and won in the field of economic competition is in a strategic position for influencing social and economic standards in his field. It is sometimes said that all fine human service has been performed either by men who kept themselves whole-hearted and uncontaminated by economic motives, and thereby died in the garret; or else by rich men's sons who therefore were able to avoid the contamination of business. Since most men must make their livings by economic effort, that attitude in effect is a running away from life. The right to serve is inalienable, and symmetrical education will make preparation for it.

UPLAND PASTURES

BY MARY ELLEN CHASE

I

Dorset Village has always maintained a certain integral pride in itself. It is recorded by Miss Elvina Osgood, the village Holinshed, that in pre-Revolutionary days its voters, by a concerted effort, cleared a fellow citizen of debt, so that Dorset neither at that time nor in the future should bear the disgrace of his imprisonment. Such a spirit was manifested in times most recent when the newly organized Village Improvement Society planned the scope and character of its service to the community. Though for obvious reasons it was not publicly announced that the society purposed the reinstatement of Ursula Trundy to former respectability, such an aim had been seriously agreed upon at an early meeting of the Executive Committee.

Other and more immediate matters, however, demanded the society's first attention. A new flagstaff, already in process of construction, must be erected by Memorial Day upon the village green; rows of geraniums, which had been carefully 'slipped' and guarded during the winter by various ladies, must be set out along the walks leading to the Town Hall; it was imperative that some means be devised by which the Pendleton hens should cease their maraudings without a simultaneous cessation of Miss Aphiah Pendleton's interest in the new society; and, most important of all innovations, the new street-sprinkler must be in readiness to take up its urban progress through the main streets upon the arrival of the first summer sojourner.

Meanwhile Ursula Trundy remained 'on the town' — that ugly phrase, so uncompromisingly literal and yet so vividly suggestive of all human misery, which characterizes at least one unfortunate in every New England village.

In Dorset parlance, Ursula Trundy was 'not all there.' To be sure, she did not exhibit infallible evidences of mental deficiency, as did Seth Thomas, whose incessant gigglings, vacant stares, and insatiable desire to play with little children were in strange contrast with his forty years. Nor did she have 'spells,' like Abigail Bowden, the 'grievously vexed' of Petersport. She was simply a placid woman in the late thirties, whose apparent inability to learn in school and whose later inaptitude and unfitness for any sort of employment marked her as one of those upon whom Providence had frowned. She had about her the inanimate quaintness of an old portrait, and a certain inexplicable dignity before which one felt a foolish, unaccountable sense of embarrassment, as if one had chanced, all unaware, upon the presence of greatness. It was doubtless this latter attribute which had prompted the Village Improvement Society in its somewhat deferred but wholly commendable decision.

'I declare for it,' said Alonzo Small, first Selectman of Dorset and, by virtue of his position, chairman of the new-

ly appointed Executive Committee, 'there are times when Ursula looks at me that I don't know which is the foolish one.'

Ursula had been the unwelcome result of a reckless marriage between Samuel Trundy of Dorset and one Sally Carter from Simpson Cove over against Sunset. Sam was pursuing his vocation in the early eighties as deckhand on a coastwise schooner, when he met Sally during a 'lay-off' and married her. Ursula was the early pledge, if not of mutual affection, at least of mutual obligations. Twelve years later, while she was still unavailingly attending the primary school, her father, shipwrecked in an equinoctial storm, descended into a watery grave, doubtless far less ingloriously than he might have descended into an earthy one. Sally Carter Trundy was not made of the stuff that long endures poverty, loneliness, self-support, and ill-concealed social ostracism. With the nonresistance characteristic of the Simpson Cove Carters, she died when Ursula was eighteen, and by a warrant from the Dorset Selectmen was buried in the potters' field.

From that time until reawakened Dorset pride had resolved upon her reinstatement — a matter of some twenty years — Ursula had been fed, clothed, and housed by town warrants. Dorset prided itself upon having no poorhouse. It boarded Ursula with Miss Emmeline Eustis, of whose own economic condition rumors were rife. Indeed, it was surmised at more than one Dorset supper-table that, by boarding Ursula with Miss Emmeline, the town obviated a double issue of warrants.

To the outward eye at least the life of Ursula and Miss Emmeline in the old Eustis place on Douglass Hill was hardly less colorful than that lived by most of Dorset. There was no particular pathos about it other than that which always attends the negative patience of daily life. Except for the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting and the Ladies' Circle which met every other Thursday, their days did not vary. They washed on Monday, ironed on Tuesday, baked on Wednesday, mended on Thursday, 'caught up' on Friday, and on Saturday made ready for Sunday. To be strictly accurate, Miss Emmeline did all these things. Ursula, it must be admitted, afforded little help except in going on an occasional errand which she often forgot, and in spreading the freshly washed clothes in summer on the field grass.

In winter (there was no denying it) the days were long and slow in succeeding one another. Miss Emmeline, knitting by her window in the kitchen, scanned the snow-blocked road and wished that someone would break through and call. Ursula from hers, which faced the sink and looked out beyond a stone wall upon pastures mounting to pine-clad hills, watched the march of shadows across the snow. In the morning they came striding over the uplands, gigantic, relentless things; at noon, grown more friendly, they rested, gladly catching the sun; in the early evening some unseen, lavish hand tinged them with violet until they quite enveloped the hills and nearer pastures.

Ursula watched them all winter. She did not knit or sew. Miss Emmeline, whose fingers were rarely idle, never ceased to wonder that such inactivity did not trouble her. This lack of annoyance was not due to any pity which she felt for her boarder. Twenty years will dull the edges of most emotions, and Ursula, never really pitiable because of her apparent indifference, had become a matter of course. Not infrequently a strange consciousness swept over Miss Emmeline, which, though she resolutely put it out of her head as 'mere notion,' nevertheless

clung to her. She felt as if Ursula, at the window by the sink, her hands listlessly folded in her lap, were more occupied than she herself with her clicking needles; and intuitively she knew that this strange, groundless perception forbade the annoyance which she would otherwise have felt at such obvious idleness. But, ashamed of so whimsical a fancy, she offered no such suggestion to her neighbors, who condoled with her over Ursula's evident aversion to even the negligible tasks of which she was capable.

'Sometimes I wonder why she don't get on my nerves more,' she confided to the minister's wife at a meeting of the Ladies' Circle in the parsonage. Ursula, oblivious to all about her, sat meanwhile in a corner of the room, her hands folded in the lap of her best dress, her gaze upon a blossoming fuchsia in a tin can on the window sill. 'Most folks that just hold their hands drive me plumb crazy. When Mis' Ezra Grindle takes it 'pon herself to come to spend the day and just *sets*, I get skittish as an eel. But I don't mind Ursula somehow. Come spring and summer, she won't be settin' still any longer; and when the berries get here, there'll be no holdin' her. She 's quite a help then, though she 's no great shakes at pickin'.'

The experience of twenty years had lent surety to Miss Emmeline's prophecy. She knew that, before the snow had left the hollows, Ursula would be on the hills. There never was such a person for ranging the pastures. Strangely enough, she felt an aversion to the deeper woods, and never vied with the Dorset children in their search for rare pink lady's-slippers, which grew only in the damp, woodsy thickets of the Dodge lower pasture. But she was always the first to crawl between the gray bars of Deacon Reuben Osgood's fence and scale the hill leading to the wind-swept uplands. No one else saw the alders redden with the spring sap, or the slow ascent of catkins to the thinnest tips of willow trees, or the gleam of a scarlet partridge-berry on the edge of a last snow-bank. No one else felt the sudden thrill of seeing on some April morning the dark shadow of a ship spring, light-touched, from the fog into the blue freedom of open sea, like a wide-winged butterfly emerging from a gray cocoon.

Ursula herself was like that ship, springing from the dreary sameness of winter days into the wind-swept freedom of hill and pasture. Empty-freighted though she came, there was cargo to be gathered, enough and to spare. She found it in unfolding fern-fronds, in the vagaries of the spring wind, in the poignant fragrance of hidden arbutus. On July and August days, when the hot dry air of the pastures was heavy with pennyroyal, sweet fern, and bayberry, she gathered lavish armfuls of it as she picked blueberries slowly, with many journeys from one patch to another and with many pauses to look seaward. When autumn covered the pastures with a purple haze that throbbed with a hidden insect chorus, she completed her winter's cargo through her search for a secret as elusive as that guarded by the first maple that reddens before its neighbors.

II

Spring came early in that year when the Village Improvement Society drew up its platform. Surely some compensation was due after the most severe winter in twenty years. Ursula heard the first song sparrow on a morning in early March, while she fed the hens from Miss Emmeline's back porch. As his first full notes trembled in the keen, fresh air, she felt herself in a sudden glow of light, as radiant and all-

enveloping as that surrounding any mediæval saint at his orisons. It was as if her life, hungry in late February days and vaguely felt to be an empty circumstance, had been touched, like those at Jerusalem, with tongues of sacred flame. She stood dumb with gratitude, staring at the familiar things on the porch, — some ears of dried corn, a discarded broom, a frozen dish-cloth, — as if they, too, must soon be bathed in light. Nor did the glow vanish when Miss Emmeline, impatient at her idle lingering, called her to come in.

That year there was no keeping Ursula within doors. Long before the snow had left the pastures, and while only an occasional bare spot scarred the hills, she was in and upon them. It was in vain that Miss Emmeline, observing with critical, disapproving eyes her bedraggled skirts, torn rubbers, and wet shoes, remarked upon the aversion which the selectmen would undoubtedly feel toward issuing an extra warrant in these days of high prices. Ursula's eyes as they looked at Miss Emmeline might never have seen a warrant. Rather might they have belonged to that apostle who declared unto King Agrippa that he 'was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision.'

The sympathy of Miss Emmeline's friends, which returned perennially with Ursula's spring-time vagaries, redoubled itself upon the apparent increase of her eccentricities. Mrs. Ezra Grindle, who, the roads being now passable, came to spend an April day, vouchsafed the utmost concern for her hostess's stock of patience.

'You must be most wore out, Em'line,' she said from Ursula's chair by the sink. Her disapproving gaze traveled meanwhile from Ursula's red calico, drying over a chair before the oven, to a distant, blue-clad figure moving slowly across the ridge of the Osgood pasture. 'Seems to me you get more 'n your share. But then, as I say to Ezra, the just don't have no copyright on the rain, an' what you deserve in this world an' what you get are two mighty different things. If you have a lot, you 're bound to get more, troubles same as joys. It 's true in life as 't is in the Bible. But Ursula 's one thing the Lord ain't seen fit to put on me, an' as I was sayin' to the minister's wife, — I spent the day with her just before Thanksgivin', — I can't be too thankful He ain't. With my nerves as edgy as they are, I could n't stand her starin' all winter and gallivantin' spring an' summer. No, it 's lucky she ain't my lot in life. But there, poor soul! She ain't to blame for not bein' *folks!*'

Miss Emmeline bit her lips as she listened. All day she had envied Ursula her freedom. She would gladly have refuted the final observation of her guest, had she not felt it poor policy to open any argument which might prolong an always unwelcome visit. Doubtless, too, she felt it worse than useless to attempt to explain a matter of intricate psychology, hardly clear to herself, to one whose sense of economic honesty and social fitness did not prevent her from spending the day at least twice a year with every family in Dorset.

Meanwhile Ursula followed a song sparrow in his desultory flight from bush to rock across the pasture-ridge. On that day and on many days thereafter she felt as if she could both see and hear the growth of grass and leaves and fir-tips. Had she known of Heimdall, the old Norse god, she would have felt a kinship with him.

When arbutus gave place to bluets and white violets, and wild pear and cherry trees dropped their petals, and pale-belled blueberry blossoms began to crown the pasture-hummocks, she drained her cup of joy daily, assured that the next morning would fill it

again with generous, overflowing hands. The Dorset children, seeking for sparrows' and brown thrashers' nests in hospitable bayberry bushes and blackberry thickets, always found Ursula before them. She was like some ancient divinity, forever haunting Ægean rocks and pastures; and, like the presence of divinity everywhere, she was shunned by those who, forewarned, saw possible evil in her strange ways.

In blueberry time she somewhat redeemed herself in the eyes of the townspeople by picking; though, as Miss Emmeline had said, she was 'no great shakes' at it. She liked rather to seat herself in a patch of ripe, down-covered berries, some few of which she occasionally picked, and gaze out over the roofs of Dorset and beyond the land-locked harbor to the open sea. She was worried by the industry of Mrs. Alonzo Small, who not infrequently utilized by berrying that sometimes unoccupied hour between baking and dinner — an hour which no New England housewife feels free to waste. Mrs. Small, in her turn, as she diligently stripped the vines of their berries and tossed handfuls of them into her rapidly filling pail, felt an increasing disgust for Ursula's uselessness, and an increasing skepticism as to the plan of the Village Improvement Society. On such days she unburdened herself to Alonzo at dinner.

'Seems to me that society's plain throwin' away hard-earned money if it settles any sum on Ursula Trundy for board an' keep,' she told her husband in no uncertain tones as he refilled her plate with boiled dinner. 'And as for Dorset's respectability, what's worse, I'd like to know — to keep one undeservin' pauper clean and decent, or to pauperize a lot of deservin' folks? I declare, if they go to pushin' that idea, I believe I'll get a piece off my mind. I wish that Executive Committee and you three Selectmen could have been in Reuben Osgood's pasture this mornin' along with me. Then you'd have seen what your money 's goin' for!'

In the face of this onslaught Alonzo squirmed in his chair, intrenching himself none too successfully behind the remark that the matter could n't be settled anyhow before haying was over.

It was on a Monday morning toward the end of the berry season that Ursula, staying against her will to spread out the clothes for Miss Emmeline, came later than usual to the entrance of the pasture lane. So eager was she to breast the hill where she might feel the sweep of the northwest wind, which for the first time that summer bore a hint of the fall, that she was unaware of stumbling into and almost over a group of children, assembled in anxious conversation. But when, gathering her red calico about her, she stooped to crawl between the lowest bars, the largest of the group was hastily pushed forward as a spokesman by his worried companions.

'You can't go through any more,' he said, edging himself between the fence and her. 'There 's a sign right there on the post that says it.'

'She can't read,' whispered a little girl with a nervous giggle.

'The sign says you can't go into Uncle Reuben's pasture any more,' explained the boy, his voice growing louder as if Ursula were both deaf and foolish. 'Someone's been leavin' the upper bars down and lettin' the cows out into the meadow. Uncle Reuben says the blueberries are most gone anyway, but they ain't. In the fall he's goin' to burn the pastures all over, so bye-and-bye the berries 'll be thicker, and then he 'll put in pickers and send the berries to the cannin' factory at Petersport.'

'Next summer maybe you can pick for him, Ursula,' vouchsafed another boy, emboldened by his companion.

Ursula's face made him feel suddenly sorry for her. 'You can earn five cents for every quart you pick.'

'Ursula don't pick,' whispered the same little girl; 'she just looks at things.'

Assured by Ursula's attitude that she had no thought of trespass, the children moved across the road, where they were torn between deliberations on the matter of other picking-grounds and questionings as to whether the trespass would stay up all winter. It would be a pity to destroy such a coast as the pasture lane afforded.

Ursula, meanwhile, unmindful of their chatter, sat upon a rock by the pasture-bars. When their words had first intruded themselves upon her consciousness, she had been assailed by a strange confusion and clamor as discordant and overwhelming as the cries of a street-vender to one who kneels in a prayer-filled church. Then, as their meaning slowly disentangled itself in her mind, darkness descended over her chaotic spirit as night swallows up the jangling cries of a city's confusion, quieting what it cannot still; nor was the darkness relieved or penetrated by Reason's kindly light. Once she arose and walked to the sign on the fence-post, touching it as condemned criminals have touched a rope, and perhaps vaguely wondering with them why such material things as wood and hemp should take away a life. When she again sat down on the rock, she asked herself why she should not sit there always.

In the days following the afternoon when Miss Emmeline found her by the bars, Ursula rarely left her window by the sink. Her dull eyes gazed upon the pastures which seemed to call to her accusingly to come back and reclaim that which she had left with them. She would eat but little, and Miss Emmeline, herself wakeful, knew that she spent many nights by the open window. Only the most stringent of economic circumstances kept Miss Emmeline from begging of Deacon Reuben Osgood leave for Ursula's harmless wanderings over his pastures. But more than one memory of his reluctant and not overgracious permission to defer the payment of mortgage interest, already overdue, prevented her.

Thin days came in late September — days mystery-woven, almost transparent, tantalizing with their authentic tidings of things invisible. Ursula left her window by the sink, and wandered aimlessly about the yard and garden. Now and then she stopped suddenly as if halted by the call of someone; and when she fruitlessly resumed her walking, she was as one baffled by the lost trail of a thought, long-forgotten but for the moment almost tangible. Miss Emmeline, humbly conscious that she lacked the understanding to fathom such darkness, tried to suggest possible remedies in the shape of substitutes.

''T is n't as though there wan't other places besides the pastures, Ursula,' she said. 'There 's our meadow — I never saw goldenrod thicker. And there 's the Yeaton field down by the brook, and the pine grove in the Dodge lower pasture.' Even as she named these places, she knew that she was offering stones to one who longed for bread.

Ursula's reply was the same to every suggestion. 'There 's nothin' down there,' she said dully.

III

On a Wednesday in October, Deacon Osgood burned over his pastures in the interest of future blueberry seasons. All day Ursula watched the tiny flames creep along the ridge and lose themselves in clouds of smoke. Not infrequently a thicket of juniper blazed up-

ward in a quick burst of flame; now and then a bush of scarlet sumac lost its glory. The uplands might have been an immense altar crowned with sacrificial fires.

The sight of the flames terrified Ursula. She felt as if they must consume everything in the pastures — even that living thing which she had found there. Should the day ever come when she might again roam the hills, must she return empty?

Tormented by this thought, she could neither eat nor sleep. Long after Miss Emmeline, tired from her walk to and from midweek prayer-meeting, slept heavily in her room, Ursula sat by the window whither she had crept in the apprehension that even the hill summits might be ablaze. But she had been spared that last anguish. The pastures now seemed quiet, as if they rested their tired bodies after the blazing sacrifice of their souls. Only the acrid smell of smoke weighted the night air.

Still almost distraught by the torture of the fear that held her in its clutches, and emboldened by the heavy breathing of Miss Emmeline, Ursula yielded to a sudden impulse. She would go into the pastures, even to the summit of the hills, and see if the fires had robbed them and her. Dorset slept. There would be no one to prevent her passing the portentous sign upon the post and crawling through the bars into the pasture lane. She followed stealthily the high wainscoting of the kitchen wall to the door, where she paused to be assured that Miss Emmeline still slept. Then, lifting the latch, she passed into the yard, shadowy in the moonlight.

She was conscious of an almost overmastering weariness when, having made a wide detour of the sign, she crawled between the bars and began to climb the hill to the still-smoking uplands; but the urgency of her errand would not let her rest. The pasture ground was hot beneath her feet, and she tried to keep nearer the fence to avoid burning them. Had it not been for the pungency of the smoke and her own bitter knowledge, she might have imagined that a summer mist, shot by an occasional firefly, was rising from the uplands, so kindly was the moon.

When weariness a second time threatened to overtake her, she was again set free, not by the urgency of her errand, but by the blessed certainty of its result; for the rising night wind, blowing upon her tired face and encircling her stumbling figure, declared itself free from destruction by fire and smoke. A familiar bayberry bush, surrounded by burned and charred grass, but itself quite untouched, welcomed her with faint fragrance. When, buoyed by sudden strength, she at last reached the highest ridge, untouched by fire, and threw herself down beneath a great pine tree, the sleepy twitter of a half-awakened bird banished the last vestige of her fear. For her there had passed away no glory from the earth.

There was healing in the night wind and peace in the silent faces of the clouds. Ursula's spirit, about which the shades of no prison house had ever closed, drank in the tangible secrets of the night. In them and by them did she live again. Her simplicity, unimpaired by thought, offered and received undisturbed communion with them. When the winged spirits of dawn and sunrise came, they built a nest for her ready soul, as in the old Celtic legend God is said to build the nests of all birds whom He has blinded by his providence.

Miss Emmeline did not need early the next morning the breathless message of Alonzo Small's oldest boy to know the whereabouts of Ursula. She met him as she was already skirting

the burned ground of the lower pasture on her way to the uplands. Nor did she need the unasked explanations of half a dozen of her neighbors gathered about the great pine. She pushed them all aside in her eagerness to see Ursula's face and to be assured that she had found what she sought. Half unmindful of what they said, she heard them conjecturing, sharing this opinion and that, importantly relating all they knew to those who, hurrying through the pastures, continually joined them. Someone deplored the deferred action of the Village Improvement Society, and someone else suggested that to counteract such delinquency, Ursula be buried in the cemetery proper.

A few minutes later Miss Emmeline had left this babel of confused and confusing tongues, and was hurrying homeward, down the pasture lane, through a path-cut field, along a brown road flanked by stone walls, red-splashed with the wrinkled berries of elder. Details of burial might be settled later. They were unimportant as compared to the work before her. She must make ready the house for Ursula's reception.

Once within doors, she raised the parlor shades and threw open the front door. Then she ran upstairs to the best room. She put up the curtains and flung the windows wide. Her best black silk, which was spread upon the bed, she hung in the closet. From the linen-press she brought her best sheets, sweet with dried heliotrope blossoms from the garden, and made the bed fresh and clean. Just as she finished, she heard footsteps on the flagstones leading to the kitchen door, and ran to tell them to come in the front way. She was oblivious to their surprised and puzzled gaze when she told them to wait in the parlor for a moment before bringing Ursula upstairs. In that moment she ran to the garden and picked a half-blown pink rose, which all unreasoningly had opened the day before. This she placed in a glass vase on the table by the bed.

Before calling to the men below stairs, she stood in the doorway and surveyed the sunlit room, the bed fragrant and white with her best linen, the pink rose. From some forgotten source she had heard that the souls of those who die happily sometimes hover for a little while about the bodies in which they have lived. If that were true, she wanted to plead with Ursula's soul for as long a sojourn as might be. In that sojourn, perhaps, she might learn its secret, against that day when she would watch from Ursula's window the march of gigantic winter shadows across upland pastures.

USELESS INFORMATION

BY ROBERT M. GAY

THE other night, as I sat reading the *Variorum Shakespeare*, I was moved to apostrophize the poet as follows: —

'O mighty reservoir of useless information! Nothing about thee is more wonderful than this, that thou daredst to remain uneducated. Who shall say that thy supremacy among men is not due to thy being the most uneducated great man that ever lived? At a tender age, thou escapedst the clutches of the specialists, and took to reading and looking at whatever was handy, hoarding up the largest collection of useless information ever inclosed in a single head. No one seems to have told thee that this is no way to form a mind. If anyone ever did tell thee so, thou probably only smiledst and wert still. So vast was thy accumulation that it has kept an army of experts busy ever since, trying to identify, arrange, label, and pigeonhole it. Thou hast given heart to thousands of unmethodical and indolent scholars, hast given to thousands of methodical and industrious scholars a pleasant and innocent occupation. Others have praised thee for everything else under the sun; but I will praise thee for this: that thou hadst the courage to know everything that was useless, and the address to make it all useful!'

I closed the book, but continued a train of thought which its perusal had suggested. A mind, thought I, that is full of useless information has a mellow complexion, like a fall pippin; while a mind that contains nothing but useful information must be as raw, acrid, and savorless as a green apple. Why is this? Evidently one is a fine, fat, comfortable, and hospitable mind, which has its doors always open to any waifs and estrays that may be looking for a night's lodging; while the other is a thin, suspicious, critical, and calculating mind, which admits nothing that cannot show its credentials. No wonder the latter impresses us as exiguous and adust.

The hospitable mind, nevertheless, seems nowadays to be not quite respectable, on the one hand, or just a little shabby-genteel, on the other. A mind that is not quite respectable gathers its information from newspapers, magazines, and light fiction, or, like Miss Dartle, by asking questions; while a mind that is shabby-genteel seeks its treasures in books that nobody else reads, in the discourse of its cronies, and in out-of-the way nooks and crannies of thought and experience. The one is 'enamored of contemporaneity,' the other of antiquity.

In these bustling, opinionated days nothing could be more futile, however engaging, than a mind that never asks whether information is useful, but simply whether it is interesting; that seems to be guided in its collection of knowledge by no purpose, but merely by love of knowledge for its own sake. What an out-at-the-elbow, down-at-the-heel sort of mind this is, which reads books of science, history, philosophy, for fun, accepts its facts as gratefully from a novel as from a treatise, and prefers those authors who have been

most like itself in storing up knowledge, not because it is important, but because it is picturesque.

Herodotus, the elder Pliny, Petronius, Apuleius, Rabelais, Dante, Ariosto, Montaigne, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Browne, Aubrey, Burton, Fuller, Sterne, Scott, Peacock and, among moderns, Anatole France — these are some of the favorites of the mind I have called shabby-genteel. The not-quite-respectable mind has no favorite authors, though it has favorite departments in the newspaper. The former is also a great reader of forgotten books, and of Bayle's *Dictionary*, Brand's *Antiquities*, Disraeli's *Curiosities*, Hone's *Everyday Book*, Southey's *Commonplace Book* and *Doctor*, the *Biographia Dramatica*, Genest's *English Stage*, and all the quaint compilations of John Timbs, Jacob Larwood, George Daniel, Cordy Jeaffreson, and the like, who have passed an industrious but cheerful life among the rubbish-heaps and dustbins of literature. A textbook, if it is fifty years old, will hold it for an hour, and an almanac half a day. Even old magazines — unilluminable catacombs, as Max Beerbohm calls them — do not scare it; and it has been known to chuckle over a town directory, after all the inhabitants were dead. An invitation to contribute to the *Journal of Philology* would fill it with alarm; but it has always been the mainstay of the *Gentleman's Magazine* and *Notes and Queries*. In short, anything of the sort that our grandfathers used to call the 'quaint, curious, or quizzical' delights it, and it is as likely to be finding it at any moment in one of Mr. J. S. Fletcher's pleasant detective stories as in Saint Jerome's *Commentary on the Book of Job*.

I have been specific about the shabby-genteel mind, because its knowledge is so typically useless. Facts that are current may have some conceivable utility, but facts that are out of date are fairly safe from such imputation. To a practical man or a scientific specialist such a mind as I have described is nothing but a cabinet of curios, amusing perhaps, but haphazard and therefore negligible; and yet the sympathetic observer can find something to say for it. It at least has carried over into manhood, bravely and with a fine ignoring of current educational theories, an impulse, which we all know in childhood, to stow away any information that looks interesting. A child's taste in information is not scientific, indeed, but it is poetic, and may be more worthy of respect than nowadays we are willing to grant.

A man who has kept his liking for general information fresh and untainted by considerations of utility may still be guided in his collecting of facts by an absorbing interest in human nature, such as has always guided the poets. If he is particularly taken with the weaknesses of human nature, — its illogicalities, credulities, whims, and humors, — that may be because he has discovered that its strengths are best discovered by delimiting them. Some would say that his interest in human oddity and credulity is a kind of humanism gone to seed; and, doubtless, it sometimes is so. He may be only a frivolous person or a learned trifler; but he may, on the other hand, be potentially a poet. The poets seem always to have agreed with him that it is a mistake to examine too rigidly what is permitted to enter the head, and to have doubted whether anyone but the owner of the head can tell what kind of information is best for it.

It is for this reason that so many poets have run away from college. Even the owner, they would say, is likely to make mistakes if he approaches this problem too solemnly; for it is hard enough to determine what kind of

special or professional or useful knowledge one should collect, in order to earn one's daily bread: to carry the same circumspection into the domain of general information is to be merely morbid. They have all been careful, at any rate, to provide their brains with a thick padding of useless information which serves variously as ballast, ferment, color, filling, and ornament for their thought. It is desultory, discursive, unsystematic, and of no discernible practical value; it is, notwithstanding, characteristically and intrinsically *theirs*.

But all well-appointed heads carry about a quantity of odds and ends, picked up without thought or conscious intention during the journey of life, as we collect burdock-burrs and beggar-ticks on an autumn ramble, — half-remembered quotations and allusions, anecdotes *minus* their heads or tails, snatches of statistics that have gone wrong, stray items of history and geography, names that have no family connections, fragments of science, superstition, and folklore, — trivial enough now, but vestiges of an unconscionable amount of reading, observation, and experience.

We are wont to deplore the waste of effort that shows so little permanent acquisition. It is like the waste of nature, which permits the incubation of millions of eggs or seeds to secure the survival of two or three. And we try to comfort ourselves by saying that nothing we learn is ever lost, but is lying in the unconscious, whence it may emerge if we have brain fever. This would seem to me a poor consolation, if I needed any; but I could never see much reason for deploring the loss of that which was so uninteresting that we did not take the trouble to remember it. I am more interested in what we remember, even though it bear the same proportion to the original intake that the surviving toe-bones of a megathere bear to the whole carcase. It is an interesting speculation, why the toe-bones survived, while the sparry architecture of the colossus fell into dust; and it is not without interest, why we remember one trifle and forget a thousand.

I suppose that certain items are taken in, or survive, because they have a peculiar fascination for our particular kind of head. One person, for example, likes hard facts, another soft fancies; just as, of two persons taking a walk, one, to be happy, must pick flowers, another, pick up pins. And so we stow away and preserve our pet items, as a squirrel its nuts, not because we can see any immediate use in them, but because we like them, because they look meaty and suitable for filling a cavity. They give us a feeling of comfort, such as the squirrel must have in a well-filled pouch or cold-cellar. It may be that like him we hope some day to use them; but it is certain that, also like him, we collect far more than we ever can use. Whatever our motive, they satisfy a hunger of the mind, as his nuts a hunger of the body.

This hunger of the mind we call curiosity, and, like hunger of the body, it is instinctive, and its satisfaction gives us pleasure. Special or useful information we acquire because we think we ought to, but general or useless information we collect because it is pleasant to do so. Hence it is that a man's general information is the true key to his personality.

We may go even further and say that general information is a mark of humanity: for the information of animals is all special, and no human specialist has ever achieved the singleness of purpose of a bee or a beaver. To know one thing is an attribute of the brute, to know everything, of the god; and man, set between, has always been,

as regards information, a Mr. Facing-both-ways. Of late years, however, he has inclined more and more to look upon the emulation of deity as foolish, and has tended to look down and in, rather than up and around.

Our remote forefathers chased knowledge, so to speak, through the heavens and over the earth on a hippogriff, and they doubtless wasted a good deal of time; but they enjoyed a fine exhilaration, beyond any they could have got in chasing it down a rat-hole like a weasel. An occasional voyage through the empyrean hurts no man, and is likely, if nothing more, to give him some idea of the real dimensions of his hole in the ground.

General information is also the salt of conversation, because, when the facts exchanged are all useless, one is as good as another, there is no chilly atmosphere of shop, and talk circulates freely; but special information is always aristocratical and hierarchical. A mind that is full of the data of ethics, for example, is supercilious toward one that is full of the data of millinery; but, as general information, fashions in hats may be even more significant than fashions in morals. It should be remembered, too, that a man who is rich in general information is not at all the same as a 'well-informed person.' The latter always fills us with alarm, outside the classroom or lecture-hall, because he has never admitted anything to his mind without first testing its validity and timeliness, and then connecting it with matters already there. The consequence is that we feel vaguely that he is unsportsmanlike. He has attempted to carry over into general information the rules that govern special. This will never do. It is professionalism tainting an amateur sport, — conversation, — which should always be lightly impressionistic, sketchy, neatly skipping over the sharp stones of fact. Here, however it may be elsewhere, 'the truth,' as some great Frenchman or other has said, 'is always a matter of *nuances*.' Here is no place for browbeating and dogmatizing. In conversation, a man who is always sure of his facts has the rest of us at a disadvantage, and we quail before him as pupils before a pedagogue.

And, speaking of pedagogues, educational theorists are always quarreling about the relative rank and importance of this and that 'subject,' but no one ever heard them quarreling about general information. Somehow it has escaped their attention, and only today are they beginning to look at it, and to be shocked over their past neglect of it. Indeed, they have suddenly become quite excited about it, and are devising all sorts of tests for it; and if we do not look out, they will be trying to reduce it to a system, to make general information special. It is a project against which we should set our faces sternly.

For at best (or worst) they can only make our boys and girls well-informed persons, morbid creatures, who conceive as a duty what should be a joy. Let us have at least one part of our brains from which the pedagogue shall be excluded; let us reserve at least one large section free from scientific farming, one tract of wild woodland with plenty of underbrush, where commercial fertilizers shall be unknown, and humus, or leaf-mould, blown in from the four corners of the earth and the interstellar spaces, shall form a rich deposit in which the native sprouts can germinate, take root, and flourish. So long as education is as it is, it is inevitable, I suppose, that most brains shall be thin, nervous, and circumspect, and that fine, fat, umbrageous brains shall be rare; but let us at least not tamely submit to any movement that may be impending, to teach general informa-

tion. That is one thing that cannot be taught. A man must get it for himself, like happiness and religion.

The freely hospitable mind ends by being crammed like a boy's pocket, in which even the owner can make surprising discoveries. Under the flotsam (to change the figure) of detached facts on the surface of consciousness is a veritable deep-sea ooze of facts that may float upward at any moment into the light of day. Here is this Shakespeare, for example: think what astonishment must often have been his, when some odd little fact popped up in his head just at the right moment — something picked up years before in a Latin grammar at Stratford, or under a haystack near Oxford, or in a back alley in Southwark, and tucked away and forgotten ever since. Needing a phrase, he dips down into the ocean of his mind, so full of queer fish, pulls up a fact, some poor little smelt or whitebait of a fact, and salts it down in a metaphor; and the generations gasp at its aptness and beauty.

In his day men were not self-conscious about their minds, as we are. They let their minds grow: we cultivate ours. They seem even to have neglected their minds on principle, relying on curiosity to supply both the incentive of learning and the nutriment. This was very careless of them, and would be horrifying to the modern educational expert, who can tell you how to put a mind together as one would a salad. Even their formal education, which seems rather insane to us, had its good points. For one thing, while it kept the mind busy, it also kept it comparatively empty. It fed the mind dry husks in school, but the mind was therefore properly hungry outside, and foraged for itself. As a friend of mine puts it, they never let their lessons interfere with their education. The Renaissance man would be astounded at the thought of an American child sitting in a classroom five hours a day, five days a week, for sixteen years, while an army of devoted teachers fed it on a scientifically selected diet. Small wonder, he would say, if, after a sufficiently protracted schooling, the average American is interested only in business and play.

It is certainly true that, as children, we like general information, and would amass quantities of it if we were encouraged; but adults early impose upon us their conviction that we must learn, not everything or anything, but something. The something they pick out seems to us a strange choice, often enough, but 'that monster, Custom, who all sense doth eat,' soon fastens his claws in us, and we succumb. Before long, most of us have so little mind left of our own that we would study anything, if it were demanded of us. Gone are the happy days of infant depravity, when Life went a-maying with Nature, Hope, and Poesy; when every new fact was a new joy, and the quest for information was the finest adventure in the world. Knowledge has become simply something we learn in school, for reasons not wholly clear; and we learn so much there, that natural curiosity dies.

There are already signs that we are beginning to perceive that the uses of information are more mysterious than we have realized. We are beginning to discover that the choicest grist of our selecting may be all chaff to the recipient, and that he, following his native inclinations, may turn what seems chaff to us into pure grist. The main thing seems to be to restrain our longing to be forever putting spokes in the wheels of his mill. It is his mill, and he must run it.

SOCIALISM IN UNDEVELOPED COUNTRIES

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

I

BEFORE discussing this subject, we must briefly answer the preliminary question: What do we mean by 'Socialism'? The word is often used very vaguely, but it is not difficult to give it a precise meaning. The definition of Socialism consists of two parts — one economic and one political; one concerned with the production and distribution of goods, the other with the distribution of power.

As regards production, all land and capital must be the property of the State — though perhaps the State might sometimes delegate possession to some large body of producers or consumers, such as a trades-union or a coöperative society. As regards distribution, what is paid for each kind of work must be fixed by a public authority, with a minimum of what is required for bare necessaries, and a maximum of what will give the greatest incentive to efficient work. There is no need of equality of income for all, as part of the definition of Socialism; the fact that Chaliapin is paid more than a scene-shifter does not suffice to prove that Russia is still bourgeois. What is essential is that a man should not be able to extort profit by his possession of means of production, whether land or capital. But Socialism certainly has as its ideal, equality of income, subject only to such modification as may be imposed by the special needs of various classes of workers.

On the political side, Socialism is not compatible with autocracy or oligarchy but demands that all sane adults shall have an equal share of ultimate political power. Even the Bolsheviki, who oppose democracy during the time of transition, regard it as part of their ideal, and admit that Socialism will not be fully realized until it is possible to restore liberal democratic institutions. (This appears in their writings, and was confirmed by Kamenev in a conversation we had with him while in Russia.) The different forms of Socialism do not differ here, but only on the extent to which proximate political power is concentrated in the democratic State, or diffused through various federated bodies.

It seems impossible that industrialism should continue efficient much longer unless it becomes socialistic. This is partly because the system of private profit rouses the discontent of the workers, and gives them a sense of injustice; partly because the private ownership of land and capital confers upon the owners a degree of control, both over private citizens and over the State, which is dangerous, since it is used to increase private power and profit. But the transition from the present system to Socialism is full of difficulty, and it is doubtful whether the attempt will succeed or will result in a return to barbarism.

Marx, whose prophetic insight was remarkable but not impeccable, conceived the transition with a schematic

simplicity which does not appear at all likely to be realized. He thought that the line between capitalist and proletarian would always remain quite sharp so long as Capitalism survived; and that the proletarian could never obtain more than starvation wages. Gradually the capitalists would grow fewer through the concentration of capital, and the proletariat would grow more discontented and more organized through experience of their misfortunes and struggles against them. Their struggles would be first local, then national, then international; when they became international, they would be victorious. Then, suddenly, by a revolution, the whole economic system would be changed, and international Socialism would be established.

In all these respects Marx has proved to be partly mistaken. The line between capitalist and proletarian is not sharp: trades-union leaders, with comfortable incomes, enjoy bourgeois comfort, associate with capitalists on equal terms, and often acquire much of the capitalist mentality. The iron law of wages, invented by orthodox economists to discourage trades-unions, and accepted by Marx to encourage revolution, was an economic fallacy: wages in America, and even in England, now afford far more than a bare subsistence to the majority of wage-earners. The concentration of capital in a few large enterprises has not meant a diminution in the number of capitalists, owing to the growth of joint-stock companies. The proletariat have not grown more discontented; they were certainly more revolutionary in England a hundred years ago than they are now. It is true that they have grown more organized nationally; but the war showed the complete futility, up to the present, of international organization. And if to-morrow a war were to break out between America and Japan, the proletariat of both countries would equal the capitalists in enthusiasm, and surpass them in patriotism.

Finally, the numerical preponderance of the proletariat has been realized in only a very few countries (of which Great Britain is one). Elsewhere they are outnumbered by the peasant proprietors who, as a rule, side with the capitalists. In this last respect, however, time may yet justify Marx. Lenin's scheme of electrification is designed to industrialize agriculture, and thus give to the peasant the mentality of the proletarian. It is possible that technical improvement in agricultural methods may produce a similar change in other countries. This is a very important consideration; but, unfortunately, it is a matter as to which prophecy is exceedingly difficult.

The establishment of a Communist government in Russia has brought to the fore a new set of considerations. The Bolsheviki are attempting to establish Communism in a country almost untouched by capitalistic industrialism. This raises the question whether Capitalism is, as Marx believed, a necessary stage on the road to Socialism, or whether industry can be developed socialistically, from the outset, in a hitherto undeveloped country. For the future of Russia and Asia this question is of the most vital importance.

The Bolsheviki came into power with the intention of establishing Communism at the earliest possible moment; and this intention they, no doubt, still entertain. But apart from all external difficulties, the internal obstacles have proved greater than they expected. This may be gathered from a very candid article on 'The Meaning of the Agricultural Tax,' by Lenin, published in English in the first number of the *Labour Monthly* (July, 1921). What he says of Russia would be equally applicable to a socialistic

China, or to India if it became Bolshevist. Lenin distinguishes in present-day Russia, elements at five different levels of economic development, namely: —

1. Patriarchal — to a large degree, primitive — peasant production.
2. Small commodity production. (This includes the majority of peasants who sell corn.)
3. Private Capitalism.
4. State Capitalism.
5. Socialism.

The term 'State Capitalism' occurs frequently in this article, as well as in others of his writings. It seems to mean the running of enterprises by the State for profit, that is, in the same way in which they would be run by private capitalists. It appears in the course of the article that it includes the running of railways by the State, whether in Soviet Russia or in pre-war Germany. The term is not defined in the article. But the essence of the matter seems to be that, under State Capitalism, the State *sells* the goods or services concerned, instead of supplying them gratis to those who have a claim to them.

Lenin regards the later stages as higher in the economic scale than the earlier ones, and considers any development from one of them to the next as an advance. He also *seems* to hold — though this is scarcely reconcilable with Bolshevist policy — that no stage can be skipped, but all must be passed through in their proper order. He argues that small-commodity production must be encouraged, because it is an advance on patriarchal peasant production; that large-scale private capitalism is better than small production (though he hardly ventures to say that his government should encourage it); that State Capitalism should not be opposed by Socialists, because it is so much better than private capitalism; and that Socialism cannot be brought about quickly. He quotes the following passage from a pamphlet of his, written in 1918: —

'State Capitalism would be a step in advance in the present state of affairs of our Soviet Republic. If, for example, State Capitalism could establish itself here during the next six months, it would be an excellent thing, and a sure guarantee that within a year Socialism will have established itself and become invincible.'

Later on in the article he says: —

'In the above-quoted arguments of 1918, there are a number of errors in connection with periods. Periods prove to be much longer than was then assumed.'

But the question of speed need not concern us at present; it is the nature and direction of the movement toward Socialism in undeveloped countries that we wish to investigate.

II

If one investigates Lenin's argument closely, one finds (if we are not mistaken) that its upshot is this: A government of convinced Communists can limit the phase of private capitalism to rather small businesses, replacing large-scale private capitalism by State Capitalism; also, they can enormously accelerate the movement from any one phase to the next; but they cannot enable a community to skip any of the phases altogether, or to overcome the laws of economic evolution.

A few further quotations will help to elucidate the position taken up in this very important pronouncement.

'State Capitalism is incomparably higher *economically* than our present economic system' (that is, that of Russia in 1921).

'Socialism is impossible without large capitalist technique.'

'Socialism is impossible without the

domination of the proletariat in the State.'

'I will, first of all, quote a concrete example of State Capitalism. Everybody will know this example: Germany. A victorious proletarian revolution in Germany would immediately, and with tremendous ease, smash the whole shell of imperialism . . . and would for certain bring about the victory of world Socialism.'

'If the revolution in Germany is delayed, our task becomes clear, to learn State Capitalism from the Germans, and to exert all our efforts to acquire it. We must not spare any dictatorial methods in hastening the westernization of barbarous Russia, and must stick at no barbarous methods to combat barbarism.'

'The problem of power is the root-problem of all revolutions.'

'Our poverty and ruin is such that we cannot *immediately* establish large State Socialist Factory Production.'

'It is necessary, to a certain extent, to assist the reëstablishment of *small industry*, which does not require machinery.'

'What is the result of all this? Fundamentally, we get a certain amount (if only local) of free trade, a revival of the petty bourgeoisie, and Capitalism. This is undoubted, and to close one's eyes to it would be ridiculous.'

After explaining the folly of attempting to prevent all private trading, with a half-confession of the fact that this policy has been vigorously pursued hitherto, he explains the new policy which he now advocates: —

'Or (and this is the only *possible* and sensible policy) we can refrain from prohibiting and preventing the development of Capitalism, and strive to direct it in the path of *State* Capitalism. This is economically possible; for State Capitalism exists in one or another form, and to one or another extent, everywhere where there are elements of free trade and Capitalism in general.'

He proceeds to mention concessions and coöperative societies as examples of this policy.

On the subject of fitting the peasantry into a Socialist system, he says: —

'Is it possible to realize the direct transition of this state of pre-capitalist relations prevailing in Russia to Socialism? Yes, it is possible to a certain degree, but only on one condition, which we know, thanks to the completion of a tremendous scientific labor. That condition is: electrification. But we know very well that this "one" condition demands at least ten years of work; and we can reduce this period only by a victory of the proletarian revolution in such countries as England, Germany, and America.'

'Capitalism is an evil in comparison with Socialism; but Capitalism is a blessing in comparison with mediævalism.'

'It must be the aim of all true workers to get local industry thoroughly going in the country districts, hamlets, and villages, no matter on how small a scale. The economic policy of the State must concentrate on this. Any development in local industry is a firm foundation, and a sure step, in the building-up of large-scale industry.'

We have thought it necessary to make these numerous quotations, because they contain admissions, based on experience, of many things which socialistic critics have vainly urged upon the Bolsheviki, both in Europe and in Asia. The problem of what can and what cannot be done toward the hastening of the advent of Socialism in undeveloped or partially developed countries, is made much clearer by Lenin's exposition of his difficulties. The great importance of the problem lies in the fact that, while technical and economic conditions are more favorable

to Socialism in advanced countries, the political conditions are more favorable in backward countries. If, therefore, the technical difficulties could be overcome by the Bolsheviki, they would immensely facilitate the introduction of world Socialism. But the Bolshevist method has not only the difficulties recognized by Lenin. It has others at least as formidable, as we shall now try to show. The result seems to be that there is more hope of the inauguration of successful Socialism in the advanced countries than in those which have hitherto escaped any large development of capitalistic industrialism.

Industrialism in an undeveloped country must be aristocratic, and must at first entail great poverty for the bulk of the population, unless it is inaugurated by foreign capital. The Bolsheviki are obliged to manage industry as autocratically as any trust magnate, and are unable to afford more than a bare subsistence to their employees. Moreover, the attempt to dispense with the assistance of foreign capitalists has had to be abandoned since the resumption of trade and the adoption of the policy of concessions. The policy of developing industrialism without outside help entails such terrible hardships, over and above those that are, in any case, inevitable, that no nation, not even Soviet Russia, can face them. It is true that in England industrialism was built up without foreign capital; but the circumstances were very special, and not such as can be repeated. Coal and iron were plentiful and in close proximity to each other; new inventions, all English and confined to England by the Napoleonic wars, were cheapening production enormously; and above all, there were no other industrial nations to compete. In spite of all these advantages, the poverty and overwork of the operatives were appalling, and such as can be imposed only upon a nation subject to an aristocratic tyranny. We cannot hope, therefore, that a modern undeveloped nation, without special advantages, can become industrial without the help of foreign capital.

Under these circumstances, is it possible for a country like Russia or China to pass straight to what Lenin calls State Capitalism, without passing through the stage of large-scale private capitalism? To make the matter concrete, is it possible to have railways, docks, and so forth, built and owned by the State, and mines worked by the State, by means, partly, of borrowed capital, but without allowing the lenders any voice in the management? A strong State can do analogous things for ordinary purposes; for example, the holders of war-loans were not allowed a representative at General Headquarters, to see that the war yielded good dividends. Nor did the French investors who lent to the Tsarist government demand a voice in the management of the secret police, although they knew that revolution might mean repudiation. In such matters it is assumed that the interests of governments and their creditors are identical, and that, therefore, governments need not be interfered with by private capitalists.

But in the development of new industrial resources a different point of view is customary, and a government can seldom effect a loan without selling some part of the national independence. In China, for example, foreign investors expect the concession of monopoly rights — railways, mines, and the like — before they will lend to a government. This makes State Capitalism impossible in so far as the rights granted to foreigners are concerned. The money that they lend is spent in bribery, paying troops, and so forth, not in productive enterprises; the produc-

tive enterprises remain in the hands of foreign private capitalists.

In Russia, the Bolsheviki hope to restrain this policy of concessions within narrow limits, and to retain the bulk of the nation's resources in the hands of the State. If they could succeed decisively, the Russian State, or perhaps the Communist party, could in the end replace the foreign capitalist as the exploiter of China, and could acquire a hold there which foreign nations would find very hard to loosen. The success or failure of Russia will probably decide whether it is possible to pass to Socialism through State Capitalism, rather than through large-scale private capitalism. If the Bolsheviki succeed, Asia may escape the advanced forms of private capitalism; if they fail, the whole world will probably have to arrive at the stage at which the advanced industrial countries are now.

The success or failure of the Bolsheviki turns on three kinds of factors: military, economic, and moral.

It is of course obvious that success is impossible without an army sufficiently strong to repel all attacks that can be easily provoked. Any trade agreements that the Bolsheviki conclude are the fruit of their success in defeating Kolchak and Denikin, and holding the Poles at bay. If at any moment a combination of, say, Japanese, Poles, and Rumanians had a good chance of defeating them, such a combination would, of course, at once declare a holy war against them. The only thing that may in time alter this state of feeling will be the investment of large amounts of foreign capital in the form of concessions which a White government might repudiate. It is the military strength of Russia that gives her pre-eminence above other undeveloped countries.

The economic factors introduce more difficult considerations. It is necessary for the Bolsheviki, first, to import from abroad the minimum of machinery, rolling-stock, and the like, required for reviving agriculture and restoring industry to its pre-war level. When this has been done, and it has become possible to purchase food from the peasants by supplying them with goods instead of paper, it will become possible to revive and increase the pre-war export of food and raw materials, and at the same time to develop Russian industry enormously. It is the early steps in this process that are the most difficult and dangerous. Imports are needed, first of all, and although a few of the most indispensable can be paid for in gold, the bulk will have to be paid for in concessions, since exports are impossible in these days of famine and collapse of transport. Russia's need being desperate, the concession-hunters will exact very severe terms. Each concession will become a centre of private trading, and will make it more difficult to keep the bulk of foreign commerce in the hands of the State. There will be loopholes for corruption; and it may well be doubted how many of the later phases in the economic recovery will take place on the lines of State Capitalism.

All these difficulties are in no way peculiar to Russia, but are bound to occur in any undeveloped country which attempts a method of development disliked by foreign capitalists. But though the difficulties are great, they are not economically insuperable; by sufficient honesty, determination, and energy on the part of the rulers they could probably all be overcome.

III

This brings us to the moral factors of success. It is here that the difficulties of the Bolshevist programme are greatest. Few governments in history have

had more honesty, determination, and energy than the Soviet government;[1] yet it may well be doubted whether even they, in the end, will be found to have enough for the carrying-out of their original intentions. If the period of time involved had been, as Lenin believed in 1918, six months, or a year, or even a few years, the men who initiated the movement could themselves have carried it to a triumphant conclusion, without any great change meanwhile in their own outlook and disposition. But it is now four years since the October Revolution, and by Lenin's confession the work is scarcely begun. When the Bolsheviki speak of the period during which the dictatorship will have to continue, they seem to contemplate at least a generation. Meanwhile, many of the original leaders will have died, while those who remain and those who replace them will have acquired the habit of arbitrary power. The practice of negotiating with capitalists and their governments will tend to produce an acceptance of their assumptions, as it often does in trades-union leaders. Capitalists will endeavor to extend their concessions, and will offer corrupt bargains to induce extensions. It may not be assumed that all officials will be incorruptible.

It is of course possible, for a time, to secure a very high moral level through enthusiasm and hope. Revolutionary ardor will do wonders while it lasts; but it does not last forever. The road from pre-industrial production to well-developed State Capitalism (to say nothing of Communism) is so long that it cannot be traversed during an outbreak of revolutionary ardor; and after such an outbreak, there is usually a period during which demoralization and corruption are rampant.

[1] Readers of Mr. Russell's book — *Russia* — will know that his political philosophy is quite at odds with Bolshevist theory. — THE EDITOR.

An attempt to establish Socialism in an undeveloped country, while the developed countries remain capitalistic, must pass through two phases: the first purely militant, in which the forces of internal and external Capitalism are resisted; the second constructive, when the work of industrial development is undertaken under State management.

Russia is, perhaps, at the end of the militant phase, and has been successful so far as fighting is concerned; but the constructive phase is a more difficult test. During the militant period, men's combative instincts, as well as their nationalism, assist the enthusiasm for a new economic order. But when peace is restored, it becomes natural to grow tired of everything strenuous and tense. At this moment the foreign capitalists, in their concessions, begin to offer all kinds of advantages, from well-paid work for the ordinary wage-earner up to a fortune for the technical expert. To resist them will be very difficult — as difficult as it has been found to prevent small private trading: an attempt which Lenin frankly declares to have been a mistake.

There is, it would seem, only one force which could keep Communism up to the necessary pitch of enthusiasm, and that is nationalism, developing into imperialism as foreign aggressions are defeated. Otherwise the period during which revolutionary ardor can be kept alive will not be so long as the period required for the militant and constructive stages together. And if imperialism once gets the upper hand, it is of course vain to hope that any genuine Communism can result. Marxians, who believe that economic causes alone operate in politics, ignore such difficulties as we have been considering, because they are psychological, not economic. But the difficulties are none the less real on that account. Nor is it

safe for rulers to treat themselves, in the Bolshevist manner, as exempt from human weaknesses, not subject to psychological laws, and certain to retain their original purposes unchanged throughout any number of years.

In spite of all these obstacles, the Bolsheviki may succeed; and if they do, they may quite possibly become a model for China and India. There is one very important thing that they have made clear, and that is, that Socialism in undeveloped countries must be aristocratic, an affair of a few energetic intellectuals leading that small percentage of the population which consists of 'class-conscious proletarians.' It is impossible for progress in these countries to come as it has come in the West; because the men who are capable of leading revolutions have absorbed the latest Western thought, and will not be content with anything acknowledged to be out of date in England or France. Miliukov might have been content with a revolution like Cromwell's, Kerensky with one like Danton's; but the Bolsheviki, who alone had the energy required for success, wanted Marx's revolution, which Western revolutionaries still believed in because it had not yet happened. In the West, however, as in Marx's thought, his revolution had always been conceived as democratic. In Russia, where democracy is as yet impossible, some form of oligarchy had to be found until education could become more widespread; and this form of oligarchy was found in the dictatorship of the Communist party. For the same reason, namely, that democracy is not yet possible in Russia, it was in the name of democracy that Capitalism criticized and attacked the Bolsheviki. Thus both sides lost sight of an important part of the truth: the Bolsheviki, practically if not theoretically, of the fact that democracy is part of the aim of Socialism; their opponents, of the fact that democracy cannot be achieved all at once in an uneducated nation.

The Bolsheviki have, however, made a very important contribution to the solution of Eastern political problems, by discovering an oligarchy which is neither that of birth nor that of wealth, but that of believers in a certain economic and political creed. When this creed is progressive and constructive, like that of the Communists, it is likely to produce a better oligarchy than any other that is politically feasible, except for the one reason that it rouses the hostility of the outside world. This is, however, such a very large disadvantage that it is scarcely possible to strike the balance. If the governments of the Western powers were socialistic, there would be no such disadvantage.

We are thus brought back to international questions, as dominating the problem of Socialism in undeveloped countries. If Russia proves sufficiently strong and determined; if China also comes in time to be dominated by Communists, then — assuming Lenin's new methods successful in keeping the peasants contented — it is quite possible that Asia and Russia may be strong enough to succeed in the establishment of their economic independence on a basis of Socialism. But there are so many *ifs* in this argument that probability is against it. It is more probable that China will remain, and Russia will relapse, under the economic dominion of the Western powers, until such time as their industry shall have been developed by capitalistic methods. In that case, the ultimate victory of Socialism, if it comes, will have to come from the advanced countries, as was universally assumed before the Russian Revolution. Whether and how Socialism may be expected to come about in that case, we shall not consider in the present article.

AN INLAND HARBOR

BY JOSEPH HUSBAND

THE sharp reiterant clangor of an electric gong rises above the continuous blend of indefinable sounds that is the voice of the city; slowly the great double-decked leaves of the bridge lift upward, like the blades of an opened knife. The keen wind from the lake catches the falling dust from the slanting roadbed and whirls it to leeward.

North and south the flood of traffic ceases. Motors in triple row pause in their courses. The acrid reek of a thousand exhausts taints the clear penetrating air. Deep-throated, the whistle of a great steamer sounds its summons to the waiting bridges. Slowly it glides down the narrow channel of the river, which floods in like a liquid street between grim walls of brick and occasional skyscrapers. The sharp black bow moves past, followed by a league of deck; slowly the smoking funnel slides by, and the leaves of the bridge sink smoothly and silently into a level way.

From the bridge ramparts the walkers watch the vessel pass. Men of business and women on shopping bent are forced to pause. And from the decks of the steamer, lake sailors, in the slattern garb of their trade, turn curious eyes to these casuals of an interrupted city-street.

East, beyond the maze of tracks and warehouses and grain-elevators, the lake gleams a splendid blue beneath a paler sky. Strong from it comes the silent breeze, fresh with the purity of a vast expanse of open water. There are smoke-smears on the horizon, and where the long finger of the Municipal Pier creeps out from the city, there are wisps of smoke and steam from other vessels.

Between the pier and the life-saving station the river enters the city. Far beyond, in the blue of the water, are the sweeping curves of protecting breakwaters. There is the open sea of Michigan.

But within, the river narrows to the breadth of a city street. It enters, disappears, and is lost in the maze of brick and steel and stone that for thirty miles borders the lake front.

A hundred years ago a gleaming sand-bar stretched southward from the river mouth, and from the inland prairie the slow current of the river meandered crystal clear, past the stockade of Fort Dearborn, into the vast stillness of the lake. Where now rises the tremendous excrescence of the city, there were then groves of scrub oak among the sand dunes. And the current of the river, which to-day, by man's direction, swirls west through devious courses to the Mississippi, to disembogue finally into the Gulf of Mexico, then pursued its quiet course east to Lake Michigan, to mingle its waters with the flood of the St. Lawrence.

There is a mystery in this inland seaport. Great harbors suggest the open roadstead where vessels swing to the tide. There shipping may be seen and the units of commerce counted. There vessels tie to docks along the water-front; the sea is in evidence; commerce greets the eye.

But in this lake port of Chicago, there is no such indication of water-

borne commerce. Hour after hour the deep throats of the whistles sound their summons to the reluctant bridges; one by one the huge steel carriers slide past interrupted streets, and are gone, lost in the wilderness of the city, forgotten by the waiting crowds who pause impatient on the bridgeheads.

East of the broad avenue which skirts the lake front, a mile of buildings and switchyards crowd outward to the shore. Between the towers of grain-elevators and the brick piles of warehouses are slips, where the ships may discharge or take on board their cargoes. Filled land is this, where once was the pleasant sand-bar. Choking with smoke and steam, the switch engines shunt their interminable strings of freight cars. From the bellies of steel freighters the grab buckets lift the coal which will feed a million furnaces, and pile it in mountainous ridges on the docks. Strings of stevedores, like ants, stream continuously from the opened ports of other vessels, trucking shoreward the fruits of Michigan, and bales and boxes and barrels, that people may be fed and clothed. Squat lighters swim like water beetles beneath the bridges, and tugs puff busily up and down the narrow channel, with stacks that dip backward to clear the bridge spans.

Here, too, in the quiet backwaters between docks piled high with coal or gravel, or crowded between salt warehouses or railroad freight-sheds, are the huts of fishermen. By day, in the shadow of the vast industries of the city, they mend their nets; in the early dawn their sputtering engines drive their small boats down the narrow lane of the river to the open lake.

Throughout the heart of the city the river winds; like a cañon, bridge-spanned at every block, it cuts westward, where, a couple of miles from its mouth, it divides into two branches. One of these swings north, the other bends toward the south to form a junction with the Illinois River, whence they flow together to the Mississippi.

From the lake the water comes clear, except when a northeast gale piles the waves on the breakwaters and clouds the lake with tawny swirls of sand. Between steep walls of concrete or piling, it glides into the city, the dust of the coal docks and the oil of the waterfront fouling its swirling surface. Beneath the latticed spans of the bridges, it flows steadily.

High on either hand rise the walls of buildings, behind a narrow shelf of dock. Mellowed by years, the red-brick walls look down through dusty windows. Here and there a new structure of clean brick, or gleaming terra-cotta, rises immaculate; but for the most part the walls that line the river are sombre and mellowed by years. With clocklike regularity occur the bridges. Street cars crowd the roadways and battle with motor-trucks for passage; men and women throng the footpaths, but they cross the river as they would cross an intersecting street. It is 'the river' — that is all.

To the north the stream branches. Rats scurry along the dock-piling on its shores. The surface of the water is brown with oil. A viscous smell rises from it. In a quiet pocket are tied a tug, two chasers, and a German submarine. The gray war-paint is flaked and weathered. A crust of oil smears their water lines. They are far from the salt reek of the sea.

High above the bank rises the monolith of an elevator, a cluster of mighty concrete columns pregnant with the harvest of the grainfields of the Dakotas. Other elevators rear corrugated sides, dusted with the dull yellow powder of the grain. From their flanks long tubes incline to the ships which wait in their shadow — tubes through which the golden flood of the harvest pours

into cavernous holds, that the mills of the East may grind, that men may live. From these repositories fed by clanking freight-trains, depart the silent steamers, which glide beneath opened bridges and, in the first starlight, arrest the impatient street-traffic homeward bound.

South, also, the river bends. Here the current flows more swiftly, tawny and cluttered with the mire of the city streets. Blackened piles embrace it; red walls of brick rise above it; street after street the bridges span its course. On the west bank a train of orange cars winds in and out past clicking switch-points. It is a coast train for Seattle, where perchance its passengers will marvel at a world port and forget, if indeed they ever realized, the commerce of the Chicago River.

The old swing-bridge at Madison Street is vibrating with the tread of feet, the rumble of street cars, and the roll of rubber-tired wheels. Like a smear of rouge, the red-lead-painted steel work of the new bascule-bridge lifts above the old rusting span.

High over the water men are driving home the rivets, with a reverberating rattle of their riveters. A few months, and the leaves of the new structure will fall into place. A few hours, perhaps, the traffic will be delayed. But to the passing ships there will be a wider channel.

The river narrows and the current quickens, dimpling and slinking in smooth oily streaks that bend about the confining abutments of the bridges. A black freighter, reaching almost from bridge to bridge, is hoarsely calling to a delaying bridge-keeper. Frightened automobiles scurry across; pedestrians are running; on the upper deck of the bridge an elevated train roars over the span of blackened steel. Slowly the bridge heaves; upward the centre bends; it divides and lifts its giant halves skyward. Into the gap the steamer glides, the dirty water churning brown from the propellers, the helm hard over to meet the river's urge.

Twin towers, like London bridges, swing aloft a span of railroad track. Beneath it the yellow river floods. On either side the tracks of steel encroach upon it, crossing and recrossing, bridge after bridge; challenging its dominance. Martian structures, the gas tanks, crowd the bank. There is a reek about them, a nastiness in their presence, a majesty in their girth and altitude.

The river widens. On the right, long slips of still brown water pierce the land. The shore is piled high with lumber; wide acres of fragrant spruce and fir and pine; telegraph poles in piles, gaunt corpses of majestic trees; huge heaps of ties and toppling stacks of clean-cut boards. Mile after mile they reach; and here and here and here the slips, where lumber freighters come to bring the forests to the needs of men.

Coal, grain, lumber, fruit, and all the miscellaneous wares that a great city needs, are the burden which the river bears. There are no vessels flying foreign flags from distant ports. There are no rare cargoes from exotic lands. Nor are there any of those craft which grace a seaboard port. The square-rigged ship, the liner, and the tramp are not seen here. It is a river of utility. It is a port of inland commerce; but among the nation's ports it stands — high in volume of its tonnage.

When winter comes, the ice sweeps in in broken cakes of dingy white, and the brown river flows undisturbed. The swirling snow eddies out from the deep-cut streets and a piercing wind blows in from the lake. Against the night sky the low bridges trace the yellow west with sharp-etched lines of black, and the gulls wheel — the only sign of life along the stream.

But on summer evenings, when the air is soft and redolent with the breath

of the city, and the stars step dimly out from the soft blue of the night, a mystery steals over the turgid stream. Against the burning of the sunset the masts of ships mingle with the lattice tracery of the bridges. Blunt walls of dingy brick soften in the half light. The river catches the twilight glow. From lofty windows the white of electric lamps tells of late workers past the closing hour of the day. Across the bridges, the headlights of automobiles stream.

Then, from the river's distance, comes the deep-bass whistle of the grain ship. Slowly the bridges rise against the sky. Red and green, the running lights seem to touch either bank. A giant palpitating mass of steel slides surely up the stream toward the lake. The bridges close; the traffic carries on — the streets are joined.

TIRED

No — Do not ask me to be wise.
I have no thoughts at all.
Only, that Life is swift, and flies
Shadow-like, strange, and small.

Only, that I am less than dew,
And frailer than a fern.
I have forgotten all I knew
Of certainty. To learn

This much is harder than I guessed.
I will not pass for wise.
I am too tired for a quest;
Too sleepy for surmise!

FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD

THE AMERICAN EFFORT[1]

BY ERICH VON LUDENDORFF

I

COMPLYING with the editor's request, I shall, in the following, research the question, what the United States' interference meant for the issue of the war; but I am quite aware that, when answering this question, I can do it only from a German point of view, especially from that of the German Headquarter. I can only contribute my opinion to the solution of the problem; but I believe that even this share will be interesting and important to any American who takes some interest in the matter. I am very much interested myself and think it most useful to listen to what foreigners say about the German strategy and — stirred by those critics — to examine carefully and repeatedly what I have done myself.

If both sides would act accordingly, free from passion and prejudice, it might help them to understand and to esteem each other again, to encourage the interchange of views among the leading intellectual classes of both nations, and to reconcile them after the deplorable historical conflict has been brought to a close.

It is my firm belief, and I draw from the very best sources, that before the war a 'Gentlemen's Agreement' existed between important men in France, England, and the United States. It was directed against the alleged 'Pan-Germanism Danger' and bound the United States to interfere in case of a war with Germany and Austria. A German diplomatist states that Wilson came to a like agreement with England in 1913, and that he promised benevolent neutrality and copious supply of arms and ammunition. It stands to reason that this agreement made it much easier to the Entente to decide for the war.

Thus from the very beginning of the war the government of the United States has never been neutral. When, in 1914, before the battle of the Marne, some voices in France were heard who asked for peace, some official representatives of the United States in Europe declared that France had to hold out, because the United States would interfere in any case. The result of the battle of the Marne allowed them to remain aside. The Entente and Russia conceived new hope for Germany's and Austria's defeat. Besides, the Entente's propaganda in the United States had not yet stirred the hatred against Germany. It needed time, and the Entente was to take their measures, or to let things go when they took the right turn. In the meantime the government of the United States gave the Entente every possible support, and thus strengthened their purpose to go on making war. The government agreed to anything that the Entente was pleased to do or

[1] When General Ludendorff was invited to contribute this paper, he was given the choice of leaving the translation to the editor, or of submitting an approved English version. He chose the latter alternative, and it has seemed best to leave the Teutonic sentence-structure in every case where it has not actually obscured the sense. — THE EDITOR.

to order, and interfered every time when Germany tried to cut England's thread of life — its commerce. I shall prove it by mentioning a few historical facts which cannot be contradicted.

1. On August 6, 1914, the government of the United States suggested to all the belligerent parties to look on the Declaration of London as being obligatory. Germany agreed on August 19; England gave an evasive reply. America did not protest against it, but withdrew, though knowing that its own legitimate commerce suffered from the English oppression.

2. At the beginning of the war almost all the neutral states stopped their export of war-material. Not so the United States. However, this export did not flourish during the first months. So on the fifteenth of October President Wilson issued an annex to the declaration of neutrality, in which he explained that private people could supply as much ammunition as they were able to. From here begins the sudden growth of the manufacture of ammunition, to which finally, to the benefit of the Entente, almost the whole industry of the United States devoted itself. Thus began the economical relations with the enemies of the Central Powers, which were to be linked tighter by the war-loan — even so tight that Germany's victory was likely to injure the United States.

3. On November 3, 1914, England declared the Northern Sea as theatre of war. Thus Germany was blockaded, though no blockade had been declared. America did not protest and was greatly inconsistent with what it had supported as being international law at the time of the Russo-Japanese war, twenty years ago.

4. When, on February 4, 1915, Germany issued a declaration in which it forbade any of the enemy's trading vessels to cross the sea round Great Britain and Ireland, on pain of being destroyed immediately, whereas it only warned the neutral ships not to do it, the United States government protested at once in a threatening language. Germany declared that it would have regard for the United States interests.

5. On February 22, 1915, America suggested the following arrangement between Germany and England. England should allow the import of food to certain firms in Germany, which should be charged by the American government with the distribution of the provisions among the civilian population. The German government accepted the proposal, with a slight reservation. The English not only refused it, but even did away with the last remainder of the international law. It took the last step on the way it had gone on since the beginning of the war, in order to cut off Germany entirely from the world, to make it starve, and to destroy its international commerce. On March 11, 1915, England issued its Order in Council, by which the English navy was allowed to confiscate all goods going to and coming from Germany, as well as goods of German provenance or property. The answering note of the United States was a voluntary agreement with the English measures. It is due to this agreement of the United States that it was possible to starve Germany.

6. Eight months after the Order in Council had taken effect, in November, 1915, America protested against the unlawful and indefensible 'alleged blockade,' but England answered at the end of April, 1916, that a country could be blockaded only when its geographical situation allowed it. As it was impossible to blockade Germany, it ought to be allowed to use the naval forces in some other way to Germany's defeat, in the way which the Order in Council adopted. Up to February, 1917, when America cut off all the connections with Ger-

many, that is to say, during ten months, America did not answer the English note and put up with the English practice, though consequently even the European neutrals could not get food enough for nourishing their own population in the usual way. Thus the American government has made good their own words: 'to admit it would be to assume an attitude of unneutrality toward the present enemies of Great Britain, which would be obviously inconsistent with the solemn obligations of this government.' The American government was unneutral according to their own statement.

7. As to what regards Germany, the American government always insisted on the old rules of sea-law being strictly obeyed, even then when the Congress itself disapproved with the government's view, as it happened on the question of the armed trade-vessels. From the beginning the government declared the use of the submarine boats illegal, and forced Germany to give up the U-boat war by communicating an ultimatum, which almost was a declaration of war. This ultimatum was sent at a time when — as it was stated at the Conference in Washington — the U-boat war was able to secure Germany's victory, as England's means of defense had not yet been sufficiently developed. I believe that this was the first time the United States rescued the Entente.

It was a small step only from the encouragement and furtherance of one of the belligerent parties to the beginning of real hostilities against the other.

Long before the war with the United States broke out, the German Headquarter was quite aware that the United States government would not allow the Germans to be victorious over the Entente; that they would take up arms in their favor, as soon as the possibility of the Entente's defeat should arise. To-day the American people, with few exceptions, will admit that this opinion has proved correct. Mr. Tumulty's (the important private secretary of Mr. Wilson) book, *Woodrow Wilson as I Know Him*, gives new proofs. At last President Wilson himself states that the United States would have taken part in the war even without the aggravated U-boat war. His attempt to negotiate peace in the winter of 1916–17 was only a method of making the American people ready to follow his politics. No wonder that under those circumstances Germany's enemies scornfully refused the German peace proposal.

The political, military, and economical situation of the Central Powers at the end of the winter of 1916–17 was such that one could not hope any longer to win the war by military operations on the continent alone. Nothing else was left to be done, but to use Germany's naval forces for the unrestricted U-boat war in certain parts of the sea, to weaken and to shatter the enemy's economical life, and to destroy their conditions of life. This method made a success possible, and therefore it was to be tried. Besides, one was justified to hope that the U-boat war would make it more difficult to provide the enemy's armies with implements of war, and would relieve our own lines which were pressed hard. One had to put up with the fact that probably it would give the American government the welcome pretext for taking up arms by the side of the Entente, as — as I said before — was to be expected sooner or later. Thus the unrestricted U-boat war did not mean challenging unscrupulously and haughtily a neutral power. It was the late, but probably not too late, unrestricted use of a weapon which seemed to show the only way how Germany might maintain its position in that struggle for its life.

I hope that to-day this clear and sim-

ple exposition will meet an unpassionate judgment and understanding, even among the American people; they may remember how their government behaved from the beginning of the war; what its intention was; and, finally, they may bear in mind that the United States did not declare war immediately after the beginning of the unrestricted U-boat war, at the beginning of February, 1917, but after the outbreak of the Russian Revolution, and after the great success of the U-boat war, when, at the end of March, Admiral Sims reported that Germany's victory was possible. At this time the American people had been influenced enough to follow the government to the war.

II

The question is, whether the German Headquarter was justified in believing that the unrestricted U-boat war would exercise a decisive influence, in case that America should augment the number and the strength of the enemy.

To begin with, it could never be Germany's intention to defeat England physically, as it was out of reach on its islands; but it was intended to weaken its military and economical forces to such an extent that it should prefer to give up the idea of defeating Germany and agree to a peace on conditions which were acceptable and unoffensive to both parties. One hoped that the unrestricted U-boat war would be effective enough during a certain space of time, which would be too short for the Americans to form considerable bodies, and to throw them on the European continent, and to influence the issue of the war; though one was aware that they would strain every nerve in developing their, on the peace footing, small army. The German Headquarter reckoned that it would take a year to form an army of a million of soldiers. As to the question, how long it would take to carry such an army to France, it relied on the opinion and the calculations of those experts who were chiefly qualified for answering this question — the Admiralty Staff. If their calculation was right, then America was unable to interfere with arms pretty soon, and the danger was not so threatening.

I was justified in hoping for a peace which might have been acceptable to all the belligerent parties. To be short, from the beginning I did not make light of the importance and efficiency of the American military support of the Entente; but I thought I was not mistaken in believing that the support would not arrive soon enough, and, consequently, would not come into full effect. If this idea proved wrong, one must submit to it because of Wilson's firm intention of interfering. In any case the situation was such that one could only win the war as long as the United States were not interfering, with all their forces, in time to relieve the Entente.

The U-boat war did not completely fulfill the great hopes which had been raised, partly on account of the means of defense, which England had developed and which the United States supplied. England's vital interests had not been hit so hard nor so quickly that, before the United States interfered, it would have been forced to show itself ready to discuss such conditions of peace, which would have been acceptable to Germany. On the other hand, the United States' accession to the coalition gave a strong impulse to the nations and armies, and strengthened their morale and mood, which, after the failure of the Aisne offensive, had deeply sunk. It is known how the French were cheered up by the arrival of the first American troops. Ideas of peace, which, in the summer of 1917, seemed to have seized even the statesmen of the Entente, were put aside definitely.

Thus the approaching interference of the American troops became always more threatening. However, after the successful actions of 1917, the German Headquarter believed to have time enough to beat on the continent the two strongest enemies, France and England, so decisively that America's forces would arrive too late. Therefore the Headquarter resolved — and it was no easy decision — to begin the offensive on the Western theatre of war in the earliest spring of 1918, and called together all the available troops from the other seats of war.

The statesmen of the Entente seemed to look at things from the same point of view, for it is known that, in the winter of 1917–18, they suggested to the United States to send their forces quicker to the front, and asked for a quicker coöperation, even at the expense of the drill. General Pershing described the situation as follows: 'The Allies are weakened very much, and we must help them till in 1918; the next year it may be too late. I am very doubtful whether they can maintain themselves till 1919, if we do not help them copiously in 1918.'

One of the main reasons for the early beginning of the offensive was the uneasiness about the future enemy. In the winter of 1917–18 the German General Staff had made up a calculation, according to which, before spring, the American troops in France might reach the number of fifteen divisions, the greatest part of which, however, would only be fit for quiet parts of the battle-line and could replace there English-French divisions. This calculation may have been too favorable, and this number may not have been attained by the end of March, 1918. Further the memoir says: 'Recruits, armament, and equipment of the American troops are good. The drill is not yet perfect. But the first body which was sent to the battle-line fought well against a German attack. We must expect the American soldier to become a considerable opponent, when his drill and experience have grown.'

The attack was to be directed against the lines on both sides of St.-Quentin. This sector had been chosen, partly from tactical reasons, but chiefly because the ground allowed an attack at any season of the year; an attack through the wet plain of the Lys would have obliged us to wait till the middle of April. Considering America's interference, I did not think that opportune; not because I thought it possible that by that time considerable American forces might have taken part in the battle; but they would have been able to relieve experienced troops of the Entente and, by this means, to augment considerably their defensive force. Besides, I bore in mind from the beginning that the first big attack would perhaps not attain its aim — to defeat the English army; another attack against the French would have been necessary. A series of blows, with pauses between them, might have become necessary. Therefore, the first blow could not begin too soon. It began on March 21, on both sides of St.-Quentin.

Things took a turn which I certainly had not wanted, but which I had foreseen as possible. In two attacks, following each other with short interval, on both sides of St.-Quentin and at Armentières, the English army was severely beaten and terribly shaken; but in the last minute both parts were saved from complete defeat by French troops. If, immediately after this second attack, which was carried on in Flanders from April 9 to April 17, the German Headquarter had struck a third blow on the French part of the front line, I am sure that the situation on the theatre of war would have been altered considerably in favor of Germany, and that the American troops, not sufficiently drilled for

war in the open country, would have been shattered in the big whirlpool. But the Germans had not enough troops for an immediately following third blow, partly because the victorious troops had exerted themselves to the uttermost, and had suffered considerable losses, partly because the influx of the new levy from home slackened more and more.

Thus precious time was lost in restoring the worn-out divisions. This unavoidable loss of time was most welcome to the enemies. They were able to recover, to carry fresh troops to the battle-line, and to hold them ready for further defensive actions. It would not have been possible, if the American bodies had not been arriving at shorter and shorter intervals, carrying with them enormous quantities of all kinds of implements of war. The ships needed were procured by a regardless policy, which did not recoil even from using force with the neutrals.

I was aware that the difficulty of deciding the war, before the American support became effective, grew more and more. Nevertheless, I adhered to this intention, knowing that only our initiative and the best use of the available time could bring us success. By the end of May, the German army was strong enough to raise its arm for the third big stroke. This time it was directed against the French line at the Chemin-des-Dames. Originally this action only aimed at forcing the French to draw away their reserves from Flanders; but it developed quickly to a surprisingly big tactical success against more than forty French divisions.

It is known that on the second of June a distressed appeal, signed by Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and Orlando, and sanctioned by Foch, was sent to the President of the United States, saying that the danger was imminent that the war might be lost, if the inferiority in number of the Allies should not be compensated, as quickly as possible, by the American troops. America released the Entente from this calamity, and rescued them from breaking down. The 2d and 3d American divisions were hurriedly carried to the front, filled up the gap of the French, who retired hastily from the Marne at Château-Thierry, and raised their morale, which had sunk deep. It is fascinating to read the dramatic account of the Frenchman, Pierrefeu, describing what an almost supernatural impression that splendid youth from across the sea, those beardless boys of twenty, abounding in vigor and health, completely newly equipped, made on the emaciated, hollow-eyed French in their torn and threadbare uniforms. Both divisions stopped the German advance by their brave and sacrificing behavior, as the Germans were exhausted themselves and inferior in number. Already before that, at Cantigny, opposite Montdidier, the 1st American division gave the first proof of being fit for offensive actions.

Henceforth the American troops, formed in divisions of their own, — though there were not yet many, — were used at the most important parts of the battlefield in an active and offensive way. The German Headquarter had to reckon with this new and disagreeable fact.

III

Besides, another fact was thrown into relief. It was the effect which the enemy's propaganda exercised on the spirit of the German army and of the nation, which suffered hard from the illegal blockade, this effect having considerably grown since the United States joined the coalition. This propaganda must not be undervalued, if one wants to judge correctly the importance of the United States' intervention. The avail-

able space does not allow me to dive into the matter.

In consequence of the failure, right at the beginning of the last German attack at the Marne and near Reims, in the middle of July, 1918, I have been often reproached with having misunderstood the situation, overvalued the effectiveness of the German army, undervalued that of the enemy. I did not shut my eyes to the growing difficulties which were to be overcome, nor did it escape me that time worked more and more in favor of the enemy. The English had had time enough, during four quiet months, to rally their badly struck divisions, the more as the French and Belgians took charge of parts of their front line. Besides, according to what the prisoners said, the difficulties in procuring the new levy seemed removed. The especially well-trained and well-composed Australian and Canadian troops had suffered little in the past battles. From Palestine and Italy, four English divisions, two from each country, were said to have been carried to the Western theatre of war. Since the middle of June, the fighting and skirmishing at the front of the group of Crown Prince Rupprecht, between the Channel and the Somme, increased constantly — a sign that new strength ran through the veins of the English army.

Nor was it possible to argue that the resistance of the French army was growing weak on account of the losses which the May–June attack of the German army had undoubtedly inflicted on them. I was aware, too, that the French had one year's levy of recruits more than Germany; that the population of North Africa was a big reservoir of men; and that the Allies were able to withdraw more and more of their own troops from the front, the more the Americans took charge of parts of the front line. After April alarming news arrived about the number of troops and the rate at which they crossed the ocean. It was calculated that more than half a million crossed in May and June. On the first of July, the General Staff reckoned the number of the Americans who were in France as more than a million — 600,000 of them being fighting troops. The number of the divisions was thought to be twenty-two in the middle of July, and they comprised twice as many infantrymen as the German divisions. It may be that the calculation of the German General Staff did not come up to the real numbers, because one could not get reliable information about the extent of increase and rate of the transports. Wherever the American soldier appeared, he fought unskillfully, but bravely, and in full control of his fresh nerves. The question was whether the new divisions which had not yet been used, would be equal to the picked troops, and whether the American officers would acquire the tactical and technical knowledge which they needed, in order to lead their troops in big wholly American units, especially in the war in open country.

The German army could no longer reckon on any reinforcements. It was impossible to withdraw such troops as were fit for an offensive from the other theatres of war; the levy from home slackened more and more; it chiefly consisted in returning slightly wounded and recovered men; partly it was to be taken from the transport columns, from the commissariat and other not-fighting units. The strength of the battalions sank down to 500 men, and less. Finally, it was evident that the dissolution of the German army, caused by the enemy's propaganda and the spread of revolutionary ideas, was going on. Altogether, I was fully aware that the spirit and the efficiency of the army was no longer the same as it had been at the beginning of the offensive in spring.

However, I still firmly believe that

there was no reason to doubt the efficiency of a weapon which had become notchy, but not blunt, as long as one succeeded in hiding one's own intentions, plans, and actions, — as one did in the past, — and in attacking by surprise the weak point of the enemy's line, which had been attacked several times successfully in the past. I valued so highly the advantage which the initiative had hitherto brought, that in my opinion it made up for the actual disproportion of the two opponents in number and quality. As yet, nothing was decided; things were kept in balance. It depended on the issue of the battle, which scale would be weighed down. After the failure, I was reproached that the German method of attacking had lost its spell, because the enemy had had time enough to make out new means of organizing its defense. It is true, as far as it regards the result of the attack in July, but only because the chief principle did not work. The enemy could not be kept in the dark about the time and the area of the attack, nor about the plans, partly on account of treachery. The task was very difficult, but not indissoluble. The action had been prepared with the same precaution and thoroughness as ever. The German troops were not lacking in bravery, nor in tenacity. But, to be successful, they needed something which the leader had no influence on, but with which he cannot dispense — good luck. More than once fortune smiled upon me; but in the decisive moment of the war it left me alone and favored the enemy. When stating that, it is not my intention to disparage the enemy's merit.

I have written so copiously about this question because it is my opinion that a German victory at the Marne and near Reims, even in July, 1918, would have been able to change the situation entirely in favor of Germany. A difficult and unthankful business would have devolved upon the Americans: to support their Allies at any place, in order to keep them afloat. A systematic use of the reinforcements they brought would have been impossible. Ideas of peace, which dwelt in the hearts of the Entente, would have spread. But as things developed after the failure of the German attack, the Americans had the advantage of keeping their units together in the attacks they prepared, and of playing an important part in the decisive battles.

They did it vigorously and successfully. At first, they fought in close cooperation, side by side with the other Allies, especially with France. In Foch's big counter-attack against the German 7th and 1st Army on July 18, which started from the woods of Villers-Cotterets and from the north of it, as well as from the west of Château-Thierry, nine American divisions played the main part and pushed forth far to the east and northeast. Especially their attack to the southwest of Soissons — which was delivered by the 1st and 2d divisions, as far as I remember — was decisive. The more, during the next months, the Americans fought without assistance, the more their tactical and strategical efficiency grew.

In August, yielding to General Pershing's intense desire, which contradicted the intentions of the Entente's Headquarter, an American sector was built up, at first between the Moselle and the Meuse. General Pershing became its Commander-in-Chief. As to their outfit of material and their rear communications, they depended much on the help of the Allies, especially of the French. According to General Pershing's urgent demand, the Americans were charged with a not-too-far-reaching action, which they were to carry out unassisted by the other Allies. It took place on September 12, when the Americans assaulted from the south and the west

the German wedge-shaped lines at St.-Mihiel. This salient position, resulting from the fighting in open country in September, 1914, had been defended successfully in violent fighting till the summer of 1915, and had then become a decidedly quiet position. It was a fascinating object for an attack. The German leaders were aware of the impossibility of resisting an attack, launched against this position with all the means of modern warfare. In this case, it was planned to withdraw the troops into the chord position in the Woevre plain, which had been prepared for years.

Though the detailed American preparations had been made very skillfully, they did not escape the German attention, who immediately began the preparations for clearing the position and withdrawing into the chord. But these movements themselves were not carried out in time; so that the weak German forces — chiefly *Landwehr*, some worn-out active and reserve divisions, and an Austro-Hungarian division — were obliged to accept the battle against eleven (?) American divisions. One division on the southern part of the front, against which the chief assault was made, broke down; all the others resisted in a praiseworthy way. I believe the Americans would have won a big tactical victory, if they had made the most of their success on the southern front, pushing forward vigorously and unhesitatingly. I doubt whether it would have been possible to hold the chord position. Thus the Germans succeeded in falling back on it, but not without considerable losses.

In the following operations, aiming at a definite decision of the war, General Pershing acted an important part. In the big offensive toward Sedan on both sides of the Argonne forest, which French and Americans made together, the American troops had their main forces between the Meuse and the Argonne. If, in autumn, 1918, it was General Foch's scheme to encircle the German main forces at the Meuse, near the Belgian-French frontier, or in the inner part of Belgium, it was General Pershing's task to lead, on the right wing, the decisive attack against the rear communications of the German army in the north of France, while the French, advancing in the Champagne, to the west of the Argonne, were to hold in check as strong German forces as possible, and the English were to break through the German line in Flanders.

In the Champagne the Germans noticed in time the imminent big attack, and organized their defense, between the Meuse and the Argonne. After the battle at the St.-Mihiel front had come to an end, the Headquarter of the 5th German Army thought that the American attacks would be carried on to the north of Verdun, on the eastern bank of the Meuse, not on the western. Full justice must be done to the skillful and farsighted way — very much like the way the Germans acted before the beginning of their offensive in spring — in which the Americans hid the extensive preparations for their intended attack between the Meuse and the Argonne, though they were obliged to put off the time of the beginning by several days. They were helped very much by the conformation of the ground, the network of railways and roads, and the weather, which allowed them to replace and reinforce the defensive divisions by offensive troops, which were carried up by motor-vans in the very night before the beginning of the attack, unnoticed by the enemy. Thus, during the night between the 25th and 26th of September, the French defensive divisions were replaced by seven fresh American divisions. Thus a wholly American sector was built — one of nine divisions, which were divided up in three groups, and

formed the 1st American Army under General Pershing's command. During these weeks the trench-war had been fought intensively, and the moral qualities of the troops were raised by orders pointed to what the Americans had done thus far, and tickling their ambition and pride.

More than the French, the Americans thought the success to be dependent on surprise. Their success, which was so much bigger than that of the French, justified their view. The preceding artillery-fire during the night did not last more than three hours. At 5 A.M., the infantry sallied forth from the trenches, which had been dug out for the assault. The main forces advanced in the middle, in the direction of Malancourt–Montfaucon–Nautillois–Cunel. Favored by dense mist, and helped by numbers of tanks and an extraordinarily strong artillery, they succeeded in pressing back the German front by five miles, and in taking possession of the first area of entrenchments. But the line which in American maps was drawn as aim of the first day had not been reached. Already in the night, new attacks of wide extent began, and went on up to the evening of the 29th of September; but they did not get on considerably farther than they had come the day before.

In the Argonne, the German lines were withdrawn spontaneously. On September 30 the actions were stopped for several days, probably on account of the big losses and the strain of the troops, perhaps on account of difficulties of supply. On October 4, the Americans resumed their attacks, with fresh forces, after an hour and a half of most vehement fire of artillery. As the action was no longer a surprise, the enemy's advance at first, in the middle of the last day's battlefield, was small. But this time the weight of the attack lay more to the west at the Aire, the attack being extended up to the Argonne.

By October 10 the Americans had taken the whole part of the Argonne forest south of the lower part of the Aire, and advanced in the plain up to the line St.-Fuvin–Brieulles, fighting hard and suffering great losses. In the meantime, beginning at October 8, the attack spread to the eastern bank of the Meuse. But here the Americans, coöperating considerably with French divisions, did not gain much ground to the north. After October 12, the action did not seem to be directed methodically any longer. Shortly after, the heavy battles, which had been carried on with rare pertinacity, slackened for a time.

The Americans' success did not so much consist in the gain of ground, as the line which was aimed at had not been attained, but in the effect which it exercised on the situation in the Champagne, where the French, during a fortnight, did not get on nearly as well in their hard battles against the German 3d Army. Only in consequence of the American advance in the Argonne and to the east of it, the 3d German Army was obliged to withdraw behind the Aisne and the Aire during the nights between the ninth and the twelfth of October.

IV

The question arises whether it has been wise to extend the American offensive to the right and to the left, as had been done during the operations, or whether it would have been better to keep the forces together and to attack in the same extent straight to the north. If the latter was chosen, one probably would have been able to carry on the attack longer by adding new forces. The German position in the Argonne would have been taken without attacking it, if the American advance in the plain should have continued; the situation in the Champagne would have been influenced indirectly, but not less con-

siderably. But tactical and strategical reasons advised to extend the attack up to the Argonne and to the eastern bank of the Meuse. It was necessary to eliminate the defenders' very disagreeable outflanking artillery-fire from the eastern border of the Argonne forest, to which the Americans, who advanced over the plain, were exposed. The capture of Châtel and Cornay, due to the pressure in the Argonne, forced the 5th German Army to withdraw its right wing across the Aire, which had the above-mentioned consequence to the neighboring army. Besides, the action on the right bank of the Meuse seemed advisable from a strategical point of view. As the total of the operations aimed at seizing the passages of the Meuse, it was of greatest importance to support these actions by advancing at the same time on the other bank of the river.

After a pause of more than two weeks, the Americans, who, in the meantime, had augmented to a group comprising two armies, resumed their offensive from the line Grandpré–Aincreville, in concert with the operations of the Allies. The weight of the attack lay as before on the left bank of the Meuse and, pressing to the north, it was intended to seize the Meuse passages above Sedan. The pressure which at the same time was exercised on the eastern bank, in cooperation with the French, was not as hard. The Germans fought on the western bank mostly in the way of rearguards. Till the truce, the 1st America Army succeeded in establishing roads of bridges at several points on the Meuse, from Brieulles *via* Dun, up to Mouzon, and in extending them bye-and-bye up to the Chiers brook. Here, too, the Americans most successfully influenced the general situation; by pressing back the opposite German lines in frontal attacks, they forced the German Headquarter to withdraw the German lines from the Aisne, where at the same time they had been assaulted by the French, mostly unsuccessfully. The German report of November 3 displayed this fact.

When I picture to myself the general strategical situation, I am of the opinion that, in this second part of the offensive, the pressure exercised on the right bank of the Meuse could have been much stronger from the beginning. As far as I can see, the 2d American Army had been used very little only. It is an old rule, that, when fighting for the crossing of a river, one has to push forward vigorously on those parts where one has already reached the other bank, in order to help those troops who are still fighting for the crossing.

I do not know to what degree the American Headquarter was independent of the orders of the Commander-in-Chief of the Allies. The following critique of the general operations in autumn, 1918, only regards the Commander-in-Chief. In my opinion, the dispositions did not correspond with the grand strategical design which Marshal Foch is said to have had drawn. The only possible way to encircle the German main forces in Belgium would have been to make both wings of the Allied front as strong as possible, and to operate with them, from the beginning, in the most effective direction. Therefore, on the right wing, the main attack of the Americans should have been carried on the eastern bank of the Meuse, at least after October 4, and should have been directed straight to the northeast. Between the Meuse and the Argonne a secondary attack would have sufficed to hold the German forces. For the same reasons, on the left wing of the Allies, an attack in the direction of Anvers–Brussels was to be preferred to a mere frontal attack against and over the German Siegfried position.

I certainly hate any 'paper' strategy, which always prefers those operations

which have the most attractive appearance, without determining whether the actions it requires are tactically practicable. As the situation in the middle of September, 1918, appeared to the Allies, there was little difference between strong and weak points of the German position. In any case, one cannot say that, from the beginning of October, from a tactical point of view, an attack on the eastern bank of the Meuse would have had smaller chances than the same on the western bank. In any case, the design which the Allies' Commander-in-Chief had chosen did not secure the great strategical aim. The German leader had the reins so firmly in his hand, that the retreat was carried out in perfect order, though with great strain of the troops. What the German Commander-in-Chief would have done, if Marshal Foch had acted as suggested — that is a question which I will not dive into.

When reflecting on the strategical situation in the Western seat of war, at the time of the truce, I shall defer my judgment upon the question whether — if war had gone on, and without the outbreak of the revolution in Germany — the Germans would have been able to resist some time in the so-called Anvers–Meuse position; the last success of the American troops, and the impending general attack against Briey–Longwy and in Lorraine, were to be taken into consideration. But even if it was impossible, as our enemies say, the war would be far from being lost, considered from a mere military point of view, as the huge bar of the Rhine and the inner part of Germany gave plenty of opportunities for a long persevering defense.

If one reflects once more on the history of the Great War, one has no doubt that, by the behavior of the United States, the Entente felt encouraged to begin the war and to carry it on, till, at the end, America's interference in France, and at the same time the growing propaganda, made the Allies win the war.

That being so, I believe the Americans have common sense enough to agree that lucky circumstances favored them greatly. The main part of the American army intervened in the war at a time when they had the great advantage of having their nerves intact, while, on the other hand, Germany's resistance had considerably slackened after four years of heroic fighting against an overwhelming superiority in number, during a starving blockade, when the German nerves, — unceasingly exposed to terrible experiences, — and the bodies of the constantly dwindling number of combatants, were no longer able to stand the destructive effect of a defense in modern warfare, when no relief from home was brought to the army, and when the enemy's propaganda and the revolutionary agitation of the Independent Social Democrats had poisoned the beautiful spirit of the German army.

LITTLE MISSIONS

BY RALPH BUTLER

Soon after the Armistice, Central and Eastern Europe were flooded with Interallied missions. There was the Food Mission (of which Mr. Hoover was the honored chief), and the Railway Mission, and a number of separate military missions, French, English, and Italian; and there were a couple of very mysterious semiofficial American missions, traveling about to collect information for President Wilson.

All these missions found their work greatly hampered by lack of information. In the new states that had been carved out of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, the statistical machinery had come to an abrupt standstill at the time of the collapse: the change of government carried with it, in most cases, a marked deterioration in the efficiency of the local administrations; and there was also a certain amount of sabotage of archives.

The Food Mission was unable to obtain any reliable estimates of the 1919 harvest in either Jugoslavia, Poland, or Rumania. In Paris, also, in the early part of 1919, when the Peace Conference was beginning its sittings, extremely little was known as to what was happening in Central and Eastern Europe. And a great deal was happening. Each of the new states was trying to establish *faits accomplis*, before the Conference came to fix the new frontiers. Almost everybody was in a state of war with someone else; republics rose and fell; waves of occupation advanced and receded; and some thought that the Russian Revolution was about to overwhelm all Europe as far as the Alps.

Under these circumstances, many of the Interallied missions took to sending small detachments, or individual officers, to report on the situation in critical districts. It is to these expeditions that the name of Little Missions has been given. Peace to the ashes of the Little Missions! They cost a great deal of money, and have long since been stopped. But they amassed much information which no one else would have got. Their reports are buried among the papers of the Supreme Economic Council and similar bodies. The writer served on no less than fifteen such missions in the years 1919 and 1920, and all of them were interesting, and some of them exciting. It is the story of one of these that is told below.

In March, 1919, the Government of Austria, which was then threatened by famine, concluded what is called in that part of the world a 'Compensation Treaty' with the Government of the West Ukranian Republic. West Ukraine undertook to sell to Austria certain fixed quantities of foodstuffs, oil, and other raw materials. Austria undertook to sell to West Ukraine agricultural machinery, tools, clothing, paper, electro-technical apparatus, and other manufactured articles. At this time, and well on into 1920, the only possible way to execute such an agreement was to send the goods under an Allied flag, and, if possible, with an Allied escort. If Austria sent its goods

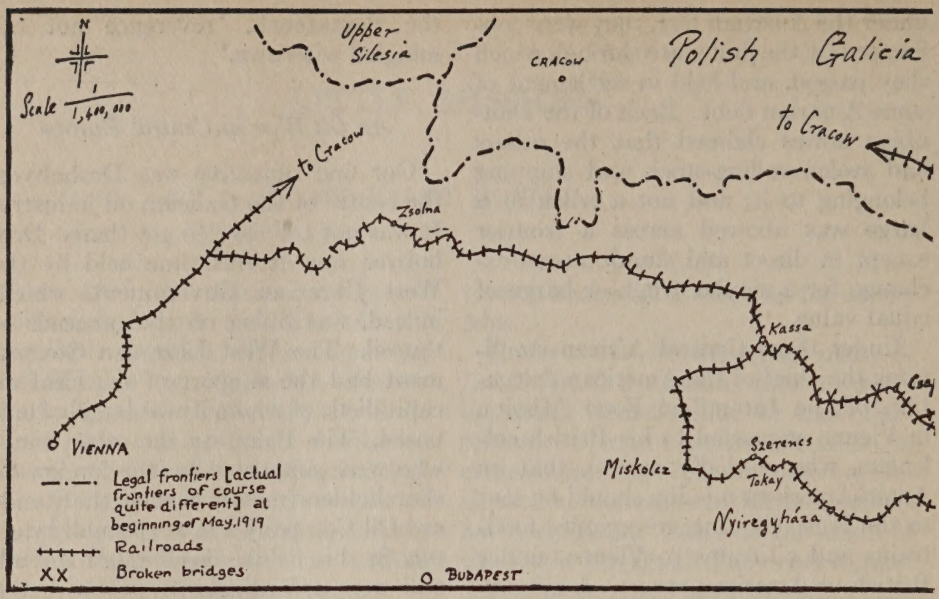
under the Austrian flag, they were confiscated by the first state through which they passed, and held in settlement of some Austrian debt. Each of the Danubian states claimed that the others had stolen rolling-stock and shipping belonging to it; and not a truck or a barge was allowed across a frontier except in direct and simultaneous exchange for a similar truck or barge of equal value.

Under these Central African conditions the chief of the American delegation of the Interallied Food Mission in Vienna suggested to his British colleague, who cordially agreed, that an Anglo-American mission should be sent to the West Ukraine, to organize food-trains and oil-trains to Vienna, under British or American escort. A mission was accordingly made up, Lieutenant-Colonel Jones as Chef-de-Mission representing the United States, and the writer (with humility) Great Britain. Two American railway experts, Captain Mitchell and Lieutenant Baird, with two men, were attached to Colonel Jones, and a corporal and three British soldiers to myself. These last were to act as couriers, any kind of postal communication at this period and in this region being out of the question. We had with us, also, two representatives of the Austrian Government, a Czechoslovak railway official, to smooth difficulties with Czech station-masters on our transit through Czechoslovak territory, and, last but not least, Councilor of Legation Dr. Zalozieckyj (of whom more later), representing the West Ukranian Government. We traveled in a private car, — it was, as a matter of fact, the car in which Count Czernin had traveled to Brest-Litovsk at the time of the famous peace negotiations, — and one ordinary car plastered profusely with posters showing the American and British flags, which, in the early days of 1919, inspired, like the Pentateuch, 'reverence not unmingled with awe.'

An Oil War in Central Europe

Our first objective was Drohobycz, the centre of the Galician oil industry. It was not too easy to get there. Drohobycz was at this time held by the West Ukranian Government, which, indeed, was living on the proceeds of the oil. The West Ukranian Government had the support of the local oil capitalists, of whom it was largely composed. The Poles, on the other hand, who were supported by the foreign oil shareholders (mostly French: the Standard Oil Company has very small interests in this field), also wanted the oil, and were accordingly at war with the West Ukranians. The line of trenches was only a few miles to the west of Drohobycz. But, as this Polish-Ukranian war had been proceeding without much change in the fighting line for some months, we did not think, when we started, that it would prove one of the more formidable obstacles to the execution of our task. It did, however, make it impossible for us to take the natural route through Cracow and Galicia to Drohobycz, as it was certain that even our British and American flags would not take us across the Polish lines. The only other way was to go through North Hungary, that is to say, south instead of north of the Carpathians; to cross the Carpathians by whichever pass we found open, — there was absolutely no information on such points in Vienna when we started, — and to come down upon Drohobycz on the other side.

At this time Hungary was under the Bolshevist régime of Bela Kun, and everybody had Bolshevism on the nerves. It is possible that Bela Kun, who always behaved well to the relief missions, would have let our train pass

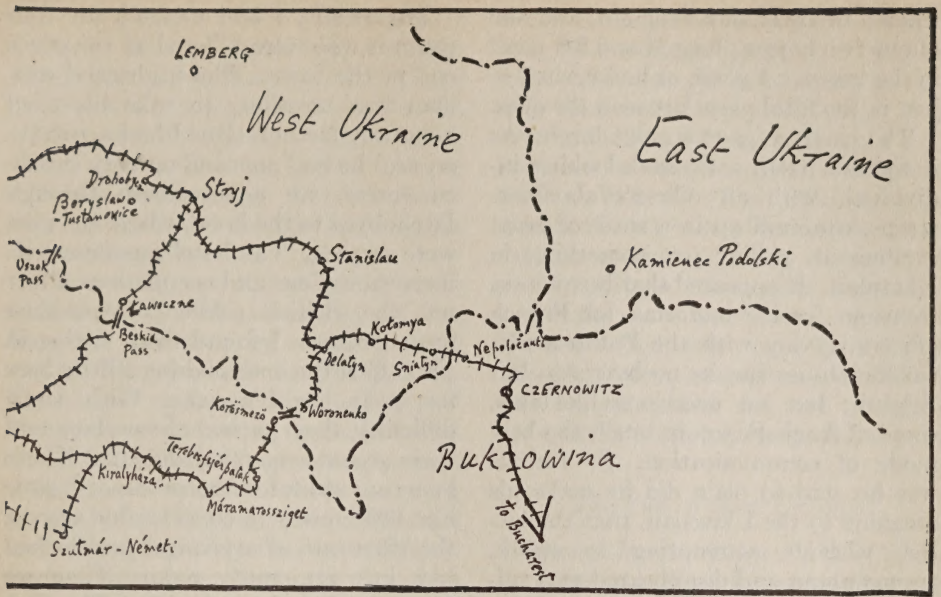


through Budapest; but we did not want to ask him. At this moment, however, as it happened, North Hungary had been invaded by two armies, one Czechoslovak, with French and Italian generals attached, and one Rumanian. Later, these invaders were driven back — rather ignominiously in the case of the Czechs, who were in superior force — by Bela Kun's troops. But at the moment they had penetrated well into Hungary; and if they could maintain their then front line, we should be able to travel comfortably over the territory in their occupation. At any rate, we could get through on the outward journey. The return must be left to chance.

I apologize for the names that I shall have to use in this story. Let me say briefly, for the benefit of any reader who pays it the compliment of following it on the map, that the route we eventually took was as follows: Zsolna (Sillein), Kassa (Kaschau), Miskolcz, Szerencs, Nyiregyháza, Szatmár-Németi, Kiralyháza, Csap. We were forced to take the circuitous route indicated from Kassa on, because we found two railroad bridges blown up by the combatants, one between Sátoraljaújhely and Bodrogszerdahely, and the other between Záhony and Csap.

Szerencs was the point of contact, when we passed it, between the Czech and Rumanian troops. Soon after leaving it we came to Tokay, home of the famous wine which in the mediæval fairy stories only princes and princesses drink. We found Tokay what Baedeker calls 'repaying.' When we drew into the station, a detachment of the 84th Rumanian Infantry Regiment was drawn up to receive us. Carriages were waiting; and after inspecting the guard with great affability, we drove to the regimental headquarters, where lunch, with a very pretty selection of the Tokay vintages of the last half-century, was laid for about thirty people. This attention on the part of brothers-in-arms went straight to our hearts, the more so as it was quite unexpected.

After lunch, having stocked the cellars of the car as full as they would hold, we steamed out of Tokay station to the



The author's sketch-map of the scene of his adventures

strains of 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' 'God Save the King,' and the Rumanian National Anthem. It was not till Szatmár-Németi, some hours farther down the line, that we met the American Military Attaché in Bucharest, also on a Little Mission, and learned that the lunch had been intended for him. It is incidents like this which diversify and, if one may say so, lend distinction to Little Missions. It is certain they never happen to the Supreme Council or the League of Nations, when those high organisms go traveling.

Csap is the junction for the Uszok Pass: but, the Poles being in possession of the Galician side of the Uszok, we were obliged to take the next pass to the east, the Beskid. At Lawoczne, we found a derelict locomotive, which we took along with us. We were to be very glad of it later. Early in the morning of 19 May 1919, we arrived at Stryj, a junction on one of the two main lines that run from end to end of Galicia, and moving westward along this line, we soon afterward reached Drohobycz.

The Fall of Drohobycz

Dr. Semen Wityk, President of the Naphtha Commissariat, — the official organization for the control of the oil production, — was waiting on the platform to meet us. We invited him into the car and held a conference, at which Colonel Jones was able immediately to come to a provisional agreement for the shipment of a certain number of tank-cars. We then drove to the Engineers' Hostel attached to the State Refinery, where we bathed and lunched. All this while, the noise of artillery firing in the distance was clearly audible: but we were told that there was no change in the military situation.

After lunch, Colonel Jones and I drove out in a two-horse carriage to Boryslaw-Tustanowice, some seven miles from Drohobycz, where the oil wells are. In Drohobycz are only the refineries. Having been shown a number of the wells, we started to drive back. It was about 7.30 P.M., and we were on the outskirts of Drohobycz,

when a revolver shot rang out, and one of our two horses plunged and fell dead in the traces. A good, or lucky, shot — just in the fatal place between the eyes.

The carriage gave a great lurch. As it righted itself, a Cossack-looking individual, with an officer's shoulder-straps, cantered up in a state of great excitement, calling out something in Ukranian. It appeared that he took us, from our foreign uniforms, for French officers serving with the Polish army. Colonel Jones speaks no language but English; but on occasions like this, shouted Anglo-Saxon in much the best mode of communication. So furious was he, and so plain did he make his meaning to the Ukranian, that the latter, without attempting to speak, turned about and disappeared at a gallop. We were soon to have an explanation of these proceedings. Meanwhile, we disentangled the dead horse, and with the other, drove on into Drohobycz.

Drohobycz consists mostly of one long dirty street straggling over a mile and a half. Along its whole length this street was entirely deserted. The house in which we had been quartered was absolutely empty. At length, in a neighboring house, we found a frightened housemaid, who understood my Polish: and from her Ukranian we gathered that, after we had left for the oil wells, news had arrived of a reverse to the Ukranian forces: the Poles were advancing on the town, and everybody who could had left. Our hosts of the morning had decamped without leaving a word. What was worse, as we soon afterward discovered at the railway station, they had taken our engine. After much search we found a decrepit engine in the yard, with a leaking steam-pipe which continually extinguished the furnace. On this engine, Colonel Jones and one of the Americans set to work to patch up the leak and get up steam.

Meanwhile, I had to fetch my four couriers who were billeted at the other end of the town. The frightened cabman was unwilling to take his tired horse any farther. But I had a revolver, and he had not: and on very strained terms, we again drove through Drohobycz to the hotel, where the men were staying. The hotel was deserted: but evacuations and occupations affect not the British soldier. *Impavidum feriunt ruinæ.* I found them sitting in the café of the hotel, taking a little beer for their health's sake. With some difficulty they packed themselves and their accoutrement on the cab. There being no room for the cabman, I gave him 600 crowns (a considerable sum at the then rate of exchange) and locked him into an empty room. Then we drove back to the station. The first battalion of the retreating Ukranian army was already entering the town. The sound of firing was not appreciably nearer at this time; but Drohobycz fell, nevertheless, in the course of the night.

We traveled slowly all through the night, driving our own engine, on which the colonel had effected a very cunning repair. When not watching the engine, to see that the furnace was not put out, we kept a lookout from the back of our slowly receding train to see if the oil wells had been fired; but, though we watched till late in the night, there were no signs of burning, and in fact the oil fields changed hands without any material damage.

In the morning we reached Stryj. We had covered the same distance on the previous day in just under two hours. Now, with the line blocked by the retreating troop-trains, it had taken us the whole night. One of the few men we met who kept their heads in this debacle was a certain engineer, Wolodymir Dutka, whom we had first met as one of the Ukranian representatives

who negotiated the Compensation Treaty. We now found him at Stryj, where he had taken over the entire management of the retreat. He did nothing else but handle troop-trains for three days and three nights, during which he had no sleep. There is generally one man who rises to the occasion in an emergency.

There were a number of full oil tank-cars at Stryj, and one or two on the line over the pass by which we had come. We were able to arrange with Dutka that we might move as many of these across the pass as we could before the Poles arrived. He gave us one more defective locomotive which his own people had no time to repair. With this and the second locomotive, which we had brought from Ławoczne (but had left outside Stryj, for fear it might be taken from us at the junction), Captain Mitchell and Lieutenant Baird immediately set to work to round up, and shift over the pass, as many oil tank-cars as they could. They succeeded in collecting as many as 136.

Meanwhile, Colonel Jones and myself, in the car, made our way ahead as fast as we could in order to get Czechoslovak locomotives. From Ławoczne at the head of the pass we got through by telephone to the Czechoslovak authorities at Csap, who promised immediately to send us seven engines which they said were standing there ready, with steam up. We foolishly trusted to this promise, and sent our own engine back to reinforce Captain Mitchell. We should have done better to take it on to Csap and fetch the seven Csap engines ourselves; for none of these ever arrived, the Czech authorities (as we ought to have guessed) being afraid of their falling into the hands of the Poles.

Captain Mitchell was accordingly left with only three highly defective locomotives with which to move 136 heavy tank-cars over a high mountain pass with stiff gradients. So successfully, however, did he accomplish his task that, in the end, he brought just over a hundred across the pass; and just under a hundred eventually reached Vienna. (The difference represents the wayside pilfering and fiscal chicane customary in any shipment of merchandise in this region of Europe under the new conditions.) Captain Mitchell's last trip was made under rifle-fire from an advanced Polish detachment which did not succeed, however, in stopping his train.

The End of West Ukraine

Colonel Jones and myself had still to interview the West Ukranian Government which was now at Stanislawiw (Stanislau). We accordingly continued our journey, accompanied only by Dr. Zalozieckyj, along the south side of the Carpathians, which we crossed by the last railway pass into Galicia (Máramarossziget–Körösmezö–Delatyn). The last station in Rumanian occupation at this date (21 May 1919) was Terebesfejérpatak. The first in Ukranian occupation was Woronenko. Between these two stations was for the moment a political vacuum, across which no train had passed for five months. We were assured by staff officers, with tears in their kind old eyes, that it was held by 'Bolsheviki.' The term Bolshevik at this period connoted little more than a nationality other than one's own. Paris and London were then in terror of the Russian Revolution spreading to Central Europe, and anyone wishing to annex somebody else's territory accordingly represented his opponents as Bolsheviki. The Poles had been particularly successful, with the aid of the correspondent of an English daily newspaper, in representing their conflicts with the Ukranians in this light.

I had myself, however, as it happened, once attempted to shoot bears in this part of the world before the war, and knew that the story of Bolsheviki must be absurd. The inhabitants are, in fact, Huculs, Ukranian-speaking mountaineers, rather like the crofters in the Scotch Highlands, who eke out with difficulty a sparse subsistence from the barren Alp-land. Anything less like Bolsheviki can hardly be imagined. Almost all their grain and flour has to be imported from Galicia or Hungary; and the five months' closing of the railroad had caused great suffering from food-shortage. The country is the country of *Dracula*, though it may be doubted if the author of that alarming romance ever visited it.

There were two tunnels in the 'Vacuum'; and everybody at Körösmezö assured us that they were blocked by the Bolsheviki. One of us accordingly walked in front of the train through the tunnels. It is eerie work walking through a single-track tunnel with a train coming along close behind one. The train always seems to be quickening speed, particularly in the dark part about the middle of the tunnel!

We arrived in Stanislau in the early hours of 22 May 1919, — the blocks in the tunnels had of course proved to be imaginary, — and were received the same morning by the West Ukranian ministers (Dr. Petrusiewicz, Dr. Holubowicz, and others). It was apparent to us even before the interview that there was no longer any prospect, under present conditions, of finding food for Vienna in Galicia. We could, therefore, regard our mission to the West Ukraine as accomplished. We had, at any rate, thanks to Captain Mitchell, a hundred-odd tank-cars of oil to show for it. Can all missions show as much?

We had also received instructions, when leaving Vienna, to report on the prospects of food-supplies being available in the East Ukraine. West Ukraine, with which we had hitherto been concerned, is merely the eastern end of the former Austrian province of Galicia, a small district. East Ukraine is the whole vast plain of South Russia, as far as the Caucasus and the Don. Both are inhabited by people of the same race and language; but whereas the East Ukranians are orthodox in religion, and their culture Russian (with marked characteristics of its own), the West Ukranians are Uniates, — that is, they have the Greek rite and a married clergy, but are in communion with Rome, — and their culture is Austrian.

At this time, almost the whole of East Ukraine was in the hands of the Bolsheviki, as it is to-day. But a small bourgeois government, under the military leader Petljura, was still maintaining itself in Podolia, with the title of the East Ukranian People's Republic. Petljura's government afterward combined with the West Ukranian People's Republic (Petrusiewicz-Holubowicz), which we had just been interviewing at Stanislau; but at this moment the two were still distinct. They have now both disappeared, after appealing to the League of Nations, which, in reply, emitted the opinion that the Poles are in West Ukraine only by right of military occupation!

If the political situation was thus a trifle complicated, the military situation was still more so. While the West Ukranian Government was fighting against the Poles on the west, they were also fighting in conjunction with Petljura's East Ukranian forces against the Bolsheviki at two points (beyond Rovno and beyond Kamienec-Podolski) on the east. The Bolsheviki attacking toward Kamienec-Podolski were commanded by a Polish general! A third theatre of war was in Bessarabia, where

the Ukranian peasant-leader, Zelenyj, with some 23,000 men, was engaged with Bolshevist forces near Tiraspol. It seemed a long way sometimes from this shambles to the Crillon and the Majestic in Paris.

It was now our object to proceed, if possible, to Podolia, and to interview Petljura.

The way to Podolia lay through the Bukowina, a former Austrian province which since the beginning of the year had been in Rumanian occupation. The population is mixed Rumanian, Ukranian, German, and Jewish. At the close of 1918, the Ukranian element had proclaimed a Ukranian republic at Czernowitz, of which Dr. Zalozieckyj, who was now attached to us on behalf of the West Ukranian Government, had been the President. Under these circumstances, we thought it as well to put him to bed in the car while passing the frontier, and cover his face with the blankets.

(We subsequently obtained safe-conducts for him and for his family, who were living in Czernowitz, and took them back with us to Vienna.)

At Czernowitz we called upon General Zadik, commanding the Rumanian troops in the Bukowina, who had sent his A.D.C. to the station to meet us. From information which General Zadik gave us, it was clear that it was useless to hope for any food exports from Petljura; and we therefore decided, the general agreeing, to return as we had come.

He did not tell us, what we were to learn by somewhat painful experience, that the troops under his command were about to open hostilities against the Ukranians on the following morning, along the line by which we were to travel. He told us afterward that he thought we should get through before they began.

Secret Treaties and Sudden War

The frontier between the Bukowina and Galicia is the river Pruth, across which the railroad is carried on a big steel-girder bridge. There was a Rumanian blockhouse at one end of it, and a Ukranian blockhouse at the other, each with a small detachment of guards. The Rumanian frontier-station, Nepoločauti, is over a mile from the bridge, and the Ukranian frontier-station, Sniatyn, is about the same distance from the bridge on the other side.

When our train reached Nepoločauti in the afternoon of 23 May 1921, the lieutenant in command of the station declined to allow our locomotive, which was a Rumanian one, to cross the bridge. He undertook to telephone to the Ukranian authorities at Sniatyn to send a Ukranian locomotive across to fetch us: and later, we were informed that this had been done, and that Sniatyn had promised to send an engine which would be allowed to pass.

Toward eight o'clock, there being no sign of an engine, Dr. Zalozieckyj, with a pass from the Rumanian authorities, started to walk along the line to Sniatyn, and return with the engine himself. The station, meanwhile, and the surrounding buildings had been filling with Rumanian troops. We guessed what was impending, and were the more anxious to get across before hostilities began. We learned later that Poland and Rumania had concluded a secret convention early in May, with a view to establishing a common boundary between their two states and partitioning the West Ukraine for the purpose. By a subsequent arrangement the Poles received, and they now hold, the whole of West Ukraine, and the Pruth is still the frontier. But under this convention Rumania was entitled to advance to the line Halicz–Stanislau–Körösmezö–Maramarossziget, as soon as the Poles held

the line Lemberg–Stryj. The Poles were now in fact well beyond the line Lemberg–Stryj; and the Rumanians were to begin their advance the following morning at dawn. Late that afternoon, the following document, dated the day before, was handed to the Ukranian sentries at the Pruth Bridge: —

22 *May* 1919.

G.O.C., Kołomya Military District

Compelled by the necessity of establishing a connection between the Bukowina front and the North Transylvanian front, and in view of the fact that this connection can be established only by the possession of the line Kolomya–Máramarossziget, our troops in occupation of the Bukowina have received the order to advance in the morning of the 24th instant, and to occupy the line in question. At the same time the Supreme Command of the Rumanian Army has issued instructions that in the accomplishment of this purely military task, we should avoid encounters with your troops. I have the honor to bring the preceding facts to your notice, and to request you to be good enough to take measures for the immediate withdrawal of the Ukranian troops stationed at the present moment between the former frontier of the Bukowina and the railroad Stanislau–Kolomya behind this line.

Petala
G.O.C., Army of Chotyn.

This declaration of war reached the Ukranian headquarters at Sniatyn about the same time with Dr. Zalozieckyj. It was completely unexpected, and caused something like consternation. Dr. Zalozieckyj loyally considered that his first duty was to our mission, and pressed for the immediate sending of a locomotive, which he himself, with great courage, proposed to accompany. About 9 P.M., accordingly, he arrived with a locomotive at the bridge: but the Rumanian guard fired at it, and compelled it to withdraw to Sniatyn.

Of all this Colonel Jones and myself, in Nepoločauti, were told nothing. Toward midnight, taking two of the British soldiers attached to the Mission, without their rifles, and an American flag (by kind permission of my colleague) with which to adorn the locomotive, I started to walk to the bridge. It was a blind moon, and we went for a long way along a branch line, before I discovered my mistake. It was nearly 3 A.M. when we eventually reached the Rumanian blockhouse. There being no one on guard, we walked through the open door, and I said pleasantly in German: 'Anybody here speak German?'

There were about ten men there, with a corporal, who was issuing hand-grenades. They jumped as if they had been shot. The corporal spoke German, and after looking at my pass and telephoning to Nepoločauti, they let us, dubiously, across the bridge. Here we found a Ukranian guard who understood Polish, which I speak, and I was able to telephone to Sniatyn, and eventually to speak to Zalozieckyj himself. I then learned for the first time that a locomotive had already once been as far as the bridge. Hearing that I was over on the Ukranian side, he at once proposed to make another attempt.

It was now just before dawn. As it became light, a shot was fired at the Ukranian blockhouse. The Ukranian guards, who appeared to be waiting for it, immediately decamped, leaving a machine gun in the middle of the railroad track pointing toward the bridge. I went to the telephone, and had just got through to Sniatyn and heard that our locomotive had already started, when the receiver was knocked out of my hand, and a Rumanian soldier caught me a blow on the shoulder with the butt of his rifle, which sent me to the ground. My two soldiers rushed at him, shouting 'Amerikanskyj! Amerikanskyj!' upon which he staggered back, gasping. Such majesty had the

land of President Wilson in the early days of 1919.

I was furious with the pain and with the long night's watching; and, a young officer coming up at this moment, I sought and found relief in telling him in French just what I was thinking. He apologized profusely and told off a guard to escort us back to Nepoločauti. His battalion then moved on across the fields toward Sniatyn, in open order.

Just at this moment our engine appeared round a curve of the line, 200 yards away. I rushed on to the track with the two soldiers displaying the American flag. But it was too late. The Rumanians opened fire on it, killing the machinist, who had just begun to back. Zalozieckyj jumped, and was lost to sight.

The rest of this story is sadly ignominious. Either the guard who had been told off to escort us misunderstood his instructions, or the young officer played us false. At any rate, it became painfully apparent that the man now considered us his prisoners; and this time the position of myself and the cabman at Drohobycz was reversed: for the Rumanian had a rifle, and none of us had any weapon at all. He picked up the machine gun, and made us march in front of him to his own battalion headquarters. Here we found an officer who understood French, and who gave us a real escort to Nepoločauti, where we arrived exhausted and indignant, and very anxious about Zalozieckyj.

To our delight, he turned up almost at the same time, having hidden by the river till the troops were over the bridge, and then taken a circuitous route back, wearing his shirt outside his trousers to look like a peasant.

We made no further attempt to cross the Pruth, but returned to Czernowitz, and from there made our way back to Vienna by Bucharest.

GETTING OUT OF RUSSIA[1]

BY BARONESS MARIE WRANGEL

I

After having spent the years 1918, 1919, and 1920 at Petrograd, and having been through all the horrors of life there, how I managed to escape from prison and the danger of death is perfectly miraculous! I had to live under my own name of Wrangel, as it was impossible to change it on account of my innumerable acquaintances; I figured in the registers as 'Miss Wrangel, Bookkeeper.' I worked during two years at the Town Museum that had been arranged in the Anitchkoff Palace (former residence of the Dowager Empress), as custodian of the section of Architecture — a responsible post. I had to sign my name in my own hand-

[1] Translated from the Russian by Nadejda Stancioff. The author is the mother of the celebrated General Wrangel.

writing every day in the registers, for this was an essential condition for obtaining a loaf of bread. At the time when the Yudenitch army was at the gates of Petrograd, Trotzky and Zinovieff had organized a military camp at the Anitchkoff Palace, with machine guns along the Fontanka Street. Military authorities roamed about the palace, and the registry books, with all our names in them, were always in evidence.

When the White Army began operations in the Crimea, under the orders of General Wrangel, my eldest son, all the walls of Petrograd were covered with proclamations: 'Down with Wrangel, the Dog! Down with that German Baron! Down with the Enemy of the Republic of Workmen and Peasants!' I was then obliged to change quarters, to take the name of Veronelli, and to pass for an artist. And though I was General Wrangel's own mother, God preserved me, when so many mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters of the officers of the White Guard were thrown into filthy prisons, where they suffered for months.

To begin at the beginning. At the end of the year 1917, my husband, president of several financial groups, having acquired the conviction that life at Petrograd was becoming a nightmare, proceeded to sell all our belongings, pictures, furniture, silver, china. He deposited the money in his bank, as nothing at that period indicated the great catastrophe that was yet to come. It was only forbidden to transfer one's capital to foreign countries. Very soon afterward, private accounts were cancelled, and finally the banks and safes were rifled. We were left, as many others, in the most critical situation.

My husband decided to remove his business to Reval, and to settle down there himself. I refused to accompany him; it was so long since I had seen my son, who had been living with his family in the Crimea since the retreat, and whom it was my secret intention to join as soon as I could. Besides, the prospect of meeting Germans at Reval was insufferable! Therefore we decided that my husband should leave for Reval, and that I should go to the Crimea, though we should keep a flat at Petrograd for our visits to town.

In those days we could still indulge in these cheerful plans! We found two sunny rooms, with a kitchen to ourselves, in an old lady's dwelling, and furnished them very simply with the few belongings that we had kept; surrounded by the photographs of my dear grandchildren and that of my son, I even enjoyed this simplicity and realized — as many others probably did, too — how my life had been full of unnecessary complications, and that I had been till then the slave of my own fortune!

As soon as my husband had left, I began without losing time to take the necessary measures for my intended journey to the Crimea.

My children had proposed to arrange it with the help of Skoropadsky, the Ukranian leader. I therefore wrote and wired to them to this effect, but did not receive a single word of answer. Meanwhile, I had managed to collect all the necessary documents, with the exception of a passport, when I suddenly learned that it was all of no use! The frontiers had been closed. I was a prisoner! I had received four letters from my husband who, after many adventures, had arrived safely at Reval; he had never received any of my letters!

Well, the only thing to do was to stay in my little flat. I had been lucky enough to find an excellent maid-of-all-work, and I began to seek employment for myself. At first, I worked at the Alexander III Museum, but obtained a better post in the Anitchkoff Museum,

with the help of friends. It was quite a pleasant job; my employers were more interested in their artistic work than in politics, and as Custodian at the Section of Architecture, I was paid 18,000 rubles a month, unfortunately without food.

I then, rather mysteriously, received another letter from my husband, from Finland, where he had fled, having learned that the Bolsheviki were about to take Reval. He had been very ill and wrote thus: 'Be prepared; one of these days a friend will come to fetch you, and you can trust him.'

I immediately sold all my belongings for a very small sum, even my dresses and my fur coat, as my husband had added that I should have to travel without any luggage. Alas! — I waited in vain; the mysterious friend never appeared, and I received no more communications from my husband.

Realizing that I was gradually spending all the money of my last poor little sale to get food, I began to tremble as I thought of the future! Prices were always going up: 1 pound of the most appalling black bread, 400 to 300 rubles (4000 to-day!); 1 pound of butter for 1000 rubles; 1 pound of sugar, 12,000; 1 pound of meat, 1500; 1 egg, 350; 1 pound salt, 350; 1 bottle petrol, 800; 1 candle, 500; 1 pair of boots, 150,000; 1 pair of rubbers, 20,000 1 pair of stockings, 6000; 1 needle, 100; 1 reel of cotton, 500. (All these prices are ten times higher at present.)

The old lady of the flat decided to go and live in the country, and I soon heard that she had died of hunger. My poor little maid, under-fed and over-tired, used to faint several times a day; she had to wait daily for hours in line, to receive our miserable allowance of bread and a few herrings. Seeing her in this state, I found a more comfortable home for her with people who were better off, though it was sad to part with her. It was then that I truly realized the miseries of life.

Every morning at seven, I would run to the nearest public-house to get some boiling water for my daily cup of coffee, made of ground oats, which I would swallow without milk or sugar, with a little piece of sour black bread. Then, putting on my tattered shoes over bare feet (I had to substitute old rags for stockings), I would go to my work, in any weather. Lunch was a public meal, with groups of workmen, sweepers, servants. It consisted of an indescribable brown soup, made of decayed unpeeled potatoes, and a smoked fish, hard as stone, or a dish of lentils and a herring. Add one third of a pound of bread made of sawdust, and a handful of flour of barley. We ate this disgusting food in tin bowls, with broken spoons, on sticky wooden tables, painted black. The women and children coming in constantly from the streets, blue and pinched with cold, were hungrier than we were. Children would hang on to my torn dress, moaning, 'Leave some for us, please,' licking the plates we put away.

At five, I would go back home to clean the rooms, lighting the stove every other day, and preparing my supper in a smoky little oven. Always the same supper: six boiled potatoes (250*r* a pound), that I used to eat with a little salt; and sometimes, for a treat, with an onion and black radishes. Afterward, I would try to mend my tattered garments, scrubbing the floors on Saturdays, and doing the washing on Sundays. This was the greatest ordeal of all: to wash the linen in ice-cold water, with one's swollen hands aching and sore with chilblains. It was no use shirking the task, as laundry in town could only be done for unheard-of prices, even if one gave the soap, costing 5000*r* a pound, one's self!

No more of those famous house-

porters of the Russia of old days! One had to empty one's rubbish alone, and carry one's wood upstairs. When the order was given to all the lodgers to attend to the service of the front door, I protested in vain that my age allowed me to be exempted of this drudgery. The President of the Committee of the House remained inexorable, and declared that I was quite capable of doing it. Therefore, I took turns with the other lodgers to guard the front door! From 10 P.M. to one o'clock at night I would sit outside in the fog, and ask the name of all those entering or leaving the house.

Since the maid had left, I was most afraid to have to sleep all by myself. Many of the flats in the house had already been robbed; and though I had no valuables left, I did not feel very safe. Therefore I asked a workman, who had formerly been General Gourko's chauffeur, to pass the nights in my little kitchen. He consented to do so, as well as to saw my wood and help me with the rough work, for 1500 rubles a month (without food).

The President of the Lodgings Committee, under the pretense of controling the lodgers, would constantly visit the flats. Walking into my rooms one day, he saw my son's photograph, and abusing me most violently, he threatened to send me to the scaffold if I persisted to adorn my rooms with 'generals.' I hurriedly removed the photos.

A friend of mine, Baron Putvitz, formerly a millionaire, who had lost his eyesight from lack of proper nourishment, died one night in the flat next to mine. His wife carried his body to the churchyard in one of the baskets used for the laundry, and he was buried with many others in a sort of pit.

At a time when I was feeling that I could bear no more, a friend asked me to live with her in a large flat she had been able to keep. I accepted with enthusiasm, but was not allowed to enjoy this unexpected happiness very long. Less than ten days after, the Political Group of 'Cadets,' to which my kind hostess belonged, was branded as 'outlaws.' My friend managed to escape from the city; her servants disappeared the same evening: I was left all alone in the big empty rooms. My sole companion was a great black cat, with hungry green eyes. We proceeded to starve together! I used to rise at night, to drink some water and munch a raw carrot, so as to stifle the terrible gnawing pain in my stomach.

How well I remember the agony of the long cold evenings in the flat, from which all electric light had been cut off, except during the nights set apart for perquisitions! I did not possess any oil or candles, and had to spend hours in the dark, with the most ghastly thoughts, using one of my precious matches now and then to see the time. Those other nights, during which the entire flat would be flooded with electric lights, meant an ordeal of another description: the terror of a sudden descent.

During one of these nights, when it was impossible to put out the lights, I was awakened at three o'clock by loud ringing, thumping, and shouting at my door. I understood at once: it was a perquisition. I was sleeping, as usual, with all my clothes on, in the icy room, with my son's photograph and letters on the table beside my bed. I hid them in my bodice, rushed to open the door, and let in five disreputable individuals, the two bearing rifles being the President of the House Committee and the house agent, formerly the general servant! After questioning me and examining my papers, they were forced to admit that I was a civil servant in one of their own museums; but they began to look for my friend, seizing and

tearing up all the books, papers, and letters they discovered, pocketing the things they fancied, upsetting furniture, and the like.

At last, at five o'clock, they left the house and I rushed to my work at the Museum. My friend managed to let me know that she would not return to Petrograd, and the flat passed into the hands of some Jews and their friends, one of whom had formerly been a servant in my own uncle's house!

But my greatest enemy was a dreadful *Krasnoarmeitz* (or soldier of the Red Army), who slept in the room next to mine! All these new tenants had naturally taken the best rooms, and left a tiny passage to me. They led a merry life, treating me like a pariah, laughing at my poverty and rejoicing in my misfortune. How often I felt faint in passing beside their kitchen, from which came the delicious, half-forgotten smell of a roasting turkey or joint! The Red soldier would stroll through the flat in his undergarments, smoking a pipe, and singing revolting songs. He would jeer at me, calling me 'Comrade Wrangel,' or 'ex-Madame,' and prevent me from sleeping all night by the noise he made in his room with similar friends. Still, these were only *worries:* my age preserved me from worse *dangers.*

II

During February, 1920, fresh complications arose for me. My son's name began to appear in the papers; the walls were covered with proclamations and hideous drawings; nothing was heard in the streets but tales concerning 'that dog Wrangel, the paid servant of the Entente.' Wrangel seemed to be the only word in my ears as I went about the town. I had to forsake the flat and to change my abode every other day; my friends advised me either to get another passport, or to leave the town. A secret group of artisans of General Koltchak proposed to support me, if I would consent to cease my work at the Museum.

But I would not have liked to be registered as an invalid, and my work was the only comfort left to me, the only way to forget. I therefore gratefully refused that generous offer, but consented to live in a sort of boarding-house, just outside the town, under the name of Veronelli-Arkst. I was relieved to be farther away from the authorities, and quite resolved to go to my work every day by tram.

The boarding-house seemed a paradise to me. What a strange paradise, though! I had only a quarter of a room, divided, as the one in Gorky's novel, *The Mud,* into four partitions, by thin curtains. Each partition included an iron bedstead with a narrow mattress, a cupboard, a table, two chairs, a wash-stand and a pail. Two people enjoyed the windows, and the other two — I being one of the two — the door. Two of my companions were good souls; but the third, my neighbor, was an ailing old maid, an ex-schoolmistress who, having suffered in past days, was glad to revenge herself upon me. She would abuse me sometimes as if I were a dog!

In the house there were other people, 'ghosts' of the past, who had miraculously survived so many horrors; charming women, some of whom concealed famous names beneath a nurse's uniform or a working girl's overall.

Suddenly rumors were heard, to the effect that our house was going to be seized, to become a Club for Workmen, and that we should be turned into the streets. I felt mournfully indifferent. I had been deprived of news of any member of my family for so long that I no longer cared if I was going to be put in prison or to die of hunger. I had no hope left and lived in a sort of complete stupor. And then, quite unex-

pectedly, while we were all waiting to hear the worst, a girl called for me at the Museum one October morning. She said she was from Finland, and wished to speak to me in private. I managed to arrange this, and she gave me a paper on which I recognized the writing of my best friend living in Finland: 'Your husband is alive. I should be glad to receive you here. Trust my messenger entirely. Do not trouble about details.'

The price of the journey to Finland was then about one million rubles, or ten thousand Finnish marks. To my eager questions, the girl answered that I was to start the next day, without any luggage; to be warmly dressed; that we were going to travel by sea; that I was not to trouble about anything. She then left me, telling me where to find her the next day.

It all seemed very dangerous, but I could think of no other way. Nights were beginning to grow cold; the Gulf of Finland would soon be frozen; it was the last chance — and not to be lost. I returned to the boarding-house as usual at five. I could not sleep all night, and left for Petrograd the next morning at seven. I had a little office to myself at the Museum; quickly collecting all my papers, I left a big inscription on my desk, to the effect that owing to a complete breakdown I requested two months' leave. Having done this to keep my employers out of trouble, I left the Anitchkoff Palace with a feeling of regret, in spite of all.

There were no trams that day on the Nevsky (the largest street at Petrograd), and I had to walk to the Toutchkoff Quay, where I was to meet the girl. Yes, she was there! Without speaking, we ate a little bread, and walked toward the station for Finland. Being Saturday, — the day the trains of wood are due from the Baltic, — there were hardly any trains for travelers. We had to wait more than two hours, and then only managed to get into a carriage by hanging on to the steps and pushing our way through masses of struggling people.

The girl told me not to speak to her again; she had informed me that my friend's brother was fleeing with us; having tried to escape before, and having been caught in the first attempt, the boy was very frightened this time. Indeed, on learning that I was to be with them, he had nearly decided to go back home. He had only started on being assured that we should all be at liberty to escape alone in case of danger! Nearly all the last attempts to cross the frontier had been unfortunate: young Princess Galitzine, born Beckmann, had been shot at the frontier, and many others thrown into prison.

I was struggling with conflicting emotions. To be shot for my son's sake, to suffer in his name, as so many others had suffered for their dear ones, seemed a vision of glory to me; but at the same time, I felt it would be humiliating actually to give the Bolsheviki real grounds for putting me to death.

However, there was nothing else for me to do but to place my trust in the Almighty. As it was, we were painfully traveling in a cattle-car, there being no passenger coaches on this line. Many Red soldiers were going to the country, for the most part to Oranienbaum, for the week-end. If they had only known what a precious hostage was traveling with them!

At one of the stations, my companion silently touched my elbow. We got down; it was already growing dark. We walked for a long time in an aimless way — I feeling all the while that my companions would be ready to forsake me at the first sign of danger. As we were nearing the sea, a figure suddenly moved toward us. I shivered — then

thankfully realized that the girl was expecting him.

Yes, she was talking to him and signing to us to follow. Always in that same impressive silence, we walked on, soon reaching a few miserable hovels, built along the main road. We stopped near one of them, out of which came a man — Russian — and a woman — Finnish. Casting anxious glances around them, they made us enter the hovel, hurriedly closed the door and shutters, and lit a flickering oil-lamp. At my question, 'When do we start?' they answered that the departure would take place in two hours' time, when it would be quite dark; and they told us not to leave the hovel and not to talk, on account of the patrols of Red soldiers. As we had asked for food, they gave us coffee (of ground oats) and boiled potatoes.

Feeling somewhat stronger, we waited impatiently for the arrival of the wife of the fisherman in whose boat we were to travel. She came at last, very troubled and sad, with the news that the fisherman was so completely drunk that we could not think of starting that night, at least! A terrible moment! What was to be done! Return to Petrograd? An impossible solution, the last train having left! Would this frightful effort of ours give no result? I felt that I had no courage left to begin again.

Anyhow, we resolved to spend the night in the hovel, the girl and I on a bed of very doubtful aspect, my friend's brother on the floor, our hosts in the adjoining kitchen. Morally and physically exhausted, we soon fell into a deep slumber. In the middle of the night, we were suddenly awakened by heavy tramping and excited shouts. 'The Red soldiers,' I murmured, as I jumped out of bed. Then I heard a rumbling noise, as of something heavy being dragged along; then the steps leading to the small attic creaked ominously.

I could not bear this dreadful suspense, and rushed to the door, followed by the girl. Our companion was snoring peacefully on the floor. Through the half-open door, we saw men dragging cases and bags to the attic. What could all this mean in the middle of the night? The girl only answered me by desperate looks, signing to me to keep still.

Our hosts, having escorted their visitors to the door, gayly came back to bring us the cheerful news that contraband goods had just been brought to them: twenty-five bottles of spirits, and a great quantity of flour and tobacco! They were in for prosperous trade: they would have many buyers. Once more they asked us to remain very quiet. We were, then, in a den of smugglers! It would really be terrible if General Wrangel's mother were to be arrested in such company! The Bolsheviki would have good cause to rejoice.

At daybreak the buyers arrived: we heard more noise, just whispers, then quarreling, then the sound of luggage being dragged. I sternly asked the girl to answer my question: 'Would we leave that night, yes or no? For, if not, I was determined to return to Petrograd.' The girl promised that we should start at nightfall, cheerfully reminding me that the drunken man was locked up!

The day passed mournfully, in anxious waiting. They gave us black macaroni and sour milk, for which we had to pay 8000 rubles. We did not grudge them the money of the Soviets. At last came the twilight that we had been expecting so long, and with it our saviors — the fisherman, or smuggler, with his two companions. They had evidently been 'refreshed' by our hosts, for, without being quite drunk, they reeked of spirits. However, we had

neither the time nor the means of hesitating; making the sign of the Cross, we followed the men to the sea.

III

The night was icy cold, pitch-black and dismal. On the beach, the fisherman, having cast anxious glances around, thus unnerving us yet more, dragged a boat from its shelter and put it into the water. It naturally drifted away from the land so that it was impossible to reach without wading. Before I had time to speak, I was seized by the fisherman who was standing in the water, and deposited, for all the world like a sack of potatoes, in the bottom of the boat.

The girl had remained at the hovel, fearing to come with us to the beach. We were five: the three fishermen, myself, and my friend's brother, as silent as the grave. The boat was of the most common type of fishing craft, with a sail. As it had stuck in the sand, it was quite a long time before we started. At last the terrible voyage began in earnest. The night was bitterly cold, the boat rocked upon the waves, which threw up their icy spray into our faces, while the fishermen took turns to empty the water out of the boat. My feet were drenched.

We had started at seven o'clock; but suddenly the fisherman began to look anxious; the wind was gradually changing in a way that was not favorable to our plans. The fishermen busied themselves with the sail, warning us to be silent, as we would be obliged to go round the isle of Cronstadt, from which powerful lights were constantly radiating over the sea in all directions. I was finally ordered to lie down in the boat — in the icy water! And there I lay like a frozen mummy, with chattering teeth and the feeling that this dreadful cold was far worse than the danger itself. I was not afraid, I only longed for warmth. At last, Cronstadt and its terrors remained far behind us; we were all alone on the dark heaving sea.

And the hours passed; stiff and dazed with the cold, I was yet able to notice that our voyage had far exceeded the three and a half hours which it was supposed to take. At two o'clock, just after I had glanced at my watch, a fierce blast of wind tore off our sail and broke the mast. I began to tremble. The fishermen, rising to their feet in the small boat that rocked furiously, strove to mend it, the while they swore at each other and lost their heads. Each time they moved, the waves swept over the narrow boards. But I was so cold and miserable that I felt incapable of anything else, even of being afraid. How my body smarted and ached under my wet clothes, pierced by the icy wind, during that stormy October night!

However, the fishermen managed to adjust the sail at last, and began to assure us that we should soon arrive. But, alas! our troubles were not yet at an end: it began to snow, and we were encompassed, as it were, by impenetrable white walls. The snow, melting as it fell, trickled down our backs. I felt that my head had turned into a block of ice.

Four o'clock! We had been traveling for eight hours, the last one without any direction whatsoever! All at once the fishermen began to look excited, and my silent companion, who had not stirred since our departure, actually rose and smiled. Through the falling veil of snow, they had just caught sight of land. Removing the sail, the fishermen rowed vigorously toward it, the while I reflected that my soul must have frozen too, I felt so indifferent! Once again the boat stuck into the sand at some distance from the shore. As I was not even able to rise in the

boat, the three fishermen lifted me up and threw me roughly upon the sand, as if I had been a corpse. Enjoining us in terrified whispers to be silent, they then brought their bales of contraband goods, and disappeared with them in a neighboring wood. They had nothing more to do with us, or we with them!

IV

My companion and I were thus left alone, and free! I did not realize it at all then; I had no strength or feelings. The boy, on the contrary, seemed another person. Laughing and talking, he helped me to rise, and advised me not to lose time, but to follow him.

It was 4.20 — but where were we, after all? Whither should we go? We decided to cross through the forest. As I walked, the cold seemed to lift itself from my shoulders, and I felt that I was thawing both morally and physically! Dawn was breaking when we suddenly walked into some barbed wires! A hurried inspection showed us that we had come to some fortified area, and my companion, who had lived in Finland all his life, recognized the fort of Ino. He knew now that we should go in the opposite direction, toward the small town of Terioki. So we walked on through the forest, passing between closed villas and barred doors, a deserted summer resort.

At last we came to a village, very silent at this early hour, and we wandered about till we saw a light in one of the small houses. We knocked at the door, soon opened by an elderly Finnish couple to whom we explained that we were refugees from Russia, solely desirous of resting for a while and getting warm. The peasants received us most hospitably, leading us into the living-room where I saw — oh, joy — a glowing stove!

As it was, the ice upon me began melting, trickling in small rivulets down to the floor. The woman helped me to remove my drenched clothes, wrapping me the while in warm blankets, and making me sit close to the stove. I think that moment was one of the best in my life. As soon as I had introduced myself as General Wrangel's mother, I was surrounded, comforted, and greeted by all the members of the household. The man told us that all his sympathies lay with the White Army, and that he had often been to Petrograd in former days.

In a minute the table was covered with excellent food, the like of which I had not tasted for two years: hard-boiled eggs, cheese, butter, milk, and especially *white* bread! How queer I must have looked as I stared with such rapture at these homely treasures! And they gave us coffee too, real coffee, with milk and sugar! I ate and drank, and felt almost too warm! My tattered garments having dried, I dressed again, and carefully tied on my boots with pieces of string. My coat stood out stiffly around my thin body, and my hat was a limp bit of felt.

Our kind hosts told us that we could not avoid some days of quarantine at Terioki, twenty miles away, but that they would take us there in their carriage, which proved to be a cart, full of straw. However, we were most thankful to be in it, and expressed our deepest gratitude to our benefactors.

During the time I stayed at Terioki, all the Finnish papers having spoken of the 'brave traveler, General Wrangel's mother, who had managed to escape to Finland,' I received quantities of letters from unknown friends, and a moving letter, signed by many Finnish families, expressing their joy at the knowledge that I was safe in Finland, and their consideration for my son. The American Mission, who were then so actively supporting the Russians in

the Crimea, were untiring in their efforts to help me. They supplied me with food and warm clothing. How much I was moved by all these marks of deference and sympathy, of which I had been completely deprived for so many years! I felt that I had been touched by the magic wand of a powerful fairy.

The day I was to leave Terioki, my friend arrived to take me to her charming home where I spent four months, enjoying the rest and comforts, the while my passport was being prepared for Germany. Thanks to my friend's devotion and care, I soon felt my own self again, though I suffered deeply, owing to my son's great misfortune in the Crimea.

In February I was finally able to go to Dresden, where I found my husband who had arrived there from Finland some time before my escape.

We are living in Dresden at present, as refugees, who have not lost courage and who firmly believe in the resurrection and the future prosperity of our beloved and unhappy country.

V

I do not wish to end this account without briefly describing the present state of the doomed city of Petrograd. The general aspect of the town is more that of a village. There is no traffic on the Nevsky (principal thoroughfare), and except for the cars of the commissioners and a few lorries, all the population go about on foot. Many of the streets, even part of the Nevsky (near the Alexander theatre), have become green lawns. As all the factories are closed, the air is much purer. People no longer use the pavements, but walk in the middle of the street; some carry big bags, the food-rations they have just obtained from the municipal shops; others are eating their bread in the street, without waiting to reach home. Some time before I left Petrograd, there had been an unexpected distribution of apples, and the entire population seemed to be feeding on them in the street. A foreigner visiting Petrograd at that time is supposed to have made the following remark: 'Why do the Russians complain? They have every reason to think they are in Paradise. They go about naked, and feed on apples all day long!'

One often sees women wearing very smart dresses while their bare feet are hardly protected by sandals made of string. In winter, all the traffic consists of narrow sledges drawn by the people themselves, used for luggage, food-rations, sacks of potatoes, and in which tired mothers convey their children.

Every shop is closed, shuttered, and barred, for the food is 'requisitioned' and trade 'nationalized.' The people all have a weary, sickly, discouraged look; pale faces, drawn features, haggard or swollen eyes. The intellectual level is greatly inferior to what it was. My conversations with my colleagues of the Museum, all belonging to the educated classes, inevitably ended with discussions or questions of the most domestic character. People have grown irritable, suspicious, and have the appearance of frightened animals. Nearly all have partly lost their memory. The most prominent men have died of hunger or been shot. I know personally, of those who have died of exhaustion, Lappo-Danilewsky and Schakhmatoff, members of the Academy, Professor V. Hessen, and many others. I could give a long martyrology of all those who have been shot by the Bolsheviki, while in the full force of their manhood and talent.

Professors, students, and other people belonging to the educated classes, do not have a better time than the so-called aristocrats.

Both science and public instruction are declining. There are no books, no references, no academic material to be got; no more scientific publications are received from abroad, and none are published in Russia at the present day. The schools exist mainly on paper; in truth their number has been reduced to the extreme, because of the lack of abode, of fuel, of teachers, of books.

Owing to the prevailing system of mixing school boys and girls together, to the absence of discipline, and to the great slackness as regards morals, depravity is general. All the 'icons' have been removed from the schools, and the children dare not wear any religious emblem. So as to inoculate the children with Bolshevist principles, they are taken to cinemas to see revolting films figuring episodes from the life of Rasputin; and others, reported to be true, concerning the intimate life of the members of the Tsar's family. From time to time posters are put up in the streets, representing 'Nicolas the Bloody' — the name which the late Tsar, tortured and killed by the Bolsheviki, is now given by them in Russia. With the crown falling from his head, the Tsar is pictured in a state of complete inebriation, wearing a long court robe, and standing over the bleeding corpses of workmen.

Petrograd is full of clubs for 'Young Communists.' I had the opportunity of hearing some of their speeches: I can only tremble at the thought of what the next generation in Russia will be.

The private chapels, and those belonging to schools and state and military establishments, are all closed. No drudgery is spared to the priests. The papers are full of insults directed against the clergy; the 'Red Paper' even boasts of a special column for this purpose! On the other hand, one notices a general increase of religious fervor. The religious processions, which have recently been authorized, thanks to the intervention of part of the workmen, attract thousands of people and far exceed those of the past in magnificence and piety. The public churches are always full, and congregations have been organized. The churches are entirely kept up by the parishioners, who have never been so ready to support the priest and decorate the church. The choirs are excellent.

There is a new type of priest, more instructed than those of the last generation; they preach in a different way, too; one now feels a spiritual link between the priest and the congregation, united by misfortune and suffering; and these relations are both confiding and affectionate. Confessions in public are very popular. I have never observed in former times the atmosphere of intense piety now reigning in the churches, when, amid much sobbing, the entire congregation confess together; and I know many people who have grown profoundly religious in Russia since the Revolution.

The names of many streets and palaces have been altered; for instance, the historical Palace of the Tauride being now called the Autirzky Palace, after the Communist killed in 1918. The Nevsky Perspective, the Piccadilly of Petrograd, is known as the Street of October 25, date of the Usurpation of Power by the Bolsheviki; Tzarskoe-Selo, the palace inhabited by the Imperial Family to the day of their departure to Siberia, now bears the name of Dietzkoe-Selo — and so on.

Hideous plaster monuments have been erected all over the city to the memory of the 'Fathers of Revolutions': Lassalle, Karl Liebknecht, Rosa Luxembourg, Volodarsky. A monument was dedicated at one time to Sophie Perowsky, who had taken part in the murder of Alexander II; but it was re-

moved on account of the effect it produced on passers-by!

As the painters and sculptors at the service of the Soviets are peasants or workmen who indulge in futurist and cubist dreams, disastrous results may easily be imagined. The former court poet, Macakovsky, having glorified the Communist Paradise in his last poems, is greatly appreciated by the Bolsheviki.

The 'Marsovo Pole,' or parade ground, where the statue of Souvoroff still dominates the great empty space formerly used for so many brilliant military pageants, has become the modern Pantheon, where all the heroes of the Revolution are buried. It is in a deplorable state — all mud and dirt. The town itself is filthy, and, as regards sanitary measures, the situation is appalling. Houses are never repaired, owing to lack of material; it is impossible, for instance, to get nails. Most of the water-pipes have burst on account of insufficient heating, all the wooden houses, boats, neighboring forests, having already been used as fuel! The rubbish is thrown out of the windows into the streets, and the system of canalization is more than primitive, with disgusting effects. Houses, stairs, courtyards are all in the dirtiest condition; as there are no porters or menservants, the cleaning is supposed to be done by the overworked population, the greater part of whom are unaccustomed to these operations. The result is appalling; I need not dilate upon these lamentable circumstances.

During the whole winter, the temperature inside the houses never rises above zero; therefore the inhabitants are compelled constantly to wear their coats and keep on their hats. They have to write with woolen gloves, of which the fingers have been cut off. No one undresses to go to bed. No one washes more than once a week, on account of the cold, or puts on clean clothes more than twice a month, owing to the high price of soap. Lice and vermin — those foul sources of epidemics — abound, especially in the hospitals, public baths, schools, trams.

The mortality is incredible at Petrograd. The population is decimated by typhoid, Spanish influenza, dysentery, cholera, and, principally, hunger. In 1917 Petrograd numbered 2,440,000 inhabitants, and, in 1920, 705,000. Naturally, the emigration and the executions must be taken into account.

The state of the hospitals is terrible: patients are constantly refused admission, and die at the very doors; wounded soldiers were not always taken in during the last period of fighting. The medical staffs do not escape epidemics, any more than the rest of the population. There are hardly any medicines, and only one thermometer for 200 patients; castor oil, soda, and anæsthetics are not to be obtained at all; not a single public bath is fit to be used, and the lavatories can only be termed filthy sinks.

The deadhouses are always full of corpses, and there are no coffins or means of conveying them to the cemeteries. The nurses are coarse and have no training; they usually rob their patients, steal hospital property, and lead immoral lives.

People inhabiting provincial towns have often told me that the whole country is subject to the same terrible conditions as the capital.

These are, regarding life in the 'Communist Paradise,' the few personal impressions I wished to put before the civilized world.

GANDHI AT FIRST HAND

BY E. M. S.

[*The following letter, written by a young American serving as tutor in the family of an Indian nabob, gives a picture of Mahatma Gandhi so familiar and human that readers will like to substitute it for the lay figure of the daily press.* —THE EDITOR.]

—— ——, INDIA,
October 7, 1921.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—

Well, I have just seen the great Mahatma Gandhi — at last — and herewith send my first impressions. It happened in this wise: I was just coming back from the schoolhouse with Sahrid this afternoon, when we saw the Daimler car waiting outside the front porch.

'Who 's going out?' said Sahrid, to one of the perawallas (hall-porters).

'It 's for Mahatma Gandhi!' the man replied.

On going into the vestibule, we saw a little flotilla of sandals and slippers — a sure sign of visitors — including some enormous canoe-shaped things. 'Those are his,' said Sahrid, with conviction, and certainly they were the most impressive-looking pair. But the perawalla, who had followed us, was careful to correct us on this. Pointing, with reverent mien, as at a thing miraculous, to a pair of small, much-worn sandals, he said, with bated breath, '*Those* are the Mahatma's.' In one sense, here was a thing of miracles: for wherever the owner of those two little sandals walked, thousands, hundreds of thousands, and perhaps even millions followed in his footsteps. I ran to get my little camera and then followed Sahrid upstairs.

The Mahatma was seated at one end of a long room, on a sofa, which he shared with Bharati and one of her aunts. I could not help experiencing something of a shock on setting eyes on him for the first time. For the moment it was not so much *him*, as his apparel — again, it was not so much his apparel, as his astonishing lack of it! There he was, the world-famous leader, sitting in a well-furnished drawing-room; his host immaculately dressed in well-cut English clothes, and Gandhi — well, let us say a pair of *very* short 'running shorts'; that was his whole trousseau! 'They' were white and, of course, made of homespun material or 'kuudi.' Thus arrayed, he wears no more toggery than the poorest native gardener or beggar.

He dresses like this on purpose, as you know, to show that it is not necessary to health, for one thing, to wear a lot of clothes; and further, to demonstrate his contention that India will be able to supply enough material herself to provide all that is necessary for her own people without the aid of foreign cloth.

His bare arms and legs looked very thin and his whole appearance was ascetic to the last degree. (He lives on toast and fruit, and very little at that.) He has the most extraordinary face, I think, that I have ever seen. For a while I could see only his profile. His head is well-shaped and covered

with very close-cropped hair rapidly turning gray. A prominent aquiline nose, a bristly moustache, and a good chin. The lower lip protrudes too much, partly because very few front teeth are left in the lower jaw — a feature by no means ornamental. When he looked around, I found the full-face view even more extraordinary. So void of flesh is his head that it looks like a skull clothed in a mere skin. At first I was reminded of that bust said to represent Julius Caesar; then he resembled rather Houdin's grinning bust of Voltaire.

When Gandhi laughs, which he does frequently, his face disappears in innumerable wrinkles. His expressions are quite fascinating, but I could not quite decide whether I liked him or not. Sometimes it seemed like the face of a fanatic; sometimes like that of a saint; at one moment he wears an almost Mephistophelean look; again he is like 'the great god Pan.' But never uninteresting or foolish.

A rather pretty impromptu was occasioned by the appearance of the baby of the family, aged five weeks. The ayah brought it in, and offered it to Gandhi. I was curious to see how this almost naked ascetic would manage to hold it — I forgot for the moment that he had children of his own. However, he did very well. Taking it in his bare arms, he made a support for its little head with one of his hands, in cup-and-ball fashion, and held it for quite a while. He seemed very delighted with the little mite; while the baby, for its part, seemed quite contented. It formed a really charming picture, for the Mahatma's face wore a look of beautiful tenderness. Several times the mother made a movement to relieve him of his burden, but he clung to it, talking and laughing to it and to the other kiddies near-by.

Gandhi was very interested to hear I was a Quaker, and said he had some very good friends, Quakers, in South Africa, especially a Mr. C——, 'who used to lend me all sorts of books to try to convert me to Christianity.' 'He was,' he said, 'a splendid "24-carat" fellow; not very intellectual, but nevertheless a man you could not help loving at first sight.'

Turning to politics, I asked the Mahatma, 'Don't you think the problem is the same in India as in Ireland?' 'No, it is not the same,' he said; 'England does not want to exploit Ireland. With her it is only a matter of geographical necessity, of strategical considerations. England cannot sanction the idea of a separate country, outside the British Empire, so near her own doors. But with India it is a racial question. It is not so with Ireland. If you meet an Irishman outside his own country, as in South Africa, you make friends with him; at least you treat him with respect, as an equal. But not so with the Indian in South Africa, as I myself have experienced.'

'But,' I said, 'is it not possible to overcome or overlook that feeling of racial distinction? If one has a real sense of the Fatherhood of God, does not that make us all feel we are brothers, irrespective of color or caste?'

'Yes,' said Gandhi, 'it is possible; that is what Christianity can do, and that is where Europe has failed to interpret Christianity. The Quakers have got very near to it, but even they have not got the complete development. They have, however, a certain warmth in their hearts toward all the universe.'

'But not toward the animals?' I hinted, laughing — for the division among us on the vegetarian question undoubtedly is an enigma to the religious Indian typified by Gandhi. 'No,' he replied, 'that is India's special prerogative, I think.'

I told the Mahatma that I was meditating leaving the Quakers, to join the Roman Catholic Church, and this led to an interesting discussion about the doctrine of the Light Within. 'Is it safe,' I asked him, 'to trust the individual's private intuition, without having any external authority to limit this, or to serve as a standard?' The Mahatma thought it was 'quite safe, if a man has developed the right conditions.'

In reply to my query as to what he meant exactly by 'right conditions,' he said, 'I mean if a man has subdued, not only his physical passions, but also the sins of the mind. To such I would say, "'Trust absolutely the voice of God in your hearts, and act on it without fear."'

I agreed that this was all right, provided one could feel sure he had developed such a state of perfection, but that he would be a bold man who dared think thus of himself.

'This state of soul comes only to the man who seeks truth with a single mind,' said Gandhi solemnly, 'and to him who has followed the doctrine of Ahinsa.' [This is a word meaning 'doing no harm,' not quite expressed by our word 'innocence.'] 'You must,' he went on, 'fall back in the end on the authority of the Voice Within.'

'Why,' I said, laughing, 'you are a regular Quaker!' He laughed, too, and said he had much in common with their beliefs and practices, so far as he knew them. I told him there was, no doubt, a great deal to be said for following the Inner Light, but it did not seem to me to be enough by itself as a guide. For one person's Voice or Light might lead him to do one thing, and another's quite a different, perhaps quite the opposite, thing. Did he not think that, possibly, the Roman Catholics had the balance of the argument, in their possession of such large deposits of 'Faith,' accumulated through the centuries, enabling the individual to test his particular findings?

But Gandhi seemed to think that they did not, in this respect, have any advantage over the Mohammedans; both traditionary edifices seemed to him essentially identical! His ideas as to what is involved in the notion of Papal Infallibility appeared to be equally original, and his comparative estimate of the Caliphate and the Roman versions of the Apostolic Succession also were highly interesting, and to a prejudiced mind even amusing!

As the Mahatma was leaving the house, I asked his permission to take a private snapshot of him. 'No,' he said, 'I am not going to sit for anyone' (I heard afterward that he has practically vowed himself on this point).

'But surely,' I pleaded, 'your Voice Within ought to persuade you to give me a chance of affording so much pleasure to myself and my friends!' At this he laughed — he has a very hearty laugh — and stood still for a moment, actually taking a step forward to do so, standing out in the full sunshine for my benefit, while I snapped him.

Then this wonderful little man, whom Tagore calls 'the Greatest Man in the World,' this strange, frail figure arrayed in a loin cloth and a pair of old sandals, stepped into his host's ten-thousand-dollar car and vanished in a whirl of dust. Such is India!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

TELEPHONE AND TELAPHIB

Of all modern weapons of offense, the telephone is the most unfair, because, in the conflict that follows the call to action ('Hello! Is this Suburban 4428?') the party attacked has no adequate weapon of defense. The receiver transmits into the porches of the ear poisoned gas in the form, let us say, of an invitation to dine and play bridge — a poison more deadly than juice of cursed hebenon, because we have no antidote at hand to pour into the mouthpiece at our end. The only possible retaliation is the sharp swift stroke of a deadly lie. That such a lie is justified, I have — in my saner moments — no doubt; but the moment when I am called to the telephone never *is* a sane moment. I falter, I try to prevaricate, I decide to mix truth and falsehood — and I am lost.

As an aid to the retort courteous and untruthful, Cynthia has pinned on the wall, beside the telephone list, a 'Telaphib List' of alibis and excuses; and in moments of great stress we both draw from some of the following suggestions: —

Aunt Sally coming on a visit.

Nephew just telephoned to ask if he can spend that night here — bringing a friend. (This last in case we are told to bring nephew along.)

Algernon's class dinner.

Two people coming to play bridge that evening.

Old cousin of Algernon's has died suddenly, and we think for a week it would be more respectful to accept no invitations.

And then follows: —

For Special Emergencies Only

Aunt Sally seriously ill. May be summoned to her bedside any minute, so am not making any engagements ahead.

Algernon has been having queer dizzy spells. Doctor forbids — etc., etc.

Am threatened with nervous breakdown [from too much telephoning!]. Complete rest is ordered.

Finally

Both of us have been exposed to a kind of middle-aged mumps that is very contagious. Not right to others for us to go about.

I trust it will be understood that any criticisms in which telephobia leads me to indulge are not aimed at the legitimate use of this necessary evil, but only at those social holdups to which even the most obscure dwellers in the remote suburbs of 'Society' are liable.

As Cynthia and I sit by our cozy fireside, our home life is almost wrecked by the undesired presence of this invisible third. The Eternal Triangle in our case consists of ourselves and this wandering voice, which, although proceeding from different throats, always beats on our eardrums with the same metallic vibrations. The voice invariably selects either the sacred hour of dinner for its rude intrusions, or the digestive period immediately following the repast, when easy-chairs and congenial chat lend to conjugal companionship something of the glamour of romance.

Glowing with a sense of domestic felicity, we decide that for a week we shall not allow any outside engagement

to disturb the pleasant routine of our evenings at home. Then the telephone rings. We both groan. My wife says, 'You go. I 'll go next time.'

After a tense interval, I hear my strained voice saying to the absent inquisitor, 'Oh, that sounds perfectly delightful! I am very sure that *I* have nothing for that night; but perhaps I had better ask Cynthia — she keeps an engagement-book, and — and — will you just hold the line a moment?'

My wife's face at this moment is a study. Under her solemn fillet I see the scorn. She merely says, 'Go on! You 've done it now. *I 'm* not going to get you out of it. You 've told them you have no engagement, so, of course, if *you* have n't, *I* have n't! You are the *worst* liar I ever knew!' (Which I realize is not the compliment it sounds.)

Again I hear my mechanical accents saying, 'Cynthia tells me she has no engagement. We shall be delighted to come.' Then I hang up the receiver and stagger back to my avenging angel, ashamed of my own cowardice, and in no condition for the marital skirmish that is bound to follow this ignominious surrender to the unseen enemy.

'If you would only let me do it!' says Lady Macbeth. 'When you refuse an invitation, you must act definitely and convincingly. 'T were well 't were done quickly when you are doing long-distance lying. You never kill with a good clean lie; you just wound with a wretched little trumped-up excuse that only lacerates. You use a dagger as if it were a teaspoon, and you were dipping it into ice cream. Really, Algernon, if you are too moral to — '

The telephone bell puts an end to this painful arraignment of my virtues.

'Your turn,' I announce laconically.

'Hello?' I hear in tones of gentle firmness. Then, in a moment, comes the familiar, 'No, it is *not:* you have the wrong number,' followed by the irritated click of an angrily replaced receiver.

Another poultice of silence for ten blessed minutes heals, not only the blows of sound, but the slight mutual irritation caused by my clumsy failure to buckle on the armor of untruth.

I exclaim, 'There 's the telephone again!'

'You!' says my wife briefly.

I go, and I return.

'You!' I announce triumphantly; and then I listen, with jaw dropping, to my astonishing wife, who has sometimes actually been criticized for oversincerity.

Of course I understand perfectly that the conversation I hear is really for *my* benefit, much more than for the ear six miles away. Cynthia is showing off. She is also giving me an object lesson. This is what I hear: — .

'Hello! Why, Grace dear, is that you? I have n't seen you for an age!' (A pause! Then —) 'Oh, my dear, that sounds too heavenly! We should simply *love* it, but it 's absolutely out of the question, because — ' (An evident interruption occurs; then Cynthia continues.) 'No, it would n't do the *least* good to change the night; but it 's awfully sweet of you to suggest it! You see I expect Aunt Sally to spend the week with me, and you know I just have to give up *everything* while she 's here — and then — ' (Another pause) 'Oh, that 's too sweet of you to want Algernon alone! But I was just looking over his engagement-book (you know I have to keep his dates for him, he 's so stupid about such things), and if you can believe it, he has something every night for the next week! — What did you say?' (A pause) 'Oh *no*, my dear, he is n't popular *at all!* I don't mean interesting things, but just stupid sort of business meetings and college reunions and things that he simply *longs* to get out of and can't. Oh, wait a minute

— he 's just calling out, "Tell Grace that if I had my way I 'd break every engagement in my calendar to dine with her and Ned!" How 's that for a compliment?' (Pause) 'No, he does n't *ever* flatter, — really, — that 's the way he feels about you both. But I must n't keep you any longer, my dear; do *please* ask us again some time, won't you? After Aunt Sally has gone, and when Algernon is through reuniting. *Good*-bye. So disappointed!'

Cynthia returns to her seat and her sewing — a flush of victory on her brow.

'Is Aunt Sally really coming?' I ask briefly.

'She 's awfully subject to bronchitis at this season,' Cynthia replies evasively. 'One can never be sure of an old person.'

Then, very gravely, I take out my engagement-book to confront her with the blank pages; but after glancing at the dates of the coming week, I acknowledge myself checkmated. I am aghast at discovering the following entries: —

Monday: Class dinner.

Tuesday: Reunion of Class.

Wednesday: College Endowment Fund dinner.

Thursday: Class dinner. And so on for the next ten days.

'Cynthia,' I remark severely, 'if you were a man, I would say that your code is *not* that of a gentleman.'

'Algernon,' she replies sweetly, 'if you were a woman, I should say that you were inconsistent. We have agreed that it is right to Tel and Tel' (Cynthia's code for Telephone and Telaphib) 'but *you* don't dare to live up to your convictions. Gracious! There 's that old bell again!'

Once more I take down the receiver, and listen to the voice of the sluggard who is too lazy to write her invitations.

'This is Mary Borus speaking. We hope that you and your wife will run in to-morrow evening after the Mental Hygiene lecture, and have a Welsh rarebit.'

A sudden inspiration seizes me, and by way of answer I hear myself uttering those five words that so often beat as one upon the ear of the 'wrong number.'

'*Willyoupleaseexcuseus?*'

I hang up the receiver with conscious pride, and am rewarded by Cynthia's smile of commendation. 'How rude you were, dear!' she says admiringly. 'At last you are really acquiring telephone technique!'

VESPA AT THE BAR

Time was, before the gentle days of kaisers and poison gas, that, when a small state began to wax rich and prosperous, it found it highly expedient to hire a 'free company' of cheerful plunderers to fend off all other plunderers — for a consideration. As a rule, the contract was carried out pretty faithfully by the swordsmen, down to its very last legal day.

Even in later times more than one Arab sheik found profit in guaranteeing safe transit through his passes in return for cash in hand, and was true to his 'bread and salt' for that space of country.

All these things may seem far off from a New England garden; and yet certain recent doings bring them sharp to mind.

I have a neighbor. He is a wise man. So, in early August, without beat of drum or other sign beyond the puffing of his 'auto,' he translated his entire family to a vacation sphere beyond my ken, and his place lay silent save for the weekly clatter of a lawn-mowing caretaker. Then he returned one afternoon, and immediately I saw him eying contemplatively a large pear tree that shades his cellarway in the rear, and that suddenly seemed to have acquired a fruit like unto an exceedingly healthy

Jonah's-gourd, some ten feet from the ground. It was a good-sized nest of paper wasps.

Toward the acquirement of virtue I strolled over to observe.

'How am I to get it down?' he asked. 'If I burn it, the tree will be damaged. If I leave it, the children will get stung, or else they cannot play on the rear lawn. If I try to wrap it up in a sack at night, and if that sack should slip — ' There was plenty of room for imagination beyond that point.

Then I sat down on the stonework and argued the case for Vespa, remembering that my friend is a lawyer of sorts, with a trained and able mind, not greatly hampered by prejudice.

'To begin with, what is a paper wasp, socially, in her circle? She is perhaps the deadliest enemy of the house fly known; and the said house fly is a deadly enemy of man. Allies should not make war on each other! Also, it is safe to say that to the wasp the brilliant fly that is charged with carrying infantile paralysis to our children is as much a matter of daily food as is any other fly that flies. Does n't that count for something?'

He looked at the nest, in noncommittal silence. So I began again.

'This summer I have been really puzzled to account for the unusual scarcity of flies around the screen-door of my kitchen, where formerly a dozen or more lay in wait for a dash in whenever it was opened. That nest accounts for it.'

He looked thoughtfully at the distance between our houses, and I divined his thought.

'Oh, as to that, a bee will go a mile or two for honey-searching. Would a wasp get lost in these few rods?'

He still made no comment of committal. Lawyers don't. It is a trade-habit, I believe, to let the other man do the talking — at times. Instead, he asked, quite pointedly, 'How about the sting?'

Then I threw open the doors of memory, and let out a story of other days.

'When I was a small boy, about the size of your boy here,' — with a hand-wave toward the eager-eyed laddie who was watching the nest uneasily with one eye and me with the other, — 'a poor carpenter built himself a little house not far from the edge of a swamp. He was poor in goods, not skill, so he left it in part unfinished until he could raise more money by his work. Hence the main entrance had but a rough portico above it, and the windows had no screens. Not far off, a more wealthy neighbor had a large barn, a stable full of horses, and the manure heap at its rear bred a vast multitude of flies. The carpenter's family moved into the new house, and the flies as promptly moved into that kitchen in myriads, till on a cool day you could not see the white ceiling because of the black flies. Imagine that!

'Then came a mother-wasp one day, prospecting. She looked into that kitchen, and decided that here was right good hunting and not far to go: and pitching her tiny tent in the rough timbers of the porch-roof, she started in to raise a brood. At first, the family did not notice it, and the nest waxed rapidly in size as the colony increased and built large and yet larger tiers of paper-comb. Then the family debated anxiously as to its destruction. As they were laying fell plans to that end, a fly came down from the ceiling and buzzed around the table for a second ere it lit. In that next second, as it seemed, a big black wasp like an Arabian afreet boomed in from the window and dropped on that fly as a hawk would on a chicken. In two more seconds they both departed by the window route in close company, yea, embrace.

'The united family looked at each other, and at the ceiling. Suddenly it struck them that the supply of flies up

there had diminished, until now there were large areas of white ceiling without any; and the lesson slowly filtered in. "Let 's wait a little," said the carpenter; and they did. It seemed hardly a week before that nest was a foot in thickness, and simultaneously with its growth the fly-stock dwindled to the vanishing point; and ultimately the length of life of any fly that strayed into that kitchen could be fairly estimated at about a minute and a half before some hunting wasp heard its buzz and came in promptly after it; then — exit fly.

'Meanwhile, no one member of that family had ever been stung.

'The nest grew and grew, — there still was good hunting round the distant stable, — till the entrance to the deep, 18-inch cone of gray, at its lowest point, was barely above the hat-top of a tall man's head. All summer long, the family, dog, cat, and visitors went in and out of that doorway; and no one of them ever heard even a threatening buzz. In fact, between those two homesteads there was perfect peace and harmony, each state having full powers of destruction of the other, neither having the least idea of exercising it. Canada and the U.S.A. were not more peaceful as to boundaries, if indeed as much so, for neither side bred a single Fenian. Each respected the ways of the other, attending strictly to its own affairs; of all the houses in town, screened or otherwise, that was the only one which might be justly claimed as absolutely fly-less.

'That is my case for Vespa.'

My lawyer friend looked up at the big nest in his tree, and at the group of children playing apprehensively at a 'safe' distance, and said nothing. I judged that I had lost my case. I wished that I had the traditional eloquence of Webster, when that mighty Daniel argued the case of the marauding woodchuck till his father, as presiding judge, whisked away a tear from his weather eye and said with emphasis — 'Zeke, you let that woodchuck go.' But I had n't. I had simply done my best.

Then my lawyer neighbor roused himself from consideration, and remarked, meditatively, noncommittally still, yet appropriately, 'Hum!'

But he did nothing more that day about the nest of Vespa. Nor the next. Presently I noticed that the children, and those of other neighbors, were playing moderately round about. Days passed, the football season came, and play grew boisterous at times. But still the nest remained right there, the wasps peacefully coming and going about their hunting and their home-concerns; and a welcome and goodly share of that hunting was about my kitchen screen-door. At last, the fly-supply gave out, and Vespa came no more.

We have now had our first frosts, and the wasp nest still is intact in my neighbor's family (pear) tree. My judgment of him is confirmed. He is a wise man.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

On his return from active service in the army overseas, **Charles Rumford Walker, Jr.**, determined to enlist in a basic industry. He chose steel, and soon found his place in a working shift where he learned at first hand the technique of the shovel and the team-play of the open hearth. This paper is the first of a series of articles describing what he saw and only what he saw. **Reverend Kirby Page** was, until recently, pastor of a church in Brooklyn, most of the members of which were working people. He spent last summer studying industrial conditions in England and Central Europe, and is now devoting all his time to the solution of the difficult problem of reconciling Christian principles with the conditions of modern industry. He has striven to make his presentation entirely fair, and before publishing this paper he discussed his 'points' with Judge Gary, by whom he was most courteously received. Readers of **Lucy Furman's** story will like to know the foundation beneath her account:—

In the heart of the Kentucky mountains, that romantic and little-known region long regarded as the home of feuds and moonshine, the first rural social settlement in America was begun in the summer of 1899 under the auspices of the State Federation of Women's Clubs of Kentucky.

Half-a-dozen young women from the more prosperous sections of the state, under the leadership of Miss May Stone and Miss Katharine Pettit, went up into the mountains, two and three days' journey from a railroad, and, pitching their tents, spent three successive summers holding singing, sewing, cooking, and kindergarten classes, giving entertainments for people of all ages, visiting homes — establishing friendly relations with the men, women, and children of three counties.

The second summer — that of 1900 — was spent at the small county-seat of Knott County, Hindman, at the Forks of Troublesome Creek; and here, at the earnest solicitation of the people, accompanied by offers of land and of timber for building, a combined social settlement and industrial and academic school was permanently established in 1902 — the pioneer of its kind in the southern mountains.

Beginning in a small way, this work has, in twenty years, grown to large proportions and exerted a deep influence upon the life of half-a-dozen mountain counties, having become not only the best known of all the mountain schools, but the model for the more recent ones.

Miss Lucy Furman has been for many years connected with the Hindman Settlement School, and has written a number of stories about the mountain children, which have been printed in magazine and in book form. In the series of stories, 'The Quare Women,' starting in this number of the *Atlantic*, she goes back to the very beginnings of the work, the tent days with their varied and unusual adventures, and gives an authentic picture of the people whom President Frost of Berea College has so aptly called 'our contemporary ancestors' and of the impact of modern life and ideas upon them.

* * *

Carl W. Ackerman, as director of the foreign news service for a syndicate of American newspapers, was constantly in touch with British and Irish leaders during the recent negotiations between England and Ireland. Through his influence with the press and the confidence he enjoyed among the leaders of both parties, he was able to play a unique part in the extraordinary events he describes. If there is a Celt alive it is **James Stephens**, author of *The Crock of Gold*. Of his brief paper he writes: 'It is really an attempt, given the present state of stagnation in art, music, and literature in Europe, to discuss what direction these activities may take in the near future.' **Anne Goodwin Winslow** occasionally sends us a poem from her home on Governor's Island. In the midst of a busy life in New York City, **Mary Alden Hopkins** still retains her love for the open fields.

* * *

The Irish stories gathered by **A. H. Singleton** are left quite as they were told to the children beside the peat fire in many a cottage in Galway and Donegal. A baker's dozen readers have written to tell us that they have heard of these stories before — that they are stolen stories. Indeed they are. Take 'Jack the Robber.' The Egyptians stole him thousands of years ago, and

the Greeks stole him from the Egyptians. The Italians stole him from the Greeks, and the Scandinavians from the Italians. The Irish stole from them, and now the Americans are all ready to make a little Yankee hero of him — a 'smart Aleck' of their own. **Roderick Peattie** of the Department of Geology in the Ohio State University went 'hunting oil' as the culmination of a geographic training at Chicago and Harvard. In Oklahoma, however, he was in the field not for geography but for geology. For two summers, since his return from the fighting zone, he has carried on field investigations in petroleum for a corporation in Tulsa. He is a son of Mrs. Elia W. Peattie, essayist and critic in the old days of the *Chicago Tribune*. The President of Antioch College, **Arthur E. Morgan,** has interested himself in working out an educational experiment now generally known as 'the Antioch idea.' Is there, we wonder, a place in America where a few hundred thousand dollars would yield a larger harvest? Education is the American religion, and the Antioch idea, properly financed and brought to recognized success, would have a profound and beneficent influence on American character. **Mary Ellen Chase** is a member of the English Department of the University of Minnesota. In connection with his work at Simmons College, **Robert M. Gay** finds that the study of literature and the art of writing go hand in hand. His recent textbook, *Writing Through Reading*, puts into practical form the famous advice of an early nineteenth-century German professor who, asked by a young student what was the best way to learn to write, answered, '*Lesen! Viel lesen! Viel, viel lesen!*'

* * *

Bertrand Russell, famous alike as a mathematician and a political philosopher, has recently returned from a year in China. Author of *Americans by Adoption*, and of a series of studies of the industries of the country, **Joseph Husband** likes equally well to turn his attention to cities and their ways. The spring of the year seems a most fitting time for a poem by **Fannie Stearns Gifford.** At the *Atlantic's* request, **General Erich von Ludendorff** gives his considered estimate of the American forces as he met them on the Western front. An American officer of high rank, who has read General Ludendorff's paper in manuscript, makes, in a letter to the editor of the *Atlantic*, these interesting remarks: —

General Ludendorff's article divides itself under four heads, namely: —

(*a*) The neutrality of the United States prior to April, 1917.

(*b*) The unrestricted U-boat warfare.

(*c*) The German theory of the campaign of the spring and early summer of 1918.

(*d*) The operations of the American troops from the midsummer of 1918 to the Armistice.

General Ludendorff's remarks under the third head are interesting because they are a clean-cut statement of what we all at the time believed to be the fact: viz., that the Germans knew before the end of 1917 that, if they allowed America the time, sooner or later they would be 'up against' the fully developed military and naval power of the United States. Their only hope lay in forcing a decision before any further development of that power. Those on the Supreme War Council at Versailles, — British, French, Italians, as well as Americans, — notwithstanding that things looked very black for the Allies at the beginning of 1918, knew perfectly well that their main hope lay in the effect that the mere threat of ultimate powerful intervention by America would have on the *immediate* military plans of the Germans. The operations of 1916 and 1917, with terrible losses to the Allies, had merely 'dented' the German lines on the Western front, and there only at one or two points. With no radical change in conditions the Germans might as easily have held out, and with no more loss, in 1918 — but the Allies, perhaps, could not have. And there was the German advantage due to the collapse of Russia and the Italian disaster at Caporetto.

These disasters to the Allies made it possible for the Germans, if some additional motive made it seem desirable, to change their attitude on the Western front from one of successful defense to one of problematic (problematic in spite of their increased strength due to those disasters) offense. The additional motive came from the developing American threat. Were it not for that they could have proceeded in a more leisurely and more certain way. Instead of bringing all their troops from Russia to France, they could have sent a part — a small part — to Macedonia, broken that front, forced Greece out of the Alliance and opened her coasts to submarine warfare. They could have sent part to Italy, very probably have broken that front again, and forced Italy out. Either of these possibilities — I believe, probabilities — might have ended the war; both, almost

certainly would have ended it; and if not, the full force of Germany could then have been brought against the front in France and Flanders.

But General Ludendorff makes perfectly clear that they had no time for that course — though he does not intimate that they would have taken that course even if they had had the time. They were obliged to pass from the safe defensive to the dangerous offensive. Their hope lay in withdrawing a sufficient number of troops from Russia to give them the necessary preponderance in France. But a cold-blooded calculation showed that their maximum number of rifles no more guaranteed success against the Allied defense with proper resistance on the part of the latter, than a similar proportion had guaranteed Allied success against them. Solely due to a great and avoidable error of the Allies, the Germans gained their initial success of March 21, 1918, which alone prolonged the war. Had it not been for that error the Germans would have butted their heads against a stone wall, as the Allies had theretofore been doing. And with that result, the issue would have been clean-cut. Neither side could have done anything, but await the arrival of the Americans in increasing numbers. The end would have been only a question of time. That end would have been just as plainly in sight in March as it became in September. And a reasonable peace could have been made many months before it came.

Points (*a*) and (*b*), above indicated, of General Ludendorff's remarks open a most interesting and important line of study — at least so it seems to me. To comment on his remarks about the attitude of neutrality of the United States prior to April, 1917, requires information that I do not possess. He alleges a 'Gentlemen's Agreement' between important men in France, in England, and in the United States, directed against the alleged 'Pan-Germanism Danger,' and binding the United States to interfere in case of a war with Germany or Austria. No agreement between important men could bind any country to war unless those men were authorized by their governments to make such an agreement; nor, in the case of the United States, would that be sufficient. General Ludendorff alleges that Mr. Wilson made an agreement with England in 1913 promising benevolent neutrality and a copious supply of arms and ammunition. As it stands, this is a mere assertion. It would have to be answered by Mr. Wilson himself or, perhaps, by the files of the State Department. I would not dispute the fact that a very strong sentiment existed in the United States adverse to the Central Powers. But such a sentiment has often existed in a neutral country without affecting the official attitude of neutrality of that country. The allegation that the United States showed an attitude of unneutrality in permitting the export of war material could only be sustained by proving that foreign governments, *as governments*, invested their public funds in the United States, with the knowledge of the United States, for the purpose of erecting plants for the construction of war material for the use of those governments. But this is a subject for an international lawyer.

The remarks about the U-boat warfare suggest an inquiry as to how far a nation, which believes that its very life is in danger, is justified in using any means of defense or offense at its disposition, regardless of the rules thitherto in force restricting the employment of certain means. The interest that attaches to this subject lies in the fact that attempts are now being made to limit the use of agencies of submarine warfare, noxious gases, and so forth. I have stated my opinion in public addresses that, if the modern system of nations completely trained to arms continues, a war between any two of them is coupled with the latent threat that defeat will mean the probable destruction of the defeated party; that this fact, regardless of any so-called rules of civilized warfare, will lead the nation that is in danger of defeat to resort to any means whatever to preserve its existence. I see no reason to change that view. The progress of science has placed at the disposition of nations — and will do so more completely in the future — means which, however horrible they may be, may enable them to save themselves from otherwise inevitable defeat and resulting paralysis for generations to come. If the case of Belgium were to be reënacted; if it found itself again invaded as in 1914; and if the resources of science then enabled it to cover its fields with noxious gases which would instantly kill millions of invaders, I have no doubt that that would be done. The attempt that is now being made to restrict the use in war of new and horribly destructive agencies of science is a hopeless attempt to bring back the old condition of things when war was a more pleasant — or at least, a less unpleasant — thing to contemplate. It is a hopeless fight against the tendency of human nature. The world in the future is not going to ask whether the agency employed was in accordance with civilized rules, but will ask only whether the nation that employed it was fighting for its life in a just cause against an unjust adversary.

* * *

Ralph Butler, a cosmopolitan Englishman who has been associated with many diplomatic missions since the war, is intimately familiar with the languages and customs of Central Europe. He has interested himself particularly in the Balkan States, and has recently served on the Supreme Economic Council, British Delegation, Vienna. 'Get-

ting out' of Russia was peculiarly difficult for **Baroness Wrangel**, on account of her distinguished son, but her experiences are not uncharacteristic of those which befell thousands of her countrywomen. **E. M. S.**, as tutor in a household in India, met Gandhi on his own ground.

* * *

Those interested in the signs of the times will read with attention this German student's letter.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In the last issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. S. Miles Bouton has given a description of the political meanings of Germany after the revolution. You will be of my opinion, if I say a foreigner could not know a country, or make the acquaintance of it, so intimately as a native can do. So I might be allowed to state your correspondent has answered his own question, namely, whether Germany would return to monarchy or not, in a manner which does not show the real mind of German people. There is, indeed, great dissatisfaction throughout Germany and, as Germans are a people quite unpolitical — particularly, I am sorry to say, among the so-called *gebildete* (educated men) — it is true many of them lay the blame for every unpleasant thing on the Republican Government. Your correspondent is right too, if he states there are many Monarchists, even among the lower classes of the German people. But all that does not hit what is most important: firstly, that the German people, in its great majority, has taken the place of the Republic, when Kapp and his military adherents tried to reëstablish the Monarchy in 1920; and then, that every attempt in order to abolish the Republican constitution is, from the first, condemned to fail, simply, as it is practically unaccomplishable. For, as Germany before the revolution had 23 monarchies and 3 republics (the 3 *Hansa stadte*) it would be necessary to recall 23 princes, what is, as every man will admit, a very absurd idea. On the other hand it is quite impossible to transform Germany into a centralized empire with one monarch at the head; for, firstly, it would be a very difficult thing to discover such a prince who would be acknowledged throughout all German countries.

It is true that, for this reason, most (of) Germans are presently '*vernunft republikaner*' (prudent republicans), you must give time (everything) — but those 'vernunft republikaner' will, sooner or later, become real republicans.

I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

OTTO HELMUT BURKHARDT.

FREIBURG, BADEN.

The illustrated journal has always its own peculiar vogue.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I think the following will show that the book-lover is just as subtle to obtain his ends as the drug-fiend. I was staying with a friend of mine who had been very sick and the doctor had given orders that he was not to read. Shortly afterward his wife came to me and said, 'George wants to know if he can borrow your *Atlantic Monthly*?'

'But,' said I, 'I thought the doctor said he was not to read.'

'No!' she replied. 'That 's all right. He says he just wants to *look at the pictures*.'

REGINALD CUSACK.

* * *

Stevenson used to say 'The ground of a man's joy is sometimes hard to hit.'

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Another ex-service man has a grievance! Tony was going the rounds of the hospital saying prolonged good-byes to us all. Still in his khaki, he nevertheless made a point of proudly proclaiming his citizenship, triumphantly waving, as proof, his newly acquired discharge papers. He was on his way to the Federal Board and freedom. When it came my turn I held out my left hand to meet his — Tony had 'done his bit' in the war; his right arm hung limp and helpless.

'Tony,' I said, 'we are going to miss you. Let us know how you get on. You 'll promise?'

Two weeks later he returned. After his 'civies' had received their due amount of comment and approbation, I said, 'Well, Tony, how goes it? Tell us about yourself; are you at school?'

A puzzled look clouded those clear, brown, Italian eyes as he answered, —

'Why — y' see — it ees these-a-way. Those Federal Boards — they no understand. I do not want-a a education — I want-a a peanut stand.'

RUTH BENEDICT.

* * *

After all, as competent ferryman, would one prefer Charon to Noah?

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

On a search for a copy of John Kendrick Bangs's *Houseboat on the Styx*, I entered a little store that was a sort of toy and bookshop combined. I stated my errand to the effusive young clerk, who stood puzzled for a moment and then dashed to the rear of the store. Almost instantly he reappeared bearing aloft a very familiar-looking toy.

'This,' said he, 'is not a houseboat on sticks, but a Noah's ark on wheels. Will it do?'

MARION ARMSTRONG.

ATLANTIC SHOP-TALK

SOMEBODY once gave us a copy of an old epitaph, written by an eighteenth-century typesetter for a fellow-printer and bookbinder. The printer, according to the epitaph, was

The * of his profession,
The Type of honesty,
The ! of all.
And although the ☞ of death
Put a . to his existence,
Each § of his life
Was without a ‖ .

In these days, printers and bookbinders rarely write pretty epitaphs for one another's headstones. Instead, they lavish their inventive genius on the covers and the make-up of their books. As the first copies of the new Atlantic books came down this month to the office, the Shop-Talk editor was struck by their variety in appearance, price, and subject matter. Of the list, he selected four for special mention, not because any one of them pretended to be 'without a ‖ ,' but because each was representative of a special phase of bookmaking.

The first of the four is the sort of book that can now be sold at two dollars: cloth over boards, 12mo, full-page illustrations, decorative cover-design in gold. The cover-design is the figure of a great antlered moose of the Maine woods charging at full speed over the crest of a hill; and the title is *Wild Folk*, by Samuel Scoville, Jr. The Shop-Talk editor must confess that he read the book once in manuscript, once in proof, and once, quite gratuitously, in print for the sheer pleasure of seeing once more the little raccoons coming headfirst down the trunk of a tree, and the sea otter diving noiselessly under the kelp, and the 'pincushion of the woods' rustling his fretful way through the underbrush.

The book, like Mr. Scoville's earlier volume, *Everyday Adventures*, is full of the suppressed excitement of the woods, where drama is always going about on padded feet. Perhaps the best of the chapters is the one about the Seven Sleepers. If any reader is curious to know who the Seven Sleepers are, their roll call is as follows: the bear, the bat, the woodchuck, the chipmunk, the raccoon, the jumping mouse, and the skunk. The skunk's motto, by the way, according to Mr. Scoville, is, 'Don't hurry; others will.'

* * *

The second book is *The Notion-Counter*. On its title-page, in plain sight, it displays many convenient odds and ends, as every Notion-Counter should. The title-page announces: —

THE NOTION–COUNTER
A Farrago of Foibles
Being Notes About Nothing
by NOBODY
Illustrated by SOMEBODY
Dedicated to EVERYBODY

In putting this book together, the manufacturing department ransacked the counters until they found the right pattern of tiny-flowered cretonne to use for the cover. The little volume sells for a dollar, is illustrated with informal pen-and-ink sketches 'by Somebody,' and is just the size (16mo) that fits most neatly into a pocket or a camping-kit, or a hammock or a catboat, — the size, in fact, for the summer vacation trip. A few of its chapters are already familiar to frequenters of the Contributors' Club: 'My Wife's Check-Book,' 'My Wife's Address-book,' 'On Dyeing,' 'What Kind of a Snob Are You?' and various discussions between Cynthia and Algernon.

The preface suggests the spirit of the chapters. A shopper, whose motto is 'I am only *just looking*,' is talking to the floorwalker. 'I want to find the counter,' says she, 'where they sell cute little knickknacks, something kind of odd, such as clusters of pins that look like blackberries, and emery bags that look like radishes, and pincushions that look like tomatoes, and sort of comical things that ain't what they seem.' And the floorwalker points toward a remote corner, and says, 'What *you* want is the Notion-Counter.'

Like that floorwalker, the Shop-Talk editor can say to all those who are in search of something to read aloud, something 'kind of comical,' something that hits off the odd circumstances of daily life, 'The Notion-Counter is what *you* want.'

* * *

Book number three, *Young Boswell*, by Chauncey B. Tinker, is the most dignified of all: large 8vo, beautiful paper, readable page, dark-brown cloth binding, gold top and lettering, and the familiar Neptune — or Father Atlantic — imprint of the Atlantic Press, embossed on the cover. In appearance, it is the sort of thing that was represented by Bliss Perry's *Life of Henry Lee Higginson*, and by *The Magnificent Farce;* but it is less expensive than either of these, selling for three dollars and a half. Its illustrations are a point of pride, for Young Boswell seems never to

have denied anyone who asked him to sit for his portrait. Like *The Magnificent Farce*, the book is enriched by scores of illustrations, picturing the places, people, and events described in the text. Gazing at one of the complacent periwigged portraits of 'The Biographer in Meditation,' we can imagine Boswell saying, on finding himself and his letters so prominently set forth, what he once said on finding himself suddenly in love: 'I never was before in a situation to which there was not some objection; but here ev'ry flower is united, and not a thorn to be found.'

* * *

The fourth book is selected because it is an example of the careful piece of workmanship that can be produced nowadays and sold for seventy-five cents. The gray and purple binding in paper over boards, the restful page, and the exquisite detail of the arrangement combine to prove that the inexpensive need not be the unattractive. *Consolation*, by Albion Fellows Bacon, has already made its way to hundreds of those who respond to its ideas. The story of the mother's way of meeting the death of her young daughter reminds one of that sentence in which Professor George Herbert Palmer sums up his sense of the mystery of the death of his wife: 'Who can contemplate the fact of it and not call the world irrational if, out of deference to a few particles of disordered matter, it excludes so fair a spirit?'

* * *

Sometimes, in the hurry of modern business, the Shop-Talk editor turns his mind to that passage in Dickens where an old hostler is describing the fleetness of a horse he recommends. 'Nice light fly and a fast trotter, sir,' says he. 'Fourteen miles a hour, and surroundin' objects rendered inwisible by ex-treme welocity.' At times, the 'ex-treme welocity' of modern existence blinds our eyes to 'surroundin' objects' to such an extent that it is well to pull up now and then, and look at the facts. Mr. Arthur Pound has tried to do this in his new book, *The Iron Man*. He analyzes the effect of the Iron Man (the automatic machine) on the real men who spend their days in great industrial plants. A director in a large industrial company commends the 'excellent insight' with which Mr. Pound has 'tackled a problem of truly mastodontic proportions.' A progressive worker says that Mr. Pound has 'struck thirteen o'clock' in the matter of sound facts and good sense. 'The Dismal Science of Economics,' one professor writes, 'is here applied in a way that is refreshing.'

* * *

Just as this book had been placed in its chink on the shelf, there came a rattling at the panel of the office-wall, and a small square door flew open. This little door, like the slide of a butler's pantry, is the arrangement wherethrough the Shop-Talk editor and the Textbook editor thrust manuscripts and proof that must be read. This time the Textbook editor had a letter in his hand. 'When you mention the texts,' said he, 'you might like to know that the college entrance reading-list now includes a selection of modern plays. Leonard's collection meets that need.' *Modern Plays*, by Sterling W. Leonard, is suitable, not only for students, but for older readers who enjoy a representative collection of short plays by such authors as Galsworthy, Ferguson, Lady Gregory, Percy Mackaye, and Synge.

While we are on the subject of texts, it may be well to say that four of the Atlantic books are now published in two forms, the trade edition and a less expensive school edition. The four books are *Bird Stories*, *Hexapod Stories*, *Uncle Zeb and His Friends*, and *Prose and Poetry*.

In English classes where the *Atlantic Monthly* is being used as a text, it is sometimes interesting, either in Oral Themes or in general discussion, to glance at the history of the growth of the magazine. *The Atlantic Monthly and its Makers*, by M. A. De Wolfe Howe, sets forth the facts and traditions of the *Atlantic*, from the time when it came near being named 'The Anglo-American,' to the time of its sixtieth anniversary. The book is full of anecdotes about the early meetings of editors and contributors. At one of these gatherings, Dr. Holmes was especially complimentary to 'Professor Longfellow' about his most recent poem. But Longfellow had just read Holmes's latest essay in which the Autocrat had said that writers were all like cats, sure to purr if stroked the right way of the fur. After listening graciously to Dr. Holmes's words of praise, Longfellow remarked, 'I purr, I purr.'

Lest we seem to purr too loudly, we are going to let Nelson Andrews, author of *Finding Youth*, speak for himself. 'One of the biggest social wastes is the waste of the latter years of the lives of men and women. Savages, not knowing what else to do with their people of years, kill them. We let them stagnate. . . . As long as a man can laugh humorously, laugh with his mind as well as with his mouth, he has the vitality to create.'

* * *

John Ruskin used to say that every man ought to buy stout gloves for his children and leather covers for his books. Since Ruskin's time the price of leather has gone up. Yet we still cherish a lurking fondness for humble modern volumes made out of cloth and boards and paper. The Autocrat once said: 'I like books. I was born and bred among them, and have the easy feeling, when I get in their presence, that a stable-boy has among horses.' We know that *Atlantic* readers will agree with Dr. Holmes.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JUNE, 1922

BEING BORN ALIKE BUT DIFFERENT

BY VERNON KELLOGG

I

A LITTLE girl whom I know well and have known well for eleven years — she is not so little now, at eleven — is a constant stimulant of inquiry, passive, silent inquiry, for me. She herself is in a constant state of active inquiry of me. But always, as I watch her and hear her, I am asking myself: What will she be when she is grown up, when she is developed, fully developed? And always, close on that: What is making her, and is to make her, be what she will be? What has made her just what she is so far? And how much can anybody, including herself, help her or make her to be what it would please her parents to have her be when she is quite grown up?

She has blue eyes; so has her father. Perhaps she got these blue eyes from him. But she has a firm, straight mouth, the kind of mouth her mother has. Perhaps she got her mouth from her mother. She can read and write and do fractions, and each day now can speak a little more French. Both her mother and father can read and write and do fractions, and they know some French. But, if she got these things from her parents, she got them in another way than that in which she got her blue eyes and straight mouth from them. Having blue eyes and a straight mouth came just naturally with being born. Being able to read and write came by being taught. But the being able to be taught to read and write came with being born. Some little girls of eleven cannot learn to read and write and do fractions, nor will they ever be able to, teach them as much as you like, as long as they live. On the other hand, some little girls of eleven can do rather remarkable things in singing, or playing the piano. A few little girls and boys have done very remarkable things in music at eleven. But the little girl of eleven I know so intimately cannot play the piano especially well, nor would she have been able to, even if she had had many more music lessons than she has had. She is, in a word, not a musical genius. Being a musical genius comes with being born, although to do what a genius can do at the piano requires also much of teaching and practising.

Finally, this little girl of eleven is usually well-behaved. Sometimes she is n't so well-behaved, and after one of these times, and when there has been a general family discussion of the matter, she will decide to behave better, and will say so, and will really do so. She seems to be able to determine for her-

self, in some measure, what she will or will not do.

So, altogether, there is evidently a various and mixed lot of things that take part in making a little girl what she is and what she is going to be. Sometimes I think this little girl is growing more and more like her mother; and I am glad. Sometimes the disturbing fear assails me that she is taking after her father altogether too much. But what can I do? And what can any of us do to have our children grow up to be what we should like them to be? We can be good examples — *if* we can. Yes, but good exampleship has little to do with making firm mouths and what goes with firm mouths, or with making good looks, or good brains, or musical genius. A lot goes just naturally with being born, and this may be good, or less good, or even bad. Can this good be made better, and how much better, and this bad be made less bad, or even not bad at all, by doing something to children after birth? We all want very much to know about this. Can the biologist, who studies birth and development and heredity and variation and the influence of environment and all the rest of the processes and ways of Nature that help to determine the fate of individuals and species — can he tell us anything worth more than merely being interesting? Can he answer any of our questions with any such degree of assurance as to help guide us in our behavior in relation to the problem of human individuals and human society presented by the likenesses and unlikenesses of human beings? I suppose we are all willing to let him try.

II

A female codfish drops into the seawater in which it lives a few million eggs. From all of these eggs which do not get eaten or otherwise destroyed, and which do get fertilized by sperm dropped into the water by a male codfish, hatch tiny creatures, all of which, excepting those that get eaten or otherwise destroyed, — and this is the fate of most of them, — grow up to be fishes that are unmistakably codfishes.

A female robin lays in a nest four or five pretty blue eggs which have been fertilized in her body; and from these eggs, if storm or blue jay or oölogist does not prevent, hatch as many naked helpless birdlings, which are fed for a while by the parents, and grow up, if no ill luck befall, into unmistakable robins.

A cow produces in her body, every now and then, several eggs, from any one of which that gets fertilized in her body, a fœtus develops, which, after a number of months of gestation, is born as a calf, dependent at first for food on its mother's milk, and later able to forage for itself, and which grows up, barring misfortune, into an unmistakable cow or bull.

And, finally, and in much the same way as with cattle, our own children are conceived and develop and are born and grow up into unmistakable human beings. Codfishes, robins, cattle, and human beings all reproduce themselves in essentially the same way; and in this process the end-product, or new individual, is always of the same animal kind or species or breed as the parents. Codfishes produce codfishes, robins, robins; cattle, cattle, and Jersey cattle, Jersey cattle; human beings, human beings, and black human beings, black human beings, and yellow ones, yellow. Like begets like.

But — and this is as true and important as the first axiom — like never produces exactly like. That is, while in gross the offspring are like their parents, who are like their own parents, and so on indefinitely backward, in kind or species and in race or breed, and even are more like the members of their own

particular stock or family than like the offspring of other families within the same species, in detail they are always different from their own parents and grand-and great-grandparents, and they always differ from each other. No two living individuals are ever exactly alike, even if these individuals be twins, or even so-called identical twins. Biologists believe that no two organisms have ever been exactly alike, or will ever be exactly alike. No codfish is ever exactly like any other codfish, nor any robin, or cow, or human being exactly like any other individual of its own species or breed or family. This is the biological fact, or law, of variation, as the statement that like produces like expresses the biological fact, or law, of heredity.

Biologists quibble a good deal over names and definitions. Some use the word 'heredity,' not to name a natural law, — which is, indeed, not a 'law' in the usual sense of the word, but only a concise and generalized expression of a long experience or of many observations, — but to express by a single word the combination of many causes or factors which make like beget like. These biologists think of heredity as a process or an influence or a power. Some biologists include the law of variation within the law of heredity. And so on. No matter. Let us not trouble about a precise usage of terms, for there is none. Let us understand that we want to talk together about the facts and phenomena and methods and causes and, perhaps, above all, about the significance and, particularly, the significance in human life, of being born alike but different. We shall, I think, mean what most biologists mean when we use the word 'heredity' to indicate that we are talking about being born alike; and we shall mean what most biologists mean when we use the word 'variation' to indicate that we are talking about being born different.

Heredity and variation: being born alike but different; two things or two phases of one thing, than which I know no other thing in biology of more importance for human beings to understand, if they want to understand as much as they can of human life and of the unescapable natural conditions under which it must be lived.

Although it is about the conception, birth, and outcome through development, of human individuals that I wish especially to write, with the significance of all this to human social organization and to the fate of human individuals, communities, and races, I have bracketed animals and men together in my remarks so far. This is for two reasons: first, I want to make clear that in these matters of conception, heredity, and variation, men and animals are in the same boat, are subject to the same fundamental natural processes; and, second, I want to be able to speak freely, as a biologist speaking of any biological problem, about these matters, without offending the sensibilities of readers unused to biological discussion, — without, in a word, seeming to be indelicate. I can do this, perhaps, best by discussing birth, heredity, and variation in animals, and saying that this discussion is equally true and applicable for men, — in so far as it is, — and thus escape giving offense to the easily offended. Although I cannot help wondering why I feel that I ought to do this, when I remember that many books and plays of wide popular approval owe much of their interest and vogue to the fact that they devote themselves chiefly to an intensive and very frank consideration of a special phase of this whole matter, the phase of loving, love-making, and love-crowning; and the franker the account, the more successful the book or play.

But my most important reason for bracketing animals and man together

in this discussion is to emphasize the fact that conception, birth, development, heredity, and variation are all matters truly common to both animals — and, indeed, plants — and man, and that we can no more escape — with exceptions to be noted — the control and fateful determination in human life of these things than animals or plants can. And we are quite accustomed now, since biology and evolution have come to have a certain familiarity for us, thanks to the gradually widening form of general education, to accept the validity of the relation of these things to the determination of animal- and plant-life; or, as we might say, if we thought more of plants and animals as individuals and not as species, the relation of these things to the fate of individual plants and animals. Well, just so they have their close and unescapable relation to the fate of humans.

We shall want to examine a little more carefully this matter of heredity tending to make us — by 'us' I mean other animals as well as man — like our ancestors, and variation tending to make us unlike. I shall want to go beyond the casual observation that reveals to anyone that this is true, to refer to a few examples in some detail, and to attempt to analyze and contrast certain factors that contribute to making us alike and yet different. We recognize readily both the likenesses and unlikenesses in the case of human beings and some familiar domesticated animals, as cattle; but we are less likely to recognize the unlikenesses, and more than likely to overrate the likenesses, among codfish and robin individuals — unless we happen to be special students of codfishes and robins.

But before doing this, and in order to do this intelligently, we need to scrape rapid acquaintance with some of the details of the phenomena of conception, and embryonic and post-embryonic development, common to the production of all new individuals, and out of which appear the final likenesses and unlikenesses among them.

The biologist likes to work back to beginnings. So do the geologist and physicist and chemist. To the evolutionist, getting at the beginnings is the absolute prerequisite to getting at the evolutionary course and probable evolutionary fate of chemical elements — rocks, plants, animals, human beings, the earth and other planets, the sun and other stars, the universe. The evolutionist is the most aspiring of scientific men, for he studies the past and present primarily to become able to prophesy the future. And to prophesy is the ultimate aim of science. Let us then hitch our wagon to the stars: let us call ourselves evolutionists.

III

Biologists have a convenient single word to express the life history, from the beginning egg, through all the development and maturity and senescence and, finally, the death, of a single individual. The word is ontogeny. As a running mate for this word, they have another, to express the evolutionary history of a single species or race, its beginning by sudden mutation or gradual transformation from another species, its evolutionary course and final fate, and its genealogic relation to other species or races. This other word is phylogeny.

There is a sort of fundamental parallelism between the ontogeny, or the life history of an individual, and the phylogeny, or evolutionary history of the species to which the individual belongs. The parallelism has been expressed by the generalization that 'ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny,' which is the basis of the 'recapitulation theory' of von Baer, Haeckel, and

other generalizing biologists, of some years ago, who saw in this generalized fact an easy way of learning about the evolution and genetic relationship of any plant or animal species, by making an intensive study of the development of a single individual of the species. It was this generalization that gave such an impetus several years ago to the study of embryology, and upon which, some years later, certain pedagogue devotees of child study based their interesting, but rather undiscriminating, recognition of the monkey stages in child life.

The difficulty about the recapitulation theory is that it is n't true — in detail. In a large way, it is true. In the embryonic life of a child, that is in its earlier and, to most of us, hidden stages, from fertilized egg through fœtal development to time of birth, it does pass through stages which pretty clearly reveal our fundamental evolutionary relationship to the lower animals. It passes through stages, common, with characteristic variations, to the development of all mammals. You have seen the familiar pictures of the early embryos of various animals and man, showing them all so much alike that only a trained student of embryology can confidently distinguish the general group of animals to which a given embryo belongs. But, by the time the human babe is born, it has got on so far in its development that it is well by all fish and monkey stages and is unmistakably and fascinatingly human. It is more than that: it is a human being of a given race, Negro or Mongolian or Indian or Caucasian. And it already shows various specific physical, and, very soon, various mental characteristics, which not only indicate its particular stock, but which are to have a large part in determining its fate as a human individual. It is born, in a word, with all of the general characters of humanness, and with an hereditary endowment of particular physical and mental traits already apparent, and potentialities of other traits which are to appear in due course in its development to maturity, or, as the biologist puts it, in its post-embryonic development.

For any individual to recapitulate in its short ontogeny, — from a few hours to a few years, depending on the kind of animal, — in any detail and with anything like completeness, the phylogeny of its species, is simply impossible; and it, equally simply, does not achieve this impossibility. Whole phyletic stages are suppressed; others are compressed and modified. And, in addition, new non-phyletic adaptive stages, necessary to the successful life of the individual as embryo under conditions not at all identical with the external conditions surrounding any stages in the phyletic history of the species, are interpolated into this ontogeny, tending to confuse, and mislead, the student trying to unravel from a study of individual ontogeny the phyletic history of the species.

Take, for instance, a single example: the ontogeny of a butterfly. Born as a caterpillar (larva), representing in gross some wormlike ancestor in its phyletic history, but in detail very different from any worm that ever existed, it leads an active life for a few weeks or months, equipped by adaptive physical structures to crawl and eat leaves. Then it changes to a non-eating, immobile chrysalis (pupa), in which stage a breakdown of its caterpillar organs occurs, with the simultaneous development of very different organs; and, finally, after some days, weeks, or months, depending on the kind of butterfly it is, it issues as a flying, nectar-sucking, very unwormlike creature, for poets to sing about and entomologists to chase and kill and pin up in their cabinet cemeteries.

Do you think that in the evolutionary phylogeny or genealogy of butterflies, there was ever an ancestor like a present-day butterfly chrysalid? You do not think so; and neither does any biologist. The ontogenetic chrysalid-stage of a butterfly is an interpolated adaptive stage, to meet certain needs for radical changes to be made swiftly. The butterfly issues from its protecting egg so early in its life, — so prematurely, one may say, — that it is thrust out in the world to fend for itself in an ontogenetic stage roughly corresponding to a worm-stage in its phylogeny. But it has to adapt itself to a present environment, which may be very different from the past environment in which this worm ancestor lived. And so the young (larval) butterfly is very different from any worm that ever existed, and its necessary adaptation to a crawling, leaf-eating life carries it even away from the final butterfly-stage, which it must, after all, attain. It therefore devotes the worm-stage of its life to overeating, so that much food, in the form chiefly of fat, is stored in its body. Then it changes into a non-eating, motionless stage, in which it lives on its stored fat and in which it goes through the great bodily changes necessary to become a butterfly.

Now, if human beings were thus thrust out into the world, at a much more immature stage in their development than they are actually able to reach in the protecting and food-supplying mother-body, human post-embryonic life might be very different from what it is. The young of some mammals, as the kangaroo, are at birth more immature than a human babe, and they demand a somewhat different care from the care we give a babe. The just-born young of some others, as cattle, sheep, and the ruminants generally, are distinctly more mature. The calf and lamb can use their legs for proper gamboling very soon after birth. They demand much less care than a human babe.

But our discussion has gamboled, too, instead of sticking to the sedate and ordered way of our original intention. There is so imperatively much that comes crowding forward to be got into this short story of being born, that I cannot see my way clearly. However, we were, when we began gamboling, just at the point of taking up in a little detail those processes that go with being born, which especially have to do with determining likenesses and differences among us as individuals. So let us go back to these processes.

IV

Almost every animal individual begins as an egg. An egg is a single cell, made up of a little protoplasm, differentiated into a small central nuclear portion and a larger, distinguishably differing surrounding portion, together with a smaller or larger supply of food (albuminous yolk), usually surrounding the protoplasm, though sometimes scattered through it. In the eggs of some animals, especially birds and reptiles, this food-mass may be very much larger than the protoplasmic mass, and thus make the egg very large. Usually it is very small.

If we put aside those simplest animals, called Protozoa, whose body, through their whole lifetime, is never composed of more than one cell, and among which new individuals are often produced by a simple dividing in two of the parent individual, then there are very few animal kinds among which new individuals do not always begin as eggs. Among the higher animals, and with man, beginning as an egg is the absolute rule. And this egg has to be a fertilized egg: that is, the egg, which before fertilization is a sex cell produced by a mature female individual, has to

have its protoplasmic part found by and fused with a sex cell from a mature male individual of the same, or a very nearly related, species or kind of animal.

There are exceptions. These could be passed over as of little significance if they did not furnish us with a clue to the interesting fact that fertilization is a double function, and not, as perhaps commonly thought by most laymen, a single function. One part is essentially chemical or physico-chemical in its nature, and the other more truly vital or biological in its nature. Those exceptional cases in Nature in which new individuals develop from unfertilized eggs — the cases are exceptional rather as to kinds of animals which exhibit them than as to individuals, for among some kinds of insects, as aphids, the social bees and wasps, and others, more new individuals are produced from unfertilized eggs than from fertilized — have led to a lot of fascinating experimentation, associated in this country especially with the name of Jacques Loeb. The newspapers and magazines have made his 'fatherless frogs' familiar to many — and probably rather irritating to him. This experimentation has shown that, with many kinds of animals which regularly, or at least usually, produce new individuals only from fertilized eggs, the application of various chemical or physical stimuli to unfertilized eggs will compel them to begin developing. This development usually does not go far; but in some cases it can, and does, go clear through to the achievement of fully developed new individuals. These cases of artificial parthenogenesis, as also the cases of natural parthenogenesis, are restricted, so far as is yet known, to the lower animals, mostly, indeed, to invertebrate animals. The fatherless frogs are at the top of the scale. No mammals are included in the list.

Now, from the observations of these cases of inducing development by a chemical or physical stimulation of unfertilized eggs, those biologists belonging to the mechanist school, who see in so-called vital phenomena only more complex — and not always more complex — phenomena of physics and chemistry than the physicists and chemists usually have to deal with, claim, very plausibly, that fertilization is, at least partly, nothing more than physico-chemical stimulation.

And they can similarly explain the mysterious, or apparently conscious, seeking and finding of the immobile female egg by the smaller, free-swimming, male sperm, as no more than a phenomenon simply induced by the presence of some chemical substance in the egg irresistibly attractive to the sperm. For example, I remember an experiment that the famous plant physiologist, Pfeffer, of the University of Leipzig, used to make in the course of his lectures. He would put a tiny glass tube, open at both ends, filled with diluted malic acid, in a vessel of water in which were millions of the swimming sperm-cells of a fern. In a short time, as the malic acid began to diffuse into the water from the ends of the tube, the fern sperm would gather about the tube-ends and then go into the tube, until finally it was crowded with them.

'And so you see, *meine Herren*,' declared the professor triumphantly, 'all that the fern egg-cells need in order to get fertilized is to have a small quantity of malic acid in them, which, as a matter of fact, they have. There is no mystery of vitalism about it.'

But there is, of course, another and very important matter about fertilization. That is the matter of endowing the young with the double line of heredity represented by, and coming through, both mother and father, and passed on to the new individual by the fused sex-cells of which the fertilized egg is com-

posed. The fatherless frogs and the parthenogenetically produced aphids have only one line of heredity represented in them — the maternal line. But the new individuals that come from fertilized eggs have two lines of heredity physically inherent in their bodies. And we shall see that the great, and biologically very important, fact of variation depends in no little degree on the fusing of two different lines of heredity. This fusion of body-part (sex cells) and of heredities, perhaps for the sake of producing variation, perhaps for some other reason, is the other function of fertilization.

V

Now, what the fertilized egg, which is a single cell produced by the fusion of two cells, first does in the way of development into a new complete individual, composed of thousands or millions or billions of cells, is to divide in two. And then each of these two daughter cells, — which, of course, do not separate and move apart, as they do in the case of the formation of new individuals by the fission of a one-celled (Protozoan) animal, — after growing a little larger (sometimes as large as the parent egg-cell), divides into two; and then these four cells similarly divide, and so on, until the developing egg is a small, usually spherical, mass of cells, usually similar in appearance though, with some animals, varying in size.

An interesting series of performances on the part, first, of the one-celled egg, and then of the daughter cells, goes on in connection with all of this dividing. These performances are too many and too elaborate to be described here, but they are very significant and important. The result of them is to achieve a very precise division of the cell material, which affects nucleus as well as general cell protoplasm, and special elements in the nucleus, called chromosomes, as well as the undifferentiated rest of the nucleus. These chromosomes are broken-up bits of a special part, usually in threadlike shape, of the nuclear material, called chromatin (because it is especially easily and strongly colored by the stains used by cell students in their efforts to make visible the differentiation that exists in the cell structure).

Now, these chromosomes are believed by most students of the mechanism of heredity to be the actual carriers of the hereditary potentialities of the new individual which is to develop from the egg. That is, they are supposed to be composed of actual physical unit representatives in the egg of the many traits of structure, physiology, mentality, and even of soul, — if we go to the logical extreme — which the developed individual will possess by virtue of inheritance. Of course, as they exist in the egg, they are not such traits, nor in the slightest degree suggestive of them — nobody inherits any traits as traits; but because of these physical particles in, or composing, the chromosomes, such-and-such specific traits will develop and be possessed by the new individual.

These traits, I say, have to develop. The human egg is not, nor does it contain, as some of the earlier naturalists, before the days of better microscopes, believed, an homunculus, a tiny human being with all its organs in miniature, needing simply to grow, or enlarge, to be the new baby and then the new man. But neither is it, as many naturalists came to believe, when the improvements in the microscope enabled them to prove the falsity of the earlier 'preformation theory,' a simple bit of undifferentiated protoplasm, capable, by virtue of response to external stimulus and environment, of developing into a new, highly organized creature. We know now that, while there is no pre-

formed tiny human being in the human egg, the egg is, nevertheless, more or less, perhaps very highly, differentiated, with parts that have direct correspondence to future parts of the new individual. But we know also that the conditions under which the development of the egg goes on can greatly modify the fate of any part of the egg mosaic; can modify profoundly the developmental plan, as it were; and that, without proper stimulus and environment this plan, with all the physical representation of it in the egg, can come to nothing. Inherited traits appear because they are represented some way in the egg. And other traits can appear because some special environmental influence forces them on to the developing individual. These latter new traits, or modifications of already represented traits, are said to be 'acquired.' They differ importantly from the so-called inherited traits, in that they will not appear in the children of the new individual acquiring them, unless the similar special environmental conditions that surrounded the parent and determined the development of these special acquirements are repeated during the development of the children. On the contrary, the inherited traits of the parent will tend to appear again in the children — although in never the same condition — under the usual normal environment of the species.

VI

These references to preformation in the egg, or predetermination of the course of development, and to environmental necessities and possibilities in development, introduce us to a fascinating phase of biological study and special investigation, called by the Germans, who were the pioneers in it, *Entwicklungs-Mechanik*, the mechanics of development. Its importance comes especially from two principal things about it: first, it introduces into biological study, which for a long time was almost exclusively simply an observational study, the reasoned application of careful experimental work, with constant references to facts of physics and chemistry and an adoption of the methods which have led to the high development of these sciences as exact sciences; and, second, it involves the getting at, and close observation of, the earlier and presumably simpler stages of animal development, and of the factors that control this development. It is a kind of study more exact and, to its disciples, perhaps no less interesting than child study. At any rate, these disciples would maintain that their intensive study of the mechanics of development should be of some use to scientific students of child development.

We can, of course, do hardly more in this paper than just venture to suggest the significance of certain outstanding facts revealed by the study of *Entwicklungs-Mechanik*. Indeed, you may have become already impatient of my persistence in so long trying to hold your attention to the egg and embryo stages of existence. But knowledge of the varying things that help control the development and outcome of the egg and embryo is knowledge that throws much light on the phenomena of later development, and that can help us to understand what may be possible and what is impossible in connection with our attempt to make this later development run according to our desires.

One of the outstanding problems in this later development is that of recognizing in it, and appraising, the relative influence and importance of nature and nurture, that is, the influence of heredity and the influence of environment and education. Which has the greater importance in determining the course and outcome of this development? What

part of this outcome results from the one, what from the other? Well, the same problem faces the student of developing egg and embryo. But in the case of the study of the animal egg and embryo, one has more opportunity to apply the experimental method than in the study of the post-embryonic development; although it must be admitted that a good deal of experimenting, of a kind unfortunately not too scientific in manner, is done in the case of the developing child and youth. A good deal of our education seems still to be more of the nature of experiment than of well-determined method.

But let us now take our last look, with the aid of some light from *Entwicklungs-Mechanik*, at the developing egg and embryo.

Recall, please, the more obvious phenomena in the course of the early stages of the development of the fertilized egg; and in doing this, keep in mind the two contrasting, although closely correlated, sets of influences determining these phenomena. The early stages are the division of the single-celled egg into two cells, and then into four and eight and sixteen and so on, until there are many adherent cells. And then the gradual specializing of these cells, at first similar, into different kinds of cells, elementary nerve-cells and muscle cells and epithelial cells and blood cells and sex cells and so on, forming different tissues, and the simultaneous gradual arranging and grouping of these specializing cells and tissues into different organs and body-regions. The two sets of contrasting, although mutually interacting and correlated, influences may be called influences of predetermination, or intrinsic or hereditary influences, and influences of epigenesis, or extrinsic or environmental influences.

And now, keeping this in mind, let us play with our developing egg and embryo. For this we need a good microscope, because an animal egg, or at any rate, the part of it that is not yolk (food) but is the developing germ, is very small. And we need several very finely pointed needles, and a wonderful pair of scissors with minutest of blades, and a few other simple instruments, and some chemicals. Also, we need a lot of patience, and perhaps somebody to bring our meals to us while we stick to the microscope; for we may have to sit for many hours with hardly an interruption to our close watching. I knew a German *Privatdozent* in the University of Leipzig, famous for his studies of cell genealogy, who kept up his continual watching of a developing egg of Ascaris, a worm parasite of horses, for all of a day and a night and the next day. But he discovered many things of great interest and significance, whose telling made him the author of a monograph in biological science which is now a classic. And that is high reward for a biologist.

If everything that determines the course of development of an egg — granted that the necessary general external conditions are provided — is inherent in the egg itself, then we might speak of this developmental course as predetermined for any given egg, and might even speak of the egg, or embryo, which develops from it, as preformed, although, as already said, this preformation does not mean the existence in the fertilized egg of a complex embryo in miniature. It simply means that any given part of the egg, or one of the early daughter cells into which it divides, is predestined to become, by further development, a certain given part or organ or kind of tissue of the embryo and hence of the final fully developed new individual. On the other hand, if the egg gets its stimulus for development from outside, and is chiefly controlled during its development by environ-

mental conditions, then its manner of development will vary in accordance with any variation in the external stimuli and conditions brought to bear on it. Here the experimenter comes in.

A classic early experiment on the frog's egg seemed to prove the theory of preformation. With a finely pointed, heated needle one of the two daughter cells into which the egg first divided was killed by the experimenter, although it was left attached to the other live cell. The other cell went on and produced a half-frog embryo! *Ergo*, each half of the egg, or certainly each cell arising from the first division of the egg into two cells of equal size and similar appearance, had for fixed fate the development into the right or left half of a frog.

But another experimenter, instead of killing one of the first daughter cells of the frog's egg, succeeded in separating them entirely, — thus removing any contact stimulus from a dead but still adhering daughter cell, — and found that each daughter cell, or egg-half, developed into a whole frog embryo of half, or at least unusually small, size! And still other experimenters succeeding in separating, in the case of eggs of certain other animals of lower type than the frog, not only the first two daughter cells, but the four and the eight and even the sixteen, produced by successive divisions of the developing egg, and got from each separated cell a minute but complete embryo. *À bas* preformation; *hoch* the theory of epigenesis!

But the preformationists came back. By the careful watching, like that of the Leipzig *Privatdozent*, of eggs of various animals developing under normal circumstances, it was shown that certain specific tissues or organs of the later developed embryo have their origin from specific single cells in the four- or eight- or sixteen-cell stage of the developing egg. In other words, each of these early daughter cells, which are, in effect, specific parts of the original, one-celled fertilized egg, produces a specific part of the later embryo and developed individual. Which is what would be expected from preformation.

Also, if the group of daughter cells resulting from the repeated egg cell-divisions are prevented from assuming their normal relative position with regard to each other, by being compressed between thin sheets of glass, and so made to lie all in one plane instead of in a spherical mass; or if they are otherwise constrained to depart from their usual habit of arrangement, then, when the constraint is removed, they tend strongly to assume the space-relation to each other characteristic of normal development. On the other hand, if this physical constraint lasts too long, or if the usual medium in which the egg develops, — sea water, say, — is modified by changing its physical character (density), or its chemical composition, then this change in environment produces a structural change in the character of the embryo, or larva, into which the egg develops.

In a word, the experiments of the students of *Entwicklungs-Mechanik* show that, while there are strong intrinsic influences in the egg, which guide its development under usual or normal environmental conditions along a definite path, yet any sufficient modification of the extrinsic conditions (environment) affecting the developing egg or embryo can change this path and produce a modified individual.

Well, we shall see (in our next paper) that exactly the same struggle or correlation exists between heredity (intrinsic influences) and environment or education (extrinsic influences) all through the post-embryonic development of any animal and the childhood and adolescence of a human being. And the outcome of this development,

all the physical, mental, and spiritual characters of the new individual, is the resultant of these sometimes opposing, sometimes reinforcing, intrinsic and extrinsic factors or influences.

My little girl is what she is so far, and will be what she is at any time in her life, because of the interacting influences on her of her biological inheritance (intrinsic factors) and her social inheritance (environment and education). I cannot do anything now to change her biological inheritance, but I can do much to control her social inheritance. We are back to our question of the beginning of this paper. 'A lot goes just naturally with being born, and this may be good, or less good, or even bad. Can this good be made better, and how much better, and this bad be made less bad, or even not bad at all, by doing something to children after birth?'

In our next paper, I propose to seek for some light on this by an examination of the facts of the 'new heredity.' By the new heredity I mean what has been learned in the last fifty years. It is more than had been learned in all time before.

(Dr. Kellogg's next paper will be 'The New Heredity')

AMERICA AND THE OPIUM TRADE

BY ELLEN N. LA MOTTE

I

In a recent issue, one of the great London newspapers contained a long article on the question of the Irish settlement, expressing satisfaction on the removal of a cause of friction between England and the United States. 'But the greatest cause of all for relief is that now America can have ordinary and natural relations with Great Britain. Whatever it is natural for the two nations to do in relation to each other can now be done. No longer will there be the embarrassment of something that cannot be talked about openly and freely. There will be no uneasy self-consciousness in their relations. If any among us ever again try, as some have tried in the past, to prevent the consummation of treaties or agreements of generous understanding, by taking an anti-British point of view, they will be asked what justifies their position, and they can no longer justify it by allusion to Ireland. That allusion, on more than one occasion in the past, has been enough to prevent the relations of normal friendliness between the two nations.'

There is another allusion, however, to one of Great Britain's policies, which cannot be talked about freely and openly, without uneasy embarrassment, and which at any moment may be used to arouse anti-British feeling, to create political capital or political trouble. That allusion is to Great Britain's opium trade, established by law in many of

her Crown Colonies and Dependencies in the Far East, and to the immense output of Indian opium, which is sold once a month by the Government at public auction at Calcutta and is chiefly responsible for the spread of the drug habit throughout the world. At the present moment, Great Britain is rather sensitive to such allusions; and as time goes on, and the facts regarding this traffic become more and more widely known in America, it may prove even more embarrassing than the Irish question.

In America, all matters relating to public health receive careful attention. No other country gives such careful study to questions that affect it, or makes such determined efforts to improve it and raise it to a higher level. In the last few years our attention has been drawn to a condition which has now become a grave menace to our national welfare, something which is extraneous, artificial, and wholly uncalled for, yet which is assuming such proportions that we must recognize it as a threatening danger. This is the great increase of the drug habit. To meet this danger, most drastic laws regulating the sale and distribution of drugs have been in force for a number of years; yet we see these laws, theoretically perfect, totally unable to cope with the situation. They deal adequately with the legal sales of habit-forming drugs, but leave us quite at the mercy of an organized ring of drug smugglers and peddlers, whose agents are at work in every city of the country, creating a market for their wares. This ring of international drug-dealers is also at work in every capital of Europe; their machinations extend throughout the world. America, however, is particularly exposed to their attentions, by reason of our long, unprotected Canadian and Mexican borders, which make smuggling easy.

In June, 1919, a pamphlet was issued by the United States Treasury Department, Public-Health Service, showing that at that time the United States was the greatest opium-consuming country on record, our *per capita* consumption being 36 grains, as compared with one for Italy, two for Germany, and three for France. A clinic for the treatment of drug addicts, opened in the spring of 1919 by the New York Health Department, gave some interesting statistics. Of the several thousand patients under treatment, it was found that one third contracted the drug habit while under the age of twenty, and one half while under the age of twenty-five. This should prove of interest to those who contend that the increase in drug-taking is due to prohibition. This Treasury Report, 'The Traffic in Narcotic Drugs,' was compiled and issued one year before the Prohibition Amendment, and it can hardly be believed that these young boys and girls, under twenty or under twenty-five, took to drugs because their alcohol supplies were cut off. These two problems, drink and drugs, have run parallel for a number of years, but are otherwise unrelated.

Another fact of importance was brought out during the few weeks that the New York Drug Clinic remained open. That was the difficulty of effecting cures. All those who wished it, and there were many, were sent to a hospital on North Brother Island, where they remained a few weeks, until the drug was thoroughly eliminated from their systems. When their general health had been built up, they were finally returned to Manhattan as cured. Ninety per cent relapsed within twenty-four hours, and the rest a short time afterward.

Why? Because, as soon as they reached the dock, there were agents of the drug ring waiting to trace their movements and to tempt them at the first possible opportunity. In other words,

they were back again in an environment where drugs were freely procurable; and it is no part of the system to let a good customer escape. When one considers that the medical dose of morphia, as given after operations, accidents, or acute illness, is one eighth, one sixth, one quarter, and occasionally one half of a grain, and contrasts it with the daily doses of drug addicts, who consume fifteen, thirty, sixty, and, in one instance at the Clinic, one hundred and twenty-five grains in twenty-four hours, it is easy to realize why the peddler wishes to create and maintain his customers.

These smuggling gangs are powerful and well organized; and the profits are so enormous that the trade is well worth the risks involved. The conditions that exist in New York could be duplicated in other cities, both in Europe and America. At present, the London and Paris papers contain almost daily accounts of raids on these peddlers and smugglers; and the reason that these cities are not as alive to the danger as ourselves is because matters of public health are of less interest to Europeans than to Americans.

The cause of this immense supply of drugs is the immense overproduction of opium, for which Great Britain is chiefly responsible. The great output of the world's supply of opium comes from India, where every step of its production, manufacture, and sale is regulated by a special department, the Opium Department, and is conducted as a government monopoly. The planter who wishes to raise poppies must first obtain a government license, specifying the number of acres to be sowed. If necessary, the Government advances him money, *free of interest*, the only crop so subsidized. When ripe, a government agent collects the crop and takes it to the government factory at Ghazipur, where it is manufactured into opium of two classes: provision opium, destined for export, and excise opium, which is for consumption in India, the Straits Settlements, Hongkong, and other British Crown Colonies and Dependencies, where the opium trade is established by law.

Once a month, at public auction in Calcutta, the British-India Government sells its chests of provision opium to the highest bidder. Thus it passes into the hands of private firms and individuals, is shipped to Europe or America or elsewhere, made into morphia or other alkaloids, and so distributed throughout the world, by fair means or foul. It is estimated that the amount of opium required to satisfy the medical needs of 'all the Americas, from Alaska to Patagonia,' is one ton. This is the amount needed for illness or accident, as given in doses of a fraction of a grain of morphia. On this basis, let us allow one ton for Europe and the same for Asia — three tons would suffice for the relief of pain and suffering, the legitimate and proper use for drugs of this kind. Yet last year at Calcutta 741 tons of provision opium were sold. This excessive amount, therefore, is obviously produced for but one purpose, to supply the needs of drug-takers.

So much for provision opium, sold for export. Let us now consider the other form, manufactured at the government factory at Ghazipur, known as excise opium, destined for consumption in India and other dependencies of the British Empire, where it is sold frankly and openly, to supply the wants of drug-users. In these remote colonies the British Government sells opium through the medium of drug shops, where it is purchased as freely as cigarettes. The Government also licenses smoking-rooms, where it may be smoked on the premises. In India, there are 17,000 licensed shops.

The sales of opium, together with fees and excise duties, form a considerable

part of the Indian revenue. During the ten years ending with 1918–19, the receipts from opium (consumed in India, not exported) increased at the rate of 63 per cent.

The opium trade is also legally established in the Straits Settlements, where the local government makes nearly one half of its revenue from opium sales and excise duties. In British North Borneo and Sarawak there is also an opium revenue. In certain of the unfederated Malay States under British protection, the opium revenue forms 45 per cent of the total. In all these countries this business is a government monopoly.

In Hongkong a slightly different system prevails, the Government not conducting the business directly, but selling off the privilege once a year, at public auction. The privilege thus farmed out is known as the Opium Farm, and the syndicate buying it has the right to establish as many shops and smoking-rooms as the traffic will bear. The latest available report, for the year 1918–19, shows that 532 tons of excise opium were produced for consumption in India and elsewhere. These 741 tons of provision opium and 532 tons of excise opium, a total of 1273 tons, may be reckoned as overproduction, when compared with the world's actual needs for medical purposes, estimated at three tons. Roughly speaking, it takes seven tons of opium to make one ton of morphia.

II

Recently a film was shown in London, illustrating Sir Ross Smith's flight by aeroplane from England to Australia. One of the pictures was taken in Basra, Mesopotamia, one of the places where he alighted en route. This picture showed a native sitting at a stall selling opium; and overhead was a crude sign, 'Licensed by the British Government.' Mesopotamia has not long been in possession of the British, being one of the mandated territories acquired since the war; and, as the *Telegraph* said in a leader on June 15, 'In Mesopotamia and in Palestine we are in possession, we are the only organized authority.' No time is lost, at all events in Mesopotamia, in establishing the opium trade on a paying basis.

This makes us pause and wonder what is happening in those other mandated territories, in those great German colonies in Africa, acquired by Great Britain since the war. Is the opium trade being established there likewise? It is not a pleasant reflection to think that, by our assistance in winning the war, we have placed something like one million square miles at the disposal of the British Empire, consisting largely of primitive peoples, unfit for self-government, yet fit to become customers of the British opium monopoly. Unfortunately, there is nothing in Great Britain's past or present history to make such an assumption unlikely.

Let us remember that, in these remote, half-civilized countries, over which Great Britain holds sway, the people have little or no voice in the management of their own affairs. Contrast this with the fact that in Great Britain's self-governing dominions, — Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, — the opium trade is not established by law. These self-governing colonies contain no licensed drug shops or smoking-rooms. In fact, as in the British Isles themselves, the greatest care is exerted to exclude harmful drugs and to prevent people from having access to them.

This double standard of ethics is striking. When we in America see the pitiful plight of those who have become addicted to the drug habit; when we realize what it means in the way of moral, physical, and economic deterioration, it is difficult for us to realize that

Great Britain deliberately, and for the sake of revenue, brings about this condition among those helpless peoples whose welfare she professes to have at heart.

The excuse given is that the Oriental is not hurt by opium. This is palpably untrue. The Chinese were enormously injured by it. China protested against the importation of British opium, and fought and lost two wars in a vain endeavor to protect herself. It was at the conclusion of the second war, that China, defeated, was obliged to sign the Treaty of Tientsin in 1856, by the terms of which treaty she was obliged to receive as much opium as the English traders chose to bring in. It was after 1856 that China began to raise poppies on her own account, and on a large scale, in order to compete with Indian opium, and to keep her money from being drained out of the country.

The Japanese fear opium as much as Europeans and Americans, and protect their own people as sedulously as we attempt to protect ours. When America acquired the Philippines, we found the opium trade established by our Spanish predecessors, and at once abolished it. Ever since, however, we have been fighting against the smuggling from Hongkong. There is probably no one, outside the India Office, who can truthfully say that drugs are discriminating in their action, and are harmless, if not actually beneficial, to the Oriental races.

A word as to China's situation. From 1856 until 1907 that country was deluged with opium, imported under treaty terms. In 1907, however, as a result of the pressure of public opinion, in which American opinion played no small part, China and Great Britain entered into an agreement. By the terms of this agreement, covering a period of ten years, the Chinese agreed to reduce the area under poppy cultivation ten per cent each year, and Great Britain agreed to reduce her imports of opium ten per cent each year. No one believed it possible that drug-sodden China could live up to her share of the bargain, yet she did so, admirably. Great Britain also kept the faith, and by April, 1917, the bargain ended, and China was officially free.

Then what happened? This bargain showed a sincere desire on the part of the Chinese to rid themselves of opium, but it involved no such moral turnover on the part of the British-India Government. The China market must be given up, since public opinion so willed it; but other markets must be found for the opium output. There was no intention to abolish it. Thus it came about in the latter years preceding 1917, when the trade with China was dwindling, that another outlet presented itself. The opium business suddenly underwent a change. The direct, simple route to China was closed, officially, but at that time the immense possibilities of morphia were discovered. Therefore, shipments of opium were made to England, manufactured into morphia in London and Edinburgh and, as morphia, exported to Japan. Japan became the willing cat's-paw, the go-between, and has since been smuggling immense quantities of British morphia into China. To our shame, be it said, America has also taken a hand in this traffic, and certain of our large wholesale drug manufacturers are now busy making morphia for Japan to ship into China. It is also certain that a portion of this British and American morphia is finding its way back into the United States.

The result of this giant smuggling trade, twenty-eight tons of morphia being sent last year into China in this manner, is that the Chinese are again growing opium. This time they are not raising it in competition with opium legally imported, as under the Tientsin Treaty terms, but in competition with

this immense smuggling trade, which again threatens to drain the resources of the country. A bill is pending before the United States Senate, making such shipments of morphia from America illegal; but so far, nearly a year since its introduction, Congress has not seen fit to pass this bill. But suppose it were passed, what then? It would be easy for an American or British firm to establish a morphia factory in Mexico or some other complaisant country, and carry on the trade from there. There is always this immense output of opium to be disposed of; and while the supply continues unabated, an outlet for distribution will be found.

The possibility of making morphia, however, in a remote country, secure from observation, has already been appreciated by the British-India Government. The latest report on the operations of the Opium Department for the year ending October 31, 1920, shows that the difficulty of making alkaloids in the Tropics has been overcome, and that already the government opium factory at Ghazipur is experimenting with morphia production.

The significance of this new departure must be recognized. The opium monopoly is now not only making provision opium, for export, and excise opium for domestic consumption, but is manufacturing morphia as well. According to this most recent Blue Book, just off the press, we find that 'under the first assistant chemist in the factory, the manufacture of alkaloids was continued with skill and enterprise; but, unfortunately, in August, 1920, all shipments of alkaloids were stopped under telegraphic orders from the Government of India, and it is necessary to find other markets.' We may be sure, however, that 'other markets' will be found.

Appendix IX of this Blue Book reads as follows: 'Showing the Opium Alkaloids manufactured at and issued from the Ghazipur Opium Factory for the season of 1919–20: —

	lbs.	*oz.*
Crude codeia	100	
Morphine pure	8	11
Morphine hydrochlorate	1012	11
Morphine acetate	1	15
Morphine sulphate	33	9
Morphine tartrate	9	4
Codeia	81	7
Narcotine	16	1

'This, of course, is a very small output of alkaloids, but it is a beginning, and will doubtless be developed. At present it is handicapped. The rate of exchange, the restrictions placed on the import, manufacture, and export of opium alkaloids in Great Britain by the introduction of the Dangerous Drugs Bill, and the acceptance of the Hague Convention by the signatories of the Peace Treaty, have caused a serious fall in the market for drugs. The question of finding other markets for our alkaloids is under consideration. . . . One hundred and twenty-five pounds of morphia and sixteen pounds of codeine were sold in India and realized Rupees 21,761. . . . By advertising our laboratory products, a large demand for medical opium in cake and powder and for alkaloids is arising.'

This suggestion is full of sinister possibilities. Morphia manufacture in England and the United States is a paying enterprise, but the profits go to private firms, not to the Government. And if twenty-eight tons of British and American morphia can be sent to Japan in a single year, for reëxport to China, why should not Indian Government morphia compete for this market? Especially since 'the ice-making machine referred to last year has arrived, and will, it is hoped, be in full working order by the beginning of next summer.' One wonders whether one of the 'other markets' for this morphia will not be Russia?

III

In the spring of 1922, the League of Nations, meeting at Geneva, will take up this opium traffic and try to abate or abolish it. The Opium Section of the League is a reiteration of the principles agreed to at the Hague Opium Convention of 1914, by which most of the great countries of the world agreed to restrict the importation, sale, and distribution of drugs, by uniform and comprehensive legislation. America signed the Hague Convention in 1914, and is prepared to act in this matter of uniform legislation, which will be in line with the action taken by those countries which are members of the League. By means of this concerted action by the great nations of the world, it is hoped that the drug traffic will be controlled. Each country will agree to import sufficient opium for its own medical requirements, to be disposed of within its own borders, subject to such legal safeguards as may be necessary. There will be no reshipments, no exporting in bond, such as now make possible the morphia traffic with China, via Japan.

This should do much to lessen the demand for opium at the monthly auctions at Calcutta. However, if certain countries are omitted, or fail to make adequate laws, this will destroy the whole scheme. If Patagonia, for example, refuses to limit her imports, and its Government certifies that it requires a hundred tons 'for medical purposes,' the necessary loophole will be afforded. The entire output of Indian or other opium can go to Patagonia, to be smuggled out again as best it can. However, let us hope for the best; let us hope that no one 'fixes' Patagonia.

There is another point of supreme importance in connection with this action of the Opium Section of the League of Nations, which is the fact that the Crown Colonies and Dependencies of Great Britain do not come under the jurisdiction of the League. Their affairs constitute a domestic question, to be regulated by Great Britain alone. India, the Straits Settlements, and Hongkong, where the opium trade is legally established, can continue as usual. India can produce heavy crops of poppies, and, thanks to the skill and enterprise of the chemists at the government opium factory at Ghazipur, and the arrival of the ice machine, this opium can be made into morphia equal to the best British or American. With such bases as the Straits Settlements and Hongkong, and those great areas in Africa, ready to be utilized at any moment either as markets or points of departure for smugglers, what will have been accomplished? The coming meeting at Geneva will hinge, its success or failure will depend, upon how this question is settled.

There is one ray of hope. The India Office cannot make this fight to retain its perquisites, to keep India and the Crown Colonies outside the provisions of the Hague Convention, reëxpressed in the League of Nations, in the face of strong public opinion — a public opinion, American and English, which will not tolerate double-dealing; a public opinion which will not witness, without protest, an England joining in this concerted world-effort to abolish the opium evil, and passing Dangerous Drugs acts for the protection of her people at home, yet maintaining the opium traffic in her colonies: maintaining, for purposes of revenue, these excellent bases, able to absorb the whole output of India, which may become smuggling headquarters of first-class importance, and so nullify this world-attempt to curb the opium menace.

This public opinion, however, must come from America. Never before were we in a better position to make our opinions felt, our desires known; for in the last few years America has become

the dominant nation of the world, and Europe is looking to us for help and guidance. The European peoples are tired. They are weary and despondent. Now, when the countries of the world are seeking our assistance, our coöperation and good-will, now is our time to express an opinion on this matter. The great mass of the people of England are ignorant of this opium trade, wholly unaware of what their Government is doing in their name. They are not allowed to become conversant with the facts, and the press is closed to all information concerning them. Now and then one hears of an occasional protest, a sporadic outburst on the part of some individual; but it is never followed up, never given publicity, and nothing comes of it.

The governing classes, however, know all about the opium policy, and these represent influential England and direct her affairs at home and abroad. In addition, there are vested interests, manufacturers and importers, who naturally see nothing wrong with a policy of this kind. They probably constitute a large, though hidden influence, and the combination is formidable. But, roughly speaking, it may be said that ninety per cent of the English people are ignorant of what their Government is doing in their name, and would gladly and wholeheartedly join us in protest against it. However, they are not, like ourselves, of a crusading spirit. Therefore, if America chooses to express herself, we need only deal with a small body of influential statesmen, those who direct British policy. At present, they are rather sensitive to criticism of this opium trade, and are sufficiently keen politicians to realize the immense political capital that can be made out of widespread resentment on this subject in America.

The time has now come for us to express our opinion on this matter, in no uncertain voice. In a few weeks the Opium Section of the League of Nations meets in Geneva, and its success or failure depends upon whether or not certain British possessions are to be included, and shall be allowed to take the same steps to abolish dangerous drugs that the rest of the world proposes to take. If they are included, all will be well. But if Great Britain insists upon keeping them out of this common action, maintaining them as centres of production and distribution, the whole value of this world action will be nullified. And there is good reason to believe that Great Britain will try to keep them outside the League, on the excuse that this question of opium is a domestic question; and she will probably succeed in this effort unless public opinion is aroused and is cognizant of what is likely to occur. For our own sakes, we should see that this does not take place. We want the drug evil abolished, and at its source. And we must also feel sympathy for those helpless peoples who are being exploited in this manner.

If America speaks, England will listen. No great power can pursue a policy of this kind without coming into contact with the moral forces of the world, and having these forces call a halt. America is a potent factor in the world to-day, and the statue of George Washington does not stand in Trafalgar Square for nothing. It represents appreciation of, and admiration for, those great qualities which our two nations have in common, and our desire to unite and march forward together in mutual understanding and good-will. We cannot afford to take opposite sides on the question of opium — that must never be the rock upon which we split.

INDIA AND THE OPIUM TRADE

BY GIRJA SHANKAR BAJPAI

In view of the growing interest in the United States of America in the opium traffic, particularly with a view to its suppression for moral and humanitarian reasons, it will not be inopportune to explain the attitude of India, one of the four great opium-producing countries of the world, toward this question. Reformers, in their zeal to destroy what is commonly called the 'opium evil,' have often misrepresented, no doubt unconsciously, the policy of the Government of India. Its monopoly of the manufacture of opium; its strict control of the cultivation of the poppy, from which crude opium is prepared; its supervision of opium sales, both wholesale and retail, and whether sold for purposes of consumption in India or export to other countries, are frequently assailed in the press and from the platform, as so many manifestations of a sinister and immoral purpose to exploit and encourage a human weakness, for purposes of revenue. Critics whose outlook is tinged with political bias even see in these steps a subtle attempt of British Imperialism — for is not the Government of India controlled by Great Britain — to corrupt British dominion in the East by poisoning the people of the Orient with this most deleterious of drugs. Political motives and pecuniary greed, it is claimed, are the true mainsprings of this monopolistic policy.

These allegations, however, will not bear examination in the light of facts. To take first the question of opium consumption in India itself. Before the advent of British rule, there were two classes of consumers in the country: those who used it as medicine, and those who took it as a narcotic. Its use as medicine was legitimate; its use as a drug in every way reprehensible. But there was no control over consumption of either kind, or production for either purpose. Those who wanted opium for medicinal purposes could grow it or buy it without let or hindrance. Those who used it as a narcotic were equally free. They could own it in any quantity, take it in any measure, use it in any form. They could swallow it solid as a pill, or smoke it as a paste in their pipes. They could dream under the magic spell of its fumes in the quiet of their homes, or in public places especially maintained for smoking opium. There was no prohibition against public dens, any more than there was against inhaling it in private. It was the golden age of the *Tiryaqi*.

British legislation, while not interfering with the traditional use of opium as medicine, sought rigorously to put down its pernicious misuse. To maintain the public saloon was made a crime. To possess a preparation of opium for smoking, or instruments used for such a purpose, became a crime. To sell more than two fifths of an ounce of opium to a purchaser became a crime. For a private person to be found in possession of a larger quantity became a crime. To engage in trade without a license became a crime.

These opium laws were not a dead letter, but were rigidly enforced. The effectiveness with which they have been

applied may be gathered from this one fact. The writer of this article spent five years as a magistrate in two of the most cosmopolitan cities in Northern India, — centres of pilgrimage, to which people thronged from every part of that vast continent, — but never once had he to try a case arising out of a breach of these laws. Government control has eliminated the opium den; it has all but eliminated opium-smoking. It has blocked every avenue of abuse.

But the law, through its preventive machinery alone, could not have accomplished this. Had private cultivation and manufacture of opium been allowed, abuses would never have been completely suppressed. Control of cultivation and control of sale were conditions precedent to the effective carrying-out of the law. And if control had accomplished nothing but the suppression of opium dens and the cessation of opium-smoking, it would have been fully justified. Monopoly of production came to destroy an evil, and not to fulfill it.

But, it will be said, India consumes 900,000 pounds of opium every year; surely so much could not be required for purely medicinal purposes. If abuse in the form of smoking has ceased, it must exist in some other form. The reasoning may be logical, but the inference is false. The consumption per capita of opium in India works out at 26 grains, or 10 grains less than the corresponding figure for America, if the statistics given by the American publicist, Miss La Motte, are correct. In spite of an increase in population, this figure has remained stationary since the Royal Commission on Opium presented its report in the eighteen-nineties. The constancy of the figure can only prove two things: (1) that the consumption of opium in India is not on the increase, as some controversialists infer from the fact that opium revenue has increased; and (2) that the demand for such consumption is limited to customary uses of the drug, which public opinion does not condemn and the law cannot touch.

The Occidental systems of medicine may consider even 26 grains per head of population to be too large a quantity for medical purposes; but it does not follow that Indian homœopathy takes the same view. Modern remedies, even where such have been discovered, are not cheaply or easily available everywhere in India. Tropical fevers and diseases of the stomach, such as dysentery, are instances in point. To the people of the land these are not new diseases, and as to most of these, original empiricism regards opium as both a preventive and a prophylactic. In old age people use it as a tonic.

All this may be rank superstition or heresy to the allopath; but in a country where modern medical facilities are inadequate to medical needs, it would be inhuman to deprive the people of a cheap and tried remedy. It would also be impolitic to force a privation which might be actively resisted as an interference with custom. Beliefs which have the sanction of centuries can change but slowly. Such changes also, as the overthrow of scientific dogma, can be achieved by education alone. The task of educating 320,000,000 people cannot be rushed, and the Government of India cannot justly be blamed for leaving to time what time alone can accomplish.

But as to the question of export to foreign countries. Government monopoly of this is historic. The Moguls, or rather the Emperors of Delhi, held it that their monopoly was ineffective, and the East India Company had ultimately to revive it, as, in the case of their servants, the opium trade became a crying scandal. The Crown continued the system which the Company had been compelled to adopt. Any other

course would have benefited no one but the smuggler. It would have made the observance either of the Shanghai Agreement or of the Hague Convention impossible. Given an effective demand for the commodity, given the usual incentive to human daring and cupidity which gain never fails to supply, it is much more difficult to control its distribution if production is not under control than if it is.

One reason why Persia has not ratified the Hague Convention is that, having no control over the production of opium, she feels powerless to control trade in the drug. Turkey is outside the Convention for this reason as much as for any other. If India has succeeded in keeping faith with the Convention,— and of the four countries which produce opium she alone has done so, — it is because her control of production makes it possible for her to bolt and bar the door on traffic which she does not sanction.

In 1909 she made an agreement with China that, *pari passu*, with arrangements made by the latter to suppress the production of opium within its territories, the export of Indian opium to China would be reduced. That agreement was honorably kept, and since 1917 no opium has been exported to China from India. This arrangement cost India four million sterling a year. And although there has been a recrudescence of opium cultivation in China on an enormous scale, India has shown no disposition to reopen the question of exporting opium to China. On the contrary, she has tried to assist the Chinese Government in closing all avenues of illicit trade by strictly regulating the manner of sale of opium, and the quantity sold in India for export to territories adjacent to China.

After the agreement with China, the amount of opium to be exported to regions other than China and the Far East was fixed at 13,200 pounds per annum, 800 pounds less than the figure arrived at by taking an average of such exports over the period of years immediately preceding the date of the agreement, when China was importing all her requirements and no inducement to smuggling existed. This was merely to leave no margin for illicit trade. And to control further the possibilities of such traffic, arrangements have been made with the Governments of British North Borneo, Hongkong, and Singapore, by which Indian opium is sold direct to the administrations.

India is endeavoring to make similar arrangements with all other Governments whose nationals use Indian opium. A more genuine proof of the earnestness of her desire to help to the fullest extent in eliminating abuses of opium it is not possible for any country to have given. India has discharged her obligations to the Hague Convention in the letter and in the spirit. It is a singular requital of her honesty and good faith that, of all the countries in the world, she alone is singled out for criticism which is as extravagant as it is unmerited and unjust.

One word about India's financial policy in its relation to the opium monopoly. Excise duties on intoxicants are a source of revenue in almost every civilized country. Excisable articles vary with the habits of each country, but not this fiscal principle. If this opium revenue were derived from human degradation, the sooner it should perish, the better: the treasures of El Dorado multiplied a millionfold were a base profit to make by so destructive a traffic. But such is not the case. The fundamental principle of Indian excise policy is to raise the maximum revenue from the minimum consumption. The obvious and natural effect has been to restrict consumption. During the last few years the price of opium has been

raised fifty per cent. This, and not increased consumption, as is sometimes alleged, is the real explanation of the increase in opium revenue.

If government monopoly of production were abolished, it would impoverish the public exchequer without benefiting a soul. An army of officials would have to be called into being, at immense and wholly unremunerative cost to their state, to prevent private production of, and illicit traffic in, opium. Countries that import Indian opium would not consume one ounce less of the drug than they do now. The supplies now obtained from India they would then get from Persia and Turkey, where production of the drug would gain fresh stimulus. Smuggling would grow apace along the Indian coast. In view of such a prospect it is only sound, practical statesmanship to continue that government monopoly through which effective control can alone be exercised.

What next? The world must move forward; the abuse of opium is a dangerous evil and must be drastically dealt with. The first step in the direction of effectively suppressing it is the cooperation of all the opium-producing countries in a common endeavor to that end. The League of Nations, which, under the Treaty of Versailles, stands charged with this duty, has already taken the necessary initiative. Powers which have not yet ratified the Hague Convention (of which Persia and Turkey are the most important) must be asked to do so now. Until these two powers have adhered to the Convention the campaign against abuse cannot be carried to a successful conclusion.

Once this is accomplished, it will be high time to devise means to curtail such uses of opium as old-time custom considers to be legitimate, but scientific opinion regards as superfluous. The decisive factor in this branch of reform will be the awakened conscience of the people concerned. International opinion may expedite the awakening; international action will be both impracticable and unwise. In such a programme of reform, a programme which recognizes the difference between the practical and the ideal, which leaves to international initiative what is rightfully its province, and to national action what is purely a matter of domestic concern, India will wholeheartedly coöperate; and if others play their part as she has played her part toward the Hague Convention, the opium evil will finally disappear.

But let us end with a note of caution. However worthy the cause of reform, let not our zeal for it obscure or disturb the truth; for zeal which is not tempered with tolerance is a dangerous ally. And let us not attempt too much, lest we accomplish too little. The complete suppression of the abuse of opium must be the immediate goal; its restriction to what modern scientific opinion regards as permissible should be the ultimate ideal. Some other policy may promise the semblance of success; in substance, it will fail.

SIR JOHN, MISS AMY, JOSEPH, AND CHARLES

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I

It has long seemed to me a fitting thing that the nomads among men should give some account of their wanderings to the Spartan souls who carry on the world's work. This becomes almost an obligation on the part of those who wander from choice; for they enjoy the privilege only because most of their fellows forego it, that harvests may be gathered, wheels kept turning, and children born and reared in something better than gypsy fashion. Some attempt at a compensation must be made for the great boon of freedom, of foot-looseness. Wayfarers who return disillusioned from their travels should, whenever occasion offers, acknowledge the fact, to the end that those who have remained behind may be the more content with their home-keeping ways. As for the others who return refreshed in body and spirit — well, this too, perhaps, should be as frankly admitted, if for no better reason than that the Spartan souls may have the sterner enjoyment of self-denial. Thus may all itinerants render some small service to Society, and — those who will — take the road light-heartedly again.

I must confess at the outset that, after a long voyage among island solitudes, I find myself anything but disillusioned by the experience. I sailed for months together over unfrequented seas, touching at islands surpassing in beauty any that I had ever before seen or imagined. I traveled on foot over lofty mountain-ranges, and mused through long afternoons from some high vantage-point, looking out over an empty azure world. I explored once-populous valleys which the jungle has long since claimed again for her own; and, at night, I slept under the stars among the ruins of a forgotten civilization.

I do not know what, if anything, I was seeking among these lost and lonely lands. Assuredly it was not romance; and experience had taught me that a conscious search for adventure is as likely as not to prove unsuccessful. But the matter is of no consequence. Finding it necessary to settle down to something, I decided to settle down to wandering; and now, long afterward, I am still surprised at the wisdom displayed in the choice, both of a vocation and of the rich field where I was to follow it.

One adventure, however, I did consciously seek from the beginning of this year of idleness; and, contrary to probability and to all expectation, it was realized. This may have been due to the fact that the conception of it was accidental, the adventure itself trivial, and that I entered upon it almost against my will. After a brief sojourn in a tropical island port, — a jumping-off place in the South Pacific, — I had taken passage on a trading schooner, and was busy packing my belongings into a sea chest which I had just bought at a Chinaman's shop. While going through my books, trying to decide what ones I would have most need of during the long absence, it oc-

curred to me that I had become foolishly dependent upon books for diversion and companionship. 'What an unfortunate habit it is,' I thought, 'that of forever probing into other men's minds instead of examining the content of one's own! To be sure, it is a comfortable recreation. It gives one a factitious sense of intellectual wealth; but there is something ignoble about it when done to excess. Why not give it up, for a time at least? Why not leave all my books behind?'

I stopped in the midst of my packing, struck by the daring nature of the idea, trying to realize what a bookless year would mean among remote islands where reading offers almost the only intellectual distraction. Should I make the experiment? I thought of a dozen good reasons why I should not, but I was forced to put them aside. They were not good enough. No, if I lacked courage now for this temporary enfranchisement, I should remain a book-slave to the end of my days. I decided to abandon my traveler's library. I would not even take a dictionary or an almanac, not a printed page of any description — not so much as a newspaper wrapped around a pair of boots.

But because the spirit cried out against so complete a renunciation, I altered the plan to this extent: although I would take no books of my own, I would not refuse any which chance might throw in my way. This would give an added zest to the adventure, and it would be interesting to see what sort of literary driftwood had been cast up on these distant islands. Probably I should find nothing. At most, there would be so little that I would be in no danger of overindulgence in reading. So, hastily repacking my box of books, not daring to take a last look at these old friends, I left them where they would be well cared for, and set out for the waterfront. I felt that, as soon as I had reached it, I should be committed to my experiment. There could then be no question of turning back.

It was just midday, the hour for the siesta, and the avenue bordering the harbor was deserted except for three or four fruit-venders dozing in the shade of their sidewalk booths. The schooner upon which I was to sail lay alongside the wharf. Bunches of green bananas and mountain plantain, baskets of oranges, limes, and mangoes were fastened to the rail along either side, for we were bound for the Low Islands, where none of these fruits are to be had. Native passengers were scattered over the forward deck, with their food-boxes and bedding-rolls piled around them; and in the shelter of a bit of canvas rigged over the main boom, the captain of the vessel, himself a half-caste native, was sleeping beside his Polynesian sailors.

The scene was as picturesque, as bizarre, as my northern, inland-bred fancy could desire; and at another time an hour of leisure would not have sufficed for the enjoyment of it. But now I was eager to be off. The bell in the cathedral tower struck the quarter past, and we were not to sail before two, at the earliest. What should I do meanwhile? I walked up and down the wharf and fell to thinking of my books, and from thinking to longing for one of them, as a man who has just renounced smoking longs for tobacco. It was clear that I must find diversions to take the place of reading, something to tide me over these first weeks of abstinence.

One occurred to me at the moment: I might make a list of all of the people I had ever known with any intimacy. It seemed absurd, but I was in no position then to be discriminating; and so, dragging my sea chest into a shady corner and getting out my notebook, I began jotting down the names of people

associated with very early childhood: Nancy Throckmorton, our old nurse; Mr. Francis, who used to saw our wood in winter; Dr. Holland, who lost a leg in the Civil War; John Keipp, who gave me my first hair-cut; old Mr. Phlaum, who had a little photographic studio on wheels — I soon had an astonishing list. Here was a diversion which would occupy my leisure indefinitely. One name suggested another; and they recalled memories, odors — the smell of Mr. Prouty's harness-shop, where we used to go for whiplashes; of chalk in musty schoolrooms; of rain and muddy streets. Little gusts of boyhood emotion swept across the senses. I saw the shadows of naked branches on the snow in the moonlight, and my mother going down a stairway with a lamp in her hand, and the darkness creeping up the walls behind her.

I was interrupted in the midst of this occupation. Someone touched my arm, and, looking up, I saw the proprietor of the hotel where I had been stopping. 'You forgot this,' he said, holding out a book. 'One of my girls found it in your room when she was tidying up. It was in the clothespress. You see what trouble I take for my guests? Ah, this heat! We must have some rain soon. Well, *au revoir et bon voyage!* You come back and see me some time.'

He went bustling off through a long warehouse and into the clear sunlight beyond, his slippers raising little clouds of dust which hung motionless in the air long after he had gone. Then, timidly, I looked at the book which he had left. Froissart's *Chronicles of England, France, and Spain.* My heart leaped when I read the title, and I shouted mentally, 'It is n't mine!' It was n't. It must have been left in the clothespress by some former occupant of the room. Therefore I might keep it. Since the renouncement of my own books became final at the waterfront, I might in good faith accept this gift of chance. And what a gift it was! Froissart's *Chronicles!*

It was an 'Everyman' reprint; and, as I held it in my hand, the cover fell open at the familiar Shakespeare quotation opposite the title-page: 'This is fairy gold, boy, and 't will prove so.' Well I knew it! I turned the pages at random, and my eye fell upon the following paragraph: —

> When the men-at-arms perceived that the first battalion was beaten and the one under the Duke of Normandy in disorder and beginning to open, they hastened to mount their horses, which they had close at hand. As soon as they were all mounted they gave a shout of 'St. George for Guienne!' and Sir John Chandos said to the Prince, 'Sir, sir, now push forward for the day is ours! God will this day put victory in your hand. Let us make for our adversary, the King of France, for where he is will lie the main stress of the business. . . . I well know that his valour will not let him fly, but he must be well fought with, and you have before said that you will this day show yourself a good knight.' The Prince replied, 'John, get forward. You shall not see me turn my back this day; I will always be among the foremost.' He then said to Sir John Woodland, his banner-bearer, 'Banner! Advance in the name of God and St. George!'

Looking up from the page, I saw the captain of the Kaeo lift his head and look round inquiringly, as if he had been roused from sleep by that ghostly cry made audible across the centuries. And indeed, such is the magic of Froissart, the air of the drowsy little port seemed loud with the shouts of men who have been in their graves these past five hundred years; with the thunder of hoofs and the shock of the meeting. I closed the book and the tumult died away. I heard again the creaking of the schooner's gangplank, and where had been the plains of Maupertuis and the distant towers of Poictiers, lay the empty

lagoon, placid in the shelter of the hills, with the shadow of a cloud moving slowly across it.

II

Thus hopefully began my small adventure, but it would have been too much to expect that the first good fortune would be often repeated. For many a day Sir John Froissart was my only companion; but I did not then wish for another, either in the flesh or between the covers of a book. As the weeks passed I became more and more enamored of the lonely life of the islands. Infrequently I encountered other white men who were enamored of it, too, but to a far greater extent; men who have willingly cut themselves off from their kind, not for a few months, but for years, for all time. Because of a mistaken sense of compassion for their loneliness, perhaps, I find myself often thinking of these exiles. It seems to me that, if I forget them, they will cease to exist. There was an appalling completeness to their isolation which half convinced me that I have been mistaken in believing such a life more desirable than the herded existence most of us know.

And yet there are a few men, singularly endowed, for whom it is, unquestionably, more desirable. I remember very well my meeting with the first of these, for it was then that I made what may be called a second addition to my wanderer's library. I had long since left the Kaeo, and was traveling on a thirty-ton native cutter, which was picking up small lots of produce at islands either too poor or too remote to be visited by the larger vessels. The captain was a Low Islander named Tahari, an Atlantean man, an excellent sailor, but with no knowledge of navigation. He depended entirely upon his compass, so that, if we were carried off our course by winds or currents, we often cruised about for several days in search of an island, and made landfalls fifty, or even a hundred, miles distant from where we thought we were.

This happened one day in late summer, when we had had an unusually anxious time of it. Even Tahari had lost his confidence, and sat at the wheel scanning the unbroken skyline in gloomy silence. At length, by sheer luck, nothing else, we sighted an atoll which lies on the outermost fringe of the far-flung archipelago known as the Cloud of Islands.

It was a white man who welcomed me when the difficult landing over the reef had been managed. He was about thirty years old, rather slightly built, and dressed native fashion, in a *pareu* and a pandanus hat. His hair, where not protected by his hat, had been burned to a rusty yellow, and the naked part of his body was quite as brown as those of the natives. I did not see him at first, for I was picking my way among the sea urchins through the shallows behind the reef; but, hearing English spoken, I looked up quickly. I shall not soon forget how his face beamed at my reply.

'Jove!' he said, 'what a piece of luck! I thought you might be French, and I have n't talked with an Englishman — I can't remember how long ago it was.'

I told him that I was an American, which seemed to please him none the less. He himself, he said, was English only on his father's side. His mother was a Dane, but he had been born and reared in the south of England. There were several tons of copra to be loaded, and as it was then late in the afternoon I willingly accepted his invitation to spend the night ashore. His house stood apart from the others in the village, and like them was wholly of native construction, containing but one room, which was furnished with a wooden chest, a cot, a table, and one chair. I

looked around the walls for a shelf of books, but there was none.

Our dinner that evening consisted of a tin of vegetable soup and some fish broiled over an open fire. Afterward we went for a stroll along the lagoon beach, and, our talk having turned to books, I said that I was a little surprised to see none in his house. He then told me that he had formerly been a great reader, but had lost all his books on the way to the islands. He had missed them greatly, at first, but now found that he got along very well without them.

'The unfortunate thing,' he said, 'about books, good books, to a man out here, is that they are too stimulating. If I were to begin reading again, I should become restless. I should want to do something, go somewhere.'

'Well,' I replied, 'would that be such a misfortune? Don't you intend ever to leave this place? Does n't the life become monotonous after a time?'

'Not to me. I have enough to think about. I have no desire to leave.'

'But what do you do with your leisure?' I asked. 'I should think you would feel the need of some distraction?'

'Oh, I fish, and — well, if you were not with me to-night, I should be walking as we are now, along this beach. What need has one for books, for distractions, in a place like this?'

'I know,' I said, 'I can understand that a man might be very happy if — '

I did n't finish the sentence, and we were both silent for several minutes. I was trying to imagine what a life of such unrelieved monotony would do to a man in ten years, in twenty. What would this chap be like at the end of his days, if he remained isolated from his own kind? Three years had had no noticeable effect upon him, except, perhaps, that it had given him a pensive cast of countenance and a dreamy, half-reluctant manner of speaking. But I could not see him as an old man. Neither could I imagine what sort of a boyhood his had been.

He did,however, make one reference to his boyhood, in addition to the earlier one as to where it had been spent. We had returned to his house, and he was telling me of the pleasure he got from the reading of old newspapers left him by some trader. He read everything in them, he said. He liked these broken glimpses of the outside world. News of political events, in particular, interested him. He would conjecture what had led up to them and what might follow, but it was only rarely that he was ever able to learn. Several times he had found his forecasts very accurate. Now and then he came upon a bit of verse copied from some magazine.

'Several months ago,' he said, 'I found something which pleased me very much. I don't know just what it is. It does n't appear to be either prose or poetry; but no matter. It is a description of an autumn day in Venice, but it might have been written of the south of England, where I was born.'

He opened the clothes chest and took from it a scrapbook.

'Oh, yes! Here it is.' He moved the lamp closer, and then, in his soft clear voice, read me the following lines: —

Leaves fall,
Brown leaves,
Yellow leaves streaked with brown.
They fall,
Flutter,
Fall again.
The brown leaves
And the streaked yellow leaves
Loosen on their branches
And drift slowly downward.
One,
One, two, three,
One, two, five.
All Venice is a falling of autumn leaves,
Brown, and yellow streaked with brown.

He looked up inquiringly. 'Is n't that fine? I don't like reading it often, though. It makes me homesick. I see our old place in Kent on a quiet

November morning, with the leaves falling in little sudden clusters as they do after a heavy frost. I told you that I'm happy here, but I'm not — quite. I miss the good English autumn. I know that it's mostly a cold drizzling season, but I remember only the best of it. But what do you call this sort of writing — is it something new?'

The lines had been clipped from a Sydney newspaper, but the author's name was not given. Long afterward, I found them again in a book of Miss Amy Lowell's. I remember very well the circumstances. I was sitting at a table in the reading-room of a great public library. It was just about the dinner-hour, and most of the frequenters of the place had gone. There was one man, a Mexican, or a Cuban perhaps, sitting opposite me, and at a distant table I saw a pair of hands busily sorting some papers within the circle of light made by a green-shaded lamp. I had noticed this before, however, or it may have been afterward. At the moment I was seven thousand miles away, on an atoll in the mid-Pacific. I saw the chap with the sunburned hair, with his scrapbook before him and a lamp at his elbow; and I could hear him saying, —

One, two, three,
One, two, five, —

with the picture in his mind of leaves falling on a windless autumn day in Kent.

III

On leaving the island of the homesick Englishman, Tahari set a course for an atoll one hundred miles to the southeast; but head-winds and variable currents caused him to lose his bearings again, and we went farther astray than ever we had up to that time. After several days of aimless wandering, we sighted a small schooner far to windward. It was an extraordinary piece of luck. Only those who know that lonely part of the Pacific can realize how unusual such a meeting is. When she was close enough for an examination through binoculars, I saw that she was carrying an immense deck-cargo of lumber, which was stacked around the galley, cut into short lengths, and corded in every foot of available space. When she was within hailing-distance, her captain, a white man with a great bushy beard, shouted, 'Ver you going, — Sout' Amerika?'

'Not if I can help it!' I shouted back. 'I'm coming with you if you 'll take me'; for I had decided that the South Pacific is no ocean to be sailing with a man of Tahari's accomplishments.

The schooner came into the wind, and the situation having been made clear, the white man consented to take me as passenger, and I was carried over in the small boat. Tahari went with me, and was put right as to his position. We had, in fact, been sailing straight for the coast of South America, about four thousand miles distant. Tahari bade me a cordial farewell and went off into the blue with renewed confidence; and although I afterward made many inquiries, and was constantly on the lookout for a thirty-ton cutter painted blue with yellow trimmings, I neither saw nor heard of it again.

My new captain was a Norwegian-German, a man of about sixty, who had spent most of his life in the islands. He was subject to moods of the most gloomy depression, and talked so convincingly of committing suicide, that I thoroughly believed, at first, that he meant to do it. The cause of his depression was his sense of man's insignificance. 'I feel so leetle, leetle, leetle!' he would say, as we sat on deck looking at the stars. 'I vont to chump oferbort. You vait! Von of dese days ven I get my courach!' But within a few hours he would brighten up, and be as genial and care-free as his Paumotuan sailors.

He lived at one of the southernmost atolls of the Low Archipelago, and was on his way home from Pitcairn Island, where he had gone to salvage lumber from a shipwrecked vessel. He gave me an account of the change in the life at Pitcairn due to the building of the Panama Canal. That old-time hiding-place of the Bounty mutineers had once been the loneliest of all islands; but now quite frequently steamers bound through the canal to New Zealand and Australia stop there for an hour or two. One came at the time of his visit, and he had carried a load of fruit off to her in his small boat. One of the passengers had given him a bundle of books to take home with him.

'Books?' I said; 'what kind of books?'

'Picture-books. You see for yourself.'

He brought out a small bundle of magazines: a copy of *Vanity Fair*, some *Saturday Evening Posts*, and several motion-picture periodicals.

'I gif dese to my chilern,' he said, 'but dis von is too long to read. Maybe you vant?' and he handed me a copy of Conrad's *Lord Jim*.

Books have, for me, a value beyond that of music or of odors as memorials of time and place, and in a moment I was carried back ten years to a noisy little restaurant on Washington Street, Boston, where I first heard of Conrad, of *Lord Jim*, and to the day spent on a park bench on Boston Common, when I first read it. This first memory has been in no way effaced or supplanted by many subsequent readings; but the latest one I recall with particular relish, because of the combination of events which made it possible. I shall always regard it as one of the excellent minor results of the building of the Panama Canal, more than adequate compensation for weeks of anxiety on a thirty-ton cutter, and the good in an ill wind which drove a three-masted lumber-laden schooner on the rocks at Pitcairn.

IV

When next I had an opportunity to continue my wanderings, I followed a deviating course for two months, almost forgetting my quest for bookish adventure in the interest of changing scenes. For days at a time *Lord Jim* and Froissart's *Chronicles* lay undisturbed in the bottom of my sea chest, while the chest itself, becoming more and more scarred and weather-stained, was carried over beaches of sun-bleached coral in the Low Islands, along slippery valley-trails under the deep shade of the maple trees of the high islands. At length, at the close of summer, it was set down on a verandah that overlooks one of the least frequented ocean-reaches in all the South Pacific. There, in all truth, were

> . . . the moonlit solitudes mild
> Of the midmost ocean.

I doubt whether, since the dawn of steam navigation, a smudge of smoke has ever stained the purity of the skies above it. Once in five or six months, a small schooner, such as the one in which I was traveling, creeps above the rim of the horizon, bringing a bag of mail to the solitary white resident, another exile, and supplies of tinned food sufficient to relieve a diet of cocoanuts and fish during the period until the next visit. During the rest of the time he is alone of his kind, on an atoll numbering forty-five inhabitants.

I spent a week with him while the schooner was visiting another island seventy-five miles distant. I was reluctant to accept his hospitality for so long a time; but it seemed genuinely offered, and when he told me he had a library I might enjoy browsing through, I could not refuse so excellent an opportunity for carrying on my researches. 'My library,' he called it. I could see that he was proud of it, and he had reason to be. After a brief examination,

it was clear to me that here was no crazy edifice built of odds and ends of literary driftwood, but a fine structure, thoughtfully and solidly erected. It was like a bridge, spanning this island solitude and the outside world; like a splendid aqueduct, along which flowed a stream of living thought.

During the mornings I explored the island with my host, or we fished from a canoe anchored to a mushroom of coral which rose from the bottom of the lagoon about a mile offshore. We slept during the heat, and in the evenings sat with books piled around us, reading and talking until the small hours.

I have never seen any place congenial to the reading of books that could compare with my host's verandah. The nights were cool and fresh; there were no insect annoyances, and one could read hour after hour, without so much as a moth knocking against the shaded lamp. A broad stairway gave directly upon the waters of the outer lagoon, about a half a mile wide at that point. Beyond lay the barrier reef, where the surf, piling up in smooth combers, broke evenly, with a reverberating boom, followed by a long-drawn-out sigh as the sea foamed over the shallows to the beach. Beyond that, in turn, lay the open sea, unbroken by any land for over sixty-five degrees of longitude. Oh! it was the idealization of a book-lover's paradise; and that I should have found there a volume which had been the object of a long and fruitless search — it was another of those fortuitous circumstances which made my so-called bookless experiment so worth while.

The book was the narrative of the voyage of the missionary ship Duff to the islands of the South Pacific — a voyage undertaken in the years 1796–97–98, when such travel was a hazardous business. I had long known of its existence, but all my inquiries had been to no purpose. *The Voyage of the Duff?* No one seemingly had ever heard of it, and yet I knew that, at the time of its publication, in 1799, the list of subscribers had numbered more than fifteen hundred. What had become of all those old copies, with their charts of islands then almost unknown, and their engravings of strange idyllic scenes on the shores of heathen lands? The question as to one of them was answered by my host during the first evening that I spent with him. 'Here,' he said, 'is something you will enjoy'; and he placed the volume in my hands.

Enjoy it? Indeed I did! It is a story to refresh one weary of the extravagant straining after atmosphere of modern books of travel. It is made up largely of excerpts from the diaries of those who were sent on this first great christianizing enterprise of the London Missionary Society — a consecutive story, in minute and fascinating detail, of their wanderings from the time of leaving England; their sojourn in the islands, where mission stations were established; their observations on the life around them; their attempts at christianizing savages; and the book closes with an account of the return of the Duff, three years later, empty of her passengers, who had remained in exile to carry on the work for which they believed themselves chosen by a Divine Providence.

Night after night I read on in this obscure Odyssey, marveling at the freshness of its interest after all these years, the dignity and beauty of its language, the simple unquestioning minds of its creators and their stores of mountain-moving faith. It was impossible not to smile now and then at their ejaculatory piety. Nothing happened during the entire course of their adventures, but the hand of the Lord was in it. One of them thus chronicles an event which took place on shipboard during the five months' voyage to Tahiti: —

This afternoon we witnessed a remarkable interference of Divine Providence in our favour. The pitch-kettle being placed on the fire by the carpenter whilst caulking the decks, the man who was left in charge of it suffered it to boil over. Immediately it blazed up with surprising fury. He had, however, the presence of mind to lift it off the fire and prevent the dreadful conflagration. Through the goodness of God no harm was done, and the fire put out in an instant. Oh! the wonders of His care who hath said: 'He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of My eye!'

The bounty of nature, the genial climate, and the beauty of the islands gave the missionaries cause for much concern. They were in constant fear lest they should consciously enjoy themselves in this tropical Eden; lest they should forget their duties as mortifiers of the flesh. Shortly after the arrival of the Duff at Tahiti, another of them wrote in his journal: —

Oh Lord! How greatly hast Thou honored me! a poor *worm!* Lord, Thou hast set me in a heathen land, but a land, if I may say so, flowing with milk and honey. Oh! put more grace and gratitude into my poor cold heart, and grant that I may never, like Jeshurun, grow fat and kick.

Alas! two of the ship's company did follow the example of Jeshurun — John Micklewright, the captain's steward, and Samuel Templeton, the cabin boy. Five months at sea, under the close supervision of the missionaries, with 'the songs of Zion rising continually over the deep,' as the record says, was a little too much for them. At the first opportunity, they escaped into the bush; they could neither be captured nor persuaded to return.

But if I yield further to the temptation of quoting, I shall never have finished. It is a pity that there is no cheap reprint of this absorbing tale of heroism and adventure. It is as worthy as Froissart's *Chronicles* of being made accessible to the public at large, although it might not be a profitable venture.

My host's copy, not having been found in a clothespress by his maid-of-all-work, I forgave him for not assuming it to be mine. My memory of it, and of the week spent in reading it, suffices. As for the man himself, I can still see him striding along the one street of the village, his mind occupied with a round of small duties, and the innumerable concerns of the islanders. I have often wondered, since, what could be the secret of his content. Not mere love of books. He is too rugged for that. In energy, in the healthiness of his outlook, in the conscious enjoyment of the life he had chosen and the keenness of his interest in what is taking place in the world at large, he stands apart from all the white men whom I met during this year of lonely wandering. He seemed master of an environment which is notoriously hostile to men of our race; and yet, somehow, he gave the impression that he mastered it daily, that the fight was never at an end. 'There we are! That's done!' he would say of some trifling task; and one felt that he regarded it as a thing of great significance. His satisfaction in the accomplishment of it seemed grotesquely out of proportion to the task itself. It is long since we said good-bye, but my recollection of him is as clear as tropical sunlight, and as warm as his hospitality during one of the pleasantest weeks I have ever read.

V

After a period of overindulgence, it was in keeping with the nature and intent of my experiment that there should be a long interval of abstinence; and so it happened. Then I made a fourth and last addition to my library, which came so seasonably to the day, that I am reluctant to speak of it, lest it be thought that Chance played too persistently benevolent a part in my

trivial adventures. However, I can but tell of the event as it occurred.

I was at that time a passenger on a three-masted schooner whose captain, one of the most genial and reminiscent of all South Sea skippers, has been trading in the Eastern Pacific since the late seventies. One of the first things I noticed was that he used his dividers for cleaning his pipe, and that he took no observations. The log, beautifully burnished and polished, hung from a hook in his cabin. I saw no sextant, although there was a chronometer ticking in a little cabinet above his bunk.

'I keep it wound up,' he told me later. 'Sort of habit. You get used to doing a thing, and you can't leave off; but for all the use I make of it, I might as well chuck it overboard.'

This was during the early part of a voyage to the Marquesas, and I was a little uneasy, remembering my experience with Tahari.

'But how can you be sure of your position?' I asked.

He looked at me for a moment and then he shouted, 'Tané! Tané! Come aft!'

Tané, a native boy, with one yellow fang protruding beyond his upper lip, came from the galley.

'Draw me a pail of water,' said the captain. Tané drew it and the captain poured it slowly back over the side, examining it critically meanwhile. Then, without a hint of a smile, he said, 'We 'll pick up Fakarava at four-thirty.'

We did n't, however. We did n't sight it until twenty minutes to five, and then it was from the masthead. The captain explained that the error was due to the fact that the water had been drawn too close to the vessel's side. 'It 's got to be clean,' he added. 'If there 's any foreign matter in it, it throws me off my reckoning a couple of miles.'

On the eighteenth of December we entered the pass of an atoll which was to be our last stop before proceeding to the Marquesas. Here was another white resident, a Scotchman, a man with a drooping moustache and an air of persistent melancholy.

'He has reason to be discouraged,' the captain told me as we were going ashore. 'He has been through three hurricanes, and each time he lost everything he had — house, trade-goods, everything.'

After some talk about the price of copra, the Scotchman was invited to have dinner on board.

'Are you going to have Irish potatoes, Joe?' he asked.

'I 'm sorry, Mac. We have n't a spud left. We used up the last of them about a week ago.'

The exile said nothing, but, clasping his hands, he pressed them tightly together in a gesture so eloquent of bitter disappointment that any expression either of regret or sympathy seemed useless.

After a moment of silence, the Scotchman said, 'You have n't any books you want to trade, have you?' Without waiting for a reply, as if to forestall a further disappointment, he added, 'No, I don't suppose you have.'

'You 're wrong there, Mac, old man,' said the captain. 'I've a bundle of them all ready for you. Come aboard to *kaikai* anyhow. I've got some tinned peas that will melt in your mouth. You 'll forget all about the spuds.'

'You better come and have a look at my books first,' he replied. 'Maybe you won't want to trade.'

We followed him to his store, a tumble-down shed made of bits of corrugated iron, the boards of old packing-cases, and roofed with biscuit-tins hammered out flat. The room was almost bare of trade-goods. There was a half-barrel of flour in one corner, and some unsacked copra in another. A bolt of *pareu* cloth,

faded at the edges, lay on a dusty shelf, among odds and ends of fishing gear; and back of the counter there was a pile of empty nail-kegs. The Scotchman brought out his reading-matter, a copra sack half filled with it. I made no examination of the contents then, except to assure myself that by the word 'books' he meant, as did the captain, magazines—story magazines of the sort which have a 'Camp-Fire Column' among the back pages, where the readers get together, to discuss with the editor the merits of *The Purple Abyss* and *The Lagoon of Passion*.

A week later I was traveling on horseback in Typee, one of the largest as well as the most gloomy and lonely of Marquesan valleys. The schooner had gone on to the next settlement the day before, but I had decided to make the journey overland, for I wanted to see what changes had taken place in the valley since Melville had written of it eighty years ago. I found a settlement of twenty or thirty inhabitants on the sea-coast, but in the depths of the valley there was no one. Melville's old friends have been long in their graves and they have left no descendants. For miles on both sides of the stream, the great stone *paepaes* — the foundations on which they built their houses — are overgrown with brush and trees, but standing four-square still, enduring memorials of a splendid primitive race.

It was a cloudless midsummer day — midsummer for the tropics, but I remembered that it was Christmas day at home. I tried to picture the scene there: the snowy fields, the frosted window-panes, people walking briskly along the streets, blowing out clouds of steam, the wan light of a winter afternoon, the gathering dusk, with lights coming out in houses where families were gathering for their annual reading of the Christmas Carol.

There was no seasonable reminder of the day in Typee Valley. The tops of the mountains and the high plateaus were in full sunshine, and in the depths of the valley itself the air was mild. My horse picked his way slowly over the stones, through a tunnel of greenish gloom. Swallows, tireless little creatures peculiar to the islands, flew round and round in pools of sunlight and shadow, the flutter of their wings scarcely ruffling the surface of silence. Occasionally it was more deeply disturbed by the bawling of wild cattle far up in the hills; or that most melancholy of birds, the kuku, burst suddenly into its monotonous song: a despairing Oh-oh oh-oh-oh dying away to silence. No, there was not a hint of Christmas in Typee Valley, and I was glad to get back to the schooner where I could at least talk of it to the captain of the Tahitian Maiden. I found him in his cabin sorting, by dates, the books which the Scotchman had given him.

'Well,' he said, 'what do you smell?'

I sniffed the air and then said that I smelled dried copra — as usual.

'What! Do you mean to tell me that you don't smell beef, fresh beef? You've never been a sailor, that's plain. The boys have been hunting this morning, and in about an hour you're going to have some of the finest beefsteak you ever tasted. How 's that for Christmas dinner? And here's another Christmas present for you, one of Mac's books.'

He handed me a volume, originally in paper covers, but these had been torn off. The first page had been well thumbed and the print dimmed with grease and dirt. But it was still legible, and in the first paragraph I learned that Marley was dead. There was no doubt of it, he was as dead as a door-nail.

THE WATERS OF BETHESDA

BY HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

My spirit was a troubled pool
That stirred with every passing wind,
And I was thirsty for the cool
Green depths of a long tranquil mind.

Now let me rest, I cried, and sleep,
While hours that vanish one by one
Marshal the stars across the deep,
And the still beauty of the sun.

Let there be no more rain to fill
My rocky chalice, harsh and brown;
Let me know quietness until
The warm earth-mother drinks me down.

There came a silence everywhere,
And no clouds sailed and no wind stirred.
Sun and stars shone stark and bare—
I had the answer to my word.

All night the stars stabbed through the dark,
All day the sun shot from the sky
Swift, molten arrows to its mark—
The lidless circle of my eye.

In the white torment where it lay,
My troubled spirit learned, poor fool,
The glory of that stormy day
When passing angels stirred the pool.

THE QUARE WOMEN

II. TAKING THE NIGHT

BY LUCY FURMAN

I

WHEN Aunt Ailsie returned from her visit to The Forks on Saturday, she gave Uncle Lot a full account of the strange women in the 'cloth-houses' on the hill — their names, ages, looks, and unmarried condition, and the activities they carried on.

'But the prettiest sight I seed, paw, was Fulty and t' other wild boys that runs with him a-setting there so peaceable and civil, a-hemming handkerchers. And the amazingest was Fulty and Darcy a-playing together in the same set and nary a shoot shot.'

Uncle Lot turned these things over in his mind as he sat on the porch after supper, gazing up into the virgin forest of the mountain in front. After a while he quoted: —

'"The lips of a strange woman drop honey, and her mouth is smoother than butter; yea, the furrin woman is a norrow pit, and they that are abhorred of the Lord shall fall therein."

'I give you the benefit of Solomon's counsel, Ailsie, afore you went in to see them women; but you tuck your perverse way, and now you have seed for yourself. What made Fulty and his crowd of boys set there so mild and tame, with needles instid of weepons in their hands? What caused Darcy and Fult to forgit their hatred and play together like sucking lambs? Why, nothing naetural or righteous by no means — naught but a devil's device, a bewitchment them furrin women has laid upon 'em. I can relate to you right now what them women is, beyand a doubt. A body knows in reason that five good-lookers like them is bound to have husbands somewhere or 'nother; and my ingrained opinion is that the last of 'em is runaway wives that has tired of their men and their duty, and come off up here to lay their spells on t' other men. Which is as good as proved by what you have told.'

Aunt Ailsie gasped. 'O paw,' she said, 'if you was to talk to 'em you 'd know they wa'n't that kind!'

'If I was to talk to 'em,' declared Uncle Lot, judicially, 'I 'd examinate and cross-question 'em tell I got at the pine-blank facts of the case. I 'm a fa'r lawyer myself, having sot on so many grand juries, and I would n't leave ary stone onturned tell I proved upon 'em what they air!'

After this, Aunt Ailsie dared not inform him that she had asked two of the women to take the night with her Monday night.

The following day — Sunday — Uncle Lot started off at daylight for a distant 'funeral occasion,' and she improved the time by giving her house a searching cleaning. She also swept the

yard all around, under the big apple trees, until not a speck or a blade of anything was left upon it.

Then she walked up the branch half a mile to her son Lincoln's, and said to his wife, —

'Fetch the young-uns and come down to-morrow early, Rutheny, and help me bake and get ready for company. I axed two of them women on the hill — Virginny and Amy — to take the night with me, and now I 'm afeared I won't have things fixed right. And don't name nothing to Lot about their coming.'

Ruthena and her four youngest came early in the morning (her other four were helping their father hoe corn), and all day a deal of cooking went on. As it all had to be done over a big open fireplace, there was some back-breaking work. When Uncle Lot came down from the field to dinner, traces of the preparations were hastily removed; but after he left, things proceeded again rapidly.

When it came to setting the table, Aunt Ailsie looked disapprovingly at her yellow-and-red checked oilcloth. 'Them women had fair white linen on theirn,' she said.

'Maw, them fine linen burying-sheets you wove thirty year gone, and kept laid away so careful ever sence — if I was you, I 'd take 'n use one of them. I will iron hit out good, and hit will look all right, and not be sp'ilt for buryings. And if I was you, I 'd put t 'other on the women's bed — I heared Cynthy's Charlotty say they follered laying between sheets instid of quilts and kivers, like we do.'

'Yes, and they had fine linen handkerchers on their table, too, alongside everybody's plate,' in a discouraged voice; 'but I hain't got no sech. Minervy, you run out and pick a pretty flower-pot right off — they had posies in the middle of their table, and I aim to make 'em feel at home if I can.'

II

Half an hour before sundown, the two guests, Amy and Virginia, arrived. Before sitting down on the porch, they must first get acquainted with Ruthena and her four little ones, and admire the pretty looks of the latter.

'And they hain't all I got,' volunteered Ruthena; 'I 'm twenty-five year old, and got eight young-uns.'

'And these here women is twenty-eight, and hain't got even a man!' said Aunt Ailsie, in a distressed voice.

'Eight is quite a large family, is n't it?' remarked Amy.

Ruthena opened her eyes. 'Why, no,' she said; 'a body expects to have anyhow twelve, don't they?'

'Not where we came from,' replied the guests.

Their attention was next drawn by the big loom that filled one end of the porch, and the two spinning-wheels, a large one for wool, a small one for flax, that stood near it. This led to questions about Aunt Ailsie's weaving, and to the display of shelves and 'chists' full of handsome blankets and lovely 'kivers' (coverlets). Although all her children had been freely dowered with both when they married, Aunt Ailsie still had many left.

'I have follered weaving all my life,' she said; 'hit is my delight, all the way along: shearing the sheep, washing the wool, cyarding and spinning and dyeing hit, and then weaving the patterns — hit is all pretty work. But best of all is the dyeing — seeing the colors come out so bright and fair.'

The coverlet patterns were beautiful, but not more so than their names — 'Dogwood Blossom and Trailing Vine,' 'Star of the East,' 'Queen Anne's Favor-rite,' 'Snail-Trail and Cat-Track,' 'Pine-Bloom,' 'Flower of Edinboro.' A perfect one in old-rose and cream was pulled out and laid across the burying-

sheet on the visitors' bed. 'That is my prettiest. I weaved hit when Lot and me were courting, for my marriage-bed. You shall lay under hit to-night.'

From the large room where the 'kivers' were kept, and which seemed spacious in spite of its three fat beds, its home-made bureau, chest, and shelves, several splint-bottomed chairs, and a large fireplace, the guests were taken into 't' other house,' the remaining large room, which held a dining-table, a cupboard, a bed, and an immense fireplace where the cooking was done. On the hearth were pots and spiders, and from the rafters hung festoons of red peppers and shucky beans, and hanks of bright-colored wool.

Then they made a round in the yard, beneath the apple trees, to look at the strong old log-house from every side.

'This here oldest house,' said Aunt Ailsie, designating the kitchen-room, 'was raised by Lot's paw eighty year gone. Lot, being the youngest boy, stayed at home with the old folks, and when him and me was married, he raised t' other house and put the porch in front and back. We have lived here forty-six year.'

There was not a window in either 'house' — only doors back and front.

The interest of the visitors in the spinning and weaving, and even in the old house itself, Aunt Ailsie could understand, but not the delight they expressed in the scenery roundabout — the rocky branch, the cliffs and steep mountain-slopes in front, the precipitous cornfields reaching halfway up the ridges in the rear.

'I have looked upon creeks and mountainsides too long to enjoy 'em proper,' she sighed. 'Though maybe, if I was to get away from 'em, I 'd feel lonesome-like, like Fulty did down at Frankfort. Hit was mighty hard on him down there.'

The two women shuddered at the thought of the free, wild boy chafing for a year within penitentiary walls.

'And hit done him more harm than good, too; he 's been more wild-like ever sence. But, women, whilst I ricollect hit, I feel to tell you afore my man Lot gets in, not to pay no notice to nothing he says or does. He follers Solomon's counsel about strange women, and hit 's untelling what he may do or say when he sees you here.'

'Hit is that,' agreed Ruthena; 'paw 's a mighty resolute man.'

'And he hain't heared the news yet about your taking the night with us,' added Aunt Ailsie, anxiously.

Shortly after this, Uncle Lot, hoe in hand, and all unsuspecting, stepped gravely up on the porch, and stopped in blank amazement.

'Here 's two of the furrin women, paw, drapped in to see us — Virginny and Amy 's their names.'

The two arose and put out friendly hands, which Uncle Lot inspected and touched gingerly. Then, hanging his hoe in a crack in the chinking, he passed on through 't' other house,' to wash.

Returning, he seated himself on the porch at a safe distance, and after a dignified silence, began, with a cold gleam in his eye: —

'Women, I hear you come up from the level country.'

'Yes, from the Blue Grass.'

'Quite a ways from home you traveled?'

'Yes, one day by train and a little over two by wagon.'

'Aim to stay quite a spell?'

'Through July and August, we hope.'

'Like the looks of this country, hey?'

'We think it beautiful.'

'Hit kindly does a body good to break away from home-ties now and then, and forget about 'em a while?'

'Yes, indeed.'

'I allow you left your folks well?'

'Quite well.'

'And they make out some way to do without you while you 're gone?'

'Oh, yes, very well indeed.'

'Hit's a lonesome time for a man-person to be left with the cooking and the young-uns on his hands. Mostly I don't favor women-folks traipsing over the world no great.'

'Not if they have husbands and children to leave behind. Though,' added Virginia, 'even a busy wife and mother is better for a little change now and then, and ought to have it.'

Uncle Lot cast a sidelong, triumphant glance at Aunt Ailsie, and returned to the attack.

'Quare notions is abroad nowadays,' he remarked, 'and women-folks is a-taking more freedom than allus sets well on 'em. Rutheny here, she never even stops to ax Link may she ride in to town — she jest ketches her a nag and lights out. Eh law, and even my old woman is allus a-pining to see new sights, and werried of where she belongs at.'

'Maybe she's stayed at home too long — everybody needs a change of scene occasionally. We should love to take Aunt Ailsie down for a visit to us in the Blue Grass when we go back.'

'Women, I 'd give my life to go!' fervently exclaimed Aunt Ailsie.

Uncle Lot started up, his features working. 'Never whilst I draw breath!' he declared; 'I don't aim to see my woman toled off from the duties she tuck upon her when she tied up with me, and ramping around over creation with a passel of — of — of strange women. Men in the Blue Grass may put up with hit, — may *have* to, — but I won't. Whilst I live, I'm the head of my house and my wife, and home she 'll stay! And other women I could name would be a sight better off in their homes, too, with their rightful men!'

Aunt Ailsie hastened to pour oil on the troubled waters. 'You know well, paw, that I hain't never in life gone again' no wish of yourn, nor crossed you ary time in forty-six year. And I would die before I would go again' your idees. All I said was I would *like* to go with the women; but the rael thought was fur from me. And hit's about time now for you to go feed the property, so's we can eat and get cleaned up afore dark. I allow,' she ventured bravely, 'these gals will maybe take the night with us.'

Uncle Lot glared fiercely upon the visitors, started to speak, struggled for a moment between the claims of indignation and of hospitality, and finally stalked off majestically to the stables, whence he did not return until summoned by a loud blast of the gourd-horn.

Link and the four remaining children had already arrived, and the supper, a most elaborate one, — fried chicken, fried eggs, string beans, potatoes, cucumbers, biscuits, corn bread, three kinds of pie, and six varieties of preserves, — covered every inch of the table save where the plates were set. Though there was plenty of room, Aunt Ailsie and Ruthena refused to sit down, or to permit any of the 'young-uns' to do so, the two men and the guests being 'waited upon' first, while the eight children stood about, in absolute stillness, with eyes glued to the faces of the strange women. Even the 'least one,' not yet a year old, was still. During the meal, Uncle Lot maintained a stony silence; but Link was pleasant, and there was plenty of talk among the women-folk.

Aunt Ailsie snatched a bite at the second table, and then, their help in dishwashing being refused by Ruthena, the visitors accompanied Aunt Ailsie to the bars, to see the cows milked. Dusk was falling, frogs were singing, mist rolled along the narrow strip of bottom.

Returning, all gathered on the porch, while the soft darkness came on, and a bright crescent moon rose slowly over the mountain in front, lighting up its mist-filled hollows. Amy was reminded of a famous scene in Scotland, and spoke of it.

'Scotland?' repeated Aunt Ailsie; 'I 've heared my maw's granny say hit were the land she come from. She said hit was far away, yan side the old salt sea, and she was four weeks sailing acrost.'

'And now there are steamships that cross in eight days — mine did.'

'Tell about when you crossed, and what you seed, and all about them far and absent countries,' urged Aunt Ailsie; and the eight 'young-uns,' who sat around in the same breathless silence, could almost be heard pricking up their ears.

Amy told of her trip, while all save Uncle Lot hung upon her words. Once he asked, dryly, 'And who looked atter you on the way?'

'One of my college chums went with me; we looked after each other.'

He grunted unbelief. 'Hit hain't in reason that any woman in her right mind would start off on sech a v'yage without a man,' he said.

III

Amy proceeded with her narrative. When London was mentioned, Aunt Ailsie said, 'I have heared of London-town in song-ballats all my days. Do you mind, paw, in "Jackaro," the gal's paw being a rich marchant in London-town? And there's a sight more where hit comes in.'

'Some things are best forgotten, Ailsie,' admonished Uncle Lot.

'These old ballads you used to sing were made in England and Scotland, hundreds of years ago, and brought across the sea by your ancestors,' said Amy. 'I wish that Uncle Lot could feel willing for you to sing some of them for us.'

'None of those devil's ditties don't never rise under my roof no more,' declared Uncle Lot, inflexibly.

'We have heard Fult sing a few,' said Virginia; 'he has a very good voice.'

'Yes, and a good heart, too, women,' asserted Aunt Ailsie. 'I holp to raise him, even more than his maw, and though he hain't nothing but a grand, I loved him as good as ary child I ever had. And I allus hoped he would n't take up with them Fallon ways. Of course, blood is blood, and nobody could n't be Fighting Fult's son and not have some of his daddy in him. But until Fighting Fult was kilt, Fulty never so much as raised his hand in no meanness, or tuck any part in the war betwixt Kents and Fallons.'

'How long had there been trouble between the two families?'

'Nigh thirty year now. Hit started way back yander, over a brindle steer, and kept on till all the Fallons and Kents, except Uncle Ephraim, was pretty well mixed up in hit, and all the in-laws on both sides, which tuck in a big part of the county; and a lot was kilt and a sight more wounded. Fighting Fult, he was the meanest man in all these parts, and never went out without three pistols in his belt and a Winchester on his arm; and Red Rafe Kent was nigh about the same; and both was sure shots. And every court-time, or 'lection, or gethering of any kind, hit was the same old story — one crowd riding into town, and t' other facing hit, and a pitched battle, and war and bloodshed. And Rafe, he was sheriff a big part of the time, and Fult jailer, and siege would be laid to the jail, and hit would be burnt down, and all manner of lawlessness, and no jury never dairst bring in no verdict, and times was terrible. And when the women-

folks would see the nags dash into town and hear the shooting start, they would snatch their young-uns and crawl under the house, and the men that follered peace would take to the hills. And things never got no better till Fighting Fult was kilt off by Rafe, and Rafe was kilt off by Fulty. Then there was a spell of peace, while Fulty was down in Frankfort that year, and then another year fightin' in Cuby. But sence he come back, and Darcy has started up the war again, there hain't naught but trouble and sorrow for nobody.'

'Tell hit straight, Ailsie,' said Uncle Lot, sternly: 'Darcy Kent never started up the war again no more than Fult, and not as much. Fulty, he come back from Frankfort and Cuby and gethered him a crowd of boys and started in pine-blank like his paw had follered doing — drinking liquor and riding the creeks and shooting up the town and breaking up getherings. And first court that come on, the grand jury indicted him for hit.'

'Yes, and you sot on that jury and holp to,' interrupted Aunt Ailsie, reproachfully.

'I holp to, and will every time he needs hit,' declared Uncle Lot, firmly. 'And Darcy, he was filling out his paw's term as sheriff, and hit was his business to sarve the warrant on Fult. And when he done so, Fult refused to give hisself up, and drawed his weepon, and before you could blink, both had shot each other, though not fatal. I don't say Darcy never had hate in his heart for Fult — naeturely he would, atter Fult had kilt his paw. But I do say he never started up the war again.'

'You allus was hard on Fulty, and minded to fault him,' complained Aunt Ailsie, in gentle bitterness. 'Seems like a body ought to show mercy on their own offsprings.'

Uncle Lot exploded. 'Don't let me never hear no more sech talk! I am a jest man, and a law-loving; and anybody that does lawlessness and devilment, be they my offsprings or other men's, is a-going to meet their punishment from me. "My kin, right or wrong," has allus been the cry of this country, and hit's ruination. As for me, kin or no kin, blood or no blood, let the wrong-doer be punished, I say, and will say till I die!'

'If every man in our state had that strong sense of justice,' observed Amy, 'the reproach would soon be lifted from us.'

'It reminds one of the spirit of the old Roman judge, who sentenced his two wicked sons to death,' said Virginia. 'I must tell you how I admire it in you, and how sincerely I agree with you.'

Uncle Lot seemed to be overcome with astonishment at their speeches. 'Women,' he said after a moment, 'you are the first people, women or men either, less'n hit is old Uncle Ephraim Kent, that ever upholt me in my principles, or tuck the measure of my char*ac*-ter. The folks in these parts can't noways see the jestice in nothing their own is consarned in. Ailsie here has helt hit again' me every time I holp to indict Fult, or spoke a word again' his wrong-doing. And as for Cynthy, his maw, she won't hardly speak to me; and, though she is my offspring, is the bitter-heartedest and keen-tonguedest women hit ever was my lot to meet up with. But for her agging him on, hit is my belief Fulty never would have rid up and shot Rafe that day he was eighteen, and the war hit would long sence have been forgot. Yes, the women-folks has holp not a little to foment the trouble and keep hit a-going. And when I see women that is able to take a right and a jest view, hit purely surprises me so I hain't able to express hit. But this much I can say, and feel to say, that I am downright beholden to you, and have maybe jedged you a

leetle hairsh and onkind, being prejudyced in my mind again' strange women by Solomon's counsel.'

'I told you them was right women, paw, from the start,' said Aunt Ailsie, triumphantly, 'and you would n't noways take my word for hit. But hit 's a-getting along time for all hands to lay down; and whenever you gals feel to, say so.'

They expressed their readiness, and Aunt Ailsie brought a stick of lightwood from the kitchen fire, and, followed by the guests, Ruthena, and the eight 'young-uns,' went into the big bedroom. One end of the stick was fastened in a chink in the wall, and Aunt Ailsie, Ruthena, and the eight settled themselves expectantly on beds and chairs. After waiting some time for them to pass out, Amy and Virginia began in desperation to get ready for the night. Sitting on the edge of the burying-sheet, they first took down their hair and brushed and plaited it.

'Now what do you do that for?' inquired Aunt Ailsie; 'I never heared of folks combing their hair of a night.'

'It feels better to sleep with smooth hair.'

Then began the embarrassing experience of undressing before the fascinated gaze of ten persons. First, the gingham dresses came off, then nightgowns were slipped over heads and bodies, while further disrobing proceeded. The pieces of underwear, as they were handed forth, one by one, were eagerly examined by Aunt Ailsie and Ruthena.

'Never seed so much pretty needlework in all my days,' declared both. 'But them stiff-boned waists, what air they?'

'Corsets,' replied the women.

The corsets were passed around, with many exclamations of interest and surprise. ''Pears like hit would be mighty trying to walk around all trussed-up that way,' commented Aunt Ailsie.

But Ruthena was other-minded. 'Maw, I aim to have some myself, right off,' she said.

'Now, women, them shifts you have got pulled over your heads now — what is the reason for them? I see you tuck off the ones you had been a-wearing.'

'They are nightgowns.'

'I sleep in the same I wear of a day.'

'We like to go to bed in something fresh — it is better for health.'

'Never heared tell of that before; but I gorrontee hit would. Do you allus strip off everything you wear of a day?'

'Yes.'

'Pears like you 're a sight of trouble to yourself.'

'I aim to make me a nightgown, maw, but I won't know how to make no pretty one, like them,' sighed Ruthena.

'Oh, yes, you will; we 'll show you how, and help you,' said Amy.

The two, being at last undressed, knelt by the bedside to say their prayers. Aunt Ailsie tipped excitedly out of the door and clutched Uncle Lot's arm.

'You allowed them was wrong women, and runaway wives,' she whispered, 'Come watch at 'em down on their knees a-praying, as pretty as angels.'

She drew him to the door, and he looked on, evidently much impressed. Once or twice he shook his head.

Then Aunt Ailsie and Ruthena took off their shoes and heavy, home-knitted stockings, and went to bed in the rest of their clothing, while the three least ones, being barefooted, turned in, just as they were, with their mother, and the five older ones reluctantly departed to kitchen and loft. Uncle Lot then sauntered in, and, shedding brogans, socks, and trousers, took his place beside Aunt Ailsie, all conversing casually meanwhile. Evidently the process of 'laying down' was not regarded as one

requiring privacy, or to be accompanied by any self-consciousness or false modesty.

In the morning, before sunrise, the guests were awakened by a blast of the gourd-horn, calling the men in from the stables; and jumping into their clothes, they washed their faces on the back porch, smoothed their hair, and hurried in to breakfast.

The table was again loaded with fried chicken, fried eggs, string beans, potatoes, cucumbers, biscuits, corn-bread, three kinds of pie, and six varieties of preserves. Uncle Lot himself was almost pleasant. Aunt Ailsie took advantage of the thaw to say, when the meal was nearly over, —

'Uncle Ephraim Kent is a-getting larning, paw. Amy here is a-teaching him, and he is going through the primer fast, and allows to read his grandsir's old Bible afore the summer 's over.'

Uncle Lot nodded approval. 'That 's good work for the old man,' he said.

'Paw,' continued Aunt Ailsie, 'the women allow I might larn to read myself; that I hain't too old or senseless — that is, if you was agreeable.'

Uncle Lot considered deeply before replying. 'Hit has allus been my opinion,' he said, 'that women-folks hain't got no use for larning. Hit strains their minds, and takes 'em off of their duty. Paul, he says, "the man is the head of the woman"; and though I hain't got no great of larning, I have allus believed I was all the head-piece needed in the family.'

'Yes, that is true — the man should be the head of the family,' agreed Virginia. 'But in another place, you know, Paul says, "there is neither bond nor free, male nor female, in Christ Jesus"; and it does seem that everyone, whether male or female, ought to have the comfort of reading the Bible.'

'Well, there 's something in that — I hain't never thought on hit in jest that light. I 'll study on hit careful, women, and try to do jestice on all sides, and spend my opinion on you when I reach hit.'

'We are sure you 'll do what is right. And one more thing we want to ask you before we go — won't you come in to our Fourth-of-July picnic on the hill Wednesday? We 've sent word throughout the county for everybody to come to a basket picnic that day, and we hope to have a pleasant time. But people tell us we are doing a dangerous thing, and running a risk; and it will be most desirable to have the presence of a law-loving man like yourself.'

'Hit is dangerous,' pronounced Uncle Lot. 'There hain't no known way to keep liquor out of sech a crowd; and there never is a gethering without drinking and shooting. And if the two sides was to meet there, hit 's untelling where the trouble would end.'

'We think that we 're making things safe,' said Amy. 'But still, it would be best to have a man of your opinions and influence present.'

'Well, I 'll study on hit.'

'Women,' said Aunt Ailsie, 'what is a "Fourth-of-July"?'

'It 's the day our nation was founded, a hundred and twenty-four years ago.'

'The time we fit out the British, hain't it?' inquired Uncle Lot.

'Yes.'

As Amy and Virginia started down the rocky, winding branch, — for they had to leave early to help with the work on the hill, — Uncle Lot turned to Aunt Ailsie and said, weightily, 'Them women may be quare and furrin and fotched-on, but, in my opinion, they hain't runaway wives. And, in my jedgment, if Solomon was here, he would allow they hain't *strange* women, neither.'

(A further chronicle of the 'Quare Women' will appear in July.)

DEEPER MISGIVINGS

BY GINO SPERANZA

THE ladies left us to our coffee and cigars; the dinner was over — a conventional little dinner-party for the newcomers in an exclusive New England summer colony. Testing the new infusions into that literary-artistic body must always be an anxious affair; but imagine the anxiety when it comes to trying out newcomers with alien names!

I had felt throughout the dinner a slight *malaise* pervading the party: there had been too guarded a choice of subjects of conversation, and the exchange of impeccably disguised glances of the examiners over our reactions could at times be intercepted. It happened that I, for one, among the guests was neither of immigrant stock, nor a titled foreigner, nor even a distinguished alien. I was — and my hosts must have ascertained this before inviting my family to dinner — a man who had been brought up much as they had been. I had had about the same education in about the same, if not in the identical schools and colleges they had attended, and had mixed in the same society. Had it been possible for me to say that my father had come over in the steerage, or that my mother had landed at Ellis Island dressed like a wayside Umbrian Madonna, the dinner-party might have been an easier affair; I could have been easily classified then.

It may have been the outward similarity with themselves, or it may have been the postprandial expansiveness that comes with coffee, which now put my hosts and their friends off their guard. 'At yesterday's town meeting,' said one of them, — apparently out of a clear sky, but actually in continuation of the general trend of repressed thought, — 'at yesterday's meeting they raised our assessments and voted to macadam the South End.'

You should know that by 'they' my host meant, and his friends understood, those Polish, Italian, and Finnish employees of the local mills who constituted a working majority in the town board which met in the shadow of the white-steepled Congregational Church of Middle Parish, Connecticut. They were American citizens,— duly authenticated as such, by a piece of paper with a red seal and the picture of a bald-headed eagle, — who had learned the ropes of the American political system even faster than the American language; they had the right to increase the taxes of the Dartmouth professor, of the Massachusetts architect, and of the New York novelist, who were my fellow guests, and to apply the money so obtained to macadam the South End, inhabited mostly by mill-workers.

My host's political introduction opened the floodgates of discussion. For a few minutes I was forgotten; that is, the fact of my alien name was overlooked, and the talk was free and wholehearted. It was the unburdening of a people who felt, rather than clearly realized, that they, as a class, or as 'the Old Stock,' were being forced to the defensive. But what struck me here, as it had struck me in quiet talks at friendly gatherings and in club corners, was a certain lack of courage, a certain ab-

sence of virility and clear-thinking in facing and struggling with the issues underlying the anxiety and doubts in their minds. The 'reaction' of this Old Stock, which had won the wilderness and successfully challenged imperial oppression, seemed to have dwindled down to a compound of spiritual *malaise* and discouragement. All the discussion suffered from a lack of the blunt and robust plain-speaking that one finds in the speeches and pamphlets of the Revolutionary period, and was at times almost insincere in its 'editorial circumlocution.' On the emotional side, the talk showed an underlying poor morale, in an exaggerated observance of 'forms' and a hesitancy about fighting back openly; on the intellectual side, it betrayed an absence of 'horse sense,' as the forefathers of these people would have called it; a lack of grasp of principles underlying questions, and a reliance upon simplicist — even foolish — ways and means of grappling with problems. Ideologies seemed to have supplanted ideas, theories to have driven out principles, statistics to have replaced history. At best, — and this applies to most of the books that have been written on the problem of the alien element in America, — the stress seemed almost wholly on the problems of immigration and naturalization; whereas the real problem, frankly and courageously faced, is the problem of the New Stock, of the millions of 'foreigners' born within the United States, and their 'foreign' children and grandchildren — that vast mass of us who are American citizens, but not Americans.

It is this fundamental difference between New-Stock and Old-Stock Americans that will be dwelt upon in this article, a difference which the legalistically minded will deride and assail as reactionary, but which nevertheless exists as a basic spiritual, mental, historic, and ethnic fact. For, deeper than the circumstance that this is our common country, both for you of the Old Stock and for us of the New, and that you who have built it strong and great cannot outdo us, who profit by your labors, in the desire to serve it — deeper than all this lie differences which do not divide us as American citizens, do not touch our common loyalty, but which exist and are profound.

Nationality does not mean or involve simply loyalty to the flag and willingness to serve it. Nationality in a state is much like personality in a human being; it is the resultant of influences far subtler and more removed than the accident of place of birth and naturalization, or even of teaching and earnest personal intent and devotion. It is the product of actions and reactions, — physical, intellectual, spiritual, — working slowly and cumulatively through decades and decades. You call us Americans, and such we mean to be; but we are not nationally so. The American nation and American civilization are not, as some persons to-day so glibly assert, the work of the last fifty years, when the vast majority of us and of our fathers joined you. All that is fundamentally and constructively, politically and spiritually, American was reared on these shores decades before our coming. We have simply utilized — some of us sordidly, many of us worthily, I trust — the great structure already reared, drawn our strength and power from your abounding strength and power, built our homes in the quiet and safety of a freedom achieved by you. The very most that some of us can claim is that the forbears of our stock fought in your wars, or joined your sons who died that the Union might live. But was there ever a simpler and clearer duty than this — that some of those who have received your bounty of freedom and opportunity should be willing to pay a part of the debt?

Yet all this has not made us, and could not make us, Americans. We of the New Stock have behind us a body of traditions different from yours; they are consciously present to some of us, culturally; they are powerfully active in all of us, unconsciously. Though many of us have trod no other soil but yours, yet has our spirit, through our ancestry, traveled across other lands than this. Such a body of traditions, consciously or unconsciously, is present *visibly in the newcomer*, in habits of *life;* it is present, in the second and in succeeding generations, *invisibly*, in habits of *thought*. The World War brought us face to face with differences which have always existed between us, but which either lay dormant, or dwelt restlessly, doubtfully, and indefinitely in your minds and ours. The fact is that what we of the New Stock build on is an entirely different foundation from that 'ethnic and cultural unity' of which your fundamental institutions are 'the most durable expression'; and the truth is that, though 'American' is an 'adjective of similarity' applied to Anglo-Saxons, Irish, Jews, Italians, and Germans living in this land, yet it is a similarity of place and institutions, '*acquired, not inherited, and hence not transmitted. Each generation has, in fact, to become Americanized afresh.*'

When it is said that many of the aliens coming here contribute something precious to American civilization, it is implied that they bring something distinct from and novel to such civilization. In other words, it is recognized that something is added which, though it may improve the original heritage, will also tend to modify it. But is there anything really *vital*, really constructive to American civilization, which we of the New Stock have brought to you? Bear in mind that it is not what the *individual* of alien stock contributes that historically and sociologically counts; it is what is dumped upon you by the alien *mass* that tells. It is the insufficient consideration and valuation of the *effects of mass* on the history and social and spiritual life of America, which impairs the arguments and nullifies much of the effort and legislation spent on so-called Americanization. It is not the Jacob Riises, it is not the Mary Antins, or the Patris, the Boks, and the Yezierskas, — even if they were centuplicated, — who can affect the real problem or influence results: it is the mass — *the vast inflow of some thirty-three millions of strangers of all races and their progeny, in less than a century, into American civilization, which is counting, and will count, as the supreme problem.*

Nothing in historic record compares with this human flood; what comes nearest to it are those movements of population in Europe which history indifferently calls 'invasions,' or 'barbaric irruptions' into the Roman Empire. With due allowance for differences of time and of conditions of civilization, those ancient invasions and the modern migrations to America have much in common. Historians are pointing out that some of those irruptions of barbaric hordes were essentially mass-movements of population, even though a frightened civilized Europe called them a scourge of God. And it is significant that even the comparatively small German migration to our colonies, which resulted in the 'Pennsylvania-Dutch' settlements, was likened by German writers to the inrush of the Teutonic hosts into the Roman Empire in the early centuries of our era. Indeed, they called such migration '*die moderne Völkerwanderung.*'

This law of mass and numbers is quite fully recognized in another of our domestic problems — that of the negro in the South. There it is realized that the descendants of the na-

tive white stock, except in some parts of Texas, live on the defensive among nine millions of blacks 'whose mode of living tends, by its mere massiveness, to standardize the "mind" of the proletarian South in speech, manner and the other values of social order.'

No doubt, we are all hampered in the full recognition of the operations of this law of mass by moral considerations; but, as a recent historian has pointed out, — giving as an example the gradual extinction of the American Indian by the mass-invasion of the whites, — 'Man, in the individual treatment of his fellow, is, indeed, bound by the laws of justice and of right; but in the larger processes of history we are confronted by problems that the ethics of the individual fail to solve.'

That the future of the Republic might be endangered by the workings of this law of mass was present in the minds of the 'Fathers,' even though their descendants seem to have forgotten it. Thus, Thomas Jefferson, as early as 1781, asked whether 'the present desire of Americans . . . to produce rapid population by as great importations of foreigners as possible' was really good policy. And in his answer he argued that 'in proportion to their numbers they will share with us the legislation; they will infuse into it their spirit, warp and bias its directions, and render it a heterogeneous, incoherent, distracted mass.' Likewise, James Madison had occasion to express his misgivings. The country was discussing a bill for the naturalization of foreigners, based on the prevailing theory of making admission to citizenship easy, so as to accelerate the settlement of vacant lands. But Madison had the courage to raise his voice against such rapid 'Americanization' processes, and called the attention of Congress to 'considerations of a higher nature than those connected with filling up the country by an accession of mere brute numbers.'

Most of our current laws, policies, and opinions regarding immigration and the New Stock, however, give little or no consideration to this law of mass, but are based very largely on non-historic, purely economic, or, occasionally, sentimental reasons. At most, Americans are impressed by the physical or outward manifestations of the force operating under this law — by what they see at Ellis Island, by the East Side, by the large blocks of illiterate voters. But how little heed do they give to its less obvious but more significant workings! I need not refer here to the subtler forms of change going on in American civilization; in all likelihood I should not be believed if I set forth some of them, inasmuch as there are no statistics or official data to 'prove' how men think and feel, and what they aspire to and hope for. So let us merely survey briefly a few of the more evident results of the alien penetration.

Thus, though there has never been in this country a distinctly political class, yet, except in a few cities, the conduct of government has been almost exclusively in the hands of the Old Stock. This is rapidly changing in both rural and urban sections. Questions of German or Italian frontiers have already actually affected electoral results in the United States.

So, also, while the machinery of government is not the government itself, yet it bears heavily upon its actions; and I ask, 'Are you aware how rapidly the civil service is passing to a personnel of the New Stock?' Politics has been, and still is, largely in the hands of lawyers in this country; now, it is not without significance that many of our foreign-born and of the second generation — especially from countries without any remotely Anglo-Saxon constitutional and legal traditions — enter the

profession of law. In a report of the Bar Association of New York in 1921, it is pointed out that in New York City, of a total of 10,563 male lawyers, 15 per cent are foreign-born and more than 50 per cent are either foreign-born or of foreign extraction. And the report goes on to say: 'Many of these men come to the Bar with little knowledge of American institutions, and with little or no appreciation of those ideals and traditions which have in the past dominated the spirit of our Anglo-American legal system. . . . The result is that the Bar is carrying an almost insupportable burden of a large membership unfitted by education or experience to bear its responsibilities, and without the inclination, which comes naturally from familiarity with our institutions, to maintain its traditions. In consequence, the Bar as a whole is suffering in its public reputation and influence, and its efficiency and its capacity to perform the public service, which is its primary duty, is diminishing rather than increasing.'

As it is with politics in the nation, as it is with the law in the Metropolis, so it is becoming in public education in our cities. 'Schools,' it has been said, 'present the phenomenon of ethnic compromises not unknown in Austria-Hungary: concessions and appeals to the "Irish vote," the "Jewish vote," the "German vote" compromise school committees, where numbers represent each ethnic faction, until, as in Boston, one group grows strong enough to dominate the entire situation.'

No wonder, then, that the 'defense' of American rights and of American liberties is becoming to-day a somewhat chorographic and a thoroughly legalistic appeal to the Constitution by men — often with Slav names, or names 'Americanized' by an *ex-parte* order of some judge — who read into it many legal terms and understand little of its spirit. No wonder that to-day an insinuating sophistry replaces historic fact and truth, and 'establishes' that America is not American, but has always been a mongrel state. No wonder that anxiety lest one be thought illiberal allows erroneous and vicious theories to pass as legal tender, and grants respectability to dangerous and even droll sophisms.

What is the remedy? The answer, indeed any answer, can be considered and studied only after we shall have divested ourselves of the burden of ideologies and false notions that warp our judgment on this great and intricate national problem. What is needed to-day is courage and plain-speaking, and putting an end to reticences. This duty rests in equal measure on the Old Stock and the New; both have too long played with half-phrases, often with word-tricks and bathos, occasionally with falsehoods. You of the Old Stock must read the history of your country, and look into your minds and souls with clearer and braver vision; we of the New Stock must strive to make you see our minds as they really work, and to turn our hearts to America as a heritage of ideas and accomplishments which are your patrimony, and which we may enjoy and consider only as a trust. If assimilation is impossible, who can say what wonderful things may be done by collaboration? Far better to know that we are different, than to be satisfied with a counterfeit likeness. Above all, plain-speaking and courage! There has been a time in the history of the United States when brother had to fight brother, so that the Nation might be kept 'one and inseparable,' as a political body; the duty of keeping America *spiritually* one and inseparable transcends every other patriotic duty, both for you of the Old Stock and for us of the New. If this be treason, make the most of it!

AMERICAN-BORN

Americans are born, not made; and they are not all born in America. The Americanization School in Washington, searching for these American-born among the immigrant races which we make shift to educate and assimilate, uses the American Hero as a touchstone—sometimes with quite miraculous results.

Not long ago the students were asked to write compositions on the lives of Lincoln and Washington; and a lad, one SAM COHEN, only lately come from Poland, and stumbling over our still alien speech, handed in these two 'compositions.'

GEORGE WASHINGTON

I SEE him, he is before my eyes,
The rider who is hurrying to free his beloved.
Over fields and rivers he is flying on his horse.
A sword in his hand but his face is soft.

Not great is the number of his knights,
But great is their spirit that binds them together tight.
He is flying forward, forward, he is the commander, the eagle,
And they, the knights after him, hearing his command, hearing his call.

Conquering the enemy left and right,
Blood is running from them but their faces are bright
And he the commander, the eagle,
Does n't care that a son of his father's family falls.

Falls dead, not to live here again.
It does n't matter to him, only one thing is in his brain,
To tear the chain and the beloved set free
And with the leader's mind who send him to agree.

He is flying forward, forward,
The commander, the eagle.
And they, the knights after him, hearing his command, hearing his call,
Are pushing the enemy and breaking the wall.

One minute and the Beloved is free.
O! How great is their happiness, I see!
What kind beauty, how she shines? Close your eyes,
Dark has come for her the sun in the skies.

Smiling is the commander, the eagle.
They, the knights, hearing her command, her call.
Take their commander on their hands
With her the beauty freedom to wed.

Look around, they are here!
You are breathing the air.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

WHO is the man
Who learned the wisdom from mother nature,
Learned to write without a pen
And whose words were more than sure?

Whose words were for the people's mind
Clear like the skies on summer days
And being so deep and bright
Like the flying birds that have n't any way.

Who is as strong as the lion
And kind as the angels
Whose life it was that goes on
In one of the fairest tales.

Whose name you can hear from east to the west
From north to the south.
In the time when in the youth
Awakes the thoughts.

And from home he goes away
His fortune to try
His father's lips tremble, when he says
See my son go on and be like Abraham Lincoln.

That familiar old battlepiece of Washington and his generals has waked the American spirit to sing in the heart of a Polish boy. No young descendant of Puritan or Virginia settlers could have struck a note more authentic:—

> A sword in his hand but his face is soft.
> Not great is the number of his knights,
> But great is their spirit that binds them together tight.

And the words of Lincoln have unlocked the tongue of a 'foreigner' and made him free of a common language:—

> Whose words were for the people's mind
> Clear like the skies on summer days.

To understanding hearts America need not fear to trust her heritage.

FLAPPER AMERICANA NOVISSIMA

BY G. STANLEY HALL

I

When, years ago, I first heard the picturesque word 'Flapper' applied to a girl, I thought of a loose sail flapping in whatever wind may blow, and liable to upset the craft it is meant to impel. There was also in my mind the flitting and yet cruder mental imagery of a wash, just hung out to dry in the light and breeze, before it is starched and ironed for use. I was a little ashamed of this when the dictionary set me right by defining the word as a fledgling, yet in the nest, and vainly attempting to fly while its wings have only pinfeathers; and I recognized that thus the genius of 'slanguage' had made the squab the symbol of budding girlhood. This, too, had the advantage of a moral, implying what would happen if the young bird really ventured to trust itself to its pinions prematurely.

The Germans were a century ahead of us in naming this fascinating stage of human life; but their designation of it is most unpoetic, not to say culinary. To them the flapper is a fish all prepared for baking, but not yet subjected to that process. Indeed, *h* and *k* are so much alike that I cannot but wonder if the dull Teutonic lexicographers have not mistaken *Backfisch* for *Bachfisch*. If so, she was meant to be named in that country from those piscene forms which, having been hatched far inland near the source of great rivers, have migrated, or been carried downstream, as they grew, and are found disporting in a broad estuary and adapting themselves to the boundless sea where they are henceforth to live. Perhaps the German who first applied this epithet did not mean to be so much unromantic and ungallant to the sex, as fundamental; for all know that fish not only long preceded birds, in the order of evolution, but were their direct progenitors. On this line of conjecture the French *tendron* is still more fundamental, for it goes back to the vegetable kingdom and dubs girls shoots, scions ready for grafting, buds, or perhaps organs yet undifferentiated and in the gristle stage. Had girls been themselves consulted, they might have hesitated between bird and bud, but surely never would have accepted fish. The angler at the other end of the tackle might possibly have been considered.

We must, then, admit at the outset that the world has not yet found the right designation for this unique product of civilization, the girl in the early teens, who is just now undergoing such a marvelous development. But why bother about names?

As a lifelong student of [illegible] ture, I long ago realize[illegible] stages of human life [illegible] *nita*. We now [illegible] of adults, a[illegible] cent boy [illegible] I began [illegible] and wa[illegible] mental[illegible] scienti[illegible] scores [illegible]

early teens really were. Very persistent is the tendency to treat this grave and serious theme flippantly — to invoke Puck, Ariel, or Momus as the only muses who can help us in threading the labyrinthine mazes of feminine pubescence. Moreover, since the war, the kind of girl whom most ante-bellum authors depict has become as extinct as the dodo, if indeed she ever existed at all. So we must turn from literature, and come down from the roseate heights, whereon we thought she dwelt, to the street and home, and be as objective and concrete as possible.

II

First, the street. The other day I found myself walking a few rods behind a girl who must have been approaching sweet sixteen. She held to the middle of the broad sidewalk. It was just after four, and she was apparently on her way home from high school. We were on a long block that passed a college campus, where the students were foregathering for afternoon sports. She was not chewing gum, but was occasionally bringing some tidbit from her pocket to her mouth, taking in everything in sight, and her gait was swagger and superior. 'Howdy, Billy,' she called to a youth whom I fancied a classmate; and 'Hello, boys,' was her greeting to three more a little later.

Soon she turned on her heel and wandered back, so that I had to meet her. A glance at her comely, happy, inno- [illegible] ividly tinted face, as I [illegible] ide that she might keep [illegible] walk, almost made [illegible] surprise her [illegible] very edge [illegible] y hat, as [illegible] on pre- [illegible] Had I [illegible] e made [illegible] at she [illegible] us of my very existence, although just then we were almost the only ones on the block. If I had been twenty and attractive, she would have been able to describe me to a nicety without for an instant having me in the direct focus of her vision; for we must never forget that, at this very peculiar age, nature gives to the other sex quite as great sensitiveness of indirect as of direct vision, so that they know fully as much of what falls on the periphery of their retina, as of what strikes their fovea — if not, sometimes, more.

I now felt at liberty to look at her a little more carefully. She wore a knitted hat, with hardly any brim, of a flame or bonfire hue; a henna scarf; two strings of Betty beads, of different colors, twisted together; an open short coat, with ample pockets; a skirt with vertical stripes so pleated that, at the waist, it seemed very dark, but the alternate stripes of white showed progressively downward, so that, as she walked, it gave something of what physiological psychologists call a flicker effect. On her right wrist were several bangles; on her left, of course, a wrist watch. Her shoes were oxfords, with a low broad heel. Her stockings were woolen and of brilliant hue. But most noticeable of all were her high overshoes, or galoshes. One seemed to be turned down at the top and entirely unbuckled, while the other was fastened below and flapped about her trim ankle in a way that compelled attention. This was in January, 1922, as should be particularly noted because, by the time this screed meets the reader's eye, flapperdom, to be really *chic* and up-to-date, will be quite different in some of these details. She was out to see the world and, incidentally, to be seen of it; and as I lingered at the campus block to see the students frolic, she passed me three times, still on her devious way home, I presume, from school.

Sheer accident had thus brought me within the range of the very specimen I sought, and perhaps a rare and extreme type; therefore, all the more interesting.

But a deep instinct told me that I could never by any possible means hope to get into any kind of personal *rapport* with her or even with her like. I might have been her grandfather, and in all the world of man there is no wider and more unbridgeable gulf than that which yawns between me and those of my granddaughter's age. If I should try to cultivate her, she would draw back into her shell; and to cultivate me would be the very last of all her desires. Hence, as was only fair to her, I turned to a third source of information about her, namely, her teachers.

They told me a large notebook full — far more than I can, and, alas! some that I would not, repeat; so that it is puzzling to know what to omit, or even where to begin, in the tangle of incidents, traits, and judgments.

III

Let us start at random, with dancing, on which the flapper dotes as probably never before, in all the history of the terpsichorean art, made up of crazes as it has been, has anyone begun to do.

A good dance is as near heaven as the flapper can get and live. She dances at noon and at recess in the school gymnasium; and, if not in the school, at the restaurants between courses, or in the recreation and rest-rooms in factories and stores. She knows all the latest variations of the perennial fox-trot, the ungainly contortions of the camel walk; yields with abandon to the fascination of the tango; and if the floor is crowded, there is always room for the languorous and infantile toddle; and the cheek-to-cheek close formation — which one writer ascribes to the high cost of rent nowadays, which necessitates the maximum of motion in the minimum of space — has a lure of its own, for partners must sometimes cling together in order to move at all. Verticality of motion and, at least, the vibrations of the 'shimmy,' are always possible.

High-school girls told my informant that they 'park' their corsets when they go to dances, because they have been taught by their instructors in hygiene and physiology that to wear them is unfavorable to deep breathing, and that this is as necessary for freedom of motion as the gymnastic costume or the bath-suit at the seaside; and also that, to get the best out of the exercises of the ballroom, they must not be too much or too heavily clad to be able to keep cool. To her intimates she may confess that she dispenses with corsets (a growing fashion which manufacturers of these articles already regard with alarm) lest she be dubbed 'ironsides,' or left a wallflower. Alas for the popularity of teachers who would limit any of these innovations, however much they may be supported by anxious and bewildered mothers, who know only the old-fashioned steps! Despite the decline of the ballet, theatrical managers who advertise for corps of stage-dancers report that they are overwhelmed by crowds of applicants.

The flapper, too, has developed very decided musical tastes. If she more rarely 'takes lessons' of any kind, she has many choice disks for the phonograph, and has a humming acquaintance with the most popular ditties; and if she rarely indulges in the cake-walk, she has a keen sense of ragtime and 'syncopation to the thirty-second note,' and her nerves are uniquely toned to jazz, with its shocks, discords, blariness, siren effects, animal and all other noises, and its heterogeneous tempos, in which every possible liberty is taken with rhythm.

Those who sell candies, ices, sodas, or 'sweetened wind,' are unanimous that flappers are their best customers. It somehow seems as if they could almost live on sweets; and their mothers complain that it interferes with the normality of their appetites, digestion, and nutrition generally. A girl may have acidulous tastes and love even pickles; but this is only a counterfoil. She discriminates flavors as acutely as do wine-tasters. She not only no longer chews gum, as she used to do, but eschews chewers of it, and even 'cuts' them — for on just this point I have cases. But she may munch sweetmeats at theatre, school, or even on the street. Thus the late sugar shortage was hardest on her; and how she throve so well with so short a ration of it in 'the good old times' is a puzzling mystery.

If she loves sweetmeats for their own sake, why this new love of perfumery so characteristic of her age? Is her own olfactory sense suddenly much more acute, or is she now like the flowers attracting insects — but human ones? Is there a correspondingly augmented acuity in this sense in the young man? Possibly, in thus making herself fragrant she is not thinking of him at all. If she is, and he has no *flair* for it, she has made a monumental mistake. This most interesting and very important problem must be left to future investigation. At any rate, all those who sell perfumery, who were interviewed, agreed that here, too, young girls are the best customers.

Girls whose dress indicates straitened resources often lavish money upon expensive perfumes which, curiously enough nowadays, they generally prefer not pure, but mixed; so that they sometimes radiate an aura of delicate odors on the street, the components of which it would puzzle an expert to identify. The German physiologist, Jäger, finding olfaction the subtlest of all our senses, wrote two bulky volumes to prove that the soul was really a smell, and concluded that love and aversion were based on emanations too subtle to reach consciousness, but which really mediated attraction and repugnance. If this is so, the soul of the young girl is far sweeter and more irradiant than it ever was before.

She dotes on jewelry, too, and her heart goes out to the rings, bracelets, bangles, beads, wrist watches, pendants, earrings, that she sees in shop-windows or on some friend or stranger. Her dream is of diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and gold; but imitations will go far to fill the aching void in her heart; and so in recent years she has made a great run on this market, as those who sell them testify.

The hair, which the Good Book calls a woman's 'crown of glory,' of which amorists in prose and poetry have had so much to say, and which, outside the Mongolian and Negroid races, has always been one of the chief marks of distinction between the sexes, is no longer always so. The old-fashioned, demure braids once so characteristic of the budding girl are gone. Nor is the hair coiled, either high or low, at the back of the head. This medullary region long so protected is now exposed to wind and weather, either by puffs on either side, or, still more, by the Dutch cut which leaves the hair shortest here. Indeed, my barber tells me that he now shaves a space below the occiput for girls more frequently than when, in Italy, he used to freshen the tonsure of young priests above it. It is now more nearly immodest, I am told, to expose an ear than a knee, and special attention is given to the ear-lock. It is very *chic* to part the hair on one side, to keep it very smooth, as if it were plastered down on top; but on all sides of the head it must be kept tousled or combed backward *à la* Hottentot, and the more

disordered it is here, the better. In all such matters, as in so many others, the girl imitates, consciously or unconsciously, her favorite movie actresses.

At least half the movie films seem almost to have been made for the flapper; and her tastes and style, if not her very code of honor, are fashioned on them. Librarians report that she reads much less since the movies came. No home or other authority can keep her away; the only amelioration is to have reels more befitting her stage of life.

I even interviewed the head of a city traffic squad, who said, as nearly as I can quote him: 'When a fella speeds or breaks the rules and gets pinched, it 's more than a fifty-fifty proposition he had a girl alongside, and was showin' off to her or attendin' to her, and forgettin' his machine. Some of them think it's smart to step up to Judge ——, pull their roll, and peel it to pay a fine, with the girl lookin' on, or to tell her after. She sure likes joy-ridin'; and say, there was an old song about a bicycle made for two, and that 's the way she wants the auto. She loves the back seat empty — no one lookin' on. They ought to have some of us out on the country roads, where they slow down and stop.'

At this point the traffic became congested and took his attention, and I left him.

But I am forgetting the curriculum. In college, some subjects attract girls, and others boys, each sex sometimes monopolizing certain courses. But in high school, wherever the elective system permits choice, most girls are usually found in classes where there are most boys. Girls, too, seem fonder of cultural subjects, and less, or at least later, addicted to those that are immediately vocational. They do far better in their studies with teachers whom they like; and I have heard of an attractive unmarried male teacher who was accused by his colleagues of marking the girls in his classes too high, but whose principal had the sagacity to see that the girls did far better work for him than for any other teacher and to realize the reason why.

In the secondary school the girl finds herself the intellectual equal of her male classmate, and far more mature at the same age in all social insights. Hence coeducation at this stage has brought her some slight disillusionment. Her boy classmates are not her ideal of the other sex, and so real lasting attachments, dating from this period, are rare. Perhaps associations and surroundings here bring also some disenchantment with her home environment, and even with her parents. But docile as she is, her heart of hearts is not in her textbooks or recitations, but always in life and persons; and she learns and adjusts herself to both with a facility and rapidity that are amazing. It is things outside her studies which seem to her, if indeed they are not in fact, far more important for her life.

IV

If any or all of the above seems extravagant, let the reader remember that I am writing so far only of the *novissima* variety of the species, which fairly burst upon the world like an insect suddenly breaking from its cocoon in full imago form; so that she is more or less a product of movies, the auto, woman suffrage, and, especially, of the war. During the latter she completed her emancipation from the chaperon, and it became good patriotic form to address, give flaglets, badges, and dainties, to young men in the street and, perhaps, sometimes, to strike up acquaintance with them if they were in uniform. Her manners have grown a bit free-and-easy, and every vestige of certain old restraints is gone. In school, she treats her male classmates almost as

if sex differences did not exist. Toward him she may sometimes even seem almost aggressive. She goes to shows and walks with him evenings, and in school corridors may pat him familiarly on the back, hold him by the lapel, and elbow him in a familiar and even *de-haut-en-bas* way, her teachers tell us; and they add that there is hardly a girl in the high school who does not have face-powder, comb, mirror, and perhaps rouge, in her locker, for use between sessions.

Never since civilization began has the girl in the early teens seemed so self-sufficient and sure of herself, or made such a break with the rigid traditions of propriety and convention which have hedged her in. From this, too, it follows that the tension which always exists between mothers and daughters has greatly increased, and there now sometimes seems to be almost a chasm between successive generations. If a note of loudness in dress or boisterousness in manner has crept in, and if she seems to know, or pretends to know, all that she needs, to become captain of her own soul, these are really only the gestures of shaking off old fetters. Perhaps her soul has long been ripening for such a revolt, and anxious to dissipate the mystery which seemed to others to envelop it. Let us hope that she is really more innocent and healthier in mind and body because she now knows and does earlier so much that was once admissible only later, if at all.

So it is 'high time' to be serious, and to realize that all the above are only surface phenomena, and that the real girl beneath them is, after all, but little changed; or that, if she is changed, it is, on the whole, for the better. Beneath all this new self-revelation, she still remains a mystery. She is so insecure in all her new assurance that it may be shattered by a slight which others do not notice; or some uncomplimentary remark by a mate may humble her pride in the dust. The sublime selfishness, of which the flapper is so often accused, which makes her accept service and demand to be served by parents and all about her whom she can subject; her careless irresponsibilities, which render her unconscious of all the trouble she makes, or the worries which others feel for her present and future: and the fact that she never seems to realize what it means to clean up after herself, easily alternate with the extreme desire to serve, herself, and to lavish attention upon those whom she really likes. Despite her mien of independence, she is tinglingly sensitive to every breath of good- and ill-will; and if she has shattered old conventions, she has not gone wrong; and if she knows about many things of which she must still often pretend to be ignorant, she is thereby only the more fortified against temptation.

The flapper, too, can be cruel, and often is so, to other girls. She ought not to be, and, it would seem, does not want to be, for she knows full well from her own experience how slights and innuendoes sting and burn. Perhaps she feels deep down in her soul that she is thus helping to toughen the fibre of her mates, to enable them to meet better the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, which they will encounter later in life.

The metamorphosis of boys into maturity is easy to observe, for nature hangs out signs that all may read — the first thistle-down of a beard, the mutation of the voice, very ostensive declarations of independence in thought and action, etc. Every known race of primitive man initiates its pubescent youth, often by very elaborate rites, — usually significant of a new birth, — into manhood and the life of the tribe; but there are relatively few such rites for girls at the corresponding physiological

age; although the changes they undergo are perhaps yet more transforming, and beset with more dangers, both of arrest and of perversion.

There are a few buds in the past who have let themselves go with abandon into print, like Marie Bashkirtseff and poor Mary MacLane; while other few have remembered and written voluminously of this stage in their own life, like George Sand and the author of *Una Mary;* and the inmost movings of the soul of a few more have been overheard by accident, as in *A Young Girl's Diary.* Some of these revealers of femininity in its callow ephebic stages have been called traitors to their sex, betraying what should be its most guarded secrets in a way likely to tarnish its glamour for the other sex. But the mental and moral abnormalities here met with have been far more fully explored in ways that show that, at this coming-out stage, the modern female ephebe comes nearer than any human being ever did before to being 'all mankind's epitome.' She has not yet entirely laid aside certain boyish, and even childish, traits, but the floodgates of heredity are open again, and instincts from the immemorial past are surging up. Of course, she seems a bundle of inconsistencies, although there is a fundamental unity underneath them all. She is simply like a climbing vine in the stages of circumnutation, before it has found the support by which it can raise itself toward the sun. Curiously enough, we have had several statistical surveys which show that the vast majority of adult women look back upon the early teens as the richest stage of all their life, especially in the feelings, which are the voice of extinct generations, while the intellect is a more personal acquisition.

V

One of the flapper's chief traits is a passion for secrecy, and this is one reason why her teachers, parents, pastor, doctor, really know so very little about her, for she has developed a *modus vivendi* with each that often disarms suspicion of concealment. Her real inner life is being evolved far beyond their ken. Her very anatomy and physiological development suggest involution, and her crepuscular soul is in an ingrowing stage. With her intimates she always has secrets, which it is treason to friendship to betray. A little younger, she invents, or even pretends, secrets as bonds of intimacy, or gives words an esoteric meaning, and has signs and badges which no one but her chosen few understands. So, too, she may come to believe that others have secrets which they try to keep from her, particularly about vital themes, which she feels she has a right to know. Thus, if too much baulked, she may listen, or imagine hidden meanings which do not exist.

The demure miss who sits silently at our table and in our drawing-room while we talk, who goes through all the paces of schoolwork and social observances set for her, is not the real girl, and she knows it; for her true self is all the more securely masked by conforming to what we expect of her. Her imagination is in the most active stages of creative evolution, although its activities are often so submerged beneath the threshold of consciousness, that she is herself not aware of its fecund spontaneity. She is all the while developing swift *aperçus,* full of insight and judgments about persons; and she is taking attitudes, for she is in the springtide of sentiment and her ideality, to which the world owes so much, could not attain its goal if it were not more or less veiled.

Thus she is not what she seems, and with but a slight tincture of pathology, the passion to deceive may become dominant. The Fox sisters, who gave the first impulse to spiritism in this country, and the five Creery sisters,

séances with whom filled the early proceedings of the English Society for Psychic Research, were in the early teens, and there have been scores of such masked hystericals, who fooled everybody. The Watseka Wonder was too much for even the astute and detective mind of the late Professor Hodgson; and in reviewing the merry dances which budding girls have led psychiatrists, especially in France a few decades ago, I concluded that, wherever a brand new theory of hysteria, epilepsy, or telepathy was promulgated by any of them, we should first of all follow the maxim, *Cherchez le tendron*. This vast disparity between her inner and outer life really compels the girl to feign what is not, and to dissimulate what is.

She is in the most interesting stage of the long and complex process of getting ready to love and be loved. It is already several years since all boys ceased to seem crude, oafish, and altogether inconvenient, and began — at least, one or two of them — to be interesting. She has also pretty well passed the stage of amatory fetishisms, when she was prone to dote on some single feature, trait, or act, and feel a degree of aversion for others for which nothing could compensate. She is just learning to perform her supreme selective function of passing judgment on personalities as a whole, with all their *ensemble* of qualities. A small but rather constant percentage of girls of high-school age evolve, more or less unconsciously, an ideal hero, or make one of some older youth; and this sometimes seems to serve as a defense against 'falling for' even the best specimen of the other sex among her acquaintances of her own age. George Eliot rather crassly says that for some years a girl's every act may tend to provoke proposals. But, if she wants attention, she flees from it, if she detects serious signs of intention. She has no idea of marrying till she has had her innocent fling, or perhaps tried her hand at self-support. Intuition warns her of the danger of loving or being loved with abandon.

A few years before she was pryingly curious. Eight ninth-grade girls signed their names, round-robin-wise, to a request to be told 'truly where we come from.' The teacher in her perplexity took the petition to the principal, who passed it on to the superintendent; and the latter referred it to the school board, where it rested. This was some years ago, and these girls have long since found some answer.

Eager as she is to know, however, she is really repelled if knowledge comes in an improper form. How she hates those who offend! And if she feels the least vestige of real fascination, how she reproaches, and perhaps even fears for, herself. If she becomes aware of the tender passion burgeoning in her own soul, she guards it as the most sacred of all her secrets; and toward the object of it she may affect indifference, or even rudeness, perhaps repulsing common courtesies as if they were meant to be advances.

If, despite all these instinctive reluctances which kind old mother nature inspires, she loses her moorings and is swept precociously into a great love, the death-thought is always near; for in the primer of virginity Eros and Thanatos are mystic twins. The supreme affirmation of life, if precocious, brings a compensating thought of its negation. She may even dream of going to heaven by water, which statistics show is the favorite route at this age. She may imagine herself a beautiful corpse, laid out with flowers, while mourning friends weep and praise her, realizing at last that she was not appreciated while *he*, the most inconsolable of them all, is dissolved in tears, vowing to devote his life henceforth to the memory of her.

Girls often idealize one candidate for their affections after another, in rapid succession. One frankly told me that she had been in love with a different one every school term, but none had survived the long vacation. How little a generally desirable young man suspects the havoc he may wreak between a pair of girl soul-mates by partiality to the one and ever so little neglect of the other! Indeed, so tinglingly sensitive are girls, that even the changing feelings toward mates to whom they are relatively indifferent contribute their quota to the fluctuations of mood, which seem so unaccountable to onlookers, when, in fact, all such alternations have a very real and sufficient reason.

Thrice happy the girl who, through these years of seething and ferment, has a father whom she can make the embodiment of her ideals; for he is, all unconsciously, the pattern to which her future lover and husband must conform. But even here there are dangers; for if her fondness for her father is too intense, or unduly prolonged, this may make it impossible for her ever to be happy if mated to a man not in the father image. She may even be a little motherly toward her parents, although her attitude toward her mother is infinitely complex. While we almost never find any of the jealousy toward her which Freudians stress, there is, especially in these days of sudden emancipation from the conventions in vogue a generation ago, an unprecedented tension between mother and daughter, which may be reinforced if the former has failed to give certain instruction in life-problems. Thus, occasionally a girl's devotion to her mother, if it is excessive, may be due to a blind instinct to compensate for thoughts and feelings toward her that she deems not truly filial; and if she has caught herself in a mood of hostility, she may overwhelm her mother with attentions that are embarrassing.

VI

The outburst of growth in the earliest teens, which makes the average girl, for a very brief period, slightly taller and heavier than the boy (an increment which, in its maximal year, amounts to nearly three inches in height and ten or twelve pounds in weight), involves many sudden changes. The sudden upthrust that brings her to the level of grown-ups, and sometimes enables the girl of fifteen or sixteen (she will never be a third of an inch taller than she is on her seventeenth birthday) to look down upon her mother, causes her to be taken for older than she is, and may give her some sense of insufficiency in the new relationships to adults thus thrust upon her. She feels her height, perhaps awkwardly, and must affect the ways of young womanhood when she is yet a child in heart and mind. Perhaps she does not assert her height, and tends to stoop a little, impairing the development of vital organs. It is curious, by the way, to note that, like plants, she grows tall fastest in the spring, and gains in weight and thickness most in the autumn, and that growth in the latter dimension, which comes a trifle later, is not infrequently lost in this country and England, giving us the slender Gibson type.

At the same time, her mental development is by leaps and bounds. She matures more now in one year than she will in five during the twenties, or in ten in later years. In this development she still further distances boys. This has the curious result of narrowing the age-scale of her intimacies. She has little use for girls of less psychological age, and is never less sympathetic with young children and babies; and on entering high school, she not only lays aside many former interests, but even 'cuts' those who persist in certain games and occupations quite permissible for eighth-

and ninth-graders. As she draws more closely to those in her own stage, she lessens vital contact with those a little older, unless she has a 'crush' for some upper-class individual. Hence the sharp demarcations through secondary and academic grades.

Thus despite the uniformitizing effect of fashions, the contagion of fads, and the intense imitativeness of this stage, individuality is being developed, and the new and ostensive assertiveness has in it the promise and potency of a new and truer womanhood. In all the long struggle for emancipation, sometimes called the war of sex against sex, woman has, and perhaps necessarily, laid aside for the time some of her most distinctive traits, and competed with man along his own lines, and has perhaps grown thereby a trifle masculine. But true progress demands that sex-distinctions be pushed to the uttermost, and that women become more feminine and men more virile. This need modern feminism has failed to recognize; but it is just this which flapperdom is now asserting. These girls not only accept, but glory in, their sex as such, and are giving free course to its native impulses. They may be the leaders in the complete emancipation of woman from the standards man has made for her. Up to this age our Binet-Simon tests can grade and mark, at least for intelligence, but here they baulk, stammer, and diverge.

The flapper's new sophistication is thus superficial. Her new self-consciousness is really naïve, and in her affectations she is simply trying out all the assortments of temperamental types, dispositions, and traits of character, as she often tries out styles of handwriting before she settles upon one. This is all because hers is the most vital and most rapidly developing psyche in all the world. The evolutionary stages of flapperdom are so many, and they succeed each other so fast, and are so telescoped together that we cannot yet determine the order of their sequence, and all my glimpses are only random snapshots of the wonderful quadrennium, the first four teens.

She accepts the confirmation, and perhaps even the conversion, that the church prescribes; but her heart is set on this world and not on the next. She conforms with more interest to the 'coming-out' customs of society; but these are now much belated, for in all essentials she came out unaided, and the age of her legal majority she deems too late. Once it was commonly held that those who were precocious would become blasé later; but if there ever was danger here, it exists no longer. In fact, civilization itself, and all our hope that mankind may attain superhumanity, depends on the prolongation, enrichment, and safeguarding of the interval between pubescence and ripe nubility.

What a reversal of ancient and traditional mores it would be if the flapper, long repressed by so many taboos, were now to become the pioneer and leader of her sex to a new dispensation, and to give to the world its very best illustration of the trite but pregnant slogan, *Das ewig Weibliche sieht uns hinan*. She has already set fashions in attire, and even in manners, some of which her elders have copied, and have found not only sensible, but rejuvenating. Underneath the mannish ways which she sometimes affects, she really vaunts her femininity, and her exuberance gives it a new charm. The new liberties she takes with life are contagious, and make us wonder anew whether we have not all been servile to precedent, and slaves to institutions that need to be refitted to human nature, and whether the flapper may not, after all, be the bud of a new and better womanhood.

THE OPEN-HEARTH FURNACE

A CHAPTER IN STEEL. II

BY CHARLES RUMFORD WALKER

I

PETE, the Russian melter, came out on the gallery behind the furnaces, and I could see by the way he looked the pit over, that he was picking a man for furnace work. Somebody had stayed out, and they were short a helper. He looked at the fat workman beside me, and then grunted.

This was the third time he had picked Russians, in preference to the rest of us, who were Serbian, Austrian, and American.

The next day I tackled Pete.

'How about a chance on the floor?' I said, standing in front of him to keep him from lurching away.

'Y' get chance 'nuff, don' worry.'

'If I can't get a crack at learning this game here in Bouton, I'll go somewhere where I can,' I said, boiling up a little.

Dick Reber, the Pennsylvania-Dutch melter, came up.

'I want a chance on the floor,' I said.

'All right, boy, go on Number 7 today.'

I made all speed to Number 7. 'Is he doing that,' I thought, as I picked up my shovel, 'because I 'm an American?'

I looked up and saw the big ladle-bucket pouring hot metal into a spout in the furnace-door, accompanied by a great swirl of sparks and flame.

'At last,' I said, 'I 'm going to make steel.'

The steel starts in as 'scrap' — scrap from anywhere in America — anything from a broken casting, the size of a man's trunk, down to corroded pipe, or strips the thickness of your nail salvaged in bales. The overhead crane gathers them all from arriving flat cars by a magnet as big as a cart wheel; the pieces of steel leap to meet the magnet with apparent joy, stick stoutly for a moment, and fall released into iron charge-boxes. By trainloads they pass out of the stockyard and into the mill, where the track runs directly in front of the furnace-doors. There the charging machine dumps them quickly into the hot belly of the furnace. Old furnaces, charged by hand, hold about ten tons; the new, 250 to 300 tons a 'heat.'

That is the first step in starting to make a 'heat,' which means to cook a bellyful to the proper temperature for steel, ready to tap into a ladle for ingot-making. Next comes making 'front-wall.' No self-respecting brick, clay, or any other substance can stand a load of metal up to steel-heat, without being temporarily relined right away for the next draft of flame. We do that relining by shoveling dolomite into the furnace. The official, known as second-helper, wields a Brobdingnag spoon, about two inches larger than a dinner-plate and fifteen feet long, which a couple of third-helpers, among them

myself, fill with dolomite. By use of the spoon, the second-helper spreads the protection over the front-wall.

But the sporting job on the open-hearth comes a bit later, and consists in making 'back-wall.' Then all the men on the furnace and all the men on your neighbor's furnace form a dolomite line, and, marching in file to the open door, fling their shovelfuls across the flaming void to the back-wall. It 's not a beginner's job. You must swing your weapon through a wide arc, to give it 'wing,' and the stuff must hop off just behind the furnace-door, and rise high enough to top the scrap between and land high. I say it 's not a beginner's job, though it 's like golf — the first shovelful may be a winner. What lends life to the sport is the fact that everybody 's in it: it 's the team play of the open-hearth, like a house-raising in the community.

Another thing giving life is the heat. The mouth of the furnace gapes its widest, and you must hug close in order to get the stuff across. Every man has deeply smoked glasses on his nose when he faces the furnace. He 's got to stare down her throat, to watch where the dolomite lands. It 's up to him to 'place' his stuff — the line is n't marching through the heat to warm its hands. Here 's a tip I did n't savvy on my first back-wall. Throw your left arm high at the end of your arc, and in front of your face; it will cut the heat an instant, and allow you to see if you have 'placed' without flinching. It 's really not brawn, — making back-wall, — but a nimble swing and a good eye, and the art of not minding heat.

After that is done, she can cook for a while, and needs only watching. The first-helper gives her that, passing up and down every few minutes to look through the peepholes in her furnace-doors. He puts his glasses down on his nose, inspects the brew, and notices if her stomach 's in good shape. If the bricks get as red as the gas flame, she 's burning the living lining out of her. But he keeps the gas blowing in her ends as hot as she 'll stand it without a holler. On either end the gas, and on top of it the air. The first-helper, who is cook of the furnace, makes a proper mixture out of them. The hotter he can let the gas through, the quicker the brew is cooked, and the more 'tonnage' he 'll make that week.

'Get me thirty thousand pounds,' said the first-helper when I was on the furnace that first night. Fifteen tons of molten metal! I was undecided whether to bring it in a dipper or in my hat. But it 's not more than running upstairs for a handkerchief in the bureau. You climb to a platform near the blower, where the stuff is made, and find a man there with a book. Punch him in the arm and say, 'Thirty thou' for Number 7.' He will swear moderately and blow a whistle. You return to the furnace, and on your heels follows a locomotive dragging a bucket — the ladle — ten feet high. Out of it arise the fumes of your fifteen tons of hot metal. The overhead crane picks it up and pours it through a spout into the furnace. As it goes in, you stand and direct the pouring. The craneman, as he tilts or raises the bucket, watches you for directions, and you stand and make gentle motions with one hand, thus easily and simply controlling the flux of the fifteen tons. That part of the job always pleased me. It was like modeling Niagara with a wave of the hand. Sometimes he spills a little, and there is a vortex of sparks, and much molten metal in front of the door to step on.

She cooks in anywhere from ten hours to twenty-four. The record on this floor is ten, which was put over by Jock. He has worked on most of the open-hearths from Scotland to Colorado.

When it 's time for a test, the first-helper will take a spoon about the size of your hand, and scoop up some of the soup. But not to taste. He pours it into a mould, and when the little ingot is cool, breaks it with a sledge. Everyone on the furnace, barring myself, looks at the broken metal and gives a wise smile. I 'm not enough of a cook. They know by the grain if she has too much carbon, or needs more, or is ready to tap, or is n't. With too much carbon, she 'll need a 'jigger,' which is a few more tons of hot metal to thin her out.

That 's about the whole game — abbreviated — up to tap-time. It takes on an average of eighteen hours, and your shift may be anything, from ten to twenty-four. Of course, there are details like shoveling in fluor spar to thin out the slag. Be sure you clear the breast of the furnace, with your shovelful, when you put that into her. Spar eats the dolomite as mice eat cheese.

At intervals the first-helper tilts the whole furnace forward, and she runs out at the doors, which is to drain off the slag that floats on top of the brew. But after much weariness it 's tap-time and the 'big boss' comes to supervise.

Move aside the shutters covering the round peepholes on her doors, at this time, and you 'll see the brew bubbling away like malt breakfast-food ready to eat. But there 's a lot of testing before serving. When it is ready, you run to the place where you hid your little flat manganese shovel, and take it to the gallery behind the furnace, near the tap-spout. There you can look down upon the 'pit,' strewn with those giant bucket-ladles, and sprinkled with the clean-up men who gather painfully all that 's spilled or slobbered of hot metal and saved for a second melting. The whole is swept by the omnipresent crane.

At a proper and chosen instant, the senior melter shouts, 'Heow!' and the great furnace rolls on its side on a pair of mammoth rockers, and points a clay spout into the ladle, held for it by the crane. Before the hot soup comes rushing, the second-helper has to 'ravel her out.' 'Raveling' is poking a pointed rod up the tap-spout, till the stopping is prodded away. You never know when the desired, but terrific, result is accomplished. When it is, you retire just as you would from an exploding oil-well. The brew is loose. It comes out red and hurling flame. Into the ladle it falls, with a hiss and a terrifying 'splunch.'

The first- and second-helpers immediately make matters worse. They stagger up with bags containing fine anthracite, and drop them into the mess. These have a most damning effect. The flames hit the roof of the pit, and sway and curl angrily along the frail platform on which you stand. Some occult reasoning tells them how many of these bags to drop in, whether to make a conflagration or a moderate house-burning.

The melter waits a few minutes, and then shouts your cue. You and another helper run swiftly along the gallery to the side of the spout. At your feet is a pile of manganese, one of the heaviest substances in the world, and seeming heavier than that. It 's your job and your helper's to put the pile into the cauldron. You 're expected to get it in fast. You do.

There are almost always two ladles to fill, but you have a 'spell' between. When she 's tapped, you pick up a piece of sheet-iron and cover the spout with it. That 's another job to warm frost-bitten fingers.

One more step and the brew is an ingot. There are several tracks entering the pit, and at proper seasons a train of cars swings in, bringing the upright ingot moulds. They stand about seven feet high from their flats. When the ladle is full and slobbering a bit, the craneman swings her gingerly over the first mould. Level with the ladle's base,

and above the train of moulds, runs the pouring platform, on which the ingot-men stand.

By means of rods, a stopper is released from a small hole in the bottom of the ladle. In a few seconds the stream fills a mould, and the attendant shuts off the steel like a boy at a spigot. The ladle swings gently down the line, and the proper measure of metallic flame squirts into each mould. A trainload of steel is poured in a few minutes.

But this is when all omens are propitious. It 's when the stopper-man has made no mistakes. But when rods jam and the stopper won't stop, watch your step, and cover your face. That fierce little stream keeps coming, and nothing that the desperate men on the pouring platform can do seems likely to stem it. Soon one mould is full — but the ladle continues to pour, with twenty tons of steel to go. It can't be allowed to make a steel floor for the pit. It must get into those moulds. So the craneman swings her on to the next mould, with the stream aspurt. It 's like taking water from the teakettle to the sink with a punctured dipper. Half goes on the kitchen floor. But the spattering of molten metal is much more exciting. A few little clots affect the flesh like hot bullets. So, when the craneman gets ready to swing the little stream down the line, the workers on the platform behave like frightened fishes in a mill pond. Then, while the mould fills, they come back, to throw certain ingredients into the cooling metal.

These ingots, when they come as virgin steel from the moulds, are impressive things — especially on the night turn. Then each stands up against the night air like a massive monument of hardened fire. Pass near them and see what colossal radiators of heat they are. Trainloads of them pass daily out of the pit to the blooming-mill. But my spell with them is done.

II

I stood behind the furnace, near the spout, and Nick, the second-helper, beside me, was yelling things in Anglo-Serbian into my face. He was a loose-limbed, sallow-faced Serbian, with black hair under a green-visored cap, always on the back of his head. His shirt was torn on both sleeves and open nearly to his waist, and in the uncertain lights of the mill his chest and abdomen shone with sweat.

'Goddam you, what you think! Get me' — a long blur of Serbian, here — 'spout, quick mak' a' — more Serbian with tremendous volume of voice — 'furnace, see? You get that — — mud!'

When a man says that to you with profound emotion, it seems insulting to say 'What?' But that was what I did.

'All right, all right,' he said; 'what the hell, me get myself, all the work' — blurred here — 'son of a — third-helper — wheelbarrow, why don' you — — *quick now when I say!*'

'All right, all right, I 'll do it,' I said, and went away. I was never in my life so much impressed with the necessity of *doing it*. His language and gesture had been profoundly expressive — of what? I tried to concentrate on the phrases that seeped through emotion and Serbian into English. 'Wheelbarrow' — hang on to that; 'mud' — that 's easy: a wheelbarrow of mud. Good!

I got it at the other end of the mill opposite Number 5.

'Don't use that shovel for mud!' said the second-helper on Number 4.

So I did n't.

I wheeled back to the gallery behind Seven, and found Nick coming out at me. When he saw that hard-won mud of mine, I thought he was going to snap the cords in his throat.

'Hell!' he said, when articulation returned, 'I tell you, get wheelbarrow

dolomite, and half wheelbarrow clay, and pail of water, and look what you bring!'

So that was it — he probably said pail of water with his feet.

'Oh, all right,' I said, smiling like a skull, 'I thought you said mud. I 'll get it, I 'll get it.'

This is amusing enough on the first day; you can go off and laugh in a superior way to yourself about the queer words the foreigners use. But after seven days of it, fourteen hours each, it gets under the skin, it burns along the nerves as the furnace heat burns along the arms, when you make back-wall. It suddenly occurred to me one day, after someone had bawled me out picturesquely for not knowing where something was that I had never heard of, that this was what every immigrant hunky endured; it was a matter of language largely, of understanding, of knowing the names of things, the uses of things, the language of the boss. Here was this Serbian second-helper bossing his third-helper largely in an unknown tongue, and the latter getting the full emotional experience of the immigrant. I thought of Bill, the pit boss, telling a hunky to do a clean-up job for him, and when the hunky said, 'What?' he turned to me and said, 'Ain't these hunkies dumb?'

Most of the false starts, waste motion, misunderstandings, fights, burnings, accidents, nerve-wrack, and desperation of soul would fall away if there were understanding — a common language, of mind as well as of tongue.

But then, I thought, all this may be because I 'm oversensitive. I had this qualm till one day I met Jack. He was an old regular-army sergeant, a man about thirty. He had come back from fixing a bad spout. They had sledged it out — sledged through the steel that had crept into the dolomite and closed the tap-hole.

'Do you ever feel low?' he said, sitting down on the back of a shovel. 'Every once 'n while I feel the way I do now, like telling 'em to take their damn job, and — You sweat and burn yourself, and strain your guts out, and then they swear at you — that 's what gets my goat.'

I went out of the open-hearth shelter slowly, and watched the line — nearly a quarter of a mile long — of swinging dinner-buckets. Some were large and round, and had a place on top for coffee; some were circular and long; some were flat and square. I looked at the men. They were the day-shift coming in.

'I have finished,' I said to myself automatically; 'I 'm going to eat and go to bed. I don't have to work now.'

I looked at the men again. Most of them were hurrying; their faces carried yesterday's fatigue and last year's. Now and then I saw a man who looked as if he could work the turn, and then box a little in the evening for exercise. There were a few men like that. The rest made me think strongly of a man holding himself from falling over a cliff, with fingers that paralyzed slowly.

I stepped on a stone, and felt the place on my heel where the limestone and sweat had worked together to make a burn. I 'd be hurrying in at five o'clock that day, and they 'd be going home. It was seven-twenty. That would be nine and a half hours from now. I had to eat twice, and buy a pair of gloves, and sew up my shirt, and get sleep before then. I live twenty minutes from the mill. If I walk home as fast as I can drive my legs, and bolt breakfast, seven hours is all I can work in before three-thirty. I 'll have to get up then to get time for dinner, fixing up my shirt, and walking to the mill.

I wonder how long this night-shift of gray-faced men with different-sized dinner-buckets will be moving out to-

ward the green gate, and the day-shift coming in — how many years?

The car up from the nail mill stopped, just before it dove under the railroad bridge.

'I 'm in luck.'

I suddenly had a vision of how the New York subway looked: its crush, its noise, its overdressed Jews, its speed, its subway smell. I looked around inside the clattering trolley-car. Nobody was talking. The car was filled for the most part with Slavs, a few Italians, and some negroes from the nail mill. Everyone, except two old men of unknown age, was under thirty-five. They held their buckets on their laps, or put them on the floor between their legs. Six or eight were asleep. The rest sat quiet, with legs and neck loose, eyes open, steady, dull, fixed upon nothing.

III

Another day went by, hewing cinders in the pit. I tried to figure to myself persuasive or threatening things I could say to the melters, to let me work on the floor. A shrewd-looking little man with moustachios worked near me.

'Did you ever work on the floor?' I asked.

'Oh, yes,' he said: 'too damn much hot; to hell with the money!'

They pay you two cents more an hour on the floor. At twenty minutes to five I went upstairs to my locker. Dick Reber, senior melter, stopped me. 'Need a man to-night; want to work?' he said; 'always short, you know, on this damn long turn.'

'Sure,' I said.

That was one way to get promoted, I thought, and wondered how I 'd stand fourteen more hours on top of the ten I had had.

'Beat it!' yelled the melter.

Jack and I got our flat manganese shovels, and went on the run to the gallery. We were tapping at last. This furnaceful had cooked twenty-two hours. Nick was kneeling on water-soaked bagging, on the edge of the hot spout. He dug out the mud in the tap-hole with a pointed rod, and sputtered oaths at the heat. Every few minutes the spout would burn through the bagging to his knees. He would get up, refold the bagging, and kneel again.

Finally the metal gurgled out, a small stream the size of two fingers. Nick dodged back, and it swelled to a six-inch torrent.

'Heow! Crane!'

Pete Grayson had come out, and was bawling something very urgently at the pit crane. The ladle swung closer; we could feel the increased wave of heat.

He looked over at us, and held up two fingers. That meant that both piles of manganese that lay on the gallery next the crane were to be shoveled in.

'Heow!' yelled the melter.

Jack and I leaped forward to the manganese, and our shovels scraped on the iron gallery. I saw Jack slapping his head to put out a little fire that had started on the handkerchief wound round his neck. I slapped a few sparks that stung my right leg.

There was something queer about this heat. The soles of my feet — why in the devil should the gallery burn so! There was a blazing gas in the air — my nostrils seemed to flame as they took it in. This was different from most manganese shoveling. My face glowed all over in a single concentrated pain. What was it? I saw Jack shoveling wildly in the middle of that second pile. We finished it in a panic.

'What was the matter with that damned ladle?' I asked, as we got our breath in the opening between the furnaces.

'Spout had a hole in the middle,' he said: 'ladle underneath, see!'

I did. The fire-clay of the spout had given way, and a hole forming in the middle let the metal through. That made it necessary, in order to catch the steel, to bring the ladle close, till part of it was under the platform on which we worked. The heat and gas from the hot steel in the ladle had been warming our feet, and rising into our faces.

'Here 's a funny thing,' I said, looking down. One of the sparks which had struck my trousers burned around, very neatly taking off the cuff and an inch or two of the leg. The thing might have been done with a pair of shears.

IV

I came out of the mill whistling, and feeling pretty much 'on the crest.' I 'd worked their 'damn long turn,' and stood it. It was n't so bad, except that ladle that got under the manganese. I ate a huge breakfast and climbed into bed with a smile on my lips.

The alarm clock had been ringing several minutes. I turned over to shut it off, and found needles running into all the muscles of my back. I struggled up on an elbow. I had a 'hell of a head.' The alarm was still going.

I fought myself out of bed, and shut it off; stood up and tried to think. Pretty soon a thought came over me like an ache: it was 'fourteen hours.' That was beginning in fifty-five minutes, fourteen hours of back-walls — and hot ladles, and — Oh, hell! — I sat down again on the bed, and prepared to lift my feet back in.

Then I got up, and washed fiercely, threw on my clothes, and went downstairs, and out into the afternoon sun.

Down by the restaurant, I met the third-helper on Eight.

'Long turn would n't be so bad, if there were n't no next day,' he said, with a sort of a smile.

In the mill was a gang of malignant men; things all went wrong; everybody was angry and tired; their nerves made mistakes for them.

'I wish it were next Sunday!' I said.

'There ain't any Sundays in this place,' he returned. 'Twenty-four hours off between two working-days ain't Sunday.'

I thought that over. The company say they give you one day off every two weeks. But it 's not like a day off anywhere else. It 's twenty-four hours sandwiched between two workdays. You finish your night-week at seven Sunday morning, having just done a week of one twenty-four-hour shift, and six fourteens. You 've got all the time from then till the next morning! Hurrah! How will you use it? If you do the normal thing, eat breakfast, and go to bed for eight hours — that brings you to five o'clock. Will you stay up all night? You 've had your sleep. Yes, but there 's a ten-hour turn coming at seven. You go to bed at eleven, to sleep up for your turn. There 's an evening out of it! Hurrah! again. But who does the normal thing? Either you go on a tear for twenty-four hours, — you have it only twice a month, — or you sleep the twenty-four if the week 's been a bad one. Or — and this is common in Bouton — you get sore at the system and stay away a week.

'Hey, you, get me a jigger, quick. Ten thou'.'

'All right,' I said, and shut off my mind for the day.

I usually had bad words and bad looks from 'Shorty.' Jack calls him 'that dirty Wop.' Late one afternoon he produced a knife, and fingered it suggestively while he talked. So I always watched him with all the eyes I had.

One day we had shoveled in manganese together over a hot ladle, and I noticed that he was in a bad mood. We finished, and leaned against the rail.

'Six days more,' he said very quietly.

I looked up, surprised at his voice.

'What do you mean?'

'Six days more, this week, me quit this goddam job.'

'What 's the matter?'

'Oh, — — me lose thirteen pound this job, what the hell!'

'What job will you get now?'

'I don't know, I don't know; any job at all better,' he said very bitterly.

Having adopted the quitting idea, six days were too much to endure. A little later, Jock was ready to make front-wall. He saw Shorty and said, 'Get me that hook and spoon.'

Shorty stood and looked at Jock, with the utmost malignity in his face. 'Get your — — hook and spoon yourself.'

Jock was greatly surprised, and returned, 'Who the hell are you?'

Instantly Shorty snapped, 'Who the hell are you?'

And then he was fired.

This is the second 'quitting mad' I 've seen. The feeling seems to be like the desire that gets piled up sometimes in the ranks of the army, to 'tell 'em to go to hell.' It 's the result of accumulated poisons of overfatigue, long hours, overwrought nerves, 'the military discipline of the mills.'

At last, Saturday night. Everyone felt Sunday coming, with twenty-four hours of drunkenness or sleep alluringly ahead. The other shift had tapped the furnace at three o'clock. We might not tap again, and that was nice to think about. A front-wall and a hot back-wall we went through, as if it were better fun than billiards.

'Look out for me; I 've got the de 'il in me,' from Jock, Scotch first on Number 8.

I looked up, and the crazy fool had a spoon — they weigh over a hundred — between his legs, dragging it like a kid with a broomstick. As it bounced on the broken brick floor, he yelled like a man after a Hun.

'Who 's the maun amang ye, can lick a Scotchman?' he cried, dropping the spoon to the floor.

'Is this the best stuff you can show on Number 8?' said Fred slowly. He dived for Jock's waist, and drew it to him, though the Scotchman tried to break his grip with one of his hands, and with the other thrust off his opponent's face. When Fred had him tight, he caught one of Jock's straying arms, bent it slowly behind his back, and contrived a hammerlock.

'You 're no gentleman,' — in pain; 'you 're interruptin' my work.'

Fred relaxed, and Jock jumped away.

'Come over to a good furnace and fight it out!' he yelled from a distance.

The charging machine in its perpetual machine tremolo shook past and stopped. George slid down from his seat, and came over to Number 8's gang.

'Well, Fred, how in hell 's the world usin' yer?'

'Ask me that to-morrow.'

'Well, guys, good night; I 'm dead for forty minutes.'

He picked up a board some six feet long and about six inches in width. He laid himself carefully on it, and was sleeping inside of a minute.

I looked at him enviously for a few minutes. Suddenly it occurred to me that the board lay over a slit in the floor. It was the opening through which the pipes that attach to the gas-valve rise and fall. When gas is shifted from one end of the furnace to the other, the pipes emerge through the slit to a height several feet from the floor. Finally Fred made the same discovery, and a broad smile spread over his face. He continued to watch George, his grin deepening. At last he turned to the second-helper.

'Throw her over,' he said.

Nick threw the switch. Slowly and easily the valve-pipes rose, lifting George and the head of his bed into the air perilously.

An immense and ill-controlled shout swelled up and got ready to burst inside the witnesses. George slept on, and the bed passed forty-five degrees. In another second it rolled off the side of the pipes, and George, scared, half-asleep, and much crumpled, rolled over on the furnace floor. It was several seconds before he recovered profanity.

The pure joy of that event spread itself over the entire shift.

I walked home with Stanley, the Pole. He always called me Joe, the generic name for non-hunky helpers.

'Say, Joe,' he said, as we came under the railroad bridge, 'what 's your name right?'

'Charlie,' I answered. 'By the way, where have you been?'

'Drunk, Charlie,' he answered, smiling cheerfully.

'Ever since I saw you in the pit?'

'Three week,' he stated, with satisfaction; 'beer, whiskey, everyt'ing. What the hell, work all time goddam job, what the hell?'

GIFTS

BY AMORY HARE

GIVE a man a dog or a gun,
Give a dog a man to love,
Give a woman a patch of sun
And a bit of green with the sky above
Where her babes may laugh and run;

Give a gull the blowing spray,
Give a ship one faithful star,
Give my heart but a single day
Where any of these things are —
And I'll find my heaven the swiftest way
That ever a heaven was won!

UAN THE FEY

BY JAMES BOYD

I

Of all the builders in Hy Brasil, the lost Atlantic isle, Uan Shane was the most promising. For a thousand years the Shanes had made firm and solid the fanciful towers and cheerful roofs which that country was ever adding to its magic sky-line. Each Shane had in turn been a wielder of great knowledge and power among all tools and materials, and, among men, a formidable voice proceeding from a menacing beard. They knew all stones and woods and irons. They knew the pine for girders and for the backs of lutes. But if any man had said that one pine was for strength and the other for sweetness, they would have emitted a great voice at him. They loved materials as some do women — grossly and passionately. Their thumbs, passing over a panel or forging, could tell them more than most men's whole minds. With a hatred as bitter as a lover's they hated everything but the best.

Uan's own father, on finding that a gargoyle on a hammer beam in the Hall of Gryphons had been mortised on, not carved in place, threw the woodworker into the sea, with his carving after him, and tore off the bronze roof with his own hands, to put in another. On the day the new beam swung into place Uan himself was born, and that night the elder Shane gruffed at him through his beard and ran his thumb over the feebly expostulating body.

'He's soft,' said the Shane and scowled.

'Babies are soft,' said the mother.

'Soft in the face; I call him "Uan."'

'A lamb — that 's pretty.'

'And what 's a lamb but a young sheep?'

The great bushy man saw little of the boy as he grew up. The Shane was always busy. He built a church for the Powerful Gods and a church for the Little Gods, and was to build one for the Friendless God. But his mind suddenly failed him, and he could not understand the requirements of this project. At length they found him bowed forward among the plans on which he had written laboriously, just before he died, the one word, 'absurd,' and then, evidently, with a firm final gesture, had crossed it out.

The boy had by this time become a man and a skillful builder, able to take his father's place. In the dimmer recesses of his mind lay the stores of old experience of the bygone Shanes and in the foreground his own quick brain wove to and fro — a brain keener than that of any Shane before. Instead of their incoherent fury for work, a flame of joy in making things burned in his heart, its smoke a curling wisp of quizzical fancy, its ashes God knows what lost visions of ease and comfort. This was to be a builder before whose dreams-come-true the works of the bearded Shanes would be lifeless things, without form and void.

But here came the first premonition of failure. Uan had no beard and none

to come. Nor had he the omnipotent invective and fierce sudden judgment that went with it. The resounding curses of a Shane had smothered the sound of hammers on every building for a thousand years, and for a thousand years workmen had scuttled before them, abject but grinning, terror clutching at their livers, but in their hearts pride in being the object of so majestic and unspeakable a blast. The Shane anathema, in which the profane and sacred were fantastically mingled, was regarded as an accolade, and men believed that no worker could pretend to craftsmanship until his shoulders had shrunk beneath the corroding fulmination of a Shane.

Uan had not been in his father's place a day, before it was felt throughout Hy Brasil that the thousand years of roaring Shanes had ended. Some indulgently pointed out his youth, and hopefully prophesied that trenchant words would come to him with time. But the wise, who were numerous there as never elsewhere or since, all knew that change was impossible. Toward himself Uan was inexorable, but he looked on others with a whimsical kindliness born of too great understanding.

The workmen quickly saw this and acted as workmen do, also as do shipchandlers, scullions, acolytes, bargemen, and all other persons. The most of them eased off and set themselves to discover, by nicely calculated progressive experiments, the tenuous minimum of labor which would still hold their job. The others felt stirring within them the magical pulse of fellowship between man and man, and knew for the first time what it was to put their hearts in their work.

In consequence, Uan's buildings had both a beauty and a sloven flimsiness never seen before. Towers soared, singing like larks, from battlements of ill-matched, half-dressed stone. Bronze carillons, carved with warriors and dragons and veined with threads of silver, swung softly throbbing chimes from crazy campaniles which creaked discordantly at every note. And still Uan built on, childishly happy in his own toil, and racked with futile pity for even the petty failings of others; until, at length, he met the day which changed his life.

II

He was just completing the common room of the Elder Druids. The low vaulted ceiling was checkered with the reflection of the black-and-white slate floor. High in the wall, broad flat windows ran around the room, and above them a carved band of oak leaves and mistletoe, and a magical inscription in the ogham character, which looked like the markings on some weird and mighty yardstick, measuring its own dark words and the whole unknown.

From below the windows, down to the floor stretched fresh, white plaster waiting to be painted the green of oak leaves. Nothing else remained to be done, and as Uan stood there, the master painter, slow and soothing in movement and yellow with the sickness of his calling, glided up and spoke softly of the amount of paint they would need.

Uan turned to the wall and began putting down the figures on its clean stretch — a handy place where they would soon be painted out. The soft pencil made velvet lines on the smooth surface. The figures flowed easily; more easily and gracefully than he had ever been able to form them before. It was fascinating. He made his calculation, then kept on. Somewhere behind him the voice of the master painter, dimly heard, droned with a pleasant, numbing intonation. Above, the inscrutable ogham characters, half-seen, marched processionally around the mysterious hall.

The figures flowed from his hand and took shape. He saw that they could be turned into swans and gnomes and leprechauns. Every figure could be made into something beautiful and strange. He went on to draw more; then to join them all together with oak leaves and acorns fancifully entwined. A pattern wove itself in his mind and started to grow upon the wall. In it were all the beauties and marvels and fears of the Druids and of the Old Days, peeping alluringly or menacingly out of the foliage, always half-hidden by the leaves, as they had been for centuries in the great forest itself.

The master painter's voice had long since faded away. Once Uan had a dim, troubled sense of some obscure disturbance in his far-off forgotten life. He never saw the little knot of workmen, who had gathered and stood, with shaking head and finger along nose, divided between fear and morbid pleasure at the fate that had made the master builder mad.

Night was coming on, but Uan only called for a light, and the workmen, with the respect of simple men for the insane, brought him rush torches and, making a sign to guard themselves from evil, left him. The rushlight flickered, luminous tides surged and ebbed on the walls. A horned owl peered through the casement and tapped with his little hooked beak on the pane. Uan, not looking up, put owls and curling sacrificial fires in the ever-growing leaf-screen. He became drowsy; the torch sputtered in the sconce and went out, with a pulsing afterglow like the death-struggle of a living thing. Uan stumbled blindly home.

For nine days he was bound by the spell of those unfinished walls. He drew, then painted, till every part of them was covered. The room glowed with the crude, strange loveliness of his unskillful toil. As the last white patch of plaster vanished, the madness flowed out of him. He stood back weak and dazed. A moment before he had been slaving in the grasp of inexorable frenzy. Now he felt only that he had been left shaken and wrung out by a senseless force. With every second his experience seemed more meaningless. Looking dumbly at the curiously colored walls, he saw how crude they were. He felt that he had been a fool.

He thought of all the bygone Shanes lying in a row inside the great stone ring at Kroona — grim and able men, more able, doubtless, now than before; perhaps grimmer, too. His heart turned cold and stagnant as he pictured how pallid a figure he would appear, among that gathering of old giants, when called upon to stand in the dark ring and render his account.

He must restore the ancient tradition of the Shanes. He called his foremen together, and with a manner most crisp and practical, discussed their next undertaking: a bathing-pool for pigeons in the castle garden. He asked why the plans were not ready, and, with more asperity than he had ever shown before, why, on the occasion of his taking a few days for his own diversion, all his force should stop work.

The foremen were overjoyed at his improvement. They busied themselves with intricate drawings in charcoal on boards of white pine, and details painted in color on the skins of goats. Work started; bricks of mottled browns and rough-dressed drums of mulatto stone were hauled to the ground by dun oxen; a wall rose against a terrace, and columns were set in front of it in a flat arc. They were roofed with shingles of dark-green glass, which grew smaller as they rose to the summit to mingle with the grass of the terrace, and threw a deepening emerald glow on the portico beneath.

Here stood the basin, or pool, itself.

It had been turned in flowing lines on a gigantic potter's wheel and fired the color of the walrus tooth. Now in the green light its creamy curves looked like the waves of a shallow Northern sea. The wall behind was covered with coarse plaster. A plumber was making ready to let the water into the pool, and on the grass outside, as if they knew, the pigeons had gathered, preening and sidling and bubbling among themselves. There were pigeons with necks of purple and lavender, of jasper and opal; pigeons violet, bronze, silver; pigeons the color of ash trees and of autumnal oaks.

Uan stood in the portico watching the man link up the last length of hammered pipe with the great basin. Behind him suddenly he heard the sound of wings, like the water-whistles in the cave of witches on Mount Niknikor. Three pigeons with burnished necks flew in under the roof, their speeding grace silhouetted against the light tan of the wall behind. They were gone, but their image seemed to linger faintly on the smooth expanse — to linger and to move. Uan's hand, holding a broad builder's pencil, stretched forward toward the wall and began sweeping in sharp curves like pigeon-wings. He felt himself drawn forward with the strength of a dream; he heard himself murmur, 'If only I could make them move!' All other things faded away before a great longing to fill that wall with the glory of flying birds.

The laborer, tinkering away, oblivious, had remarked, 'Now this white lead — it's not what it was in the days of Shamus Shane, God save his teeth!' Receiving no answer, he had looked up to see the changed man working feverishly at the wall. The plumber, who kept beagles at home, said afterward that Uan looked like a hound running mute on a cold scent. He said that he had dropped the length of pipe in his hand and run away, fearing that he might hear the young Shane give tongue and thus himself become bewitched.

But it was Uan who was again enchanted; this time with the soaring beauty of flight. Working more freely than before, he had by nightfall covered the wall with countless pigeons winging across the sky. He came down each day and painted them every color that pigeons might be, and two colors that they should be and are not. Having finished, he stood back among the ring of pigeons on the grass and gazed at his work. It was marred by many faults, but in spite of all, there across the wall stretched a flock of pigeons, flying fast and strong. He saw that they did move. As he looked, the birds beside him rose and tried to join them; and he knew that his work was good.

After that there was no longer much hope for him. He began one or two more buildings, but each time the white walls drew him, and he forgot all else until he had covered them with wonderful half-mad conceits. More than half-mad the workmen thought him, and soon it was known throughout Hy Brasil that the young Shane, and with him the great tradition, had fallen into the clutches of some shameful demon. His men left him, half in contempt and half in fear and hatred. He got no more jobs, only sidelong glances of suspicion or, among the better class, of smug pity.

Sometimes he would wander out into the countryside and stay for a little while at the croft of a shepherd or goose-tender, or in the little houses of the foresters and peat cutters. And when he could persuade them to let him, he would paint a queer design over the mantelpiece or door lintel.

As time went on, the little money he had saved as a promising young man was spent and he went into the coun-

try more than ever. It is true that in town the keepers of two low taverns esteemed his art and frequently fed him for decorating their walls. But this was because it furnished entertainment for their patrons to see him working. As soon as the picture was finished, he was asked to paint it out and do something else. So he used to practise there until some strong idea would come to him, and then he would be off to the uplands, in search of a friendly cottage and a mellow wall.

In the uplands, the men's faces are ruddy and wrinkled like frosted persimmons; their hair is black and curly, and their eyes are black and merry. For long they welcomed the mad stranger and gladly let him paint as he wished. He did processions of geese and of swine, and bare birch trees against a cold, intense winter sky, the backs of women churning, and the hands of poachers splicing night-lines, and many other matters besides.

They used to gather to watch him work, nudging each other and sidling as the pigeons had, murmuring in simple delight as their slow minds recognized a familiar scene. Always they held him in a little awe, as being not wholly human; a wizard, perhaps; harmless and kindly, but a wizard.

As time went on, however, dark whispers began to be heard of his wizardry. Not many at first, only now and then a low word from the corner of a twisted mouth, with the eyes fixed on Uan. But little by little they grew, until at last it came to be known that certain of these pictures had been seen to move — the square backs rising and falling before the churn, the geese advancing majestically. Above all, a gleaming mass of blue adders on a rock, which he had painted for the headman at Kroona, were said to weave sinuously in and out among themselves at some seasons of the moon. And then, one morning, the headman, himself, was found dead among the embers, his lips blue and on his wrist a little blue scar, the death-mark of the adder.

III

The countryside rose against Uan and hunted him with mattocks and brush hooks; he strapped his paint-box on his back and fled away over the frozen bogs.

It was night when he reached the City, the night before the Feast of Mistletoe. Two wolves that had followed him turned back at the first house. Candles at every window gilded the snow, and muffled groups with links hurried past, their faces dark as Sikhs in the death-still cold.

The streets seemed stark and rigid in the winter night as he passed by. But ahead he saw a glow against the sky, and, coming to the open place before the Druid's Great Temple, he met a procession with candles, marching in. He followed into a long high hall. The people knelt close together all down its length. The flames of their tapers flickered and blended in an aureole over the humble stooped throng. Through the soft undulating light, the gray stone columns rose like oaks and spread branches in the gloom above. At the temple's end, a Druid in a white goat's-hair robe was intoning a rune and weaving a subtle pattern in the air with a long, thin knife. Before him lay a small lamb, patient and confused. Uan turned his head aside. At length the people's hoarse, swelling chant told him that all was over. Still singing, they filed out, leaving him alone. Their processional sounded ever fainter, yet ever higher and fiercer, till it died away.

He stole forward to the raised dais at the end, where a great bronze basket of coals glowed and the odor of burned flesh dulled the keen edge of the winter air.

He knelt beside the embers, shuddering as the warmth reached his bones. Soon he began to relax in the grateful heat. He was a little tired, but his body seemed light, immaterial, and he felt his heart expand and stretch itself in its new liberty. Lighter and lighter he became, until at length he was suspended in nothingness, warmed without and within, and thinking unhindered and flowingly of many mysterious things. He thought of the djins and Little Men of the bogs; of hares in the snow, with the wind eddies blowing their fur the wrong way and fear always lurking in their placid eyes; of woodchoppers swinging their waists with sturdy grace; of the old gray priest with the knife; of the lamb's soft helplessness. All the things in wood and cottage that had stirred him came back to him again and filled him with the knowledge of beauty, its thousand shapes — some grotesque or terrible — flowing together to form the curling wave of life.

Contentedly he began repeating to himself the runic prayers he had learned as a little boy — half-prayers, half-charms to keep bees from swarming or to make butter come or such small affairs. Thus he stumbled along with great things in his heart and dull jumbled words on his lips; then knelt at last in peace. A bat, roused from winter's sleep, wheeling his lop-winged, furtive flight among the shadowy, carved, stone branches, came down so close that his shadow, gigantic and unearthly, flapped on the high blank wall behind. When it was gone, Uan still kept looking at the wall. Near the ground the buff of the sandstone was bright as a sunset haze; higher it merged into dull gold, then into bronze and deeper and deeper velvet browns, till lost in the unplumbed blackness of the roof.

The fire, glowing on the wall and in his body, drew them together. For the moment he had insight into the beauty of life. He was in the temple where men, who neither understood this beauty nor the gods who gave it, made their vain sacrifices. He would paint there an offering from his spirit, which would be understood by the gods and, perhaps, by men. He moved over to the wall and began making small sketches in one corner, humming a marching song, happy. His idea took shape. He dragged over two benches, whose unwilling groans reechoed down the great nave, and standing on them commenced work high up on the wall. He was in no dreamy trance now, but cheery and vigorous, elated with the knowledge that he was doing what he had been born to do. He worked steadily as the night hours passed, jumping down only to stir the coals for a better light or to warm his hands.

Toward morning the picture had taken shape. A man of the uplands, in a shepherd's cloak, was kneeling by a peat fire in a woodland clearing. His square, blunt hands held in his lap a brown, earthen bowl of milk. Out of it, a little lamb, with feet oddly planted, was drinking eagerly, its muzzle buried up to the gentle, witless eyes. The man was sturdy and rugged; his position had the awkward grace of the upland people. His face, brown and ruddy, was so kindly that many would have thought him a little mad. He was looking at something in the distance and laughing in a shy, friendly way. It was a wolf on the edge of the clearing, gazing back at him with the most intense interest. His gray pointed ears were cocked, his brush waved recognition, and his tongue peeped out in a doglike grin. But in his longing eyes gleamed also the iron wilderness pride, which would not let him come.

The first streaks of a dawn as cold and yellow as the cat's eye slanted high upon the wall where Uan painted. They

dropped down and mingled with the brazier's glow, and from the union sprang a puny, bastard light, shedding drab unreality on the artist and his work.

With the day came three men, laborers with their tools, who had stopped in to pray. They stared, huddled in a group, nodding their heads, jerking furtive thumbs. One spoke under cover of his hand, and all three shuffled out. Uan had not seen them. He was eagerly putting on the last little touches, hurrying before the fear that dawn's bitter death-cold would chill him before he had done. The singing tide of happiness was ebbing and might not flood again. He prayed for a better light, and worked.

Brighter and brighter grew the great brown wall. The first thin warmth of the early rays struck gratefully upon his upraised arm. With a last rush he put in the finishing strokes; then he dropped down on the bench, and weary peace came over him. Always before, he had stepped back to look at his paintings. This time he had given all that he had, and for the rest he was beyond caring. He sat there gently rocking, tired to the marrow of his bones, but quietly radiant with the contentment of the gods. He did not turn to look at the picture, but it seemed to him that light from it, striking his drooping shoulders, warmed him more deeply than ever the dawn could do.

With a blare of color the sun's own eye at last blazed down the nave. He swung around to greet it. As he did so the oak doors at the far end gave slowly back and a struggling crowd pushed in. In front were the three laborers and the ancient Druid. Uan's heart was lifted up, his face shone in the last passionate dying glow of his vision. Springing up, he raised his long brush, as if it were a sword, in the victor's salute.

Then he understood. Dropping his hand, he waited with a sad smile.

The crowd had checked at first sight of him. The Druid stood aside. With a rising growl, they started down the hall, running hard and close together; their soft shod feet, pounding the stones with quick, blunt thumps, sounded the long roll of a muffled drum. They hit the benches where he stood like a flying wedge. There was a crack of timbers and Uan, gripping his brush, was plunged in a sea of clutching hands. He was swallowed at once, but the place was marked by a ring of kneeling figures. They crouched on him, their necks stooped like vultures, leaning their weight forward on their rigid arms till their buzzard shoulders peaked higher than their ears.

'The swine!'

'Daubing the temple!'

'Insulting God!'

Then one: 'Who has a knife?'

'No, not in here.'

But all looked at the Druid. The color flowed from his face and he licked his dry lips. Then he held out the knife. Over their heads it passed from hand to hand till it reached the crouching circle. It rose and fell.

'Stand back, fools,' said a voice; 'have you never seen blood before?'

They fell back, and a second time all looked at the Druid. He raised his arm stiffly and commenced to beat time, chanting on a low note the sacrificial chant. They joined in and formed a column, swaying in rhythm, moving their goatskin sandals with a sifting sound. The chant rose a note; they heaved the body on their shoulders. Again it rose; they moved forward with their burden out through the door. Their song rang and quivered for a moment, like a bowstring in the bright morning air, and then was drowned in the hoarse, full-throated wolf-scream of the city mob.

MINE OWN FAMILIAR FRIEND

BY HENDERSON DAINGERFIELD NORMAN

My first friend outside the family was Lady Macbeth.

My mother deprecates my choice, and contests my statement. She reminds me of Mother Goose.

I answer that Mother Goose was the friend of all the other children as well; and, besides, she was never exactly outside the family.

If I must have a Shakespearean first friend, my mother suggests Peaseblossom.

Peaseblossom came much later. It is easy to be sure, by all the chronological methods of a big family, always more or less like the negro's, 'De fus' Chuesday after de secon' big fros'.' The Shakespeare Club read *Midsummer Night's Dream* the second year I was lame — the fall we had the white rabbits. Judy's rabbit was Puck and mine was Peaseblossom. And, anyway, Peaseblossom was never an intimate friend. He was just a charming acquaintance. I had known Lady Macbeth for years and years before that, ever since the winter before I was four, when the Shakespeare Club read *Macbeth*.

All the grown people in the family belonged to the Shakespeare Club — papa, mamma, grandpa, both the aunts, Uncle Doug and Cousin Emily. To this day I have never known a club I liked so much; for its single purpose was to bring together, in our little Virginia town, a few congenial people to whom Shakespeare was at once daily bread and festal wine, and who, meeting fortnightly, read a play aloud, by parts assigned beforehand. Naturally, the grown people read the Shakespeare-Club play aloud more than once before the meeting; and so it chanced that in the winter I was three, going on four, Lady Macbeth became my friend.

I liked her for several reasons: first, because she had such an interesting way of washing her hands; and since jam and mud pies and other delights make so many a damnèd spot on fat small fingers, it was charming to have such a zestful way of getting them out, or failing, as dramatically, in the attempt.

The second reason is more subtle. It was because Lady Macbeth liked the witches. So, of course, did I. I knew well enough why I liked them. It was because they talked poetry, with most engaging rhymes, while most of the Shakespeare people talked in long, marching lines, to which I listened adoringly, but without the sense of ease I had with the witches' jingles, which sounded much like those of Mother Goose herself. I did n't know why Lady Macbeth liked them. Most grown people did n't. The lady with the chestnuts was mean to them. Even mamma discouraged my chanting of lines like the fascinating ones about the finger. (Part of the charm of that couplet was that it conveyed no flicker of meaning, and part that it might rhyme two ways, so one liked to try the effect repeatedly — 'babe, drabe' — 'bab, drab.') But mamma urged me to confine my repetition to the big magic of

Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray.

Looking back, it seems to me rather

remarkable testimony to the Shakespearean magic, that it so worked on the sensitive camera of a little girl's mind, that I realized then, without even the mistiest fragment of real understanding of the plot, that somehow Lady Macbeth and the witches were allies. Certainly, there was no particular precocity involved. My father's big Gordon setter, Banquo, and the good soldier and most redoubtable ghost were so intermixed in my mind, that I was more than a little afraid of the sweetest-tempered bird-dog that ever let half a dozen children pull the burrs out of his coat; and, to this day, Banquo's name in the caste brings me a flashlight picture of a beautiful blue-coated hunting-dog.

Finally, an element of combativeness entered into that first friendship, as into so many later ones. Hardly anybody liked Lady Macbeth. Most grown people liked Mr. Macbeth better. Grown older, I confess that there are, shall we say, flaws in the character of my Scotch friend; but even now I am unwilling to hear a blanket indictment against her; I found her so companionable then.

The next person for whom I remember feeling just that delightful sense of intimacy, as if we two had a bond that others did not share, was Jack-and-the-Bean-stalk.

There is no haziness at all about the reason for that. Jack had found, and fearlessly followed, a way to climb up and up into the beautiful deep blue sky that arched above the valley of Virginia, whither I, lying on my back in the deep grass of the orchard, could only follow him with all my longing heart.

It was with exactly the same thrill that in after years I knew Cyrano, and stood, dumbly desiring at his side, as he declared, —

Vous voyez, le rayon de lune vient me prendre!

My friendship with King David was on less lofty terms. I loved him, of course, for his courage and generosity; and he too loved the deepness of the sky, though he usually saw it when it was full of stars, and wolves howled scarily, yet somehow musically, far away. But the personal tie between us was that we both wanted to be good, and made such halting work of it. There were other bonds, too. Most 'middle ones' in a big family find a familiar ring in the big brothers' chiding of young boasting. Those older children always seem to 'know our pride and the naughtiness of our hearts.'

And then, the youngest son of Jesse had one excruciating experience whose bitterness I only, surely, of all living creatures shared. I had rolled dizzily off the foot-log into the Herrings's creek, and the beloved grownies at Retirement had dressed me in warm, dry things that had belonged to a bigger little girl. So I knew just how miserably shy the boy David was when they put the big King's armor on him. No wonder he was 'ruddy.' No wonder he begged them to take it off.

My friendship with Dr. Johnson developed, I think, when I was about seven. It might rather be called, indeed, an intimacy than a friendship, for it was based upon a common crime. I never really liked him. I make the declaration with an uncomfortable sense that the eye of A. Edward Newton is upon me — but I never did. He had such an explosive and alarming way of saying 'Sir,' or 'Madam.' And if you had chanced to say anything with which he did n't agree, you must have felt annihilated when he boomed his verdict against you.

Nevertheless, there was a definite sense of companionship with the great Doctor — a companionship which grew out of the knowledge that a sin, which I had believed set me apart from all the Christian world beside, was

shared by the great lexicographer. This was our guilty secret: I disliked, to the point of fearing, to step on a crack, and Dr. Johnson felt safer if he touched all the lamp-posts. He, too, was 'an evil and adulterous generation.' To this day, when I see that great figure rolling down Fleet Street, touching all the posts, I see beside him, her small hand feeling rather safe and warm in his huge one, though not for worlds would she have spoken, a fat little brown-eyed girl in a brown-and-white-checked apron, who carefully sets her calfskin shoes clear of every crack — and whether they walk in London or in Harrisonburg, I can't for the life of me be sure.

There were other friends on the Harrisonburg streets; indeed, everybody was a friend to 'the Captain's children,' from the Presbyterian minister himself to Mr. Magallis's yellow cat. I had a few who were peculiarly my own. One of these was Mr. Adolph Wise, who kept a shoe store five days in the week — five only, for all our shops were closed on Sunday, and on Saturday Mr. Wise read the beautiful Hebrew Scripture in the Synagogue. It made Mr. Wise somehow kin of Isaiah, who, if not precisely a friend, was one of my heroes, like General Stuart.

We children hardly ever went beyond our own hill without some watchful elder. Yet it is among my certain memories that I would stand, a quiet, fascinated child, to hear Mr. Adolph Wise intoning to himself, at a high counter in the back of his store, while his brother sold shoes in the front, sonorous, singing Hebrew words, which I was sure were 'the same that God spake in the twentieth chapter of Exodus.'

With some critics it may discount the reliability of my memories if I mention that I remember the French Revolution. But for the detail that I know it is n't true, I would be willing to swear in any court that I saw the attempted flight of the Queen and that I visited the little Dauphin in prison. I knew him well and loved him dearly, and even now I can see him plain; but his misfortunes set him far apart from a happy, ordinary, little girl, who was interested in every daily detail of life, from the batter cakes at breakfast to the last flicker of firelight before she fell asleep at night.

The carpenter by the bridge at home is one of the friends of this, my inner circle, though so far as I remember he spoke to me only once. On that day he said, calling me by my mother's name, for he 'did n't hold with' calling little girls by a family name, 'Little Nettie, here's a flower for you. Put it in water. Keep it and watch it, and it will open to the last bud at the tip.' For more than twenty years, as we count time down here, Mr. Bassford has been among the blossoms of Paradise, but none of 'those eternal flowers' blooms more lastingly than that pale gold wand of flowers given to a little girl who rolled her hoop across his bridge, oh, years and years ago. Everybody at home had a garden. I had even planted flowers and watched them grow; but I think nobody else in my childhood gave me a cut flower, bidding me 'keep it and watch.'

That stalk of hollyhock lasted, I think, a little over two weeks, one pale gold rosette growing limp and droopy at twilight every day, another opening every morning — a little smaller, a trifle paler than the earlier ones that had bloomed in the sunshine of Mr. Bassford's garden. Nature study was not yet upon us in those days, but when I read, afterward, about the flower in the crannied wall, I knew exactly how Tennyson felt when he wrote it. And Tennyson completes the list of these friends of my secret circle.

It is hard to resist telling of other best and dearest people of spirit or of

flesh and blood; of the day when the Autocrat made me free of the city of Boston, or of my introduction to English politics by way of Macaulay's *Life and Letters;* but by that time an element of conscious selection differentiated those loves from just such hazy, happy bonds as I have talked of here.

It seems hardly fair to leave out the *Pilgrim's Progress* people, but they were always rather companions of my pilgrimage than friends of my heart. Agnes Repplier might class the Tinker's story among 'Books That Have Hindered Me,' for my choice of that goody company — with shame I confess it! — was Pliable. Some way his versatility refreshed my soul, while Christian and I plodded on.

Tennyson was not yet Lord Tennyson when first I knew him. I read and chuckled, though resentfully, over 'Baron Alfred T de T' long after Lady Clara Vere de Vere was on my calling list. In the fall that I was five, Tennyson came on my horizon. Not dawned: that is not the word. There is a feeling of evening sunshine in that memory. It was the year that I fell out of our apple tree and broke my hip. I remember a good deal of pain, ameliorated by a sense of importance rarely permitted the 'middle one,' in a family of children; but the great event of that year was, and is, that it was then I first met Tennyson. No wonder that, when I read the modern critic's scorn of the great Victorian, 'I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon.'

While I do myself the honor of saying that Tennyson was my intimate friend, when I was a little girl, nevertheless, from the first I felt that he was a little aloof, and that I was dignified by that friendship, much as if I had been presented at court — and that, King Arthur's, not Victoria's.

Every circumstance of our first meeting was auspicious. Cousin Emily gave me the book, and Cousin Emily was beauty's very self, with pale-gold hair plaited above her beautiful blue-veined temples and white brow. The book was blue and gold; it had no pictures, and it was called *Songs from Tennyson.* And, crowning joy, it was read to me by the big brother whom I most worshipfully adored. He was ten that summer, and he played on a baseball nine, but he read *Songs from Tennyson* to me, his five-year-old sister, out in our orchard, under our apple tree. The music of the poems absolutely healed my pain as long as the reading lasted. Perhaps a modern doctor would call it hypnosis. Certainly I neither understood nor wanted to understand the lovely words.

I knew most of the Songs by heart. On wakeful nights, when the splint that held the broken hip grew heavy, I used to recite the 'Death of the Old Year' till the bells swung me to sleep. But, whether it celebrated a hunter's triumph or was addressed to a human 'old dear,' I sometimes dreamily wondered, but never cared to inquire. How amazingly is foolishness bound up in the heart of a child!

Gold of the book, on its edges; gold of Cousin Emily's hair; gold with the green of the apple leaves above me; drifting gold of the maple trees along the road outside; gold in the sunset sky; gold of the hunter's moon. But why, why is it all Tennyson's gold?

I have it, oh, I have it.

> The splendor falls on the castle walls.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Blow, bugle, blow. set the wild echoes flying.

So, even so, —

> Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
> And grow forever and forever.

JANUS-HEADED IRELAND

BY CARL W. ACKERMAN

IRELAND has always had two heads — one in Ulster and the other in the South; but to-day there is a Janus-headed nation of Sinn Feiners. Why should a little country like Ireland have so many heads?

Last summer, when the fate of Ireland and the peace of the British Empire hung by a thread, three travelers from three corners of the earth arrived in London. From South Africa came Premier Jan Smuts, a delegate to the Imperial Conference; from New York, Martin H. Glynn, former governor and one of the silent leaders of the Irish campaign in the United States; while from the Antipodes, *via* Rome, came Archbishop Mannix of Australia.

Although Smuts and Glynn did not meet, they laid the foundation for the peace conference between the British Cabinet and official representatives of the Dàil Eireann, which created the Irish Free State.

How and why did they succeed when there had been so many previous failures? Why, after Ireland had obtained a republic in everything but name, did the heads of Ireland begin to quarrel among themselves?

I

In two earlier papers I have related the checkered course of the peace negotiations in 1920 and the early months of 1921, strewn with the wreckage of good intentions and hard work. There had been many stumbling-blocks in the way of a reconciliation, the most important being the unconquered determination of the Irish in the United States 'to see it through'; the blunt refusal of Mr. Lloyd George to recognize De Valera, Griffith, and Collins as representatives of the *de facto* Irish Parliament; Ulster's burning passion for self-government; and, finally, Collins's cool, calculating confidence in an Irish victory.

In mid-April, 1921, the British Prime Minister issued to the Irish 'Extremists' his ultimatum, based upon Collins's uncompromising declaration in an interview with me, in which he declared:—

'When I saw you before, I said that the same effort which would get us dominion home rule would get us a republic, and I am still of that opinion. We have got the British beaten, practically so, and it is only a question of time until Ireland will be cleared of Crown forces.'

To this Lloyd George replied, in a letter to the Anglican bishops: —

'So long as the leaders of Sinn Fein stand in this position and receive the support of their countrymen, a settlement is, in my judgment, impossible.'

This was the situation in England and Ireland on the eve of my last journey from London to Dublin prior to the peace conference.

It is no exaggeration to say that the British Empire was never in greater danger than it is to-day [the Liberal *Manchester Guardian* wrote]. If you picture the flames we are lighting, or those that Irishmen are lighting, you will realize that the status of

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Ireland places us as a governing power in a category in which no apologies can help us.

Expressing the opinion of the Conservatives and denouncing the 'orgy of murder' the *Spectator* exclaimed: —

No fewer than 33 innocent persons were murdered within two days. . . . We imagine that the Irish Republican Brotherhood, who work in secret even as they kill in secret, are alarmed by all the rumors of peace that are in the air. They do not want peace, they want human life.

'We don't want a united Ireland,' they were shouting in Belfast; 'we want a United Kingdom.'

'The British Government will let us down to-morrow if they think they can get anything out of it,' Sir James Craig, the Ulster Prime Minister, was warning Orangemen.

At a big political rally, an old Belfast laborer evoked applause by saying bluntly, 'We want no more meetings with De Valera, and we 'll have no more. We cannot go further at present with the assassins and murderers of the loyal people of Ireland.' Another candidate ended his speech with the words: 'I believe that, if we win this fight, we 'll be striking a fatal blow to the Roman Catholic faith. We 're not tired of the Union Jack. Let 's keep the flag flying over the North of Ireland.'

That declaration was, and still is, the danger-note in Ulster.

Returning to Dublin during the Reign of Terror which preceded the peace conference, I learned that all my Sinn Fein friends were in prison or 'on the run.' At the homes and schools where, on former visits, I had left messages for them, so that they could arrange to communicate with me 'when the coast was clear,' the servants replied that Griffith was in Mountjoy jail; that De Valera was 'away'; that Collins had not been in Dublin, and they did not know where Fitzgerald, Brennan, or Childers could be found. Even Mrs. J. R. Green, widow of the historian and 'Grandmother of the Rebellion,' whose spacious Georgian house in St. Stephen's Green was the terminal of the Sinn Fein 'underground railway,' was not in!

That night I met the members of the American Commission for Relief in Ireland — young men who had been sent from the United States to investigate reports of starvation and suffering among the Irish people. As this was the first 'intervention' of any American organization, it created a week-end tempest in British official circles. The British condemnation of America's 'mixing in' in the Irish question was in sharp contrast to the joy of the Irish leaders and people. At this time nine tenths of the Sinn Feiners believed that it was only a matter of weeks before the American army and navy would be fighting on the side of Ireland. Someone had had lithographs printed in New York, for distribution in Ireland, of the 'first Irish battleship,' the Emerald Isle. It was an imposing poster of a giant warship, painted green, with the name in gold letters on the bow. This was to have been used in Ireland to advertise the Irish 'navy'! Thousands had been struck off and shipped to Ireland, only to fall into the hands of Scotland Yard before they could be distributed. This was only a mild example of Irish enthusiasm. Propaganda in Ireland led the public to believe that the sympathy of the world could be, and would be, mobilized into foreign intervention.

After the long and expensive campaign in America, De Valera and the Dàil sent Dr. McCartain to Soviet Russia, where he arrived on March 20, 1921, to negotiate a treaty, ask for recognition, and obtain ammunition and commercial rights. Only a few weeks before, Scotland Yard obtained copies of secret Sinn Fein correspond-

ence with Irish leaders in the United States, showing that many Irishmen here as well as in Ireland believed that the United States would soon be at war over Ireland's freedom.

The first time I discussed this question with Griffith and Collins, they were convinced, 'from their reports from De Valera,' that American intervention was imminent; and when the Commission for Relief began its difficult task, they considered it the first step toward official coöperation. Whenever I talked with the Irish leaders, they were hopeful of American aid. At this time Griffith, Collins, Mulcahy, Barton, and Fitzgerald had absolute faith in De Valera's promises of American aid. Had not the Dàil Eireann, at his request, appropriated $1,500,000 for the campaign in the United States, prior to the Presidential election, for the purpose of obtaining this assistance? Had not Scotland Yard intercepted correspondence from De Valera, when he was still in New York, reporting on the political preparations which he was making for the recognition of Ireland and all that that embodied? Had not the Irish leaders in America split on this very question, even before De Valera returned to his native heath?

In the United States, as in Ireland, there was the Janus-headed leadership of the Irish cause. This was the situation which complicated the 'Irish question.' Ireland's fight was as dangerous a political issue in the United States as in England; and the appearance of the American commission had buoyed the hopes of the Irish as it had crystallized the fears of the British.

Before coming to Dublin, I had lunched at the United Service Club in London with officials of the War Department, Admiralty, and Air Service, where the difficulties of financing the British military campaign in Ireland were debated with great earnestness. The Government was finding it increasingly hard to obtain funds from the Imperial Exchequer; and when it was reported that the American Commission expected to raise ten million dollars for relief, the British had visions of this money finding its way into the hands of Sinn Fein and prolonging their ability to 'hold out.' Without questioning the intentions of the Americans, they cited one of the financial tricks of Sinn Fein which had caused no end of distress.

In Dublin one day word was passed to the Sinn Feiners to withdraw their money from the local branch of an Ulster Bank. As fast as the depositors withdrew, they deposited their money in the Royal Postal Savings Bank at the General Post Office; and as it came in, the Postmaster took it around and redeposited it in a Sinn Fein bank!

Under these conditions, the British asked, what would happen to ten million dollars from the United States?

II

The United States was both the thorn and the rose of the Irish problem. British officials, including Sir Hamar Greenwood, General Macready, Sir Basil Thomson, and Philip Kerr, were pricked too often by the thorns of American criticism to forget the influence of American opinion in Irish circles. De Valera, Griffith, Collins, and Fitzgerald, while admitting the value of assistance from across the Atlantic, were staunch supporters of the ideal that the Dàil Eireann was supreme over all Irishmen, here, there, and everywhere.

Being convinced, personally, that there were three parties to the Irish question, and that there could not be a settlement between the British Cabinet and the Dàil without the support of the Irish in the United States, I urged a

meeting of the three principals, in the hope that out of such a conference peace could be made. Up to this time, however, there had been few influential American friends of Ireland in England, and no opportunity for an exchange of views. In the hope that the American Commission might serve that purpose, I talked with the British and Sinn Fein officials; but the Commission was considered too partial. The very fact that it was coöperating with the Irish White Cross was sufficient to veto the suggestion. Was not Michael Collins, the arch-leader of the 'Extremists,' one of the directors? Thus the British retorted, never losing an opportunity of emphasizing the division among Sinn Feiners; but the schism in Sinn Fein was elastic. At that time Griffith and Collins were held the leaders of the Irish 'die-hards.' To-day they are the staunchest supporters of the treaty; and De Valera, whom Lloyd George considered the apostle of conciliation, is the champion of the militarists. Why?

We need not probe deep for the root cause. Griffith and Collins, while 'Extremists,' were practical politicians. De Valera was the dreamer and promiser. He led them to expect American intervention. When it came, finally, only in the form of relief, they began to lose confidence in his reports. Furthermore, they were in intimate touch with the Irish people. They knew that the public was demanding peace, that reports were being circulated among the women that children were being born insane because of the reign of terror. Griffith and his associates and De Valera and his followers, despite their differences, maintained a solid front from this day to the final peace conference, because of their mutual hatred and suspicion of England. The fundamental difference, however, between the two factions was and is the same. The one hates Britain more than it loves Ireland, and the other is so much more devoted to Ireland that the spirit of hate is secondary. This is what divides Sinn Fein and makes it to-day a Janus-headed party.

When Griffith and Collins discovered that they could obtain everything they had been fighting for under another name, they accepted the Free State and fought for it. De Valera insisted upon the label. In this way the 'Extremists' became 'Moderates' and tried to save Ireland, while the 'Moderates' became uncompromising rebels and brought Ireland to the verge of civil war, justifying the pessimistic predictions of scores of British observers that once peace was concluded between England and Ireland, the Irish would fight among themselves. But, as an Irish woman, who acted as a confidential messenger for Collins and Griffith, remarked one day, 'Ireland smiles behind her tears.' There have been many black days in Ireland's fight for freedom, but none so dark as those which preceded the peace conference in Downing Street last summer.

Continuing my search for Sinn Fein friends, after failing to bring the British into a conference with Americans through the American Commission, I encountered, in the streets of Dublin, where a British patrol had just passed, Robert Brennan, Assistant Minister of Foreign Affairs and a member of the Dàil. He was on his way to the 'President's' with the morning mail. Scotland Yard and Dublin Castle had been hunting him for months; but here he was, alone and free! Think what the British would have given to seize him with his priceless mail-pouch! I told him what and whom I wanted.

This unexpected meeting with Brennan led to a long series of interviews and communications with all the leaders of Sinn Fein.

Being in a prison camp, Fitzgerald

was under General Macready's jurisdictions. I hurried a jaunting-car driver to the British Headquarters at Parkgate, and asked for permission to interview Fitzgerald.

Sir Nevil Macready, who had assisted me on previous occasions, dictated a letter which unlocked the gates of the camp, and within an hour Fitzgerald was brought to the conference room, the door was closed, and for the first time in months he was free to talk and smoke and ask questions.

As I always put my 'cards' on the table while conversing with both parties, I told Fitzgerald what I believed to be the situation in England, and expressed the belief that there could be a settlement on the original terms of Irish control of Irish affairs, including everything from finance to an army, if Sinn Fein would waive the demand for a republic.

Sinn Fein, Fitzgerald replied, would not give up the idea of a republic, or surrender arms, or make any concession to England, so long as Lloyd George maintained his policy of attempting to split Southern Ireland, so long as British troops remained in Ireland; and that, until the Prime Minister publicly agreed to negotiate with the Dàil Eireann, without exacting any conditions or promises, there would be no possibility of peace. Ireland was defending herself from aggression of a 'foreign enemy.' When that aggression ceased, Ireland would be independent and free!

That was his message! That was the attitude of Sinn Fein. It was the sentiment of Ireland!

Before Fitzgerald was taken back to his cell, he gave me a note to Collins and a secret address where he could be found. As I was leaving, the prison commander asked me to luncheon. Such was the irony of life in Ireland in 1921. I could interview Sinn Feiners, dine with British officials the same day, and leave a military prison with the address of an Irish leader whom the British would have given a king's ransom for, dead or alive.

III

Dublin, in these days, was a murderer's paradise and the hangman's stage. Through the vigilance of the Black-and-Tans, members of the Irish Republican Army were tracked to their hiding-places and arrested. Ambushes were daily occurrences, and the captives were considered assassins. Those who were found guilty, and whose cases were given every possible judicial consideration, were sentenced to be hanged. Before the executions, thousands of women and children would march through the main thoroughfares of Dublin to the prison walls, kneel, pray, and chant the rosary, while the hangings were taking place inside. This black-clad throng would remain outside the jail until the guard appeared with a small typed piece of paper, which he would post on the gates, announcing the name of the lad whose life had been snuffed out on the scaffold. For long hours afterwards hundreds of women would remain at the prison gates, praying and gossiping.

During every rebellion, as in every war, there are sown, with the seeds of patriotism, the seeds of disorder and moral laxity. That Ireland was not an exception is proved to-day. While the inhabitants of Southern Ireland were fighting for their freedom from Great Britain, a phrase that an Irish editor used, 'Killing is not murder,' was generally accepted as a political motto. To kill a British official was not considered murder; and, as a natural consequence, scores of men and women were killed to satisfy personal grudges. Sinn Feiners themselves suffered; but as there was little semblance of law and order,

it was possible to kill and escape all the consequences. The murder campaign spread like wildfire, and the murders which occur so frequently even to-day, in Ulster as well as in the South, are but evidences that the fire of the rebellion had not been extinguished by the peace treaty. When we look at Europe's struggles since the Armistice, and witness the desperate efforts that the nations and people are spending to restore 'normalcy,' we should not be surprised if in Ireland some lawlessness remains for many months, if not years. Peace, like freedom, cannot be *made:* it must evolve as time moulds a new public opinion and national consciousness.

As De Valera and Collins were in hiding, I had to await an opportune moment to see them. A majority of their ministerial associates were already in prison, and the British were saying that the Dàil could meet now at any time behind the bars, as there would be a quorum present!

While awaiting messages from De Valera and Collins, the two officials who, as President and Minister of Finance, respectively, of the Irish Republic, shared with Austin Stack and Richard Mulcahy the burdens of the *de facto* government, I went to Dublin Castle and General Headquarters, to urge permission to interview Griffith. Sir John Anderson was at the time acting for the Chief Secretary who was in London. General Boyd, the youngest general in the British army and the most popular officer in Ireland, was in command of the Dublin district. As they alone could issue a pass to Mountjoy, I explained the object of my conversations with Sinn Fein leaders, adding that I expected to see Collins, but that the success of this meeting depended upon how free I was from surveillance. Should they grant me freedom of action in prison and without, I would have the basic peace-terms of Sinn Fein to place before Sir Basil Thomson of Scotland Yard, and the Cabinet.

They were more than willing to co-operate. Sir John went so far as to acquaint me with the latest reports from London, in order that they might be laid before the Sinn Fein ministers.

Leaving the courtyard of that great British stronghold in Ireland, with the 'key' to Mountjoy, which Sir John had given in the form of a letter to the superintendent, I passed a Black-and-Tan patrol which was being armed and equipped for a raid, jumped aboard one of the high jaunting-cars, and rode from Dublin Castle to the old prison where the cells and corridors were packed with 'rebels.' The narrow street leading to the main entrance of Mountjoy was blocked by a group of excited women. At the gate a guard was arguing with a poor, hysterical creature who was demanding permission to see her only son. The guardsman let me inside the wall and closed the solid iron gates with a bang — the only sound that broke the monotony of muffled prayers. The courtyard between the brick wall and the main buildings was covered with a tangled mass of barbed wire. Through this was a narrow passage guarded by Tommies in field uniform.

It had been several months since I had last interviewed the man who acted as President of Sinn Fein during Mr. De Valera's long stay in America. Then he was the guest in one of the century-old mansions of Dublin. To-day he was in prison.

Dublin that day was blanketed with mist, and the prison was damp and dark. The superintendent sent my card to Griffith and invited me to his private office where a soft-coal fire was smouldering and a gas-light burning. Heaped upon a long table were several thousand letters to prisoners, which had been censored and confis-

cated. Adjusting his monocle and inhaling a cigarette, the superintendent asked if I had any idea how Griffith had smuggled a statement to the press two days before. How any Sinn Feiner in his prison could communicate with the outside world through barbed-wire entanglements and a high wall, when he was not permitted to have any visitors, was beyond his comprehension. As I could throw no light on that, he was curious about the influence I had to get into Mount Joy when everyone else was excluded. Some things the Government did, he said, were, 'by Jove, unexplainable!'

It seemed an endless wait for Griffith. I was expressing a doubt about his willingness to be interviewed, when the door was thrown open and the guard stepped in, announcing prisoner No. —. The founder of the Sinn Fein movement entered cautiously, looked coldly at the superintendent, who was leaning against the white-marble mantel. As he stood near the door, studying the situation, I could not believe that prison life could make such a change in any man. He had not shaved for days. His black hair hung over his ears. Gold-rimmed spectacles rested unevenly on the bridge of his nose, his clothing and shoes adding to the general appearance of a man who is down and out. I greeted him as warmly as I could, thanking him for coming; but he was obviously not glad to see me. Why should I be favored above his relatives and friends, unless I was serving some motive of Lloyd George?

When the superintendent and guard left, we sat before the fire. Griffith could not believe that we were alone. Guards had been dogging him day and night. Now there was not a uniform in sight, and doors and windows were closed. He was reserved and cautious while I told him of my activities during the past three months. I added that, although I had no proposals this time, I believed peace could be made on almost any terms if Sinn Fein would accept the status of a free state within the British Commonwealth of Nations; and I recalled the terms which Collins, De Valera, and he had frequently enunciated. The stumbling-block was the 'republic.' I concluded by telling him whom I had seen in Dublin.

Griffith listened with great patience and restraint. Then he spoke of the routine of life in jail; of the terrible strain of bidding good-bye to his fellow prisoners as they were led away to be executed; of the prayers, songs, and cries of the women outside — all due to the presence of an 'enemy army of occupation.' Remove the Crown forces, and Ireland would be free, peaceful and happy; but so long as the army remained, the Irish Republic would thrive under persecution. Griffith did not believe Lloyd George was, or would be, sincere. He had no confidence in anything he promised. Griffith's terms to-day were the same as they had always been. 'It is inconceivable that a free Ireland can interfere with any of the rights of a free England.' That was the platform, formulated by Collins, approved by De Valera, upon which they all stood.

Peace? It could be concluded whenever Mr. Lloyd George acknowledged the failure of his campaign of reprisals and aggression, by inviting the Dàil Eireann to a conference. That was Mr. Griffith's message. The initiative rested with the Prime Minister.

Before the interview ended, I had convinced him that my only interest in seeking conversations with both the British and Irish was to learn the possibilities of a settlement; and as we parted, he gave me messages to his colleagues, which enabled me later to write a symposium expressing the fundamental terms of peace.

IV

There was always great mystery about 'Mick' Collins and 'Dick' Mulcahy, the commander and the chief of staff, respectively, of the Republican army. All that the military officials knew about them was learned from their correspondence and orders, which were captured here and there in Ireland. Mulcahy was considered by the British a military genius. General Boyd told me one day to tell Mulcahy that, if he wished to join the British army, he could make him his chief of staff, because he knew more about organizing and directing forces than anyone he knew.

On my return to the hotel, after interviewing Griffith, I received one of Collins's typically mysterious messages. A courier would meet me at three o'clock, and I was to follow her instructions — which I did. After a wild ride about Dublin in a taxicab for nearly an hour, I was ordered to enter a deserted house within a stone's throw of the hotel. Here I met Collins, who smiled and said that he might have come to the hotel to see me, but he thought I would enjoy a drive! And, of course, the place at which we met was not the address given by Fitzgerald!

After an hour's conversation, the kernel of Collins's message was this: If Mr. Lloyd George wishes to make peace, all he has to do is to invite the Dàil to send an official and representative delegation of Irishmen to a peace conference.

With these messages I left Kingstown on the night mail-boat for England, without awaiting an interview with De Valera. His opinions had been communicated to me by Major Erskine Childers, who was, and still is, De Valera's confidential adviser.

Interviews in London the following days with Lord Derby, Sir Hamar Greenwood, and his associate Sir John Anderson, at the Irish Office, Sir Basil Thomson at Scotland Yard, and Philip Kerr at No. 10 Downing Street, furnished the climax to my investigations. The Earl of Derby, who was so disturbed over Irish propaganda in France, where he had served as British Ambassador, had gone to Ireland on a mission of his own, and returned convinced that the 'greatest service' he could render his country was to assist in an Irish settlement. He had concluded, after talks with Lloyd George, De Valera, and others, that, if Craig and De Valera would hold another conference and agree to a programme for all of Ireland, England would accept the joint proposals.

As Lord Derby knew that I had paved the way for the first meeting between the leaders of Ulster and Sinn Fein, he asked if I would go to Ireland again, and invite the two men to meet at his house in Liverpool or Paris, and draw up a proposal to the Prime Minister.

Greenwood said that the government's policy now was 'peace and settlement.' He emphasized the importance of the appointment of a Catholic viceroy — Viscount FitzAlan, who 'belonged to the oldest Roman Catholic family in written history.' 'Another Catholic will be appointed Chief Justice of Ulster,' he added, 'to show there is no religious bigotry among British officials.' Greenwood asked whether Collins would agree to a settlement within the Empire. Sir John remarked that he, personally, had never agreed with the government policy of singling out Collins as a 'murderer,' for now it was evident that the British would have to talk peace with him, if they were to have any conference at all.

As these were the views of responsible British statesmen, I went to Downing Street and Scotland Yard, to learn the Prime Minister's attitude. One of

his closest associates called Lord Derby a 'stuffed shirt,' and said, 'For God's sake don't give the Sinn Feiners the impression that Lord Derby speaks for the P. M.'

The net result of all the conversations was the same: no one knew what Mr. Lloyd George would do, but evidently he was not yet convinced that the initiative lay in his hands. He was still playing his lone hand, offering peace to the 'Moderates,' while denouncing the 'Extremists.' So far as anyone knew, at this time he had no intention of inviting official representatives of Sinn Fein and the Dàil Eireann to discuss the terms of a settlement with the British Government. In brief, Mr. Lloyd George's Irish education was not yet complete! The 'war' would have to continue until the Irish asked for peace!

V

At the Gaiety Theatre, May 2, as I was leaving the stalls, I recognized in the audience a man whom I had not seen for several years. I pushed my way through the aisles until I had greeted Martin H. Glynn, of Albany, former governor, newspaper editor, the man who delivered the famous oration in St. Louis, and who gave the Democratic party the slogan, 'He kept us out of war,' which reëlected Woodrow Wilson in 1916.

He accepted my invitation to the American Club for the following day, and at that meeting, which lasted nearly three hours, I told him of the experience I had had in Ireland and London, while he related the results of his work in America and his meetings in Rome with Archbishops Mannix and Hayes, and high officials of the Vatican. He spoke of the plans for a great boycott of British goods in the United States, of the difficulty of concluding peace on the basis of a free Ireland unless Ireland were a republic, because the idea of a republic was gaining strength every day throughout the world. We debated the attitude of the Vatican, the attempts which had been made to persuade the Pope to intervene, and to urge the Irish to stop the fight and accept Sir Horace Plunkett's Dominion-Home-Rule plan, with whatever modifications were necessary to ensure a settlement within the Empire.

'I do not believe the Vatican can be drawn into this dispute,' said Governor Glynn.

While discussing the attitude of the Irish in the United States, I spoke of the conversations I had had with the Irish leaders, and of the number of times the American correspondents had told the members of the Dàil that the United States would not intervene. I added that former Secretary of State Colby had told me that 'neither Wilson nor the Harding administration would interfere in Anglo-Irish affairs.'

Although I had no authority to do so, I asked Mr. Glynn whether he would meet Mr. Lloyd George and talk as frankly to him as he had to me, if the Prime Minister could be persuaded to receive him. Mr. Glynn replied that, while he was working for no conference with the chief of state on Irish affairs, as an American citizen traveling through London, he should be glad to meet him.

For nearly two days I spent most of my time between Scotland Yard and Downing Street. Sir Basil Thomson was enthusiastic over the suggestion that Lloyd George and Glynn get together. Philip Kerr acted as the spokesman to the Prime Minister, who was attending sessions of the Allied Supreme Council, then meeting in London. At five o'clock in the evening of May 4, I was in Sir Basil's office when Kerr telephoned that the Premier could not see Governor Glynn, because the Govern-

ment had invited De Valera, before, to come to London and he had refused. Mr. Lloyd George did not wish to repeat the invitation. Kerr was sorry, but that closed the incident.

Although temporarily blocked, Sir Basil had no intention of giving up. He had tried for more than a year to convince the Cabinet that peace could be made only with the Sinn Fein officials, and through or with the consent of the Irish in the United States. Here was an opportunity for Lloyd George to 'get down to business.' At Sir Basil's suggestion, I drafted a long letter to the Prime Minister, presenting reasons why he should reconsider his decision, and hurried with it over to Downing Street. It was seven o'clock by the time I reached Kerr's office. I told him what had been done, handed him the letter, which he promised to show the 'P. M.' that night, and left for my office to write a dispatch, as guardedly as possible, giving the latest developments in the Irish situation.

Early next morning, Kerr telephoned that Governor Glynn would be given a ticket to the House of Commons for that afternoon, and that he was asked to wait in the distinguished strangers' gallery until Kerr called for him. Mr. Lloyd George intended to speak, and when he had finished, Kerr thought there might be an opportunity to bring the two men together without raising a diplomatic point as to whether or not the interview had been sought by either. Glynn wished to meet Lloyd George as an equal, not as one asking a favor or expecting one; while the Prime Minister did not wish to be in the position of having sought an interview with the American editor. Kerr, being an experienced diplomat, was so successful that the conversation, which was expected to be brief and formal, continued for nearly three hours.

This interview was one of two really decisive interviews throughout the secret negotiations of 1921. Governor Glynn impressed upon the Prime Minister the seriousness and earnestness of the Irish, the power of the Irish movement in America, the importance of an Anglo-Irish peace as the basis for an Anglo-American understanding. Between sips of tea and puffs of cigars, they debated an Irish settlement, Lloyd George, as the head of a great government and Glynn as the advocate of Ireland, with the result that the Premier asked Mr. Glynn to convey an invitation to Mr. De Valera to come to London for a conference, adding that he 'made no stipulations and expected no promises.' 'When Mr. De Valera and I meet,' the Prime Minister said in substance, 'he will demand a republic. I will answer that it is impossible. Then there will be a basis for negotiations!'

As Governor Glynn had to return to the United States at once, he asked me to carry the invitation to Mr. De Valera; but as I had to leave for Paris, Mr. John McH. Stuart, another London correspondent, was entrusted with the historic invitation to the 'President of the Irish Republic.' 'Other offers I have received,' said De Valera, 'but none so propitious as this.' On the other hand, both Mr. Kerr and Sir Basil Thomson said that the Prime Minister had expressed himself as being more satisfied, after his talk with Glynn, that peace with Ireland was possible, than he had ever been during the years in which he had carried the responsibility for the Irish policy of the British Government.

During the succeeding days I made strenuous efforts to have the British Government lift the ban on the movements of Archbishop Mannix, so as to permit him to visit Ireland. Someone was needed to convince the Irish Republican leaders that this was their opportunity, as it was Lloyd George's,

to enter into a conference as official representatives of Dàil Eireann. I had many conversations with the archbishop, whose addresses in the United States, only a few months before, had kindled fires of indignation throughout two hemispheres. Although hitherto one of the most uncompromising of Republicans, he believed that the Sinn Fein leaders should negotiate.

I pleaded with Scotland Yard and Downing Street, until the matter was finally taken up by the Cabinet. The Viceroy, Viscount FitzAlan, was asked to make inquiries in Ireland as to whether the archbishop would be welcome; but word came on the eve of his departure from Australia, that his fellow churchmen in Ireland did not wish him to come over!

VI

'Can Governor Glynn deliver the goods?'

This was the British Government's query, in substance. Mr. Lloyd George had stated repeatedly that he wanted to deal with a representative of Sinn Fein who could get results.

At the time of the interview between Lloyd George and Glynn, the Prime Minister had all the advantages. He had been advised by Scotland Yard that Mr. De Valera had cabled to the United States, and had asked the Sinn Fein leaders there whether he should make peace. The reply had not yet come. What would be the effect of Glynn's recommendations in Dublin and New York? Peace rested for the time being in his hands.

Until he received Glynn's message, De Valera was uncertain about the Irish in America. To learn their views, he sent a secret letter to the diplomatic agent of Sinn Fein in Paris, requesting him to cable to a private code address in Philadelphia a business telegram which he enclosed. A copy of this letter reached Scotland Yard. Attempts were made to interpret it. Mr. De Valera stated that the 'firm' needed a million dollars to 'carry on' under the 'present management.' He asked whether there should be a change in the 'board of directors.' The cable itself bore no evidence of politics or peace, as it was signed 'Godfather.' The American, however, was asked to cable 'Donnelly, Bacon-Curer, Dublin.' This made it easy for Scotland Yard; and for five days the British Secret Service watched every message consigned to that address.

De Valera's letter, with Scotland Yard's interpretation, was placed before the Prime Minister. Sir Basil Thomson believed that in this cable De Valera was informing his Irish associates in the United States that one million dollars was needed to carry on the war, and that, if the Americans cabled that the 'board of directors' was to be changed, it meant that De Valera was to make peace.

The fatal reply came on March 14. The Philadelphian had sent it to Montreal, to be dispatched to Ireland. The cable was signed 'Daddy,' and in the form of a business message it said that only twenty thousand pounds were available immediately, and added that 'a change in the board of directors now will wreck the firm. Carry on with present officials.'

Scotland Yard interpreted this to mean that the Irish in the United States did not want to make peace. The British Cabinet came to the same conclusion, and all confidential British advices from Ireland indicated that the peace movement would collapse.

It was in this way that the decision shifted from London to Dublin, and here it remained until the third pilgrim whom I mentioned at the beginning of this paper arrived in England from South Africa.

The whole world knows the story of events, from the day when General Smuts made his first journey to Ireland until the peace treaty was finally signed. With two exceptions, these negotiations are already a matter of history, and no attempt will be made now to review them.

Suffice it to add that Mr. Glynn was the first to convince Mr. Lloyd George, and General Smuts was the peacemaker who persuaded De Valera and Collins.

Upon the foundation of secret interviews and meetings which had extended over more than fifteen months, these two men built the skeleton structure for the Irish Free State. Both continued their good work, — Governor Glynn in the United States, and General Smuts with the Imperial Conference, — with the result that the final treaty met with the approval of the whole world, until De Valera bolted his own party.

The secret history would not be complete, however, without further reference to the patient efforts of John S. Steele, another American correspondent. He was in Dublin during that crisis which came on the eve of the truce between the British Army and the I.R.A. Patrick Moylett, a business man of Galway, and a Sinn Fein friend of Steele's, joined hands with him when he negotiated the final truce with A. W. Cope, Assistant Under-Secretary in Dublin Castle. Thus, throughout the entire period of negotiations which brought about the Irish Free State, American correspondents and other American citizens were bringing the enemies of seven tragic centuries together.

And Michael Collins, the hero of the Irish rebellion, whom the British would have executed two years ago, lived to act as one of the leading Irish plenipotentiaries.

Throughout the negotiations with the British Cabinet, he sat at the table as an equal of any; but he never forgot, although he long ago forgave, Mr. Lloyd George's repeated denunciation of him as a 'gunman.' When the London conferences ended, and the Irish delegates left the conference room in Downing Street, Collins walked over to a corner where there was an American rifle, the first manufactured in the United States for the World War, presented to Mr. Lloyd George by President Wilson. This he picked up, while the Cabinet watched in amazement. Walking over to Mr. Lloyd George's chair, he sat down and said to the ministers: —

'Now, the Prime Minister can take a photograph of a gunman!'

Afterwards, for the first time during the long conference, the British and Irish statesmen shook hands! Peace had been signed.

When I went to England early in 1920, I met in Sir William Tyrrell's office, in the Foreign Office, a British civil servant, Mr. C. J. Philips, Lord Curzon's chief assistant in Irish affairs, who predicted that 'within three years Ireland will be a republic in everything but name. Within less time than that all the British troops will be out of Ireland.'

It was a bold prophecy, but to-day it is fulfilled. Ireland is a republic in everything but name. She may still be Janus-headed, but as the slow forces of economic life bring the North and South together, and as a new national consciousness evolves in the South, Ireland will become a compact, industrious nation, united in peace as she was in war.

GOLDEN GATE

BY JOSEPH HUSBAND

From the terminals of the long piers that reach out from Oakland across the shallows, the city lies, like a gray shadow, north and south along the hills that separate the broad Pacific and the gleaming Bay. With a churning of green waters, the ferries glide swiftly to and fro — giant structures that skim the surface of the water like Martian insects.

Gulls whirl and glide, shrieking and calling; they perch on the roofs of the ferryhouse and on the superstructure of the ferry — smooth stolid birds that seem carved from blocks of wood white-painted, standing on yellow pegs.

The passengers cluster on the forward deck. The whistle announces the departure, its sudden bass note sending the gulls screaming in long sinuous curves of flight. The black tarred walls of the slip yield silently to the pressure of the ferry as it leans against them. Then, smoothly, the vessel glides out beyond the lighthouses on the slip-ends into the sparkling blue of the Bay.

Far inland the water reaches, east and south and north. For the greater part it is shoal, and the color of bottle-glass. From the shore line green mountains rise in smooth round curves; and between the hills the Bay pushes its salty fingers, prying inland, reaching and groping among the hills.

On the eastern shore, half hidden by protruding land, in San Pablo Bay, is Mare Island. From the sheltered water rise the dim lattice masts of a battleship; lean destroyers, with bold white numerals on their chisel bows, are leashed to their moorings; storeships and vessels of naval service crowd together, brothers all in their uniform of gray.

The ferry silently and swiftly skims toward the city. Already the tower of the Market Street ferry terminal lifts its landfall. Ahead, and on the starboard bow, Goat Island pushes up its peak of green from the water. Yerba Buena, once the name of the present city of San Francisco, is its name on the chart; Goat Island it is called. There is a mantle of green above its black rock walls, and white buildings are scattered along the summit and up the eastern slope. It is a naval training station, where sailors are made to man the gray fleet and guard this Western portal of the nation.

San Francisco. As romantic as the beauty of the Bay which bears her name is the story of the city. When the struggling colonies were locked in war with an old-world power, and when the starving troops of Washington were wintering at Valley Forge, was founded, on the sand dunes above the mighty Bay, the Franciscan Mission of the gentle Saint Francis of Assisi. For almost a century, vast plains and the white peaks of the Rockies held apart the East from the West. More remote even than Callao and Canton from the ports of Salem and Boston was this unnoticed outpost. Occasional vessels dropped into the harbor for wood and water, white courses and royals on slim masts bearing them soon again to sea. Within the lives of active men to-day, less than

a thousand people clustered along the shores.

Then came rumors of gold. In 1846 the Stars and Stripes were hoisted above the town; in 1849 a vast city of tents and shanties covered the sand dunes.

In the once empty harbor, five hundred vessels swung abandoned at their cables, or rotted on the mud flats, their crews deserted, to try their mad fortune in the gold fields. Other shipping crowded the water — vessels bringing food and luxuries to the gold-crazed town.

But to-day stands a city of rare beauty, where once were streets of board and canvas; and from the rich acres of the back country comes a harvest by millions richer than the gold dust once washed from the mountain soil.

Goat Island drops behind the advancing ferry, and the Bay opens to the north. Islands green with verdure pierce sharply up from the ultramarine water. Behind them higher walls and mountains rise, Tamalpais above all, on the sky line. From the north and from the south the land slides down between the ocean and the Bay, in pointing fingers that barely touch their tips. Here in that narrow strait of separating water is the entrance to the Bay — the Golden Gate.

Higher mounts the city above the fringes of docks along its shore. The square outlines of buildings are visible, the black lines of streets cut or curve over the many hills in checkerboard pattern.

Beyond the dark break of Market Street, which leads back from the tall tower of the ferry terminal, are the Twin Peaks, smooth conical breasts in silhouette against the pale sky, the apex of a crescent of hills which form a background to the city. There is a resinous odor in the air. The smell of forests and of bay.

On the right the city rises to Telegraph Hill — a criminal settlement in early days; but now its base is serrated by streets and even lines of buildings, and a green park crowns its peak. In the centre is Nob Hill, the white mass of a princely hostelry on its summit, where once were situated the palaces of the pioneers, the nabobs of a new-world royalty. To the left and south the hills are lower, and the city fades imperceptibly in the distance, wharves along the shore as far as the eye can see.

In the centre of the Bay, and facing the Golden Gate, is Alcatraz, another giant rock, its summit covered with the white buildings of a military prison. Above their roofs is the light: that shaft of white which, from dusk to dawn, swings its tireless circle, flashing against the buildings of distant Oakland, illuminating dark chambers in San Francisco, touching with its fleeting radiance the embowered houses of Sausalito.

It is gone, swinging its far-flung circle of light; round and round it travels. It is Alcatraz.

A sleek bark, her gray hull gleaming in the sunshine, rides to anchor in the open road. Her sails are smoothly furled on yellow spars. The flag of France flutters at her peak. Perhaps she has paid visit to the Marquesas, those alluring islands which have passed from us since the days when Captain David Porter gave to them the name of Washington, and hoisted the Stars and Stripes over 'Massachusetts Bay.' Steel cargo carriers ride to their chains, red bilges flashing between the waves, rust-streaked plates denoting some great circle course completed. The ferries are more numerous; from the Market Street tower their courses radiate; they tie the city to the encircling shore of the Bay.

Right and left are the wharves; like the teeth of a comb they line the city's

waterfront. Solid wharves they are, with modern concrete structures upon them; and everywhere, above the roofs of the wharf buildings, rise the funnels of ships, and here and there the masts of a sailing vessel.

Those staunch steamers with the blue band on their stacks thread the wide measure of the Pacific. They will call at distant ports, and perhaps will exchange their cases of machinery or motor-cars, in the once pestilential harbor of the ancient Dutch city of Batavia, for sacks of Java sugar or pungent spices.

Here are ships from Melbourne and Sydney; they have stopped perhaps at Auckland, and called at Raratonga, Papeete, and Honolulu; their steel holds are stuffed with fleece and rabbit-skins and frozen meat.

Here are ships that trade with Singapore, and that have rested in Hongkong harbor; their amicable business takes them often to Japan, and Manila is on their itinerary.

A white liner is sliding out from a dock far down the shore below the city. She flies the flag of Japan, and her name is the something Maru. She, too, is a ferryboat, and her regularity is as punctilious; only the interval of time is extended; her path is the Pacific instead of San Francisco Bay.

There is a black forest of masts in the distance beyond the slip. They are the masts of the Alaska fleet, which tends the fisheries in our vast northern territory; their course lies along a hazardous and rocky coast. Sails are their power, for speed in their trade is not worth the price of coal. Their cargoes of tinned salmon may be slowly borne.

Like a huge yacht, with clipper hull and a streak of gold from stem to stern, is this black steamer with rakish masts and twin slanting funnels. Her name on her lovely stern is in Chinese characters of gold. There is almost the romance of a sailing vessel in her fine lines.

In the next slip are two diminutive river-steamers, with high pilot houses forward and great stern paddle wheels. At sunset they will churn across the Bay for a night inland; one up the Sacramento River to the city of the same name, the other up the San Joaquin to Stockton. They are reminiscent of the romantic days, for by their routes traveled the gold-seekers on their way to Eldorado.

The city lies south of the Golden Gate. Against its western front the winds of the Pacific sweep the sand dunes. On a broad beach of shining sand great breakers churn their white foam into gold caught from the light of the setting sun. Strong from the sea comes its saline breath, and there is a cold moisture in the air.

But the northern portal of the Gate presents a different aspect. There are no sand beaches here. Sheer from the sea tower the black crags. At their feet, the water swirls and eddies, sucking between the rocks and dashing into spray against the cliffs. Behind the shore the hills mount upward, green curves behind curves of green.

And between the point of sandy dunes, where lies the city of San Francisco, and the point of rock-ribbed hills to the north, is that narrow channel of deep water that unites the ocean and the Bay.

On a fine day, if the horizon is clear, it is possible to see from the heights on the northern portal the rocky islands of the Farallones — bird-inhabited islets, which guard the Gate like sentinels, full thirty miles at sea. And at night the Farallones light is sometimes visible, a prick of light on the black rim of the horizon.

Sheltered in the lea of the great hills, and separated by the strait from San Francisco, is the town of Sausalito. Like some foreign village it clings to the steep hillside, house above house, all

lost in the green of trees and gardens. The ferries to Sausalito run on frequent schedule; north they skim, past the wharves and past Alcatraz. A bugle, sweet and distant, sounds from the white-crowned rock, and the flag flutters slowly down from the staff. San Francisco is flattening out in the distance. To the west becomes visible the green of the Presidio, and a tall column on the shore, which marks the site of the great exhibition of a few years past.

Ahead, in the fine light of the late afternoon, are the hills of Sausalito, and behind them, Tamalpais. Angel Island is on the right, ahead. Between it and Sausalito is Richardson's Bay. A few ships are riding there, their crossed yards in graceful angle to their slim masts. They have a white band about their hulls and dummy ports of black. Over the cabins aft are thatches of palm leaves. They are from the islands of the South Seas, where the tropic sun beats hot on unprotected deck or roof.

The little bay, the hills, the distant mountain, and square-rigged ships seem like a picture of some far-off tropic island. But no native canoes dart out from land as the ferry approaches.

The sun is setting in flame behind the Golden Gate, and a small steamer in mid-channel stands black in the flood of light. Already Sausalito is in shadow. The riding-lights shine faintly on the anchored steamers. The clouds in the east are graying. The sun has set.

There are evenings when the fog rolls in from the sea and floods over the Sausalito hills. Like billowing steam, it rolls against the hillsides and flows upward. Bells toll suddenly, foghorns sound monotonously. The whole Bay is mournful with their sound.

If it is at sunset, the fog may catch the dying light and glow with rose and tints of pearl; or it may shut out the world suddenly from view, a gray impenetrable curtain dropped before the eyes.

And there are nights when there is no fog. There is a whiteness in the eastern sky. From behind the black mass of Angel Island the moon rises, and touches Raccoon Straits and the Bay with its clear light.

To the right the lights of San Francisco are shimmering, a mighty coruscation of diamonds. Far beyond the Bay, similar lights in Oakland and Berkeley twinkle on the horizon.

The rising moon discloses the anchored vessels. On the smooth black water they ride, like models in a pool. Then, from the centre of the Bay sweeps the white finger of Alcatraz. Swiftly it comes, touching land and sea. For a brief second it lingers, then it rushes on, keeping its silent watch on San Francisco Bay.

GUILTY![1]

BY VLADIMIR KOROLENKO

[With the death of Vladimir Galaktionovich Korolenko passed away the last of the Russians who, like Leo Tolstoy, 'could not be silent' in face of what they regarded as evil, however powerful that evil was, and however wise silence seemed under the circumstances. 'A gadfly stinging the conscience of his countrymen,' was Korolenko's image of Socrates, in one of his early stories; and precisely such a mission the author performed through his long years of open warfare against all oppression and violence. A convinced *Narodnik*, an exile to the Siberian tundras under the tsars, an ardent champion of the revolutionary cause, Korolenko found himself after November, 1917, like Prince Kropotkin, Madame Breshkovsky, Plekhanov, and other veteran rebels, antipathetic to the new régime. It was not so much the aim of the Bolskeviki that Korolenko opposed, as the means they employed; for, like Romain Rolland, he considered the means more important than the ends for the shaping of man's mind.

In the summer of 1920, A. V. Lunacharsky, Commissar of Education, visited Poltava (Ukraine), called on the ailing and fast-aging Korolenko, and heard from him straightforward bitter words of denunciation against the Government. As a fellow writer and journalist, Lunacharsky suggested that Korolenko write to him from time to time personal letters, which he promised to publish in the Bolshevist daily, *Pravda* (Truth), with his comments. One must state with regret that under the present régime Korolenko found more obstacles to free expression than before the Revolution. *Pravda* has failed to publish his Remarkable letters, and only recently were they smuggled abroad and issued by the Sovremennyia Zapiski. The letters portray so eloquently their author's personality that they render all comment superfluous.—A. K.]

You know that in the course of my literary life I have 'sown not roses alone.' (An expression of yours in one of your essays about me.) Under autocracy I wrote a great deal against capital punishment, and had even won for myself the privilege to say about it in the press considerably more than was generally permitted by the censorship. At times, I even succeeded in saving doomed victims of military courts; there were cases when, after the deferment of the execution, they received proofs of the accused man's innocence (*e.g.*, in the case of Yousupov), though it also happened that such proofs arrived too late (in the case of Glousker and of others).

But executions without trial, executions 'in administrative order' — such things were an extraordinary rarity, even then. I recall only one case, when the infuriated Skalon [Governor-General of Warsaw] had two youths shot without trial. But this aroused such indignation, even in the spheres of military courts, that only the *post facto* 'approval' by the stupid Tsar saved Skalon from indictment. Even the members of the Chief Military Court assured me then that the repetition of such an act would be impossible.

Many improbable monstrosities had

[1] Translated and edited by Alexander Kaun.

been committed both then and afterward, but not once did one meet with a direct admission that it was legal to combine in one the examining power and the power pronouncing verdicts (of capital punishment). The activity of the Bolshevist extraordinary commissions presents such an instance, perhaps the only one in the history of cultured nations. Once a prominent member of the All-Ukrainian Extraordinary Commission, on meeting me at the Poltava *Cheka*, whither I often came with all kinds of pleas, asked me what were my impressions. I replied: 'If under the Tsar's régime the district police bureaus had been given the right not only to exile to Siberia but also to execute, it would have been similar to what we see now.'

To this my interlocutor answered: — 'But don't you see that this is for the benefit of the people?'

I think that not every means can in reality be turned for the benefit of the people; and to me it is beyond doubt that the administrative executions which have been made into a system, and which have been going on these two years, do not belong to such means. Last year I happened to describe in a letter to Christian Georgiyevich Rakovsky [Premier of the Ukraine], how the Chekists shot in the street several so-called 'counter-revolutionists.' They were being led on a dark night to the graveyard, where in those days they used to place the convicted over open graves and shoot them in the back of the head without further ceremonies. Maybe they, indeed, attempted to flee (small wonder), and they were shot down right there in the street from hand machine-guns.

Be it as it may, the people gathering the next morning on the market place could still see pools of blood, which the dogs were lapping, and could hear in the crowd the story of the night event related by inhabitants of the vicinity. I asked then of Ch. G. Rakovsky whether he thought that those few executed men, even though they had been agitators, could have told the crowd anything more dazzling and provoking than this picture.

I must admit that both the local Provincial Executive Committee and the central authorities of Kief stopped (on two occasions) attempts at such collective shootings, and demanded transfer of the cases to the Revolutionary Tribunal. The court exonerated one of those who had been sentenced to death by the Extraordinary Commission, and the entire public met this verdict with applause. Even the sentinels of the Red army put their rifles aside, and applauded. Later, when the Denikinists came, they dragged out of one common pit sixteen decomposing corpses, and laid them out for exhibition. The impression was horrible, but — by that time the Denikinists themselves had executed without trial several persons. I asked their adherents whether they thought that the corpses of those whom they had shot would have a more attractive aspect when dragged out of the pit.

Yes, bestialization has already reached the extreme limits, and it pains me to think that the historian will have to refer this page of the Cheka's 'administrative activity' to the history of the first Russian Republic, and moreover, not to the eighteenth century, but to the twentieth.

Do not tell me that the Revolution has its own laws. It is true that there have been explosions of the passions of revolutionary mobs, which have crimsoned the streets with blood, even during the nineteenth century. But those were flashes of an elemental, not of a systematized, fury. Like the shooting of hostages by the Communards, they remained for a long time bloody

beacons, arousing the indignation, not only of the hypocritical Versailles crowd, which far excelled the Communards in cruelty, but of the workers and their friends as well. For a long time that event cast a black shadow on the very movement of Socialism.

It pains me to think that even you, Anatoly Vasilyevich, instead of an appeal to sobriety, to justice, to respect for human life which has become so cheap, have expressed in your speech a feeling of solidarity, as it were, with these 'administrative shootings.' This is how it sounds in the reports of the local press. From the depth of my soul I wish that in your heart rang once more the echo of that mood which used to unite us in the main problems, when both of us considered that the movement toward Socialism must be based on the best elements of human nature, presupposing valor in the open struggle and humaneness even toward your opponents. Let brutality and blind injustice be relegated to the outlived past, without penetrating into our future.

The course of historical destinies has perpetrated on Russia a well-nigh magic and malicious joke. A certain logical screw has suddenly turned in millions of Russian heads: from blind submission to autocracy, from complete indifference toward politics, our people has gone over at once — to Communism; at any rate, to a Communist government.

The morals have remained the same; so, too, the order of life. The cultural level could not have risen very much for the time of the war, and yet the conclusions drawn by the people have become radically reversed. From the dictatorship of the nobility we have passed over to the 'dictatorship of the proletariat.' It was proclaimed by you, Bolsheviki, and the people came to you straight from autocracy, and said, 'Build our life.'

Carlyle used to say that governments perish most often from falsehood. I know that at present such categories as truth and falsehood are least of all in vogue, and seem 'abstractions.' Historical processes are influenced only by the 'interaction of egoisms.' Carlyle was convinced that the questions of truth and falsehood are ultimately reflected in the most tangible results of this interaction of egoisms; and I think that he was right. Your dictatorship was preceded by the dictatorship of the nobility, which had been based on a gigantic falsehood that oppressed Russia for a long period. Why is it that, since the emancipation of the peasants, the wealth of the country, instead of increasing, has diminished, and we suffer from ever worse famines? The dictatorship of the nobility used to answer: Because of the muzhik's laziness and drunkenness. The famines have grown worse, not because of the reign of deadening stagnation in our land, not because our mainstay, agriculture, has been chained by evil land-laws, but exclusively because of the insufficient tutelage over a people of idlers and drunkards. During the famine years our group had to fight this monstrous lie very often, both in the press and at gatherings. That we have had much drunkenness, is true, but only partially true. The basic activity of the peasantry as a class consisted, not in drunkenness, but in toil; and at that, in toil that was poorly rewarded, and presented no hopes of a durable betterment of conditions. The whole policy of the last decades of tsarism was founded on this falsehood. Hence the omnipotence of the *Zemsky Nachalnik* (land chief), and the predominance of the nobility itself. But the masses of the people believed only in the tsars, and helped them crush every movement toward liberation.

The autocratic régime had no wise men who would understand that this lie, supported by a blind force, led that order most inevitably to destruction.

Carlyle's formula, as you see, may perhaps fit as the definition of the cause for the fall of autocracy. Instead of heeding the truth, autocracy enhanced the falsehood, arriving finally at the monstrous absurdity of an 'autocratic constitution,' that is, at an effort to preserve by deceit the substance of absolutism in a constitutional form.

And the order collapsed.

Now I put this question: Is everything based on truth in your order? Are there no traces of a similar falsehood in what you have instilled into the minds of the people?

It is my deep conviction that such a falsehood exists, and, strange to say, it has a similarly broad 'class' character. You have persuaded the rebellious and excited people that the so-called bourgeoisie (*bourzhouy*) presents a class of sheer idlers, robbers, coupon-clippers, and — of nothing else.

Is this so? Can you confirm it?

In particular, you, Marxians — can you assert this?

You, Anatoly Vasilyevich, surely remember well those not very remote days when you, Marxians, carried on a ferocious battle with us, the Narodniki. You argued that for Russia it was necessary and *beneficial* to pass through the 'stage of Capitalism.' What was it that you understood by this beneficial stage? Is it possible that it was merely idleness, bourzhouy, and coupon-clippings?

Evidently, you had then in mind something else. The capitalist class appeared to you then, as a class, responsible for the *organization of production.* Despite its defects, you considered such an organization, in perfect agreement with the teaching of Marx, *beneficial* for industrially backward countries, such as Rumania, Hungary, and Russia.

Why then has the foreign word, *bourgeois*, become transformed with your aid, in the eyes of our people, ignorant of the past, into a simplified conception of the bourzhouy, nothing but an idler, a robber, who does nothing save clip coupons.

Just as the falsehood of the dictatorship of the nobility substituted the class-significance of the peasantry by the notion of an idler and drunkard, so has your formula substituted the idea of a sheer robber for the rôle of an organizer of production, however poor an organizer. Again, observe how correct is Carlyle's formula. Bandit instincts were developed in our midst, at first by the war, and then by the riots which are inevitable during any revolution. These instincts should have been fought by a revolutionary government. In your case, the sense of truth should have impelled you, Marxians, to expound sincerely and honestly your view of the rôle of Capitalism in backward countries. This you have not done. You have sacrificed your sense of truth to tactical considerations. For tactical purposes it was in your interest to fan the popular hatred for Capitalism, as one incites a fighting company to attack a fortress. You did not stop before distorting the truth. A partial truth you presented as the whole (drunkenness also was a true fact).

Now the fruits are ripe. You have taken the fortress, have sacked and plundered it. You forgot only that this fortress is the nation's possession, acquired by a 'beneficial process'; that in the apparatus created by Russian Capitalism there is much which has to be perfected and further developed, but not destroyed. You have inspired the people with the notion that all this is the result of plunder, which deserves to be plundered in its turn. In saying this, I have in mind not only material values, in the form of factories and

foundries, machines and railroads, created by Capitalism, but also those new processes and habits, that new social structure, which you, Marxians, had in view when you endeavored to prove the benefit of the 'capitalistic stage.'

The struggle against the capitalist order has assumed the character of besieging an enemy's stronghold. Every damage to the besieged fortress, every conflagration in it, every destruction of its stores, is beneficial to the besiegers. You, too, have regarded as your success every ruination brought upon the capitalist order, forgetting that the true victory of the social revolution would consist, not in the destruction of the capitalist productive apparatus, but in taking possession of it and in managing it on new principles.

Now you have come to reason, at a time when the country faces a terrible danger at the one front you have overlooked. This front is — the hostile forces of nature.

Casting aside that which may be regarded as polemical exaggeration, the fact still remains. The European proletariat have not followed you. . . . They are of the opinion that, even in Western Europe, Capitalism has not yet accomplished its mission, and that its work may still be useful for the future. At the transition from the present to this future, not everything must be subjected to destruction and sacking. Such things as freedom of thought, of assembly, of speech, and of press, are to them not mere 'bourgeois prejudices,' but a necessary instrument for a progressive future, a sort of a palladium acquired by humanity through a long struggle. Only we who have never fully known these liberties, and have not learned how to use them in common with the people, we declare them a 'bourgeois prejudice' which only impedes the cause of justice.

You will probably grant that I love our people not any less than a good Bolshevik; you will also grant that I have proved this with all my life, which is now coming to an end. But I do not love them blindly, not as a convenient soil for experiments of one sort or another; I love them just as they are in reality. When I traveled in America, for instance, I meditated with pleasure on the fact that in Russia it would be impossible to have such lynchings as those which took place at that time in one of the Southern states.

The Slavic nature of our people is softer than that of the Anglo-Saxon. With us, capital punishment was not introduced until the advent of the Greeks, with their Christianity. Yet this does not prevent me from admitting that America possesses a higher moral culture.

By its character, by its natural traits, our people is not beneath the best people in the world, and this is what compels one to love it. But it is far behind in the development of its ethical culture. It lacks that self-respect which induces one to refrain from certain actions, even when no one may learn about them. This we must acknowledge.

We still have to go through a long and severe schooling. You speak about Communism. Aside from the fact that Communism is something unformulated and indefinite, and that you have not yet made clear what you yourself understand by it, for a social revolution in this direction *different morals* are required. Out of the same substance of carbon we obtain both the wonderful diamond crystal and the amorphous coal. There is evidently a certain difference in the inner structure of atoms, too. The same one must say concerning human atoms out of which society is composed: a given society cannot crys-

tallize into *any* form. In many Swiss towns you may safely leave any object on the boulevard, and find it in the same place on your return. While with us, let us speak frankly. A precise computation in such a matter is, of course, difficult; but, as you know, we have a saying, 'Don't let things lie loose, don't lead the thief into sin.'

Since you have proclaimed Communism, this trait has not grown weaker.

Here is a small but significant instance. In order to alleviate somewhat the lack of provisions, the city administration of Poltava (then still bourgeois) encouraged the cultivation of all vacant lots. The land in front of the houses was planted with potatoes, carrots, and the like. The same was done with free spots in the city park. It had become a tradition of several years.

This year the potato crop was excellent, but — it became necessary to dig it out before it had ripened, because of night-thieves. Who was stealing the potatoes is unimportant to state. The point is that some people toiled, while others made use of their toil.

One third of the crops perished because the potatoes did not grow up; the rest could not be stored, because the unripe fruit rotted. I saw groups of poor women standing over their patches, which were ruined during the night, and weeping. They had worked, planted, dug, weeded. Others came, broke down the plants, trampled the ground, dug out some little bits that needed two months yet to mature, and accomplished this in less than an hour.

This is an example which shows that one can express in figures such a thing as the moral qualities of a people. At a certain level of morality the crops would have been bigger, and the population of the city would have been safeguarded in some measure against winter starvation. 'Under Communism' an enormous portion of the crops was destroyed because of our morals. A still greater damage looms ahead, in view of the fact that people are going to think twice before cultivating empty places for next year: no one wants to toil for thieves. Against such an elemental notion your shooting will be of no avail. Here you need something else; we are far from Communism.

You have defeated Capital, and now it is lying at your feet, mutilated and crushed. But you have failed to note that it is knit to production by such living threads that, in killing it, you have killed production, too. Rejoicing at your victories over Denikin, Kolchak, Youdenich, and the Poles, you have failed to observe that you have suffered a complete defeat on a considerably wider and more important front. This is the front along the whole extent of which man is assaulted on every side by nature's hostile forces. Infatuated with your one-sided destruction of the capitalist order, paying attention to nothing outside of pursuing this scheme of yours, you have brought the country to a terrible condition. Long ago, in my book, *A Hungry Year*, I tried to picture the lugubrious state into which autocracy had led Russia: enormous regions of agricultural Russia were starving, and famines were on the increase. Now it is by far worse; now *all Russia* is stricken by hunger, beginning with the capitals where there occurred on the streets deaths from starvation. At present, they say, you have succeeded in organizing food-distribution in Moscow and Petrograd (for how long, and at what a price). But then, the famine has struck considerably larger areas in the country than during 1891 and 1892.

And the main thing is that you have destroyed the organic link between the city and the village; the natural relations of exchange. You are forced to

replace it by artificial measures, by 'coercive expropriations,' requisitions, with the aid of punitive squads. At a time when the village not only does not get any agricultural machinery, but has to pay two hundred rubles and more for one needle — at such a time you announce such fixed prices on grain as are obviously disadvantageous for the village. You address the villagers in your newspaper articles where you argue that it is in the interest of the village to support you. But, putting aside for the moment the substance of the question, you speak different languages: our people have not learned as yet to generalize. Each landowner sees only that his produce is being taken away from him, for a compensation which is far from equivalent to his labor, and he draws his own conclusion. He hides his grain; you find it, requisition it; you pass through the villages of Russia and the Ukraine 'with hot iron'; you burn whole villages, and you rejoice at the success of your alimentary policy. If we add to this that from the famine-stricken provinces crowds of hungry people flee blindly into our Ukraine, that fathers of peasant families from Kursk and Riazan, in the absence of beasts, harness themselves and drag the carts with their children and baggage — then the picture obtained is more striking than anything I have noticed during the 'Hungry Year.' The privations are not confined to the regions where the crops have failed.

Two months ago I met a man in Poltava, who 'had not seen bread' for six days, feeding somehow on potatoes and vegetables. Now, in addition, winter is coming, and cold will be added to hunger. For a wagon of firewood, brought from the neighboring forests, they demand twelve thousand rubles! This means that the large majority of the inhabitants, even those who are comparatively better off, like your Soviet officials, will be absolutely unprotected from cold (with the exception, perhaps, of the Communists). The interiors will be the same as outdoors. On this front you have delivered the whole city population (and in part also the rural) to the mercy of nature's hostile forces, which will be felt equally by the suspected, despoiled, 'disloyal' man in a frock coat, and by the man in a workman's blouse.

In the past one regarded the will of the Tsar as reigning absolutely over Russia. But whenever the will of that unhappy autocrat appeared to be not in complete agreement with the intentions of the ruling bureaucracy, the latter exercised thousands of means for bringing the autocrat to submission. Is not the same taking place with regard to a similar poor wretch, our present 'dictator'? How do you learn, and how do you express, his will? We have no freedom of the press, nor freedom of voting. A free press is, in your opinion, merely a bourgeois prejudice. But in the meantime the absence of a free press makes you deaf and blind to life's phenomena. In your semiofficial organs reigns internal well-being, at the time when people blindly 'wander severally' (an old Russian expression) from hunger. They announce the victories of Communism in the Ukrainian village, at the time when rustic Ukraine is seething with hatred and wrath, and when the Chekas are planning to shoot the village hostages. Hunger has begun in the cities, a grave winter is approaching, while you are anxious only about falsifying the opinion of the proletariat. As soon as anywhere in the midst of the workmen an independent idea begins to manifest itself, not quite in accord with the tendencies of your policy, the Communists at once take measure. The board of a certain professional union — trade-union — is declared white or yel-

low, its members arrested, the board is dismissed as a whole, and then in your semiofficial organ appears a triumphant article: 'Give way for the Red printer,' or for some other Red group of workers, which has been heretofore in a minority. Out of the sum of such facts is composed that which you call the 'dictatorship of the proletariat.'

Logic is one of the mighty means of thinking, but not, indeed, the only one. There is yet imagination, which allows one to grasp the complexity of concrete phenomena. This quality is necessary in such a task as ruling a large country. With you, the scheme has completely crushed the imagination. You do not clearly conceive the complexity of reality. A mathematician calculates, for instance, how much time it will take a shell, charged with a certain velocity, to reach the moon; but even the physicist clearly perceives the infeasibility of this task, at least at the present level of technology. You are only the mathematicians of Socialism, its logicians and schematics. You say: 'We should have achieved everything, were it not for the obstruction of the world bourgeoisie, and for the treachery of the Western leaders of Socialism and of their followers, the majority of the working class. They are not doing in their countries what we are doing here; they are not destroying Capitalism.'

But, first of all, you have accomplished the easiest thing: you have destroyed the Russian bourgeois, unorganized, stupid, weak. We know that the Western bourgeois is much stronger, and that the Western workers are not a blind herd, which may be hurled into Maximalism at the first call. They understand that it does not take long to destroy an apparatus, but that you must change it as you go ahead, in order not to disturb production, the only means by which man protects himself against ever-hostile nature. The Western workmen have a better sense of reality than you Communist leaders have, and for this reason they are not Maximalists. After the correspondence between Segru and Lenin, it appears beyond doubt that the Western working masses will, on the whole, not support you in your Maximalism. They will remain neutral.

In our Poltava the municipal government was changed immediately after the Revolution. It became democratic, and intervened in the method of supply. Among other things, it established a municipal depot of firewood; and whenever the merchants inflated the prices, the municipality augmented its sales, and the prices would fall. There were shouts then that this was Socialism. The orthodox adherents of Capitalism prefer absolute 'free trade.' To you this may appear too modest an achievement, but Poltava was protected from cold.

This, of course, is a trifle, but it outlines very clearly my idea. Only in this way is it possible to intervene in public supply 'as you go ahead,' without disturbing or destroying it. Later, one may increase this interference, introducing it into ever wider provinces, until at length society will pass over to Socialism. This road is slow, but it is the only one that is feasible. But you discontinued at once the bourgeois methods of supplying the foremost necessities, and now Poltava, the centre of a grain-producing region, surrounded with near-by forests, lies utterly unprotected from hunger and cold, in the face of the approaching winter.

And it is the same everywhere, in all branches of supply. Your newspapers announce triumphantly that in Wrangel's Crimea bread is being sold at a hundred and fifty rubles per pound; but in our (that is, in your) Poltava, the very granary of Russia, bread costs four

hundred and fifty rubles per pound, that is, three times higher.

You have killed the bourgeois industry, and have created nothing in its place, and your Commune is an enormous parasite, which feeds on the corpse. . . . You are building everything on egoism, yet you demand self-sacrifices. . . . In general, this process of distribution, which you have undertaken with such a light heart, requires a process of long and difficult preparation of 'objective and subjective conditions,' necessitating a strenuous social self-activity and, most important, freedom. . . . Having constructed nearly nothing, you have destroyed a great deal; in other words, by introducing immediate Communism, you have destroyed the sentiment for plain Socialism, the establishment of which is the most urgent task of modern times.

The minds have to be regenerated. And for this it is imperative for institutions to regenerate first. This, in its turn, requires freedom of thought and of initiative for the creation of new forms of life. To stop by force this self-activity is a crime which the recently overthrown Government used to commit. But there is another, perhaps a greater crime — to impose by force new forms of life, whose convenience the people have not yet realized, and have had no opportunity for learning to know through creative experience. And of this you are guilty. Instinct you have replaced by a decree, and you expect that human nature will change by your order. For this infringement upon freedom, you must expect a day of reckoning.

Social justice is a very important matter, and you rightly indicate that no full liberty is possible without it. But without freedom it is impossible to attain justice. The ship of the future has to be manned between the Scylla of slavery and the Charybdis of injustice. No matter how much you try to assert that bourgeois freedom is only a deception, enslaving the working class, you will not succeed in convincing the Western workmen of this. The English workers who hope to carry out your experiments (in case they are successful, of course) through Parliament, cannot forget that the bourgeois Gladstone, acting in the name of autonomous freedom, fought nearly all his life for the expansion of suffrage rights. Each political reform in this spirit has led to the possibility of struggling for social justice, while each political reaction has given reverse results. There have been many political revolutions, and not one social revolution. You are demonstrating the first experiment of introducing Socialism by means of suppressing freedom.

[These letters present the gravest indictment of the Communist policy, and the most authoritative and trustworthy as yet, coming as it does from the pen of the one man whom even his enemies respected for his sterling honesty, thorough knowledge of, and unselfish love for, the people. It may be consoling to know that not only has the melancholy prophecy of Korolenko been fulfilled, but also some of his ardent wishes are in process of being realized. Since the writing of his letters, the Soviet administration has definitely adopted a 'healthy reaction,' trying to resuscitate industry and Capitalism. The Extraordinary Commissions (*Cheka*) have been abolished. But the freedom of speech and press remains a pious desire, the fulfillment of which may bring back to Russia the homesick Intelligentsia, which is longing to inoculate the people with those elements of culture the lack of which among the Russian masses men like Korolenko and Gorky have so repeatedly lamented. — A. K.]

FRENCH NAVAL IDEAS

BY RENÉ LA BRUYÈRE

I

No nation more sincerely welcomed President Harding's ingenious initiative inviting the nations to convene at Washington, with a view to studying the limitation of naval armaments, than did France. France approved of this idea with all the more satisfaction because she was disinterested. It was with regret that she contemplated the armament fever which had seized the three big naval Powers, not because she dreaded, for herself, the development of these forces, but because she feared the consequences of a disquieting rivalry between her late allies. Indeed, the French nation never imagined that, one day, it would have to support the weight of the naval forces of England, the United States, or Japan. We remember the enthusiasm that greeted M. Briand's words in the French Chamber, when making the following announcement of Harding's invitation: 'From over the seas, we are invited to go to-morrow to examine certain problems and to seek out all possible means of preventing further fires from breaking out. At the first hour, when the vigorous appeal of the United States resounded, I had the honor of answering "Present" on behalf of my country.'

France proceeded to Washington full of hope. She highly appreciates the results that have been achieved there. She understands that this event has a considerable worldly effect, and she discerns the importance of the mutual sacrifices which had to be consented to, in order to obtain agreement between the partners. She reverences, in particular, the attitude of the United States by which they have abandoned their armament programme in favor of the cause of Peace. However, why deny the fact that, with France's joy at seeing several vital questions settled and the clouds on the distant horizon vanish, there is mingled a little bitterness. She has the impression of having been ignored, though we hasten to acknowledge that this is partly her own fault. She committed a psychological error by omitting to investigate American public opinion and by not preparing it sufficiently in advance to have it en rapport, before the meeting, with the French naval ideas in so far as these are reasonable.

The French delegation proceeded to Washington with a certain ingenuousness which can be attributed only to the conviction, held by France, that her projects would be favorably accepted and would not, in any way, destroy the harmony of the Conference. Therefore, the misunderstanding which occurred at Washington is not without foundation, arising as it does from the reciprocal lack of understanding of the naval situation of both countries. American sentiment was all the more astounded by the demands of the French nation, because these were quite unexpected, and certain personalities, anxious to set the parties at variance, did their utmost to falsely interpret these demands. How-

ever, it is never too late to dispel an equivocation and we take the liberty of bringing forward — *after* Washington — certain ideas which would have gained by having been brought to light *before* Washington.

In the first place, it is all-important — before discussing the results of the Conference — to mention certain preliminary elements which will throw some light upon the debates. To begin with, let us view the present standing of the French navy, pointing out what it would have been without the events of 1914. The French naval power comprises in all, seven battleships — four of the Jean Bart type, armed with 12 guns of 305 mm., and three of the Bretagne type, armed with 10 guns of 343 mm. The conception of these ships originates from before the war. The four of the Jean Bart type were put into use in 1913, and the seven ships all belong to the 1906 programme. The best among them — the displacement of which does not surpass 23,000 tons — is not superior to the Florida type, which, in the United States navy, is already considered as antiquated. As to the Jean Bart type, it is similar to the American battleships, North Dakota and Delaware, for which a clause in the Naval Treaty provides for their condemnation. Apart from these battleships, France does not possess a single battleship or cruiser, battle cruiser, torpedo boat, or even submarine. As a naval power she at present no longer exists; she still has the list of officers answering her past fame, but no longer possesses the material. The reason of this is easily understood from the fact that the Naval Holiday — which was the basis of all discussions at Washington — was adopted by the French Republic in 1914. The last ship she had built was the Languedoc, the keel of which was laid down before the war. This ship, therefore, remained idle, as well as five others of the Bearn type which were launched during the hostilities in order to clear the slips. France did not even build any torpedo boats, as the twelve ships which were incorporated in her fleet as sea-patrols, during the course of hostilities, are inferior coal-burning vessels which she secured from Japan. France's naval holiday, therefore, has been complete and absolute for the last eight years.

Her situation would have been completely different without the grievous events of 1914. In 1913 the tonnage building in France amounted to 243,000; in 1921 it had fallen to 22,000,- which figure includes a certain amount of valueless tonnage, such as dispatch boats and sloops, rafts of the submarine war.

The naval programme in course of realization during 1914 comprised the launching of the seven battleships above mentioned, which were then the most powerful in the world, as they were intended to carry 12 guns of 343 mm. for a displacement of 25,200 tons. France's political aim consisted in keeping in the Mediterranean superior naval forces to those of the two most powerful fleets, that is to say, the Austro-Italian. This objective was largely realized by the French projects. The seven battleships still in dockyard would have been launched before 1917, and a new programme would have been undertaken in place of the one which was then in course of completion.

The French nation, therefore, devoted all her energies exclusively to the defense of her invaded territory and abandoned all projects of naval construction. The activity of the numerous shipbuilding yards existing in France was absorbed by land-manufactures, including those which were executed on behalf of her allies. She realized perfectly well how matters stood, and was aware of the fact that

she was losing her rank as an important naval power; but she presumed this fall would be but momentary. After the Armistice her shipbuilding was not resumed, as she was relying on the German boats interned at Scapa Flow. The manner in which these were disposed of is well known. Even after this deplorable incident, France's naval constructions still remained idle. In fact, at the time of writing these lines, the meagre credits for construction, relative to the building of three light cruisers and of a few torpedo boats or submarines, — the project of which has been dragging on for practically the last two years in the Parliament's files, — have not yet been voted.

Is this naval imperialism?

II

This voluntary renunciation of all naval prospects would, in the absolute necessity, explain itself if France had no need of a war fleet; but she has, and it is quite easy to point out how indispensable this is to her. Without relating a few historical points, it is hardly possible to realize the state of mind in which France proceeded to Washington. Of all the countries in the world, France has always been, and still remains, the most envied and the most threatened. The most envied because of the richness of her soil and her mild and attractive climate; the most threatened because she is not protected by natural frontiers and is surrounded by powerful nations. Without mentioning the conquest of the Gauls by Julius Cæsar, or the hundred-year occupation of France by the British, one can well realize that France has never been at rest. The invaders, after coming from the southeast and northwest, came from the southwest and north, with the Imperials, that is to say, the Spaniards, Flemish, and Austrians united, who, for over two centuries, fought desperately against France. On several occasions her soil was trampled as far as the gates of Paris. Rid of the Imperials after outrageous and uninterrupted battles, the French nation would have attained peace, had it not been for Prussia; from the day of her birth this nation succeeded to the Western Empire in her aims of invasion and destruction. Napoleon's wars, however condemnable they might be, find, to a certain extent, their justification in the revenge for these continual and cruel invasions.

On sea alone, again, France has never been without enemies. The Spanish, the Dutch, the British, and even the Berbers scoured the Mediterranean as far as the outskirts of Marseilles. France has a coast line of 2700 kilometres. An annoying circumstance, which proves to be a great weakness, and of which Americans are well aware, is that France is astride on two seas; she has, therefore, been compelled to maintain two distinct navies, one in the north, which used to be called the '*Ponant*,' the other in the south, which was called the '*Levant*.' The distinction is such that, for a long time, these two navies were submitted to entirely different regulations. On looking up the history of France, it will be found that most naval defeats took place close to the Straits of Gibraltar, at the time when her northern and southern naval powers were attempting a junction.

Another reason which militates in favor of the Third Republic's naval power is the existence of an immense colonial empire. France has always been adventurous; under her old kingdom she created extremely important colonies, but was robbed of them through failing to maintain a navy under Louis XV's reign. As a result of having neglected for several years the construction of ships, the king witnessed the almost instantaneous

annulment of the strenuous efforts made by his loyal subjects during a period of two centuries.

Thanks to an unprecedented effort, the Republic has to-day succeeded in acquiring an overseas domain, the population of which amounts to over 52,000,000, covering a superficial area of 10,000,000 square kilometres, and in which the movement of trade already surpasses 7,000,000,000 francs. Is the Republic going to commit the same error as the Crown? By depriving herself of ships, does she not run the risk of losing, in a more or less distant future, this precious colonial wealth?

A last reason renders the French navy indispensable. In fact, on this point, it can be said that France's situation is very peculiar. Her territory is at present divided into two parts: the Metropolitan France and the African France, as of yore the Roman Empire.

The mobilizing of the North African forces is absolutely necessary to the French Republic, to compensate for her lack of population as compared with Germany. Rightly or wrongly, France believes that Germany contemplates revenge which she would carry out the day she deemed herself the strongest. We know that the majority of the German population is disgusted with war; but we know also that this population has always allowed itself to be led by a turbulent minority. The security of the Marseilles–Algiers route, which is a prolongation of the Strasbourg–Marseilles railroad, is an axiom of France's policy. Thus one can realize what part her navy will be called upon to play in the safeguarding of her territory, the protection of her colonies and even in her mobilization. Is there any imperialism in wanting to ensure this safety?

Imperialism is the word used by our former enemies to render us suspicious. We are convinced that our loyal and generous American friends refrain from associating themselves with such a reproach when reflecting upon these vital contingencies. Fortunately for her, America has no enemies; the nations surrounding her are as if nonexistent. Even Japan is too distant from her to constitute a very dangerous and serious foe. Whereas France has to support the very heavy consequences of her past history; what is called her imperialism is simply her instinctive fear of invasion, a fear which the generations pass on to one another. France's history, so full of blood, of destruction, and of valor, is inseparable from her present state of mind. Think of the systematic invasions of the beautiful French plains, the devastation of the provinces, the injuries perpetrated by the soldiers, the atrocious wounds which will not be healed for years to come, and the ruins that are no sooner repaired than others succeed them.

On considering the matter from this point of view, you will not accuse of imperialism a nation that is endeavoring to uphold her honor and the inheritance of the gods. Can it be said of a man whose house has been frequently robbed, that he is premeditating a murder because he purchases a revolver to protect himself against the return of his criminal visitors? Particularly in the case of the navy, if France committed an error, it was in forgetting the exigencies of her history.

III

Such was France's situation on answering President Harding's invitation. Let us now examine what the French demands actually were, and how these were accepted in connection with the four special points discussed at Washington, relative to capital ships, aviation, light cruisers, and submarines. For capital ships France demanded 515,000 tons — which amount was acceded to Japan

—against 525,000 tons to England and America. It is known that this claim was rejected, France's share having been fixed at 175,000 tons. We, and also numerous colleagues of the French press, loyally admit that, for several reasons, our delegation was wrong in proffering such a demand. One of the reasons is that she ran counter to the principle of the Conference, whose aim it was to create a naval holiday. France implied, it is true, that she had enforced this naval holiday for the last eight years. However, the fact remains that her demands were contradictory to the object Washington had in view. She ought to have either withdrawn from the Conference or fallen in with the spirit in which it had been inspired. On the other hand, being perfectly aware of the impossibility of building such a tonnage within ten years, France had still less ground for demanding it, the state of her finance not permitting such an expense. Besides, she has a good many other things to attend to before building capital ships, since she is short of light steamers and submarines, which are far more necessary to her than battleships.

The situation of the French Admiralty was paradoxical. France shocked the sentiments of the Washington Conference by making a written demand for capital ships while renouncing the construction of a whole series of ships, the undertaking of which was contested by no one. Furthermore, she owes money to America and England, and to-day she, who has always been owed money, finds herself unable to settle her debts. She, therefore, perfectly well understood Mr. Hughes's letter of the 16th December, 1921, which ran as follows: 'It is not against France's interests to wish that her industry and resources be consecrated to economic recuperation, rather than devoted to the construction of new capital ships. It would be very disappointing to us to learn that, just at the time we are wanting to help France all we possibly can, it is her intention to dedicate hundreds of millions to the building of warships.' The delegation could not do otherwise than bow in submission to this argument, the more so because they were persuaded of its accuracy.

However, it is thought in France that the delegation could have dispensed with adopting the principle of a theoretical limitation which places her on the same level as other second-rate nations, and which classes her with Italy. By the agreement, France may retain 175,000 tons and start building in 1927, 1929, and 1931. As stated, this is as reasonable an amount as she is able to construct, but this figure corresponds exactly to the one granted Italy, while, as above mentioned, the whole of France's policy tended toward maintaining a superiority of forces in the Mediterranean. For centuries she fought to realize this idea; through a simple treaty, and at a time when the Mediterranean route is most indispensable to her, to assure the mobilization of her African army, she finds herself losing that which has given her so much trouble to uphold. Admiral Wemyss quite well realized this point when he wrote: 'The safety of France's communications with North Africa is to her of the utmost importance, owing to the fact that a great portion of her army comes from that continent.'

Italy was quite satisfied with the results of the Washington Conference; it is indeed a dream come true for her to see the sceptre of the Mediterranean pass into her hands. The equality of tonnage between Italy and France is, in reality, marked by a superiority in favor of the peninsula. Apart from the fact that, to possess a superiority over a fleet which has the choice of the offensive, it is necessary to maintain a fairly marked

margin of tonnage, so as to be protected against momentary lack of available material, it is easy to demonstrate that, in comparison with France, Italy enjoys a privileged tactical situation. She is able to concentrate all her forces in the Mediterranean and to protect them in the Adriatic, whereas France is compelled to disperse part of them in the North Sea, part in the Atlantic, and part in the Mediterranean. She cannot allow her important shores of the Atlantic and of the North Sea to remain defenseless, especially since the Treaty of Versailles has granted Germany eight battleships of 10,000 tons and eight light cruisers.

Whether it is wished or not, the fact remains that the Washington Conference has been a triumph for Italy. We should not like to say that through it France has suffered a defeat; but what may be asserted is that she forsook all her history's traditions by placing the mobilization of her African army — necessary to the defense of her Rhenish frontiers — under the control of her two neighbors. A coalition of Spain and Italy would prevent this mobilization from taking place.

It does not enter into anyone's mind in France that a conflict could arise between herself and her Latin sister; but what diplomatic instrument has not been put into Italy's hands in recognizing the principle of the superiority of her naval forces over France! France, who accepted with good grace the crushing supremacy of England, America, and Japan, accepts with grief the reduction of her *status quo ante bellum* as a Mediterranean naval power.

The situation as regards aviation remains the same. On this point, we might be permitted to think that the limitation of the French navy is still more characteristic. Her tonnage for the transport of airships is limited to 60,000, against 135,000 to America and the British Empire, and 81,000 to Japan. France anticipated that, on the contrary, she would have been allowed to compensate the inferiority of her defensive tonnage in capital ships, by the possibility of developing her naval aviation, which answers to a merely defensive aim. But, again, on this point the Italian situation has been assimilated to that of the Republic.

We would ask our readers to glance at the coasts of both nations: they will at once see that Italy could assemble her troops and (this is merely a hypothesis) bombard Toulon or Bizerta; whereas France's troops, which would be split up all along the Atlantic coast, could not participate in any Mediterranean battle.

In regard to France's naval aviation, has not the Washington Treaty ignored her geographical situation by putting her at the mercy of her eventual adversaries from either north or south, and by having her play the part of the 'Curiatii' in that famous battle where they succumbed through being divided. May it please God that France shall never have the opportunity of putting her war navy to use; for it is certain that her power, offensive and defensive, is very much compromised.

In regard to light surface-craft, — cruisers, torpedoes, and the like, — we know that the Conference eliminated France's requests, and she not accepting the proportion offered her, the Conference broke up without having fixed any limitation for this type of tonnage. It is very difficult for us to plead such a cause; we will, however, draw attention to the following points.

What is the use of light craft? To defend a country's shores and to protect the entry into ports of commercial steamers. For this, the Republic would have to provide for four protection zones: one in the north, from Brest to the Belgian frontier, for the ports of

Dunkirk, Calais, Boulogne, Rouen, Le Havre, Caen, St. Malo, and the rest; a second one from Brest to the Spanish frontier, for the ports of Nantes, St.-Nazaire, Bordeaux, and Bayonne; a third one in the Mediterranean, for Marseilles, Cette, and others; and a fourth in North Africa, for the ports of Algiers, Tunis, and Oran. Light craft is also used for the protection of commercial shipping; that of France is about to attain a tonnage of four millions compared with 2,500,000 in 1914.

But it is particularly for the defense of her colonial empire that she needs cruisers. We have already remarked upon the importance of this empire of 52,000,000 inhabitants, which is second in rank to that of England, whose position is yet more favorable than the French Colonial Empire, inasmuch as her possessions are not so scattered. France's colonies are yet too young to possess, as the British Dominions do, their own particular fleet. Therefore, in these conditions, it was difficult for France to submit to a situation which did not grant her any privileges, particularly in regard to the Powers which have no distant possessions.

In time of peace, cruisers are just as necessary to France, to maintain the liaison between the metropolis and her colonies dispersed in the five continents.

IV

There still remains the important question of submarines. England had demanded the complete suppression of this arm. Each time science invents a new destructive arm, those who would be the first to suffer from it are the ones to object to its use. It is, unfortunately, the price of progress to perfect both the art of making man happy and that of destroying him. But the forward movement has always been the stronger. The reasons which would have led to the suppression of the submarines cannot be prominent so long as the use of the torpedo, of which the submarine is the improved support, has not been abolished. It is not because Germany made a barbarous use of her submarines that other nations should not be able to utilize them in a more sensible manner. England's reasoning that submarines could be of utility only against enemy commerce, and that they had no military value, was contradicted by facts. On perusing the history of the war, it will be found that the submarine played a very active part in naval operations.

The Washington Conference has in that respect selected the best possible means of rendering neutral the abuse of the submersible, by very precisely defining its utilization. The Conference cannot be too highly congratulated on this essentially humane deed.

We do not wish to detail the resolutions which have been adopted, and which are known to all, concerning the submarine war. But, as we are speaking solely of French naval ideas, we cannot allow France's attitude respecting this question to pass unheeded.

A misunderstanding occurred. The text of an article, written by a marine officer, was selected to suggest that France approved of the Germanic war-procedures. Besides the fact that this article involved only its author, the theories thereof are diametrically opposed to those officially professed. One has only to read the course of strategy by Captain Laurent, professor at the Naval War School, to find a denial of the text referred to, expressed in these almost exaggerated terms: 'The best among us, struck by the formidable wreckage which has been the result of the German submarine war, find it in us to excuse this outrageous event, which was in contradiction to all divine and human laws. We cannot manifest

too strongly our opposition to this turn of mind; it does not become Frenchmen to follow such shameful traces.'

This is the true and only viewpoint of the Staff of the Rue Royale.

And it is not alone on the utilization and the limitation in number of submarines that the debate arose. The Conference offered 31,000 tons to France; she was demanding 90,000 tons; that is to say, an amount equal to that of the most generously endowed nations: England and America. France's reasoning, which we submit to the reflection of our friends, is the following. Not only does it seem that the French Republic should have had a number of submarines equivalent to that of the great naval powers, but, reasonably, she should have been granted a larger figure. The submarine, especially the type France purposes building, is essentially a defensive war-instrument, its object being, in a certain way, to act as an antidote to capital ships. By demanding this antidote, France believes herself to be serving the cause of peace, for she is trying to safeguard the world against the dangerous virus which would be brought about by the abuse of capital ships. She likewise invokes, in favor of the submarine armament, all the reasons that have been cited for light cruisers: the extension, and especially the unevenness, of her shores, the dispersion of her colonies, and the necessity of safeguarding the Marseilles–Algiers route. Moreover, French technologists consider 90,000 tons as necessary to provide France with a sufficiently efficacious defensive, especially as she has to supply stationary flotillas in four different zones, not including her colonial zones.

V

We think that we have stated very frankly the French naval ideas, just as they exist in competent circles. The impression is that France ill prepared her ground at Washington, by failing to acquaint her allies with her point of view. The demands she made concerning capital ships were a surprise and a shock to the sentiments of the Conference.

France might have avoided this error. The magnificent results obtained at Washington have been highly praised, and much gratitude is shown to President Harding for having obtained these results, so favorable to the peace of the world. But there is a shadow on the scene. France realizes that she slightly upset the Washington partners' agreement, and even impeded the drift of the Conference's aim regarding light boats and submarines.

Could France accept the limitations that were imposed on her? We leave it to our readers to answer this question. We would ask them, before they render unprejudiced decision, to take into consideration the moral, geographical, and historical situation of France, whose heart is still bleeding from the traces of invasion, and who is vainly waiting for the amends which are due.

She reflects that at Washington she lost the control of the Mediterranean, in favor of Italy; she agreed to this abandonment — which is contrary to all her traditions — only in the hope that, in the first place, her situation as a great colonial power would be recognized by the concession of a light-craft tonnage, proportionate to her worldly necessities, and that, on the other hand, she would be granted a submarine flotilla and an aviation arm capable of assuring the safety of her Atlantic, Mediterranean, and African shores.

This gives an explanation of the French Republic's attitude at Washington with reference to the grave questions we have just examined.

IS PROHIBITION OF GAS WARFARE FEASIBLE?

BY W. LEE LEWIS

I

One of the most poignant pleasures of the human mind is that exquisite sensation of being misunderstood. In it youth justifies filial disobedience, and husband or wife condones a lack of noble loyalty. Through it the misguided artist finds solace and surcease of professional failure and human weakness, a foil for self-reproach.

Among the professions, that of chemistry is most misunderstood. But the chemist is neither immature, erotic, nor a failure. Consequently he does not enjoy being misunderstood. This atmosphere of mystery and misapprehension has ever enshrouded him and has defeated his most earnest effort to be simple and candid.

In the public mind he seems to have taken character from one Philippus Aureolus Paracelsus Theophrastus Bombastus von Hohenheim of the sixteenth century, and his modern spawn would be alchemists and sophists who essay to turn swamp grass into gold, and to explain the physical miracles of the Bible chemically.

Just now the chemists are being criticized for unanimously questioning the feasibility of eliminating warfare gases. Of them it is being said, 'As a man thinks, so he is.' Therefore, in still supporting that mode of warfare which, more than any other one thing through the ages, brought home to the public mind the power of his science, the chemist is backing his own interest.

It would seem that a lively imagination might equally well conclude that the chemist's convictions in this matter arise from his special knowledge of the field.

In order to approach this subject philosophically let us go back, even further than *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, to the very beginning of things.

Fighting with poisons did not originate with the Germans, nor is it a modern institution. It dates back to the time when our first very great-grandparents emerged from Silurian ooze and began to proliferate. As unicellular organisms, their wants were simple, competition slight, and wars absent.

But, as all living things must move either onward or backward, so this little globule of protoplasm grew tired of being all stomach one moment and, in the next, doubling in the rôle of protective or reproductive system. New cells were taken on and given special functions, such as nutrition, reproduction, protection, and so forth. In time, nutrition cells called for a more varied diet, reproductive cells for mates, and nerve cells begat temperament; and these things have been at the base of all animal conflicts, large or small. Then nature began to cast about for weapons for the protective cells, and the simplest things at hand were poisons. Thus snakes, spiders, insects, and even some plants, are equipped with poisons in stings, fangs, or nettles. It is a general weapon among creeping things of the

lower order. Ultimately, more sportsmanlike equipment, such as hoofs, horn, and teeth, was added to animal protection.

It is interesting to note that certain animals specialized in chemical warfare. The little bombardier beetle, with his tiny droplet of poison liquid hurled into the face of his pursuing enemy, was the original grenadier. The inkfish first used the principle of the smoke-screen. Then there is the ubiquitous polecat, than which there is no greater testimonial to the efficacy of German stink-gas. The skunk is a social failure, but a first-class fighting man. He never hurries or steps aside: he lets the rest of the world do that. He has a chemical equipment designed to make any dog too proud to fight. Have you ever, from a safe vantage-point, noted him threading his way unattended and unafraid along some woodland crest? Then surely you must have thought of those noble lines applied to Napoleon in his incarceration: 'Grand, gloomy, and peculiar!'

Man has a native equipment of low fighting-calibre. His untrained fists are puny; he cannot run fast or kick hard, and a projecting nose interferes with his biting proclivities. He, therefore, early supplemented his native equipment with artificial weapons, and poisons played a large part in early controversies, as in the poisoning of arrows and spears.

Among the earliest-recorded human use of noxious chemicals in war is the employment of pitch and sulphur, which were burned at the foot of the walls of the ancient cities of Belium and Platæa by the Spartans, in their wars with the Athenians, during the fifth century B.C. Later, we read of the use of stinkballs, apparently mixtures of asafetida and combustibles — little courtesies exchanged between ships fighting at close range. Prester John, among many things, is credited with burning similar mixtures in metal effigies, much to the confusion of his enemies. Even the English during the Crimean War considered seriously, for a period, the plan of smoking the Russians out of Sebastopol with burning sulphur.

The subject of chemical weapons on a vast scale continually arose in men's minds. The subject has always been fascinatingly terrible. An article in the *Popular Science Review*, in 1864, by B. W. Richardson, on 'Greek Fire,' is uncannily prophetic. During the early stages of the World War, many fanciful suggestions were received by the combatants for quickly ending the conflict with chemicals. It is a fundamental of psychology that thought tends to work over into action. Then came the German surprise, April 22, 1915.

With men's minds thus reverting to fighting with noxious chemicals, we can readily understand how the matter was taken up at the Hague Conference in 1899. At that Conference the assembled nations pledged themselves 'not to use any projectiles whose only object was to give out suffocating or poisonous gases.' This agreement was not signed at the time by the American or German representatives, though Germany signed it the next year — 1900.

The principle was reaffirmed at the Congress of 1907. Article 23, of the 'Rules and Doctrines for War on Land,' states: 'It is specially forbidden to employ poisons or poisonous weapons.'

The matter finds no further mention in international papers until the Treaty of Versailles, Article 171, on Armament, Munitions, and Materials, which reads: 'The use of asphyxiating, poisonous, or other gases and all analogous liquids, materials, or devices, being prohibited, their manufacture and importation are strictly forbidden in Germany. The

same applies to materials specially intended for the manufacture, storage, and use of said products or devices.'

This same clause was read into the treaty of St.-Germain with Austria, of Neuilly with Bulgaria, of Trianon with Hungary, and of Sèvres with Turkey. This may be taken as a reaffirmation of the Hague principle and it played a strong part in the events at the American Conference.

II

On January 6, 1922, Secretary Hughes presented the following resolution to the Disarmament Conference, in favor of the abolition of poison gas in international warfare: —

'The use in war of asphyxiating, poisonous, or other gases, and all analogous liquids or materials or devices, having been justly condemned by the general opinion of the civilized world, and a prohibition of such use having been declared in treaties to which a majority of the civilized powers are parties; now, to the end that this prohibition shall be universally accepted as a part of international law, binding alike the conscience and practice of nations, the signatory powers declare their assent to such prohibition, agree to be bound thereby between themselves, and invite all other civilized nations to adhere thereto.'

Simultaneously, Secretary Hughes read three reports: that of the Conference's expert committee on poison gas, declaring against prohibition, and those of the Advisory Committee of the American delegation and of the General Board of the United States Navy, favoring prohibition.

The best reasons for the resolution should be found in the reports of these committees and the resulting discussion.

Secretary Hughes was undoubtedly greatly influenced by the clause read, appearing in the several peace treaties; for Mr. Root brought out in the discussion that these treaties 'presented the most extraordinary consensus of opinion that one could well find on any international subject.' However, it seems a bit anomalous to find, in the terms visited upon a defeated enemy, principles and rules to apply to future international military relations. The same argument would justify the universal destruction of fortresses and aircraft, the yielding-up of records and secret methods, and the destruction of fleets; for these also were largely visited upon the defeated nations.

The main arguments on which the resolution found support were based upon these principles in warfare: (1) That unnecessary suffering in the destruction of combatants should be avoided; (2) that innocent noncombatants should not be destroyed. It was claimed that the use of gases in warfare violates both these principles, and is therefore universally condemned.

As to the relative amount of suffering involved in death by gas and death by disembowelment with a bayonet, it is obvious that we can collect no scientific data, owing to the nature of the experiment. The point may, however, be safely left to the imagination. It is significant in this connection, that the American statistics show that a gas casualty has twelve times the chances of recovery of a casualty resulting from an encounter with such Christian weapons as high explosives, bullets, shrapnel, and the like. The relative chances of being maimed or disfigured for life are obvious. Observation of gassed soldiers, over a considerable period of time, by the Surgeon-General's office, did not reveal any predisposition toward pulmonary trouble, which is contrary to the popular opinion.

The question of the involvement of

civilian population is important, and there is here some misapprehension. The non-technical mind looks upon a gas as something that travels stealthily, and devastates all animal and vegetable life over a large area; something that may be carried by the wind a long distance. As a matter of fact, the great problem in gas warfare is to build up a concentration, namely, to liberate on a certain objective a sufficient amount of gas to maintain a lethal amount for even a very short time. It was this difficulty that caused the change in gas-warfare methods from the cloud-attack, where vast quantities of gas are released from cylinders in the front-line trenches, to artillery gas-shell. With the latter, the objective may be smaller and more definite, and the placing of the gas more accurate. It is a mistake to suppose that any of these gases may be blown any considerable distance from the point of the burst, in any concentration that will kill. The practical limits of drift are a few hundred yards. As General Fries has stated: 'To produce a cloud that would drift six miles would require twenty pounds of liquid gas per foot of front, or fifty-three tons per mile, two miles or more in length.' This is a prohibitive amount.

In this connection, gas offers no more dangers to civilian population than air-bombs, long-range guns, or torpedoes, which have been qualified, but not abolished.

In the report of one of the committees, it was stated that chemical warfare is 'a cruel, unfair, and improper use of science.' The answer to this statement is: 'So is all warfare.' In so far as modern warfare differs from a combat between two naked unarmed aborigines, it is an abhorrent misapplication of science, whose progress is intended to bring fullness and richness into human life, instead of death and destruction. Why single out the science of chemistry? As well condemn sanitary science on the ground that it alone has made possible the safe assembling in camp of the mammoth armies that characterize modern war.

If we concede that might does not necessarily make right, except in a pragmatic sense, then scientific warfare might be more nearly on the side of right, because advancement in science characterizes an intelligent nation, and such a nation will presumably be right more frequently than wrong. Thus its introduction into warfare might be presumptive of a faint growth of righteousness in this imperfect world.

A further reason advanced in the Conference for the abolishment of warfare gases was, that such 'warfare threatens to become so efficient as to endanger the very existence of civilization.'

Aside from whatever merit there may be in the proposition that the best way to end war is to make it grotesquely horrible and illogical, certainly that clause is no recommendation to a nation at bay, with its back to its capitol walls, to go down with the sublime comfort of having kept a parlor agreement.

Emasculated warfare is no deterrent to a belligerent nation. The knowledge that the opposed will put up a deadly defense is a more powerful deterrent. Such a nation, under such conditions, might well find justification in the fact that the after-gas of many explosives produces deadly carbon monoxide and prussic acid. An enemy seeking justification for retaliation with gas could easily find doubtful instances from this source, and spring a super-gas prepared as a defense precaution in times of peace.

In the debate following the presentation of the resolution, M. Sarraut and Mr. Balfour admitted that military chemical research, with defense as the main object, could not yet be discontinued. Thus we have the ridiculous

picture of the United States forswearing gas warfare, and yet maintaining an elaborate experimental plant in wargases at Edgewood, Maryland. The fact that the activities of this splendid plant are now purely 'defensive' will not alter its work. Whether military measures are offensive or defensive is purely a matter of the point of view. Thus, no nation ever raised its mailed fist against another except in defense of something; and of course all preparedness of peace times is avowedly defensive only. Surely no thinking person can reconcile poison-gas research in peace times with the position of the high contracting parties to this pact. Such a lack of consistency and good faith will defeat the purpose in hand. The measure will simply resolve itself into an agreement not to use gas until the other fellow does and, in the meantime, get ready for him. We do not believe in shooting, but we 're going to carry a gun. Where there are guns, there is likely to be a little shooting, as our people have good reason to know just at this time.

If this is a mere restatement of international law that has already failed of support in the test of conflict, then it is a diplomatic platitude that will weaken the whole structure of the Conference labors.

It is interesting to note that America's experts were against the resolution, that Great Britain was skeptical, that the French delegates showed more active approval, and that the Japanese and Italians were enthusiastic. In fact, an Italian representative first proposed the resolution in the subcommittee. It has been remarked that the sentiment against the resolution among the other powers was inversely as their chemical resources. It would be interesting to know Germany's attitude. It is also significant that, while the Conference conceded that no declaration could be made as to naval warfare unless England, the leading naval power, was a party to it, yet gas warfare is outlawed by mere fiat, without Germany, which is still the greatest potential military power, chemically. At the beginning of the war there were less than half as many chemists in America as there were in Germany; less than one fifth in England, and less than one tenth in France.

In this connection, the views of an eminent English authority are well expressed in a recent book by Major Lefebure, entitled *The Riddle of the Rhine*. To Major Lefebure, the Riddle of the Rhine is the ominous, impenetrable potentialities of the German chemical trust, bristling along the Rhine and its tributaries. 'It has added economic cohesion to technical efficiency, and is to-day the largest technically efficient potential instrument of war in the world.' The author avowedly believes in the chemical disarmament of Germany, and points to the failures and difficulties in enforcing the Treaty of Versailles in chemical matters. The inherent difficulties in the inspection by a league, under agreement to refrain in times of peace from chemical preparedness, are searchingly presented. In fact, the logical end of the author's argument is a world-balance of chemical power, either through competitive militarism industrially disguised, or through agreed ratios.

Sir William Robertson, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and later Commander of the Army of the Rhine, discusses this same subject in the following words: 'Unless and until some control is exercised over the activities of chemical factories, — which are really arsenals in disguise, — prohibitions, resolutions, and similar pious aspirations for abolishing chemical warfare will be not only futile but dangerous, in that they will lull the nation into a feeling of

security, for which there is no scientific justification.'

Robertson recognizes that chemical peace-industries cannot be prohibited; but because of their military significance, thinks that they might be reduced, and restricted to the peace-time requirements of their respective countries, *plus* an appropriate share of the world trade. In this connection it should be remembered that in 1918 Germany's dyestuff capacity was more than double that of all the rest of the world.

An attempt to avoid the tremendous advantages to an outlaw nation, highly industrialized chemically, of deliberately using gas in warfare, by trying to distribute or control the chemical activities of the several nations, is futile.

The Committee of Technical Experts, seven in number, reported against the resolution, giving as their chief reason that research and production of warfare gases, many of which have industrial uses, could not be prohibited, and that therefore 'no nation dare risk entering into an agreement which an unscrupulous enemy might break, if he found his opponents unprepared to use gases both offensively and defensively.'

This same reason was advanced for deferring air-craft limitation, and was deemed a sufficient reason, although less applicable to air-craft than to chemistry.

III

In placing a ban upon gas warfare, and limiting the military use of submarines, the Washington Conference drifted far from its original scope.

The Conference had its origin in a problem primarily economic, namely, the need of releasing the nations from the burden of military preparedness, to the end that they might rehabilitate themselves from the effects of the World War. Furthermore, in dealing with naval limitations and the Far East problems, the Conference was dealing with matters which could be undertaken at once. In the nature of things, there will be little change in the authority of nations within the next ten years; therefore, the Conference was here dealing with matters which not only were immediate, but which would find their fulfillment during the period when the five contracting powers would continue in all probability as the strongest international influence. It is not likely that, within the next ten years agreed upon, any single great world-power or combination of nations will arise to question the authority of America, Great Britain, France, and Japan, especially in matters in which they are primarily concerned geographically.

In attempting, however, to lay down rules for governing all future warfare, especially when these rules, as applied to the use of gas, are debatable on intrinsic grounds, the Conference was dealing with the matter of conducting future wars, and laying down dicta for all nations, for all times, notwithstanding that other powers, or combination of powers, not bound by this agreement, may dominate the world when that next war comes.

It is especially regrettable that no exceptions were made, in the wholesale condemnation of chemical warfare, to the use of smoke and nontoxic tear-gases. These are distinctly human agencies, which save life in the attainment of a military objective, and make of military tactics a game of the highest scientific skill. Natural and artificial obstacles and topographic features have ever been the legitimate agencies of the skilled commander. Think of the possibilities, through the neutralization and obscuring of certain areas with gas and smoke, in marvelously extending such legitimate strategies. And think of the humanity and efficiency of

such nontoxic gases in lowering the physical efficiency, and therefore the power to kill, by 50 per cent, through the mere enforced wearing of the gas-mask; an army of 100,000 men reduced to 50,000, and not a man scratched. While conceding the force of this argument, the fear was expressed in the Conference that the line could not be safely drawn between various types of gases.

If we assume that fighting with warfare gases is uncivilized, cruel, debasing, and on a par with fighting with dumdum bullets and disease germs, then it is most proper that it should be outlawed. Then any nation resorting to methods which are universally condemned would find itself in the position of Germany, when she violated Belgian neutrality and torpedoed passenger ships. These very acts defeated her, for they brought America into the war, and united almost the entire world against her. It is also pointed out that sentiment effectively prevented the use of dumdum and explosive bullets in the last war.

But there is this difference between gas warfare and such measures as the use of disease germs, and dumdum and explosive bullets, and the sinking of hospital ships and passenger vessels. The latter have no practical military value. They may be part of a reign of terror, of an avowed programme of *Schrecklichkeit*. Moreover, as in the case of dumdum and explosive bullets, there are substitutes which are permissible, and which make these condemned articles unnecessary.

Poison gas stands in a military class by itself. It is the most efficient, most economical, and most humane, single weapon known to military science. It is no longer a theory, but a thoroughly demonstrated, powerful reality. It positively has no substitute. Its abandonment detracts irreparably from decisive, expeditious trial by warfare — an institution which the most sanguine do not claim that we can yet eliminate.

The chemist is a rational pacifist. He has no brief for warfare gases simply as killing agencies. He does believe that, for a generation or so to come, there must continue a measure of national defense; and chemical preparedness secures this defense with the greatest economy, efficiency, and humanity. He regrets that popular education on the subject of gas warfare dates from the early days of the World War, when, for purposes of creating anti-German sentiment, it was condemned in scathing but unscientific terms. This education has since continued through overzealous peace-societies and press exaggeration, until the most irrational views prevail upon this subject. In this manner, Lewisite, by an accretion of superlatives, has acquired powers compared with which his Satanic Majesty becomes an angel of mercy.

To the chemist, therefore, this half-hearted attempt on the part of a few nations to regulate the chemical methods of all future warfare is ill-advised and dangerous. The reasons given in the reports and debates are insufficient and illogical, and not in keeping with the historical facts, or with the high accomplishments of the Conference.

The record of the last war is too eloquent. If we would make warfare safe, we must take the soldiers out.

THE BOY AND THE PIG WHEN THE KINGS ARE GONE

BY WILBUR C. ABBOTT

I

Among those bitter, vigorous cartoons with which Raemaekers helped rouse the world against the German threat, not many years ago, one of the most striking was an adaptation of a mediæval theme, the Adoration of the Magi. Against a background of knights and men-at-arms in fierce conflict, stands a rude hut which shelters the Holy Family. Before them kneel the Three Kings from the East, offering gifts to the affrighted Child — the Emperor of Germany with a shell, the Emperor of Austria with a howitzer, the Sultan of Turkey with a scimitar!

It was a bitter jest, and it recalls another of like sort. This same theme of the Three Kings was a favorite episode in the mediæval miracle-plays. Between their moral and religious scenes were often interposed comic interludes to relieve the feelings or sustain the interest of the audience. Among the stage directions for these, still preserved to us, is one which reads, 'The Boy and the Pig when the Kings are gone.' The kings are gone, and there appears upon the stage of politics — the Bolshevik!

He is, indeed, no comic interlude. He is the spirit of the grimmest tragedy, and we see the world deeply moved by his activities, but not to laughter. For he represents more than himself, more than the Russia he has wrecked. He is the type and symbol of a great force among us; he is the living exponent of the subversive element in every land; the symbol, if only by exaggeration, of world discontent — and he has many sympathizers in the audience. Nor is he to be driven from the stage by mere disapprobation, as we may have thought. He and the forces which he represents must be considered seriously and studied dispassionately, even scientifically, if we are to see where we stand in this crisis of the world drama.

And, in considering him, let us lay aside all the traditions of our race, all the commandments based on the sanctity of life and property — thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not covet, thou shalt not steal. Let us admit that revolutions are not made with rose water, that omelets are not concocted without breaking eggs, that what is one man's loss is another's gain, with all the other arguments for the use of force in politics. Let us omit the categorical moralities, the doctrines of Christianity, the principles of law and equity, the precepts of order and of peace, the standards of civilized society, and meet Bolshevism on its chosen ground.

What are the facts? The first and most important, when he came on the stage, was disorder. And if the thing is good, we cannot complain of that. Democracy is the child of revolution; our own liberty was obtained by force; and we long ago agreed that, if men's grievances seemed to them unendurable, they had the right to rise in arms — and die. We must not forget Cromwell, the Jacobins, and the Sons of Liberty. Nor must we forget that the established

order has the right, and the duty, to defend itself; that men cannot properly appeal for protection to laws which they repudiate, or hide behind a system which they would destroy.

Force, then, is not an argument. We must seek another test, to see whether this world discontent is merely that oldest, most dishonorable of political alliances, — the leadership of knaves, the following of fools, — or whether it has true political substance. Are these new foes of organized society, like Tartars or Huns, incapable of constructive statesmanship; or, as they claim, like Franks and Saxons, the heralds of a freer age? Let us forget the ruin they have wrought, and see what they propose.

For now that they have established themselves in power, it is fitting to recall their earlier promises and programme, since they committed themselves to a constitution. It began, not 'We, the people,' but 'We, the proletariat'; it rested chiefly on economics, not on politics, as that word was once understood. It based itself upon two fundamental elements, labor and land; and on one principle, that of equality of condition. There was to be but one class, the proletariat; there was to be neither wealth, nor poverty, nor idleness, for capital was to be distributed and profit forbidden, and everyone was to work. The state was to possess all natural resources, and provide pensions for incapacitated individuals, insurance against every accident of life, and education suited to a primitive society. In place of an army, all men were to have arms; for diplomatic service there would be no need when once the international brotherhood of workers was supreme. Finally, government was to be carried on by 'Soviets,' or councils of workingmen, soldiers, and peasants, with a Central Soviet; but until the triumph of the cause was assured, a 'proletarian dictatorship' was to be supreme.

Such was the Utopia of the boy and the pig when the kings were gone; such the new tablets of the law, handed down from the thunders of the Russian revolutionary Sinai to the Moses — and Aaron — of the newly chosen race. It has been easy for economists and political scientists to reveal its weaknesses; it has been easier still to point to its failure to meet its promises and to square with the terrible realities of a starving people. Yet it cannot be denied that Bolshevism represents, in whatever distorted fashion, a widespread sentiment in modern life.

For, apart from the activities of 'radical' agitators; the 'boring-in' or 'infiltration' of such elements into our labor organizations; the increasing demands and decreasing output of labor; the insistence on government ownership and interference; and the often apparently senseless strikes, we have a whole series of programmes. There is the programme of the Communist International — to 'conquer and destroy the bourgeois parliamentary state,' by 'workers' revolution' and by strikes, not to redress specific grievances, but as a political weapon. There is the programme of the Spanish and Italian syndicalists — to put the machinery of production in the hands of the workers, which has been and is being tried. There is the programme of the British Labor Party, which proposes to secure to everyone a 'prescribed minimum of leisure, health, education, and subsistence'; a minimum wage; the obligation of the government to find or provide work for all, and to ensure against unemployment; the elimination of private ownership; the centralizing and control, even the rationing, of food and raw materials; the standardization of prices; the nationalization, in short, of all resources, and virtually of all human

activities — a paternalism beyond all previous experience, stimulated, if not inspired, no doubt, by the example of government activities in the war.

In this country we have the 'Plumb plan' for railway ownership and management — joint control by employees, public, and capital, the profits accruing to the employees, the financing to the government. We have the 'North Dakota experiment' — state banking, warehousing, financing, marketing, and insurance. We have heard from high places demands for 'direct action,' a plea for referendum and recall; and we have seen something of that policy in action. We experience day by day plans for state or municipal control, or ownership, or management, of enterprises of every conceivable character, and in every form, from city water-systems to city Christmas-trees.

And we have, finally, Part XIII of the Treaty of Versailles, whose preamble is the Socialist confession of faith, and whose articles embody machinery to put it into effect. And had some of the six million words wasted by the Senate of the United States on Article X, Part I, of that treaty, been devoted to this tremendous innovation in diplomacy, we might have been better informed on the chief feature of the world in which we live. For we are not dealing with remote, intangible ideals, nor with sporadic phenomena, but with world-wide, if not world-organized, sentiments and practices. We face one of those efforts, common in history, to shift the bases of politics and society; and we cannot dismiss it, as so many do, with the contemptuous epithet of 'Bolshevism.'

II

It is primarily the child of industry. A century and a half of power and machinery has revolutionized the material basis of human life. Like bacteria in a favorable medium, mankind has increased enormously in this industrial society; and, at the same time, improved communication and machinery of exchange have affected almost every field of human endeavor. The circle has grown from year to year, — more to produce, more to consume, more to produce again, — and some profess to find the remedy in increased production! And this increase of population and of wealth — and poverty — through industrialism has brought with it our great social problem. It has divided employer and employee by the 'nexus' of wages; it has brought into higher relief the contrast between wealth and poverty. It has above all, perhaps, produced a class with nothing but its muscles to sell; which has, and largely desires, nothing of land or of animals, relying wholly for existence on the 'job,' the fluctuating chances of daily labor, which, in turn, depends upon the skill of the employing 'capitalist' to meet the daily risks, the altering market, the ever-varying conditions which produce his 'profit.' In some measure this has affected the agriculturist as well; for improved communication and financial expedients bring him into the world-market, both for good and ill.

In consequence, life has become far less stable than it was, and far less secure. There is, in this industrial society, no longer even that slender assurance of food and shelter and clothing which the peasant had. Men are subject to the action of forces over which they have even less control than over the soil and elements. They turn, instinctively, to some power greater than themselves to stabilize their lives, to bring about something of that older assurance, to relieve their terrible uncertainty.

Thought followed this development. A group of theories — socialist, communist, anarchist, international — appeared, based on the assumption that

the situation was the creation of an 'exploiting' class, to which the evils of society were due. They personified this situation with the epithet of 'capital'; they identified this development with the 'middle class'; they preached the doctrine of 'class war,' of the elimination or distribution of this 'capital,' and the extermination or reduction to a common level of its owners, the 'bourgeoisie,' and the dictatorship of the workers, or 'proletariat.' Many have come to believe that Saint-Simon was right: that the chief business of society is to care for its weakest members. And for many more, not even the rapid, continuous, natural redistribution of wealth, nor the activities of political democracy, have gone fast enough to produce that equality of condition which these schools demand.

Such views have so far failed to convince the great majority of men. They have, indeed, failed to crystallize into a system; much less, like democracy, to set up a new form of government. They are as yet but disembodied spirits, still at war with each other. We hear of 'Communist-Anarchist' parties, though their component elements are far as the poles apart in theory; and even of 'Social-Democratic' capitalists — and Marx must turn uneasily in his grave! But they are one in common opposition to society; and in a hundred ways they seek to overthrow the present system.

We hear especially that Labor, 'owing to its peculiar situation, must have rights beyond those of other classes.' It is a logical development. There was a time when men spoke of the rank or state to which 'God had called' this man or that. There was once a doctrine of the divine right of kings. More recently a 'captain of industry' infuriated his fellow countrymen by declaring that 'Providence entrusted' him and his kind with wealth. And it is evident that the oracle is to be worked again, since Labor puts forth its claims to rights denied to other men. If we admit those earlier rights, we must admit this one. But who admitted them? They are among the wrecks of history.

Yet this demand has more behind it than mere rhetoric. It assumes that men are wholly dependent on machinery, and live by sufferance of those who handle it; that it is possible to control government through industry, since other classes are too few, too feeble, and too ignorant, to dispense with these new masters of society. This 'syndicalism,' says a recent philosopher, 'is the voice of the failure of something.' To him, it is the voice of the failure of Socialism to gain political power. To others, it is the voice of the failure of the forces of order to keep peace; or of classes or individuals to attain wealth or power under the present system, and their consequent appeal to force; or the failure of government to meet the needs of an altering society; or the failure of society itself. But, whatever the fact, it is apparent that we have to do, not merely with force and anarchy, but with an effort to shift the mastery of society, and the alteration, if not of the form, at least of the function of government.

Such a programme is due in some measure to the present mechanistic philosophy of the world, and its impersonality. We have to do with corporations, huge, superhuman, often immortal creatures; and, on the other hand, with masses, whose simple and monotonous occupation makes machines of men who tend machines. Thus men conceive of government, or society, as a huge corporation or machine, which functions of itself; and they imagine that mere change of mastery would effect the purification of society. They fall into the error of confusing the 'middle class' with its product, capital, as men once confused money with wealth.

Most of these programmes of reform,

like all their predecessors, advocate simplicity. But we cannot all join communistic agricultural societies, however Arcadian, without destroying civilization as we know it. We cannot divide our goods after the manner of a peasants' revolt — so much land, so many cattle, so many instruments of husbandry, to each family. There is no remedy for us in the boy and the pig, though the kings are gone. We have to deal not with simplicities but with complexities. Nor does a dictatorship, even of the proletariat, nor that class government we fought to eliminate from politics, meet the case; for, whatever the future may bring forth, proletarianism has been invariably associated with anarchy and despotism in the past.

And against this there has come the protest of the great majority, which has not accepted the boy and the pig as the answer to the problem. In Germany, the Einwohnerwehr against the Spartacans; in Italy, the Fascisti against the Communists; in France and Belgium, the bourgeois governments and people against the proletarians; in England, the 'public' against the general strike, have revealed determination and intelligence and fighting qualities quite unsuspected by the subversives. They seem to prefer the evils of Capitalism, which they know, to the blessings of Communism, which they do not want. They have entered their caveat against the contention that society is at the mercy of Labor; and have declared for equality of opportunity as against equality of condition.

Yet here, again, force is no argument. There still remains the problem of discontent; the inequality of rewards and the projection of that inequality into succeeding generations; the administration of the sources of industrial wealth; the question of the public weal; and the future of politics. We have to do with the intangibles, — sentiments and emotions, as well as reason and power, — with psychology no less than economics. For who among us has precisely what he thinks is his just reward? 'To each according to his needs and his abilities,' said Louis Blanc. But how about his just deserts as he conceives them, and his desires; and who shall be the judge? Are the rewards of life the price of its necessities, or its comforts, or its luxuries — or are they tangible at all? We can calculate the costs of labor and of living, profits, loss, production, distribution, price, and wage. But who can calculate or administer content, or happiness, judgment, risk, ambition; who can gauge the pleasure of the game, of voice in one's own destinies? Who can reckon the 'human element,' its hopes and fears, its knowledge and its ignorance, its likes and its dislikes, its weakness and its strength, its greed and its self-sacrifice, its faiths and its suspicions? It is to these conflicting qualities we must appeal.

And in the various programmes of the saviors of society we find some answer to 'what the workers want.' One thing is common to them all. It is security — insurance or, better still, if you like, *assurance*. Whether in Russia or England or North Dakota, essentially what all men desire is some guaranty against the ills and accidents of life — sickness, or injury, or unemployment, or the weather. The second is a no less common desire; it is a greater voice in our own economic destinies. Expressed in so-called Guild Socialism, shop-stewards, share in management, industrial democracy, soviets, it is essentially the same. There is, third, the feeling that the rewards of industry are improperly distributed; that social and political development have, in this respect, fallen behind the progress of commerce and industry; that the concurrent increase of wealth and poverty is incon-

sistent and unjust; that by some fraud the work of the world is done by one class and the profits reaped by another; and, as a corollary, that intellectual pursuits are not laborious or 'productive.' There is a common protest against the 'parasites' of society. Finally, there is widespread desire for that oldest blessing of mankind, — peace with plenty, — and a powerful sentiment in favor of some form of world association to effect it. And most of these reflect the principle of coöperation, as against that of unrestricted competition.

We have, in consequence, three elements arrayed against the present organization of society — the heritage of hate and the dream of a great revenge, of the Anarchist; the ideal of life with little work or none, of inefficient labor; and the vision of the Socialist. And if, as we are told, Capitalism proposes nothing but the continuance of things; if it has no programme but bread and circuses, no remedy but work and charity; if it regards resistance as a policy, it is doomed. Fiercer elements will enlist followers in a campaign of destruction; and moderate men will all turn Socialist, since they will prefer change to stagnation, an advancing standard to a coward's castle.

There is something to be said for the opponents of the present system, and their denunciation of the 'idle rich,' of 'predatory wealth,' of 'swollen fortunes.' We have seen too much of 'the lilies of the field — which are not even beautiful'; of those 'stall-fed cattle of society — not even good for meat.' We have too many among us who do nothing to deserve even the futile lives they lead: too many gamblers; too many profiteers; too much of that insolence of wealth which is the chief recruiting agent of the Bolsheviki; perhaps even too many agencies which connect — or separate — producer and consumer. And these, we all agree, should be curbed or eliminated in so far as possible. They obscure the real contribution to society of capital and its owners, and identify wealth with oppression. Are men, inquires the Socialist, to be allowed unlimited opportunity to amass riches by whatever means, and pass them on to burden the future with an increasing element of intrenched and unproductive wealth? Not if we can prevent it by an inheritance tax!

Yet, on the other hand, it is observed that proletarian dominance is not wholly devoted to sweetness and light; that even under Bolshevism millionaires are bred; and that an aristocracy, with all its faults, is not inferior to a plutocracy, with all its virtues. There is danger that the tendency to 'collect taxes and pay out doles' may pauperize, that the unlimited protection of the weakest will mean the ultimate preponderance of the incapables. If by taxation the fountain of capital is dried up at the source; if the 'energizing' element of society is destroyed by legislation; if we have revolution not by force of arms but by taxation; if everyone is taxed to subsidize everyone — what then?

Such is the issue of the great argument. We all admit the evils of unrestricted Capitalism, and seek to stamp it out. But, apart from the idealizing view of human nature of the Socialist, there seem to be two fallacies in the discussion. The one is the identification of the middle class with capital, which is the product, not the creator, of the bourgeoisie. Destroy or redivide this store of wealth, and the same class which has it will get it again. For Capitalism, like its opponents, is a spirit, not a thing. And the second fallacy derives from the first. There are no longer 'classes' in the older sense, the sense in which Marx wrote. Of all the instabilities of life, wealth is the least stable, and the class possessing it is, of all elements in society, that which

changes the most rapidly and continuously. In their arguments the controversialists seem to have forgotten the first element of business — that of risk.

III

What, then, is the programme of this middle class? In one sense — that of a dogmatic, authoritative formula — it has no programme; for class and programme are alike shifting quantities. Moreover, the Industrial Age is still too young to generalize about it, much less to find a panacea for its ills. We are still in the midst of it; we cannot see the end, nor even what it means, as yet. We can, at best, strive blindly for what seems the better part, from day to day. And yet, confused, illogical, unrelated in its parts, as it must be, we still perceive the gradual emergence of a bourgeois programme.

It has, primarily, three elements — industrial, humanitarian, legislative; and each of these we see in active operation every day. For what are these experiments in profit-sharing, share in management, stock distribution, widespread ownership, but 'industrial democracy'? What are group insurance, workmen's compensation, and the like, but efforts to meet that demand for protection which the bourgeois provide for themselves as individuals? What are the protective agencies of society — sanitation, nurses, hospitals, medical attention; public schools and universities, public libraries, classes, lectures; savings banks, thrift stamps, self-help societies, building and loan associations, 'Morris plan' banks; churches and missions, Y.M.C.A., boys' clubs, settlement work, so-called 'Americanization' in its many forms — what are these but the effort to help men to help themselves, after the fundamental fashion of the middle class? Often misguided, sometimes absurd, they are in the aggregate an imposing and effective force. Directed to what end? To that of raising the proletariat to the rank and standards of the bourgeoisie, in opposition to a programme of sinking all men into a proletariat.

And what of legislation in this scheme? In the 'breakdown of parliamentary government' the Socialist perceives the downfall of this middle-class society. It is a real danger. The qualities and activities which bring men into representative assemblies are not those which necessarily fit them for intelligent settlement of social and industrial problems, or the scarcely less technical questions of foreign relationships. There is the desire for popularity, which breeds cowardice; the pressure of party; the concession to mere numbers or, worse still, to active, organized minorities; there are the demagogues. These are real evils, as we know too well.

Yet men are slow to reject an instrument they know for one wholly untried and inexperienced. They prefer to supplement and reinforce, or modify, existing agencies. Thus they have created commissions of experts, to prepare laws for ratification by political representatives. They have created unofficial conferences of those immediately concerned with the affairs in hand. Chambers of commerce — city, state, and national; meetings of all sorts of bodies, sometimes by industries or vocations, sometimes by representatives of all interests concerned, — and labor not the least, — have brought into existence 'economic legislatures,' bureaus, and conferences, to supplement and direct the activities of legislative bodies. For men do not yet believe that the soviet principle of representation by occupation solves the problem of government.

We seem, in fact, to be coming to differentiation of function between two organs of society. This divorces politics from life, and makes the parliamentary

system unreal and impotent. It presages the ultimate extinction of this creation of democracy, for mere registering bodies atrophy in time. It may be so, but it seems neither imminent nor inevitable, since change of function need not mean extinction. The choice of rulers is the fundamental problem of all forms of government; for better results we must have better men. But it is far from clear that an assembly of representatives of classes or interests, as such, would be better; much less that the boy and the pig, who seize the stage, offer a fairer prospect than we have.

What, then, is the issue between the bourgeoisie and the proletarians, contending for support from that indeterminate middle of the great majority whose adhesion will decide the case? Both sides admit the great desirability, even the necessity, of altering the present system. But one would end it and begin again; the other seeks, not a panacea, but remedies for specific grievances. One desires, the other denies, the substitution of equality of condition for equality of opportunity. One seeks unity in uniformity, the other unity in diversity. One looks to dictatorship, whether of class or 'state'; the other holds to democratic liberty. Each proposes greater scope for Labor's share in industry, and greater security; but one would accomplish this by public, the other by non-public agencies. Each admits the evils of unrestricted and irresponsible Capitalism; but one would mend, the other end, the capitalistic system. Finally, each desires some guaranties for peace and world association. One clings to a world-league, of workers in particular; the other seeks disarmament, and specific agreements among governments to that end.

Meanwhile the Bolsheviki approach Thermidor; and, whether by coup d'état or by peaceful substitution of more moderate elements, the boy and the pig will disappear, or be transformed before our eyes. Meanwhile, we see in the land where industrialism took its rise another phase of that great movement, the threat of Labor dominance, which may determine its future, — or its fate, — and provide an object-lesson in Capitalism *versus* Communism even beyond that of Russia. We see conservative reaction everywhere as the natural, if temporary, result of radical activities. Each is a passing phase. The great controversy will go on, for it is rooted deep in human nature — as deep as hope and fear. There will always be two elements, one believing, the other disbelieving that the whole is greater than the sum of the parts, that masses will rise to greater heights than individuals, that the 'state' should be paternal, and that it is possible to substitute for private interest a sense of public service as a motive of action.

And yet, in so far as the bourgeois programme is pragmatic and not dogmatic; experimental, not dictatorial; fluid, not fixed; evolutionary, not revolutionary; regarding society as an organism, not a machine; bound to no infallible remedy or sacred shibboleth or rigid formula; in so far, it seems more in accord with human nature and likely to prevail. But that involves two things: first, that it will, in accordance with its character, be modified; and second, that, as in our own country, the proletariat be not continually reinforced by lower and still lower elements, which make the task of raising the standards of life impossible. 'The abolition of property is demanded,' wrote Mazzini many years ago; 'but you need no confutation of the error of those who in the name of liberty wish to found anarchy and abolish society. . . . It is a wicked dream. You can find no remedy in any arbitrary general organization which contradicts the universally adopted basis of civil existence. . . . You will

not have things better unless you are better yourselves.' Such is the bourgeois faith, distrustful of mass miracles.

It seems, in brief, that some sort of a compromise between the Individualists and the Socialists is inevitable. The controversy seems likely to result, if not in a draw, at least in a moral victory for each side. We have admitted in practice, if not in theory, that there are some things which can be done better by an autocracy than by a democracy. No army which resolves itself into a debating society is likely to prevail over one directed by a leader of even the slightest competence. Yet this does not mean that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall perish from the earth.

So here; for, on the one hand, it is tolerably apparent that even the most pronounced Individualist would admit that some things, like the postal system, for instance, can be better done by co-operation than by competition; that we are not likely to revert to that stage of civilization in which each individual attended to the delivery of his own letters by his own messengers. It seems no less apparent that even the most advanced Socialist would not long remain a spectator at, let us say, — if such a thing were possible, — a coöperative baseball game, or take pleasure in a portrait painted by a community.

That does not mean the contest between Socialism and Individualism, between competition and coöperation, will not go on; but that the ground of the argument will be narrowed. Men will continue to contend in what fields and to what an extent their respective ideals should prevail. It seems probable that, as Emerson once observed in a very different connection, we shall descend to meet: that the most common routine or, if you like, the lower forms of production may fall to Socialism; the higher, more specialized, the more 'artistic' or 'energizing,' to Individualism; and some will be divided between the two.

We have already seen something of this. Laying aside the various experiments in municipal ownership and government control, witness the persistence of the 'specialty shop' in the very shadow of the great department store; the individual mechanic prospering just outside the gates of the great factories; the 'independent' competing with the trust; the tailors unterrified by the clothing manufacturers. And, in a different plane, we have the 'chain stores' combining quantity merchandising with individual store-managers having a stake in the business; while the growing dispersal of stockholding in corporations, and the consequent increasing publicity of the details of their management — so-called 'community ownership' — seem to indicate another and no less fruitful development in the great Individualist-Socialist controversy.

The way will, no doubt, be long and hard; and each step contested. But we are still young in industrialism. It seems apparent that the development which began with state or guild control, turned to laissez faire, and proceeded to factory acts and government supervision, or even management, need not prove inevitable either that complete individualism for which some contend, nor yet that complete socialization which others demand. Differentiation, compromise, combination between the two seems far more probable.

Always assuming that we do not first fall into the power of Marx's dogma; and 'the proletariat use its political supremacy to wrest all capital from the bourgeoisie, to centralize all instruments of production in the hands of the state — that is, of the proletariat organized as a ruling class.' In that event we shall only have new masters, not a solution of the great problem.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

WHO KILLED THE CHAPERON?

A WRITER in the April *Atlantic*, in lamenting the passing of the chaperon, proves that he has 'kept up' with the modern generation. I, as one of that much discussed generation, am grateful to him for putting aside the question of morals. Because not everyone is able to draw the line between morals and manners. We — I am speaking for myself and for the 'young people' I know, and we flatter ourselves we are fairly typical — we resent being told that our morals have gone, because we consider it a proof of morals that a chaperon is unnecessary.

But we have to admit that we do lack manners. It 's not that we mean to be rude — it 's just that, among ourselves, the war and the business of modern life have made us go straight to the point without 'little touches and attentions.' We understand each other perfectly, and we are not a bit sensitive. At a dance, if a girl is not popular, no one considers it his duty to make her so; she does not resent being ignored; she takes care of herself, or stops going to dances. So, when we are with older people, we simply forget that they are not used to our lunch-counter ways. In fact, we are apt to forget that older people exist.

I have visited families which are 'old-fashioned,' and the quiet consideration and — yes — refinement of the girls and boys of my own age are equal to any other generation's manners. There are loads of 'young people' who combine frankness among themselves with a consideration and a real liking for older people. They are the ones who pay attention to the lonely chaperons. And they are quite as popular as the other kind. We are n't a generation that does n't appreciate manners. We just forget them. And why?

Well, I think manners are usually supposed to be the result of the way one is 'brought up.' It certainly seems a little unfair to throw the responsibility upon the older generation for a lack which they deplore in us. But how have we been brought up?

We are certainly instructed in table-manners and in the rules of 'please' and 'thank you.' Then, at the age of sixteen or thereabouts, when the time would be ripe for us to learn the ideals and standards and refinements of the older generation, we are sent to boarding-school. The principle which our elders apply is 'Youth to youth.' They are more indulgent, more open-minded, and far more sensible than the strict parents of years ago. They are convinced that a parent's duty is not to 'influence' his child, but to expose the child to good influences and let him develop along his own lines. So we go to boarding-school. What happens there?

Imagine a lot of healthy girls, from the ages of fifteen to nineteen, grouped together in an informal pleasant atmosphere, with a few elderly people to keep guard over them. They are full of life. They enjoy it. They have their own student government, their own dramatics. They live in a world made for youth, where only their 'own affairs' interest them. What wonder they forget that there are sensitive people, elderly people, people who have suffered? Manners are nothing more or less than consideration for others; refinement

consists of a sensitiveness for others. We are young barbarians when we are at boarding-school, and we learn to acquire poise among a society whose motto is 'every man for himself.' At the most, we can only pity those who have not lived through our own struggles and shared our own fun.

I do not blame boarding-schools for our lack of manners, entirely. Boarding-schools are convenient, and certainly prepare their students for the bangs and whacks of life. And there are plenty of young people who have not been to boarding-school who still lack that refinement which I have noticed in some of my friends.

But I know that those of my friends who are considerate, sympathetic, refined, and a little less crude than the rest of us, are those who, through accident rather than intention, have come into contact with their parents and the 'elderly people.' Perhaps they have not gone to boarding-school, camp, college, or 'come out' in a society of young people. Perhaps sickness or poverty or isolation has kept them from turning their homes into hotels in the summer and their parents into kind but intangible guardian angels. Perhaps, after college, they have not 'worked in New York,' or married, but have found that a need for them existed at home.

With the rest of us it is different. We are busy with ourselves. We have been ready to take responsibility and interest, but the 'elderly people' have not shared it with us, because they respect our youth; so we have found it elsewhere. In 'the good old days' the line between young and old was not so sharp. The young worked with, and learned from, the old.

'When I was your age,' said Aunt Elsie to her flapper daughter, 'I was cooking for our whole family.' Yet Aunt Elsie would treat it as a joke if Cousin Mary were to leave her physical-training school to stay at home and cook. And if Cousin Mary were asked to spend a vacation on a house party, Aunt Elsie would hate to suggest her staying at home. But it is possible that Mary would enjoy the thought that she was needed, and it might give her a chance to learn that Aunt Elsie is not so far behind the times as she may seem. Is Mary to pick up manners from the rest of us?

We don't mind things as they are. We enjoy ourselves; we don't miss refinement. At fifteen we would have liked to enter into our families' responsibilities, and to meet our mothers' friends; now we don't miss them, and we get along very well. But, of course, since we have lived among ourselves so long, there is no point to a chaperon. A chaperon is the last link between us and the elder generation. We hardly understand her; we pity her, she seems so bored and bewildered among us. She *is* passing, and we young people are letting her pass. We have forgotten her, as we have forgotten manners.

Who is responsible? I think I have shown the system in modern life which keeps us from appreciating the chaperon — the chaperon, a symbol of the connection between young and old. And there are advantages to boarding-schools and camps and débutantes and colleges and house parties and all the other things that keep us away from the older generation. Yet I think it is these things which have made us forget the older generation. If the older generation regrets being forgotten, perhaps they should remember us before we are snatched away. A little responsibility thrust upon us; a little contact with people wiser than we, but still sympathetic; a little need for us to consider the trouble which the chaperon undertakes for our benefit, is all we need. And who could give that to us except our own fathers, mothers,

aunts, and uncles, who think we are still the children they sent away?

A YOUNG BARBARIAN.[1]

MOUNTAIN MANIA

I MAY as well admit at the outset that I climb mountains myself. I spent the summer in a community in the White Mountains where one was considered hardly respectable unless on every brisk day one dressed up like a pirate and went steaming off up a peak; and I admit that I steamed with the best of them. I wore a flannel shirt that could hold its own against any. No khaki trousers in the neighborhood were more variously spotted, more quaintly discolored, than mine. No tin cup jangled more loudly at any hip than did mine. No sneakers, once white, took on more exactly the sombre hue of the mountain trails up which they twinkled. No one devoured dry sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs with more gusto.

But to everybody who climbs there comes at last a moment of introspection and doubt. That moment came to me one night when I was camping, without shelter, high on a mountain slope, and when, at about 2 A.M., I felt a first drop of rain on my nose. That drop of rain quickened my torpid brain; the events of the preceding hours passed in review and I asked myself, 'Why do we climb mountains?'

I had ascended that mountain the previous afternoon, bent double under the weight of a pack that, in any civilized place, under any normal circumstances, I should n't dream of carrying, if I could hire a porter or an express company to carry it for me. If any employer had paid me, for any useful purpose, to fume and struggle as I did on that climb, and the Consumers League had caught him at it, we should have heard a lot about a new sweated industry. When I arrived at my destination, I built a fire which for cooking purposes was practically worthless. On that fire I cooked what I was pleased to call a meal. I am convinced that if that meal had been set before me in any restaurant, at the first mouthful I should have risen from my seat and walked resolutely from the room. The doctors and the Life Extension Institute and similar organizations spend thousands of dollars every year trying to educate the public not to eat the sort of meal that I ate on that mountain.

A friend of mine, who is chemically inclined, tells me that he thinks the trouble with that meal was that there were n't any vitamines in it. He explained to me that, if people go without vitamines for a while, they die. I told him his description convinced me that the meal I cooked did n't have a single vitamine in it. He asked me if I thought there were any carbohydrates in it, and I told him that if carbohydrates were any good to eat, I believed we did n't have any. But I admitted that along about midnight I had had an uneasy feeling that a calorie must have got into the soup while I was n't looking.

After supper, I stretched my wearied limbs to rest on a fir-balsam bed of my own manufacture; and I may say that, if any reputable furniture concern were to put on the market a bed which embodied any of the salient characteristics of mine, an enraged public would sweep it out of business in a week. Finally, at 2 A.M., it began to rain. And I asked myself, 'Why do we climb mountains?'

I remembered that the theory had been advanced that mountains are climbed for the sake of solitude. I had heard many voices lifted in praise of the solitude of the mountains. Solitude! At the mere suggestion I laughed a dismal laugh. I was not thinking of the dense crowds of mountaineers whom I

[1] Even to the editor, the anonymity of our contributor is unbroken. It is better so.

was wont to encounter on this peak or that, or of the thrilling moments I had spent on the upper rocks of the mountains, dodging the flying ginger-ale bottles and sandwich boxes of those who had already gained the summit. I was thinking of the devoted attentions of the ambassadors of that great triumvirate, mosquitoes, black flies, and midges, of whom, it has been justly said, the greatest of these is midges. In ordinary society, I said to myself, we can generally at least choose our companions. But in the mountains — Well, I am no snob, but there are some visitors who don't know when to leave. They will not take a hint. No; the solitude hypothesis was a feeble one.

It occurred to me that some persons claimed to go camping in the mountains for the sake of rest. My idea of rest on a mountain, I said to myself, would be to sleep in a spacious four-poster bed, with a roof over me, and at about nine-thirty in the morning to open one eye and say to my faithful valet, 'Meadows, my good fellow, have you warmed the pool and put out my clean clothes for me? Very well, then; now you may describe the sunrise to me. No, I doubt if I shall do any climbing to-day. I may climb out of bed, but I'm not sure.'

Not until I got home from the mountain that night did I discover why it is that we go climbing. Then at last I discovered the secret. It is that only by absolutely depriving ourselves of the comforts of home on the mountains do we learn to enjoy them when we get down. The usual devotee of the mountains, poor wretch, will tell you, as he crawls in under a fifty-pound pack and staggers off up the trail, that the only way really to appreciate the mountains is to go up them. But what I discovered is that the only way really to appreciate the mountains is to come down from them.

That night, when I got home, I found myself in a real house, with a water-tight roof over my head. I began to realize what an ingenious device a house is. Windows, for example, which let in light, let in the view, let in air when we want it, and keep it out when it is too hot or too cold for us — I wanted to congratulate the fellow who invented windows. The house, I found, had a kitchen in it, which I had hitherto seldom visited; and in the kitchen was a stove, which sent the smoke up the chimney, collected the heat for the warming of the food, and kept the rain out of the fire. You may not have realized what a great thing it is to be absolutely sure, when a shower begins, that it won't put out the fire in the kitchen stove. I appreciated the vast superiority of the stove over a stone fireplace where the smoke blows in your eyes wherever you sit, the ashes deposit themselves in a fine rain on the surface of the coffee, and the fire, after you have finally wheedled it into burning, does so most hotly at the opposite end of the fireplace from the miserable receptacle in which the oatmeal is trying to keep comfortably warm.

That night I ate dinner off a table, sitting in a real chair. For comfort and convenience, rocks simply were n't in it with that table and chair. Separate spoons for soup and dessert — why, I could hardly believe it. I slept in a bed, with sheets, and with blankets that tucked in, so that you did n't imperil the whole structure whenever you turned over. And, for that matter, why turn over? The impelling urge that comes from the gradual numbness of a sharp left hip was absent. And pillows! — what an improvement on a knapsack containing a can of condensed milk, a flash light, and half a loaf of bread!

I found myself pausing in rapture before such commonplace objects as a bureau. A contrivance for keeping clothes, — dry clothes, plenty of them,

— all stowed away out of sight and out of the dust, combined with a shelf where one can place a comb and brush, and a lamp: how exquisitely adapted to its manifold purposes! I had always taken bureaus for granted. When I came down from the mountain, the mere presence of a bureau in my room made me feel like a millionaire. I had made a great discovery. This modern civilization, which we hear so much decried, is *great stuff*.

Now that I have learned my lesson, I look with an indulgent eye upon mountain climbers. When morning dawns cool and fair, and I see them plodding forth into the forests, with their tin cups clanking and their drawn faces peering out from under their gigantic rolls of blankets, I wish them well. Sometimes I walk beside them a little distance, until the trail begins to get uncomfortably steep; and then I wave them a jaunty good-bye. They are on their way to the great discovery, I say to myself; and then I walk back to my shady porch, surrounded with mosquito netting; and I sit down, and put my feet up on another chair; and as I comfortably settle myself for the morning, I reflect upon the delights of mountain climbing.

IF CRINOLINE CAME BACK

I HAVE a scrapbook, begun in 1881, to which a page of the current fashions has been added once a year ever since. A rummaging in the garret brought to light old numbers of the *Englishwoman* and *Godey's Lady's Book*, extending back to 1840; so that I have now a continuous record of the prevailing mode of dress for more than eighty years.

To turn the pages and observe the tendency of fashion toward full circle sets one thinking. The dress of to-day is remarkably like that worn in some of the earlier years of the last century. Supposing crinoline in its turn came back again — how much would come back with it? how much would have to go? Would woman, when she exchanged her scanty skirt for the inflated one of sixty years ago, with its yards and yards of material, — I heard one lady boast that hers measured seven yards around the hem, — exchange her stride for the movements of a swan? Would she lay down the tennis racket and hockey stick and take up the croquet mallet? Picture her working in a kitchenette! If she used the street cars, the doors, at least, would have to be enlarged. She could n't push her way through a crowd. In the sixties, on the rare occasions when women were caught in a crush, there were dire consequences, sets of crinoline being found afterward among the wreckage on the streets.

In that dress there could be no rubbing of elbows. Wherever she went, the lady of the crinoline claimed a little island of space for her own. This may account for a certain inaccessible air she had. Except in the matter of outward formalities, I doubt if she was really more difficult of approach than her granddaughters. I speak not altogether at random, for, at the time when she was occupied with her 'beaux,' as she called them, I was just at the right age to carry lovers' messages. As I have so long kept silence, I hope the lady will forgive me for speaking now. But it is not a point upon which she is sensitive. One of her quarrels with modern ways is precisely that beaux have become of so little consequence. She wonders what is the matter with girls nowadays. There is Barbara — not bad-looking at all; 'but she has n't any beaux, and she won't move an eyelash to get them.' Sixty years ago, to be without admirers was looked upon, not as a misfortune, but as a fault; want of beauty was hardly considered a mitigating circumstance. This particular grandmother informs us that she was homely. She does n't

inform us as to the number of her admirers; but even if there were no other way of knowing, there is a manner that lingers to the end, and tells us what women were much sought after in their youth. It must be admitted that it is a manner with a distinction all its own.

Her flirtations were carried on circumspectly. Very sedate she was, this lady of the crinoline. Never for a moment solemn, however; she sang, 'Ring the bell gently, there 's crape on the door,' but she made it sound cheerful, and in the next breath she was singing, 'I 'm Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines' — with a demureness that went far to rob it of vulgarity. Her laughter comes back over half a century as an exceedingly pleasant sound. And she laughed a great deal. It was fitting that 'Happy thought!' should be the favorite slang phrase of the day; though, as far as I can remember, she left slang to young men. Something in the lightheartedness of that generation seems missing from the world now. A grim will-to-pleasure can never fill its place.

My fashion scrapbook reminds me that she dressed in the gayest of colors. There was so much of her dress that, at times, the effect was almost too dazzling. I remember, in particular, a group of callers who paused outside our front door to pat the little girls playing there and ask all about Little New Brother. One was in sky-blue, and it really seemed as if the sky itself had turned inside out and fallen upon our sidewalk. Draped in a festoon over her arms, like a rosy cloud against the blue, was a scarf of magenta, as it was called then, in honor of Napoleon's victory. Call it petunia, cerise, or what you will, a little of it goes a long way, and the other two callers were arrayed *entirely* in this color — dress, burnoose, and coal-scuttle bonnet. It was truly a sight to 'bid the rash gazer wipe his eye.'

It is a pleasant time to recall — yet we would not have it back if we could. We don't want our girls changed — much. We should like, perhaps, to have them borrow a few of the graces of that older day. We should like to see their faces by some miracle acquire the smooth impress of its unhurrying leisure, and at the same time retain the look of competent self-reliance that is the stamp of their own more crowded times.

That look of competency, of readiness for an emergency, never struck me more forcibly than at a morning concert lately, when, in response to the appeal, 'Are there any V.A.D.'s in the audience? There is a fire and help is needed in caring for the injured,' here and there throughout the hall a girl rose quietly and went out. These V.A.D.'s looked as unflustered as did the performers — amateurs, and mostly young girls — who played and sang without a trace of the nervousness that used to make such a concert a pain to sympathetic listeners. More than one of the older women present must have had the same thought: 'This could n't have happened when I was young.'

I try the question upon a circle of intelligent friends: 'Will crinoline ever come into fashion again?' They all make the same answer: 'I will not wear it if it does.'

Three young radicals got together once, and debated why they wore clothes they did n't like, just because everybody else was doing it. Who or what was the bogey called Fashion, anyway? 'L'état, c'est moi: Fashion, that 's us,' one of them voiced the sentiments of all, in a burst of feeling that overrode that other bogey, the rules of grammar. The era of crinoline was past, but it was a time, if ever, when revolt was justifiable. The walking skirt, besides being encumbered by a train, was tied back just above the knees so tightly as to permit only a step of two or three inches at a time. At the last Drawing-

Room, several débutantes, making their curtsey to vice-royalty, had found it impossible to recover an upright position, and aides had been obliged to go to their rescue. But the remembrance of this had been lost in a much more serious disaster. A crowded wharf had broken down, and many of the drownings that followed had been due, it was said, to the helplessness of the women in their 'pull-back skirts.'

The three friends constructed three dresses that should have made walking a pleasure. Why it was a misery instead you can never understand, unless you have known for yourself the expression that tells you you are an object of curiosity and ridicule — a freak. No train, no restricting tapes, can occasion such discomfort to the young as can that embryonic eye in the back of the head that tells when other heads are turned at their passing. She who was loudest in her declaration of independence was first to desert the ranks and creep back to the enemy's camp. The others soon followed, and thenceforward all three kept within moderate distance of the fashions, until old age rendered them inconspicuous in whatever they chose to wear.

For years the return of crinoline has been periodically announced as an imminent danger — a long, low, rakish craft sighted just above the horizon. Let us hope it is one of those troubles that never come. After all the apparent circle may turn out to be a spiral. Fashion's next round will perhaps carry her just far enough upward to escape the peril.

OF SERMONS ONE WOULD WISH TO HAVE PREACHED

Impalpable discourses these are to which I have reference. I am not thinking of the triumph in homiletics once delivered to the pews from that fresh and suggestive text, 'And Ahaz said unto Obadiah.' I would rather, it is true, have preached the nine-word sermon wherewith Sydney Smith once heaped the collection plates of Westminster Abbey for the London poor, than reduce any of my dream admonitions to an actual thirdly and fourthly. But I would rather still have sat in a pew to hear that immortal brevity. I would give something for the rich spiritual luxury of feeling the strings of my selfish, prudent purse loosed by that reasonable challenge: —

'He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord. If you like the security, down with the dust!'

I would give something, too, for the splendid throes of sensation which that dare-devil apoplectic ancient must have felt who rose in gown and bands above the towering headdresses of a whole parish (in the days when headdresses towered two feet, or three), and thundered out his text,

'Let those that are upon the house TOP-KNOT, COME DOWN!'

It would have been a more sumptuous experience even than to have been one of the feminine parishioners who on that occasion

'— some rich anger showed.'

But I have dream-sermons, dear to me, I think, as were St. Elia's shadowy children to him, in the wistful content of his most softly stealing reveries, while the kettle so sweetly simmered on the hob, and Bridget Elia applied her 'gentle lenitive.' One of them is from that darkly glowing text, 'And he went away sorrowful, because he had great possessions.' I have a nebulous sermon, too, against the spiritual egotism of my own most unlovely conscience; it is founded on such congeries of verses as this: —

'Judge not; Be like thy Father; For the rain falls alike on the just and on the unjust; And which of you by taking

thought can add one cubit to the stature of his soul?'

I have a Catholic sermon in my astral chest. It is upon the Real Presence. I keep it in a frame of the imagination that it was once preached by St. Francis. I conceive that he used the 'Inasmuch' text, and, with all the frolicsome slyness of his primeval dialectic, fathered it in snowy innocence upon the councils of the Church. How the Real Presence is perpetual wherever there is a Son, or Daughter, of Man; how thus the Presence indeed is real; how thus it has the Flesh and Blood which is both human and divine.

> The God, the Holy Ghost, the atoning Lord,
> Here in the flesh, *the never yet explored.*

The saint's examples, his illustrations, the tropes and metaphors of his sermon, must have been the gathered beggars and wastrels listening. At the right rhetorical moment they would bloom; the inspiration, blowing where it listeth, would light on their faces, the sanctus bell of the spirit sounding in the belfry of their hearts.

> The bell would ring, the censer swing,
> And solemn chants resound between.

I have two sermons from the Psalms: one upon the man who 'hath not sat in the seat of the scornful.'

The other is such a sermon as I used to pant for in the wistful season of youth, before timid nature in us dares to expect the blisses of the incomparable thirties and forties. At the five o'clock service in a little church now vanished, whose place in the marshy meadow is usurped by willows and muskrats, I used to hear sermons; and in me, and in all young creatures who heard them, arose the wonder — why does the minister always *console?* It was then, in those rich August sundowns, that I collected my anthology of dancing verses from the poetical works of him who danced before the Ark: such as 'Sing we merrily . . . make a cheerful noise . . . blow up the trumpet in the new moon'; or 'The singers go before, the minstrels follow after; in the midst are the damsels playing on the timbrels.'

THE FOOD OF THE POETS

In these days, when we study diet so carefully and suspect food of determining character, there is wisdom in considering the menus of the older poets, that we may gather a hint or two about dynamic nourishment for a new race of poets. Pleasantly we turn back to the Golden Age, when shepherds contended in song beside a streamlet where

> . . . poplar and elm
> Showed aisles of pleasant shadow, greenly roofed.

When Thyrsis sang to the goatherd in the first idyll of Theocritus, the entranced listener breathed this prayer: —

> Filled may thy fair mouth be with honey, Thyrsis, and filled with honeycomb; and the sweet dried fig mayst thou eat of Ægilus, for thou vanquishest the cicada in song! Lo, here is thy cup; see, my friend, of how pleasant a savour! Thou wilt think it has been dipped in the wellspring of the hours.

Pastoral tradition has lingered late; we have many echoes in Elizabethan England of the poet's enjoyment of cheese and milk, honey, wild olives, pears, plums, apples, roasted chestnuts, and country wine. From such feasting does the purest lyric poetry flow.

As for Shakespeare, he ate venison pasties and drank — happy augury — canary wine. Was it remembrance that dictated Titania's command that, to make Bottom like an airy spirit go, the fairies should

> Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
> With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
> The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees.

Herrick, most gentle and deft of lyric artists, was quite explicit about his daily life: —

A hen
I keep, which, creaking day by day,
Tells when
She goes her long white egg to lay.

In a 'Thanksgiving' he said: —

Lord, I confess too, when I dine,
The pulse is thine,
And all those other bits that be
There placed by thee;
The worts, the purslane, and the mess
Of water cress,
Which of thy kindness thou hast sent;
And my content
Makes those, and my beloved beet,
To be more sweet.
'T is thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth,
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink.

The Cavalier Poets *ate* little, to judge from the testimony about them; their ways were certainly open to Amendment. After them came the age of those who did

sometimes counsel take — and sometimes tea.

The critics have praised the liquid note of Burns, but they have commented too exclusively upon a single source. Let us remember that the best of the lyrics were written in the days when Burns was forced by poverty to partake most frequently of

The soupe their only hawkie does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood.

In the nineteenth century, the most memorable suggestion is from Coleridge: —

For he on honey-dew hath fed
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

But to acquire this celestial drink, one would have to traverse the Milky Way every morning, and probably pay a luxury tax upon return.

What did Coleridge himself enjoy as food? Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journal* gives us occasional items about the 'plain living' he shared with them. When Dorothy and William were together at Keswick, in 1794, Dorothy said: 'We find our own food: our breakfast and supper are of milk, but our dinner chiefly of potatoes, and we drink no tea.' At Grasmere, at the height of Wordsworth's poetic inspiration, they had peas, kidney beans, 'spinnach,' eggs, and cream.

Shelley was, on principle, a vegetarian; Byron, so gossip said, had a diet of rice and vinegar. In the year 1813 he took six biscuit a day and tea.

For Robert Browning one thinks inevitably of pomegranates, but must be content with less exotic food. He, an admirer of Shelley, was for a time a vegetarian, and wrote to Elizabeth Barrett, in 1845, of having lived 'a couple of years and more on bread and potatoes.' Of the married life of the Brownings we have charming glimpses in Mrs. Browning's *Letters:* 'Miss Boyle comes at night at nine o'clock to catch us at our hot chestnuts and mulled wine, and warm her feet at our fire.' (It is assumed that the feet were poetic.)

The poem by Mr. Yeats which has moved a host of readers to idyllic dreams is authority on our subject: —

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honeybee,
And live alone in the bee-lov'd glade.

Since writing the above, we have had a lyric poet as guest at luncheon. When we sat down at the table, I was pleased to observe that our hostess, herself a poet, had included among the offerings to the singer a glass of creamy milk and a jar of liquid golden honey. This is conclusive.

WHAT IS IN BLUEBEARD'S CHAMBER?

THERE are people whom one sometimes meets on the street who, when they nod a recognition, or (if they belong to the un-hatpinned sex) take off their hats, seem at the moment of greeting to open wide a hospitable door, and to be saying in a smile without words, 'I know you have n't time to-day to come into the house where my personality lives; but at least I want you to understand that, for *you*, the latch-string is always out.'

More familiar, alas, than this unspoken greeting, is the grudging sign of recognition bestowed upon us by certain of our acquaintance, as if the personality hidden inside the house of flesh and blood were peeking distrustfully through the windows of the eyes, instead of opening a smiling door of welcome; and that, by the lowering of eyelids, the shades had been hastily pulled down, lest a passer-by might think one's personality too accessible.

The policy of the open door, as symbolized by lips parted in a hospitable smile, has suggested to me a harmless diversion which perhaps others who are interested in human nature may like to share. It consists in going over a list of my acquaintances, and deciding just how much of the house of Individuality they throw open.

There are certain New Englanders — and others — who seem always to leave us in the outer vestibule of their good graces; and although they occasionally permit us to 'be seated' in the reception-rooms of their minds, we are almost never invited to the intimacy of a heart-to-heart talk before the fire of real friendliness. But these inexpressive, yet perfectly well-intentioned, natures should not be confused with genuinely inhospitable persons who, from behind shuttered casements on the top floor of their own superiority, glower at all who venture beyond the 'No Admittance' signs that appear on every hand.

Of course, we all know the delightful type of person who, with great cordiality of manner, rushes to her front door — metaphorically speaking — and invites us to come in and have a chat. Immediately we find ourselves sitting on her pleasant piazza, with chairs pulled up to a cozy neighborliness, and, before we know it, her sympathy of manner beguiles us into talking about ourselves, or about impersonal matters — but never about herself. The conversation does not flag; we leave her with a warm hand-clasp, and a pleasant flow of friendliness surges around our hearts. It is only when we go down the steps that we realize that we have not crossed the threshold of her personality.

Then we all know and admire that best type of the Woman of the World, whose conventionally perfect manners make you feel that you are being received in a drawing-room, tastefully and luxuriously furnished, where the right thing is always said, and the correct thing is always done. This hostess never takes you into a less formal apartment, yet her gracious bearing does not allow you to feel that she is holding you off. A sense of the social fitness of things governs her actions. The salon is the room for social intercourse, and more domestic doors are closed. The conversational coinage used by hostess and guest is the same, and neither party gains or loses by the exchange of mutual confidences which are only skin-deep. Perhaps sometimes her well-modulated voice drops to a less formal pitch, and a soft silken portière seems to swing gently aside, revealing a vista of an inner room, with books and photographs, and other symbols of the daily life of this finished hostess.

Then there are other persons with whom we may be no more intimate,

who — when they see us approaching the house of their ego — fling open all visible doors, welcome us in, light a fire in the cozy sitting-room, turn switches that illuminate the entire house, and, with truly Spanish hospitality, make us feel that the mansion and everything in it is ours. Yet even here we are conscious that there are hidden doors.

Of course, in all personalities there are attics and cellars, filled with private relics and personal rubbish — storerooms of memories, where angels, fools, and even intimate friends should fear to tread. The Skeleton in the Closet is apt to be a family skeleton, whose presence is recognized, and whose precincts are visited and dusted out from time to time by the relatives of the deceased. And if we sometimes, as privileged friends, come down from someone else's attic, or up from someone else's cellar, we feel a little like housebreakers, even if we have been admitted by the key of a confiding member of the family.

But there is still — thank Heaven for it! — one small locked door in the centre of every personality, and to that Bluebeard's Chamber the key should never be given, although the room is not necessarily decorated with one's dead wives, nor even inevitably paved with good intentions. If a psychoanalyst should get hold of this key, he should obtain it only over the hypnotized body of poor Bluebeard, who certainly has a right to this one small closet of absolute privacy. For in this chamber one does not put away one's treasures or one's trash — it contains no cherished memories, no lost illusions, no broken ideals. Behind that black curtain of mystery lies hidden the answer to the riddle of each individual life; perhaps it has to do with a twist of temperament, a handicap of heredity, a circumstance — fortunate or calamitous — of environment.

The attempt to guess the riddle of our neighbor's character is one of the chief entertainments of social life; but we are not playing the game fairly if we make use of the key, however obtained, to see if our solution of the mystery be correct. The answer to a riddle is almost always a disappointment; it is the attempt to guess it that is amusing.

In one of Chesterton's books there is a man of mystery who never removes from his face a pair of enormous and perfectly black glasses, which totally conceal his eyes and all the lines of expression around them. It is imagined, from the circumstantial evidence of his other features, that, if his eyes were revealed, the horror of their evil light would blast all who looked upon them. The Chestertonian truth is that, when the man *does* remove his spectacles, they are found to conceal blue eyes of childlike simplicity and innocence!

Does the Bluebeard's Chamber of our neighbor really contain the bodies of his victims? Is it a vault containing sepulchres of whitening bones, over which he malevolently gloats when he is alone? Is his secret room, perchance, hung with mirrors, that he may know himself from every angle, as he stands alone with his own soul? Does he retire to a cold, bleak, barren place, which exists only that people may wonder what it contains and never guess the blighting truth that it is empty?

Does Bluebeard's Chamber, perchance, contain a shrine? Is it a chapel to which he retires for prayer? To these speculations we have no right to know the answer. We have only the eternal pleasure of guessing. But Life gives us a hint, when she reminds us that Human Nature is as much ashamed of its hidden virtues as of its secret vices. So the answer to the riddle of 'What is in Bluebeard's Chamber?' is the same as the answer to the Mad Hatter's famous conundrum, 'Why is a raven like a writing-desk?' — 'I have n't the slightest idea!'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Vernon Kellogg has returned from his mission to Poland under the American Relief Administration to become the executive secretary and chairman of the division of educational relations of the National Research Council, with headquarters in Washington, D. C. His paper, 'Being Born Alike But Different,' and a second on the same theme to appear later are companion-pieces to his essays on Death, printed in the *Atlantic* in 1921. *Atlantic* readers may know that **Ellen N. La Motte** is the author of a book on the *Opium Monopoly*. Of her paper on 'America and the Opium Trade' she assures us that she can quote chapter and verse as to the sources from which she obtained her facts. **Girja Shankar Bajpai** was engaged, with others, in drawing up a report for the League of Nations on the opium question. But he contributes to the *Atlantic's* discussion of the opium trade as an individual, and not as an official. Mr. Bajpai is a graduate of Allahabad University and of Merton College, Oxford, and a member of the Indian Civil Service.

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Our old friend, **James Norman Hall,** sends us some 'adventures of a bookish nature' which he has had in his wanderings in the South Seas. **Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer** is a member of the editorial staff of the *Outlook*. **Lucy Furman's** second paper from the Kentucky mountains throws more light upon the doings of the Quare Women. **Gino Speranza** is a New York lawyer and a Connecticut Yankee born of Italian parents. His 'acquired American conscience' has been stirred by Mrs. Cannon's 'American Misgivings,' and he writes, 'I feel that those of the "New Stock" who have had certain cultural advantages should cast aside all reticence and speak with the utmost frankness. For we too have our misgivings about certain "alien influences" operating disintegratingly on American civilization; and for some of us such misgivings are more heavily burdened with anxiety than those so far made vocal by writers of the "Old Stock."' The poems on Washington and Lincoln were written by a young Polish boy, **Sam Cohen,** in the Americanization School at Washington.

* * *

We have the assurance of the founder of the American Journal of Psychology, the distinguished President-Emeritus of Clark University, **G. Stanley Hall,** that his study in Flapper psychology is based at every point on factual data. **Charles Rumford Walker,** having successfully faced the fires of a steel mill, is now a member of the *Atlantic's* staff. It was to **Amory Hare Cook** that John Masefield wrote the following lines: —

> There was a young girl from Philadelphia
> Who wrote little 'pomes' very well-phia,
> If ever she should die,
> I would lay me down and cry,
> And gloomily toll a little bell-phia.

James Boyd writes us from Southern Pines, North Carolina, that 'Uan' is Irish for a lamb, and of course everyone knows that 'fey' means enchanted or doomed to die. **Henderson Daingerfield Norman,** who was born in Virginia and married to a Kentuckian, is now living in Tacoma, Washington. She is best known by her translation of Rostand's plays. **Carl W. Ackerman** brings to an end, in this number, the exciting story of his share in the negotiations between England and Ireland leading to the formation of the Irish Free State. **Joseph Husband** sails from many ports: in May from Chicago's inland harbor; in June from the Golden Gate.

* * *

Alexander Kaun, to whom we were indebted for 'The Last Days of Leo Tolstoy,' in the March *Atlantic*, gives us this opportunity to print extracts from six letters of Vladimir Korolenko — an indictment of the Bolshevist régime written to Anatoly Vasilyevitch Lunacharsky at the latter's suggestion. Mr. Kaun is a member of the Slavic Department of the University of

California. The notable French publicist, **René La Bruyère,** of the *Journal des Débats*, is the author of *Deux Années de Guerre Navale*, and *Notre Marine Marchande pendant la Guerre*, both crowned by the French Academy. **W. Lee Lewis,** the famous inventor of Lewisite Gas, served as Captain in the Chemical Warfare Service, U.S.A., 1917–1918, and as Major, U.S.R., 1919. From Northwestern University, where he is head of the Department of Chemistry, he sends us an expert's opinion upon gas warfare. **Wilbur Cortez Abbott** is Professor of History in Harvard University, and his published books include the *Expansion of Europe*, brought out in 1917.

* * *

Comments upon Ethel Puffer Howes's paper have come from members of the great and 'much maligned' class of society women, so-called; from the academic circle, and from a pastor, a Reverend shepherdess of souls who testifies that 'women who have chosen some form of public service as their life work, and continue it while raising a family, surely have "all the good things." I know, for I have done it.' Lack of space compels us to print only the following extracts from a lucid criticism.

Dear Atlantic,—

Mrs. Howes's article on 'Accepting the Universe' in the April *Atlantic* is delightfully clear and logical, but it leaves me unsatisfied. For, although I can find no defect in her reasoning when it is studied point by point, there are weaknesses in her argument if judged in toto. The first seems to me her implication that the disabilities she speaks of are true of women only. Disabilities of place and of family cares exist for men as well as for women. A man's business or professional success may demand that he live in Shantung, Quito, or Emporia, Kansas, but he is not free to move if he cannot get the food necessary for his children in Shantung, or if his wife's heart will not stand the altitude of Quito, or if he must stay near an aged mother in Boston. There are household duties, too. The past few years the papers and magazines have been full of the plaints of college professors who could not get in the long hours of concentrated study necessary for success because they had to help their wives with the dishes or the laundry. And good healthy American tradition demands that Candida should not shield her husband from caring for the furnace, or from shoveling the front walk. Just yesterday a man whose scholarship is recognized throughout the United States told me that he wanted to stay at home and work this summer, but his wife and children were going to Colorado and he needed the rent from his town house, so he would go, too.

'So free we seem, so fettered fast we are!' is true of men with and without the genius of Andrea and in a more honorable sense. Disabilities are the stuff of which life is made. But though disabilities keep thousands of men from success, we do not maintain that all men everywhere should give up the effort to attain success.

Then the fathers. In all the talk of the duty, the care, and the responsibility of the mother for her children, there is rarely a hint that this obligation might be shared by the father. Mrs. Howes is quite explicit: 'The father can carry them [the children] like a burden safely stowed away; *he is free to forget them.*' Is one of Candida's duties that of shielding a father from his children? If a husband is to furnish only the shekels while the mother assumes responsibility in every other way, why deny the right of motherhood to those old maids who have a competency sufficient to support a child or two.

Is there any success that can pay a father for not knowing his child? If no amount of success could repay the child for neglect on the part of the mother, how much can make up for neglect on the part of the father? I have been teaching young men and women of college age for ten years and I am convinced that the greatest need of American children to-day is greater care from their fathers, greater feeling of responsibility for the upbringing of the children on the part of the fathers. A child needs a father's guidance just as much as a mother's. It is not a question of a mother's shielding the father and watching over the children while the father — free to forget them — makes name and fame. No. The best in both the father and the mother should go into the care of the children. Then let him who can, make a career for himself 'with equal rights for all and special privileges for none.'

Louise Dudley.

* * *

We take pleasure in announcing the formation of the Club of the Hoodwinked, with headquarters at 14 Oxford Street. All authors who have met the conditions set forth in 'An Anecdote for Authors,' in the April *Atlantic*, are eligible for membership. The Club offers special opportunities for experience meetings. Dues may be made payable by check to Mr. Alan Cooke. We are able to print three letters from charter members. The first one is from the editor of the *Indianapolis News*.

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

Will you kindly convey my respects and sympathy to the author of 'An Anecdote for Authors' in your *Contributors' Club?* I too have a letter from 14 Oxford Street, and also a check bearing the indorsement of Alan Cooke. The 'little boys' and 'sister' were with the gentleman in Indianapolis, but here they visited our art association, instead of being left at the station. The man was charming, and I thought how pleasant it would be to spend an evening with him, after a good dinner. But how I should like to see those 'little boys!' In my case Professor Phelps, rather than Miss Repplier, was, as it were, the common denominator. I too had had a letter, pre-dating the visit by two years, praising a book of mine — the only one I ever wrote! My visitor also had had a very nice letter from me acknowledging the one from him. It seems to me that it should be possible to form an association of the stung, for there must be a large company. If so humble a soul as I, and the author of only one book, was thought worthy of the attentions of such a genius, escape would be impossible in the case of those distinguished writers whose names 'fill the nasal trump of fame.' By all means let us have an association. We might have an address each year from our Founder — the uncle of 'the little boys.'

LOUIS HOWLAND.

The author of the next letter is well known in the scientific world.

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

The confidence gentleman whom your 'contributor' so courteously entreated in the April *Atlantic* is a familiar figure to some of us at the western end of the Boston and Albany Railroad, but I think none of us yet has qualified for the *Contributors' Club.* He is a versatile genius and 'makes up' admirably, for he is not always the elderly litterateur; sometimes he is in the forties and affects the man-of-affairs, at others he is a dilettante in science; but always he commands a most distinguished personal acquaintance and a most extraordinary knowledge of the particular drama he is playing.

The flaw in this jewel is that he tells absolutely the same story no matter the part he is trying to put over — always the same sister and nephews at the Albany station, always the failure to meet the expected brother-in-law, always the embarrassing discovery that they are all penniless.

We are part Dutch and part Scotch over here and while our hearts are warm our integument makes us cautious, and on none of his three appearances that are known to me has anyone been entrapped in his net. There is nothing new to us about this soldier of fortune, for it is certainly five years since the writer had his first delightful chat with him. He works hard for what he gets. Why should not the cognoscenti and the literati who dwell along the Boston and Albany, which seems to be his chosen line, make a drive on behalf of this gentle crook?

X.

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

We 've been very much interested in the 'Anecdote for Authors' in the April *Contributors' Club.* We also were victims (I include my wife, for she fell for him as hard as I did) of the same charming confidence man.

The approach was precisely the same. I got a letter, shortly after *Mary Wollaston* was published, from a Mr. Alan Cooke, 14 Oxford Street, Rochester, New York; not fulsome at all, but distinguished, urbane, and containing a phrase or two of the sort of praise that warms the heart. I answered it gratefully. And then, one February Sunday, just as we were sitting down to lunch, a shy delightful stranger called, a little confused at having come, he feared, at an inconvenient time, but it had n't been in his power to alter that.

He was on his way, with his sister and her two little boys, from Lake Forest to Chicago, and had n't been able to resist dropping off to see me. Especially he wanted to thank me for the nice note I wrote him, acknowledging his letter to me about *Mary Wollaston.* I remembered his letter, a fact which says a good deal for the distinction with which it was written.

From that point on, my narrative is almost word for word the same as your Contributor's. There is one small significant difference. My own two little boys, aged nine and six, were upon the scene, and to us he hinted no weariness of the society of his little nephews. He adored little boys; was going to take his to England with him next summer.

My wife asked him to stop for lunch with us, but he could n't do that. His sister was waiting for him. Then followed the tale, blurted out with humorous embarrassment, of their preposterous shortage of money. They must go on to Cleveland to-night, and they had n't quite enough for the bare carfare, let alone Pullman accommodation and food. I had n't more than two or three dollars in my pocket, but I went next door and borrowed twenty from my father, and, coming back with it, found that my nine-year-old had already risen to the situation as well as he could, having broken into his bank upstairs and produced nine dollars which the overwhelmed Mr. Cooke had pocketed. Ten minutes out of his atmosphere had been enough to waken in me a faint misgiving, but the mere sight of him blew it away. Anyhow, I could n't afford to err on the wrong side, and I gave him the twenty.

I have moments of thinking that so exquisite a

bit of character acting was cheap at twenty-nine dollars; but my wife is doubtless right in maintaining that we could have got more for the same money at the theatres. My nine-year-old — pretty young, I think, to be disillusionized — lives in the hope that, when he goes to England this summer, he 'll find the delightful Mr. Cooke and his two little nephews on the same ship.

HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER.

* * *

When Dean Inge next crosses the Atlantic, as we hope he may, he will find that Democracy, like Boston, is a state of mind in America. This emotional value of the long suffering word is defended, from Charlottesville, Virginia, by Dr. Dillard.

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

Whenever we read such thoughtful words as those of Dean Inge in the March *Atlantic*, I think we should constantly bear in mind the fact that the word Democracy has come to have, and to be used in, at least two well-defined senses. One meaning of the word, which is the strict and correct use and Dean Inge's use, is of course that of a government by the people. In the other sense Democracy refers, as has been often implied, not so much to a form of government as to a state of mind. The word, as we all know, has come to be the terminology for the state of mind which found expression in a much-abused phrase of the Declaration of Independence. It stands for the thought of equality in the sense in which the Declaration must have meant it, that is, equality not of course in gifts or position or personality, but in the fact of common humanity. It says that the aristocratic mind, while it may be benevolent, emphasizes distinctions among men; that the democratic mind, while it knows all the many differences, emphasizes the common equality on the common basis of humanity.

It is evident that this broader use of the word, whether justified or not, contains a deeper thought than the consideration of any special form of government. One can conceive of a King having the democratic mind, or of a President of a Republic having the aristocratic mind. It is this broader use of the word at which Dean Inge hints when he says 'that in America the word Democracy is charged with emotional values which do not really belong to it.' But it is just this emotional value which many consider the highest value in measuring human progress. May it not be Dean Inge's disregard of this which makes him so dubious about the word 'progress'? Some would go so far as to say that the measure of the progress of civilization is based on the spread of the sentiment which tries to find expression in the words 'democratic mind.'

That Dean Inge has little patience with this conception, or at least with this way of using the word, he shows by his allusion to the words of a Boston professor. 'And so,' he writes, 'we find a Boston professor saying: "You cannot separate God and Democracy."' This is the sense in which many have thought and said that Jesus Christ was the greatest of democrats, and that the second great commandment of human brotherhood is the expression of the democratic mind. Nor is this broad use of the word exclusively American. Dean Inge's own countryman, Mr. Chesterton, has frequently used the word Democracy in the broad sense, as for example in the nineteenth chapter of *Heretics*, where he says it is not undemocratic to kick a butler, but it is undemocratic to say one must make allowances for his being a butler.

I am not criticizing Dean Inge's restriction. But the fact remains that the word Democracy is often used in the broader sense.

JAMES H. DILLARD.

* * *

The author of 'Hairy Mary,' in the May *Atlantic* writes from County Down: —

We are quiet in this part of my unhappy country, with rival Free State and Republican armies, fully armed and equipped, at each other's throats, and both united against Ulster who only claims what they themselves clamor for — the right of self-determination; one cannot feel very happy. . . . Added to this there is a Bolshevist party in connection with the Russians, and they murder Protestants and Roman Catholics alike, and set them against each other. Ulster only wants to be left alone. When the Free Staters have established a settled government will be time to consider whether to join them or not, but burning and destroying small Orange Halls, smashing up railways and even goods from Scotland because they were forwarded through Belfast is not the way of conciliation.

* * *

'Let your communication be; Yea, Yea, Nay, Nay,' is not a hard and fast precept for this column; but when the contributor is developing his epistolary thesis, he would do well to pause and count his words and consider how many letters as long as his own can be printed in our four pages.

ATLANTIC SHOP-TALK

THERE is an old story of a woman in London who had seen better days and was reduced by the pressure of circumstances to selling sprats on the streets. She took up her station on the sidewalk, and in the gentlest of voices announced, 'Sprats! Sprats! I hope nobody will hear me!'

Nothing of this sort will do for the Shop-Talker. In the first place, he must be sure that there are no sprats on his trays, only salmon and other fishes of the first water. Then he must speak out loud and clear, in all the confidence of one who knows that his wares are desirable and that he is doing the public a good turn in crying them. Henceforth, then, let the seller of sprats be remembered only as a horrible example.

* * *

This month the Shop-Talker would begin his remarks by reminding all and sundry that the National Education Association will hold one of its colossal meetings in Boston in the first week of July. The admirable programme of topics for discussion has for the general subject, 'Education and the democratic awakening.' One of the sub-topics is defined as 'The criminal inequalities in educational opportunities.' It is on this subject that the Shop-Talker would offer some preliminary observations.

He speaks for the Atlantic Monthly Press in saying that the growing list of educational textbooks is designed primarily to reduce these 'criminal inequalities.' Such titles as *Youth and the New World* and *The Voice of Science in Nineteenth-Century Literature* represent a definite endeavor to bring the spirit of 'the democratic awakening' into the classroom, and the spirit of these two books is to be found in many others on our educational list. It animates also such books as Mr. Yeomans's *Shackled Youth*, dealing more with the tendencies of modern education than with its tools and technique.

But books are best understood in the light of their source; and those who produce them may be expected to do their work more effectively after personal contact with those who use them. Accordingly, we are planning to make the Atlantic office a centre of hospitality for teachers, especially of English, during the sessions of the N.E.A. The visiting teachers and school administrators will not want to leave Boston without seeing the Public Garden. It is to be seen to uncommon advantage from the windows of 8 Arlington Street, and there we propose to set apart certain rooms for the use of N.E.A. delegates, and there the staff of the Atlantic Monthly Press hopes to meet them in considerable numbers. To whatever extent of interest they may be rewarded by making the personal acquaintance of the Atlantic Monthly Press, we are confident that the suggestions and counsels of our visitors will materially further the work we have in hand. The pleasures of talking shop with members of the N.E.A. can by no means be wholly selfish, for the shop of education is theirs even more completely than it is ours, and there is no danger that either a host or a visitor will fall under that condemnation of a bore which defines him as a person who insists upon talking about his affairs when you want to talk about yours.

The Shop-Talker, therefore, transmits most cordially the intelligence that the Atlantic Monthly Press will keep open house for teachers during the N.E.A. convention, and looks forward to encountering many kindred spirits.

* * *

Before leaving the subject of education, the Talker of Shop must let it be known that the Atlantic Monthly Press has recently imported from England copies of the remarkable report on *The Teaching of English in England*, made in 1921 to the Rt. Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, M. P., President of the Board of Education, by the Departmental Committee appointed by him to 'inquire into the position of English in the educational system of England.' The document has already been much discussed in America, but has not been readily accessible to all the teachers and others to whom it should carry its message, recognized wherever it has been received as the most important contribution of recent times to the study of the language and literature of the English-speaking peoples throughout the world. The Atlantic Monthly Press will gladly forward a copy of the pamphlet to any address in the United States on the receipt of fifty cents.

* * *

It is to be hoped that all readers of the *Atlantic* diligently peruse its advertising pages. If they do they will find elsewhere in this issue of the magazine an announcement of the award of prizes in a short-story competition among college and high-school students in classes which use the *Atlantic Monthly* as a textbook. The announcement might well be headed, *Place aux Dames!* All the winners were from the distaff side of the

competition. Any other outcome would have been surprising, if only for the reason that the manuscripts submitted by young women and girls seemed far to outnumber those from young men and boys. May it not be that the expanding feminine mind turns more naturally, let us not say to fiction, but to imagination? If it had been a poetry contest, the Shop-Talker cannot help suspecting that very few boys would have competed at all.

The reader of the announcement will probably notice also the interesting geographical distribution of the prize-winners. In the college group their ports of clearance, though not necessarily their home ports, were, respectively, Columbia, Missouri; Troy, New York; and Aberdeen, South Dakota. The school group happened to be more distinctively eastern, for the winning manuscripts hailed from Brooklyn, New York; Norwalk, Connecticut; and Claremont, New Hampshire. In both groups the stories in the mass represented a most gratifying distribution, for it was literally country-wide.

What does not appear in the announcement the judges are said to have whispered to each other — that when any considerable number of stories came from a single school, the effects of an instructor's influence were clearly visible. This is certainly a point of encouragement for the best possible teaching of English. To the *Atlantic* itself, it was also encouraging to note how obviously the influence of certain contributors and types of contributions was to be traced in some of the stories submitted. It should be added that the influence of the movies was also observable — which is only to say that neither editors nor film producers should take their functions too lightly.

* * *

Mr. A. Edward Newton has recently declared, in a review of Professor Tinker's *Young Boswell* in the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, that all Johnsonians are Boswellians in embryo. 'Their number is constantly increasing,' he remarks, 'and this may be a good time to say that I have often observed that Johnsonians are invariably good fellows.' So indeed they are, and if Mr. Newton's theory of evolution is correct, all the Boswellians are good fellows, too, if only through having been Johnsonians first. When the two companies get together, what praises of fair weather may be expected! Indeed, the Eighteenth Century has a way of making good fellows of all its devotees. To immerse one's self in it is very much like donning a costume of earlier days for a fancy-dress party. You may show through to others as the miserable modern you are; but there are happy moments when you feel as if you were really the person you simulate, or so like him that you could deceive the very elect. Mr. Newton does not discover in Professor Tinker himself any replica of Boswell — and perhaps it is just as well for the continuance of a career of academic usefulness in these pedestrian days of ours. But he does exclaim, 'I hail Professor Tinker as the discoverer of the true Boswell, and I acknowledge him as my leader. Before Boswell there was a lot of trash written about Johnson; before Tinker there was a lot of trash written about Boswell. Now the true James Boswell appears.'

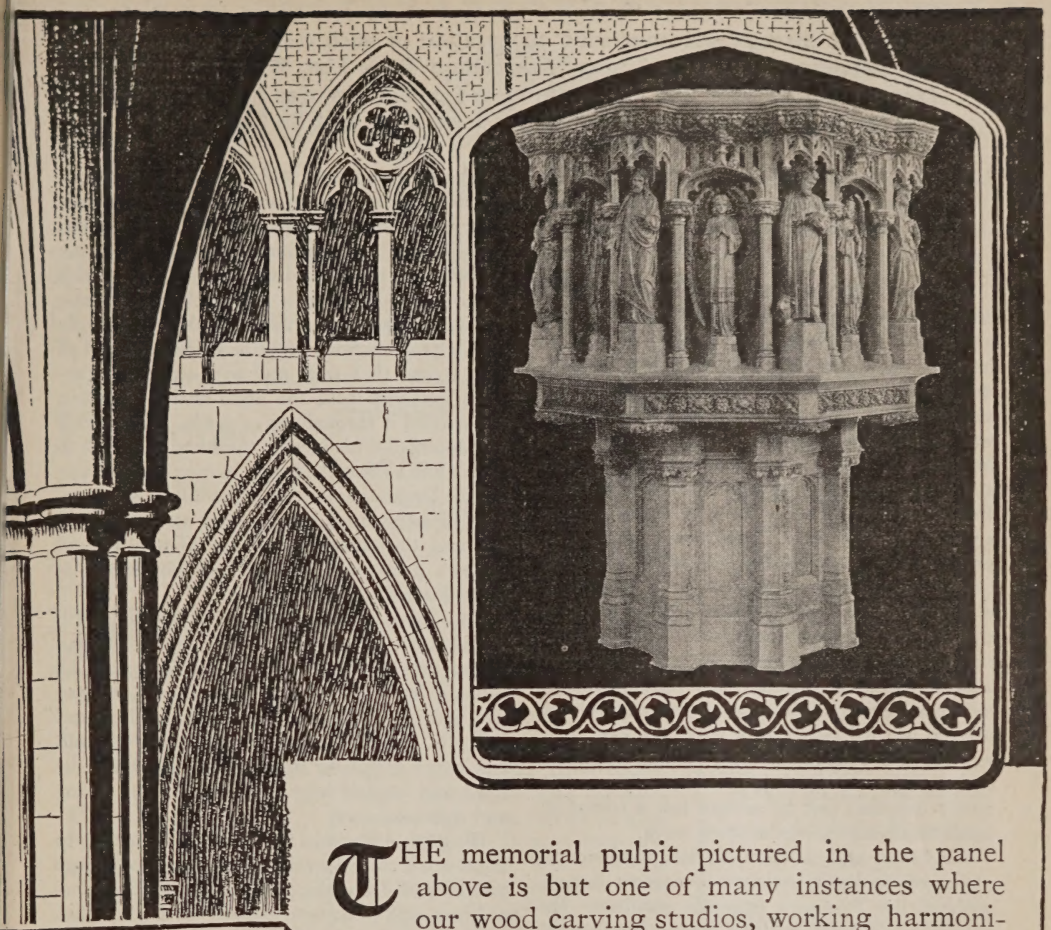
* * *

If any of the more frivolous-minded readers of the *Atlantic* recall such papers as 'My Wife's Address-Book' and 'My Wife's Check-Book' in comparatively recent issues of 'The Contributors' Club,' they will probably take pleasure in a letter which came not long ago to this office — and gave much pleasure here. The correspondent made cheering remarks about the *Atlantic*, referred to the possibility of writing for the 'Contributors' Club,' and proceeded: —

'I wanted to express my sympathy for the man who married the feeble-minded woman, said man writing there about her method of keeping accounts and address-books; suggesting to him that if he was so afflicted it was unkind of him to laugh at her weaknesses, and then going on to suggest some change in the education of the male half of the world so that high-grade morons would not be considered cute and cunning, but rather looked upon as fit material for State institutions. Possibly I felt this matter unduly, because I had just been talking to a clever, beautiful, well-educated girl, still unmarried because she was looking for a clever man, and here was one clever enough to fit into the pages of your revered etcetera, and matched up with something like that!'

To be sure, this letter was followed by another disclaiming any desire to be taken too seriously, and confessing, 'You see if I did n't keep my own accounts and files very much on that same system, it would n't have struck home to me so hard.'

Precisely because these and other papers by the same anonymous author have been found to 'strike home' with many representatives of the 'well-known human race' they have been assembled in a small, illustrated volume, *The Notion-Counter*, which made its spring-like appearance under the auspices of the Atlantic Monthly Press on May 1.



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These reviews of recent books of unusual value are based upon lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Book List, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the staffs of the public libraries in Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, and St. Louis.

Life and Letters of Henry Lee Higginson, by Bliss Perry. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press. 1921. 8vo, xii + 557 pp. Illustrated. $4.00.

PROFESSOR BLISS PERRY'S *Life and Letters of Henry Lee Higginson* is a delightful portrayal of one of the most lovable men Puritan New England has ever produced. Like his father, Higginson was a thorough-going Puritan, with the Calvinistic beliefs left out. Like the Puritans, he was independent, public-spirited, adventurous, bold, full of fight on occasion, and full of the spirit and practice of liberty. He added to these Puritan virtues a lively sense of humor, quick sympathy with human joy or sorrow, and a disposition to do good to fellow men which was more than generous: it was reckless. Even his defects of character and manner often caused in those who had experience of them, not only no condemnation, but actually a closer attachment to him. Thus he sometimes uttered hot words of condemnation or reproof, or drew unjust inferences about persons or their projects, or stood too long by a reprobate, or took foolish risks with his property, or for a cause to which he was sincerely but not wisely devoted; but he seldom lost a friend or made an enemy in any of these ways.

His father and mother and his grandparents possessed the Puritan virtues in eminent degree, without the Puritan's ungentle qualities. He belonged to a large group of Boston kinsfolk, in whom good sense and good feeling abounded, though unevenly distributed; and he felt, and gratefully recognized through his whole life, the influence of these inheritances and this fortunate environment. His friendships with both men and women were many and various; he was absolutely constant in them, and his enjoyment of them was intense; and that enjoyment was always mutual.

The married life of Ida Agassiz and Henry Lee Higginson was a tender, joyous, helpful comradeship; and Professor Perry has delicately and adequately portrayed it. They both found in it, not only the most precious of human joys, but also invaluable mental and moral support.

Mr. Higginson's method in giving money away, whether to public objects or private beneficiaries, was kindly, sympathetic, and self-effacing. In response to a friend's solicitation, he would send money for a person in need who was almost a stranger to him, or with whom he had had but slight contact and even that remote — such, for instance, that, as a young man, he had danced to the beneficiary's piano-playing at parties; and when the friend solicited a like contribution year after year, he would each year write with his own hand a touching note, which not only contained the money asked for and good wishes for the beneficiary, but expressed gratitude to the solicitor.

He began the organization of the Symphony Orchestra on a scale and with lofty aims to which his private fortune was absolutely inadequate; and having begun, he maintained such friendly and helpful relations with the Conductor and all his players, that over and over again his personal influence held the organization together, and carried it through grave perils. For years it was doubtful if his income would be sufficient to enable him to bear the heavy burden of maintaining the Orchestra; but his natural love of adventure, his hope of rendering a large service to Boston and the country, and the sympathy and support of many personal friends sustained him in his formidable undertaking.

The *Life and Letters* bring out the delightful fact that the boy was father to the man. He had no perverse or sinful traits to overcome; but all through life was the same affectionate, expressive, ardent, and brave human being, full of good instincts, open to all good influences himself, and never exercising upon those with whom he lived and worked any influences except loving and righteous ones.

His gifts to Harvard College were all meant to build up, in the successive generations of college youth, good-fellowship, patriotism, and serviceableness, and to nourish in them the motives that lead to happy and honorable lives. May this *Life and Letters* carry down through many generations the blessed memory of Henry Lee Higginson, soldier, citizen, servant of God and man.

CHARLES W. ELIOT.

History: its Theory and Practice, by Benedetto Croce. Translated by Douglas Ainslie. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co. 1921. 8vo, 317 pp. $3.75.

THIS is a thoughtful and a thought-provoking book, the product of an acute mind working at real problems. The author knows more about history than do most philosophers who write on the subject, or rather he knows more about historiography, having used to good purpose the excellent volume of the Swiss historian, Fueter, which is too little known in England and America. If Signor Croce's treatment of topics of historical criticism is superficial and shows unfamiliarity with its actual practice, he is strong and penetrating in relation to the more difficult problems of historical synthesis.

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ments outside itself, but in itself, which has not its final and causal explanation outside itself, but within itself, which has not philosophy outside itself, but coincides with philosophy.' Good, but just how does this work out? The historian, who has ever a concrete mind, would like some illustrative examples of true history; but none are vouchsafed. The first, or theoretical, part of the work leaves us much in the air. The second part is a stimulating review of the history of historical writing, which brings out finely the characteristics of the great periods and the impossibility of regarding any type as perfect or final. But the concluding chapter on 'The New Historiography' is brief and vague, telling us that this movement may be 'confined to certain German or Italian circles,' but failing to mention any writers who exemplify it. History, we are told, differs from chronicle in being alive in the vital apprehension of the writer; only as it is contemporary, in this sense, is it really history. But this sounds much like the current distinction between history and the materials of history, and does not differ widely from Droysen's definition of history as the self-consciousness of humanity.

Historians will enjoy Croce's trenchant attacks on the so-called philosophies of history. Not all will accept his identification of history and philosophy; but all will rejoice at this renewed evidence of identity of view as regards the continuity and the vitality of the historical process, and will wish that they might welcome to their profession one so historically minded.

There are many quotable phrases: 'History never metes out justice, but always justifies.' Polybius is 'the Aristotle of ancient historiography'; Eusebius should be placed beside Herodotus as 'father' of modern historiography; historians of the romantic school were 'nostalgic'; a certain type of literary historian is 'rich in elegiac motives but poor in understanding.'

The translator is insufficiently acquainted with the subject-matter. He does not know the difference between Freising and Frisia, and evidently thinks 'Maurini' (page 168) denotes a man, instead of the Benedictines of St. Maur. And when we find Ettore Pais masquerading as 'Hector,' we are reminded of the Protestant clergyman who always anglicized Pope Pius X as Joseph Taylor.

CHARLES H. HASKINS.

The Young Enchanted: a Romantic Story, by Hugh Walpole. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1921. 12mo, 335 pp. $2.00.

To the critical historian, a fascinating page in this latest work of Mr. Walpole is that headed 'Books by Mr. Walpole,' facing the title-page. The point of peculiar interest here is the classification of *Fortitude* and *The Duchess of Wrexe* as 'romances,' and of *The Green Mirror* and *The Dark Forest* as 'novels.' Obviously, Mr. Walpole sees finer distinctions between these two forms than criticism has commonly drawn; or, at the least, he has found a new *locus* for the point of divergence between novel and romance. His classification, at first thought rather baffling, would do admirably as the text for an essay on the signs of the times in fiction — a growing discontent everywhere with mere realism, and the frank attempt to crystallize a new form of art which shall contain more beauty and more truth, more design and more representation, than has been supplied by the effete biographic realism of the past decade.

The Young Enchanted has a place, though scarcely a preëminent one, in the sequence of such attempts. Superficially, it is an ephemeral realistic novel like another. Set in the London of 1920, it brings on one character after another of the cast now most utilized in novels of the younger British realists — the vague young idealist-hero, a muddling simpleton in every practical issue, a free and dashing figure in his secret world of dreams; the emancipated new woman, who finds, when the crux comes, that she is less emancipated than she thought; her foil, the old-fashioned woman, who exists solely for the men who are fond of her; the usual crowd of studio intellectuals of both sexes, the critics, novelists, and poets of the sophisticated younger world, intensely theoretic, violently faddish persons, members of narrow and jealous coteries, absorbed one and all in the sad modern task of abstracting from ordinary life the set of gestures and poses which they mistake for art; a wife who runs away to gratify her thirst for what she means by 'life,' and, when she has drunk her fill of it, comes back to die; even the usual angular spinster, venting her thwarted impulses in passionate one-sided attachments to younger women.

But this is only the superficial view. Reading on, one senses a curiously deliberate, a very gradual crescendo of strangeness. The bizarre aspects of character are accented, heightened; realism turns to deft caricature, almost farce; by insensible degrees one recedes from the realm of penny plain into that of twopence colored; and in the end one comes broad awake to the discovery that one has been living in a society of delectable freaks — a world which is speciously *like* that about us, but in which, as in the world of Dickens, almost anything can happen. Mr. Walpole succeeds, in short, in the neat trick of momentarily palming off a modern fairyland of his own invention as our dear prosaic old normal world. At his last page you look up to blink and rub your eyes; for the sober verity of three hours ago has become, of a sudden, as altogether strange as a comfortable and familiar house to which you have returned after a long journey.

WILSON FOLLETT.

Forty-Odd Years in the Literary Shop, by James L. Ford. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company, 1921. 8vo, x+362 pp. Illustrated. $5.00.

FOR the past forty-odd years Mr. Ford has been understudying the rôle of ringmaster in New York's literary circus. This volume of lively and candid memoirs ought finally to gain for him the

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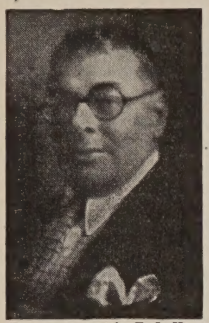

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master's coveted silk hat, equestrian boots, and long-tailed morning coat.

It was as far back as the late seventies that Mr. Ford began cracking his whip over the heads of those who essayed to ride Pegasus, without a bridle, around the bookman's sawdust ring; putting them all smartly through their paces, and touching them up roundly if ever they fell at all maladroitly from the back of their old charger.

The literary rôles already enacted by the author of these beguiling memoirs include those of critic, — oh, yes, *decidedly* critic, — novelist, satirist, journalist, editor, anthologist, book-reviewer, and — only a month ago — autobiographer. In these various capacities he has known and foregathered with the chief personal ingredients in the mixed grill of metropolitan life — with writers, of course, but also with actors, diplomats, painters, playwrights, music-hall artists, bishops, opera singers, burglars, ward politicians, negro minstrels, two-rhymes-to-the-quatrain poets, side-tent showmen, affluent bankers, and artless chorus girls. His book is full of vivid recollections of all such types, as well as of such widely separated metropolitan figures as Tony Pastor, Vesta Tilley, P. T. Barnum, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Mrs. Grover Cleveland, H. C. Bunner, Edwin Booth, Lillian Russell, John Fiske, Eleonora Duse, William Dean Howells, Carmencita, Weber and Fields, Frank R. Stockton, Ada Lewis, and Brander Matthews — all of these being pictured (in somewhat yearning poses) among the illustrations in the book. The pages dedicated to such arcadian favorites, and to many another one of fragrant memory, are infused with a full measure of recondite information and a genuine and contagious humor.

Too many of the recent historians of New York have vouchsafed us but partial, single-track pictures of the city. They have shown us only its topography, or politics, or architecture, or finance, or sociological progress — dry and lifeless material at best. But Mr. Ford, because of the variety of his contacts with high and low life in New York, his sympathetic quality as an expositor, and his endless chain of picturesque acquaintances, has managed, in these cross-sectioned memoirs, to recreate for us much of the color and movement of the kaleidoscopic life which he has known so well and enjoyed so keenly.

We regret to note an obvious misprint on the title-page. The author is there alluded to as James L. Ford. But if any inquirer will be good enough to interview a thousand or so of the more prominent figures in the maelstrom of New York, including its dialect writers, lady harpists, psychoanalysts, dowagers of the parterre circle, editors of the New Republic, priestesses in the tea-dungeons of Greenwich Village, settlement workers, opera singers, and Supreme Court justices, he will discover that, while all of them admit to a long and intimate friendship with a Ford named Jim, not one of them but will denounce, as a palpable impostor, any Ford pretending to be Jim but calling himself James.

FRANK CROWNINSHIELD.

The Book of Jack London, by Charmian London. New York: The Century Company. 1921. Two vols., 12mo, xvi+425, and viii+414 pp. Illustrated. $10.00.

A CHILD of five years, he tramped a ploughed field with a tin pail of beer. A lad of fifteen, he worked at a machine ten hours a day for ten cents an hour. A wild blade of sixteen, with a girl to bear him company, he sailed his own boat in a lawless trade, and met on the man's terms, gun in hand, the most reckless pirate of them all. As foremast hand, he served for seven months in a sealing-schooner, and as a professional tramp, he beat his way across the continent and back again; then, burning with ambition, he worked nineteen hours a day to prepare for college and wrote *The Call of the Wild*, *The People of the Abyss*, and *The Sea-Wolf*. There, in itself, is a story worth telling.

Biography written by one so near to the subject is not to be judged by the unyielding standards of abstract criticism. It could not be important, nor is it desirable to have it so. But if Mrs. London's book is intensely partisan, it is unflinchingly honest. Every line, every word is imbued with loyalty and affection; yet it is written without omission, perversion, or false reserve. It is, in short, exactly the story that the man himself would have most desired, who wrote in reply to one regretting that he had published in *The Road* so much about his own life: 'It is all true. It is what I am, what I have done, and it is part of the process by which I have become.'

So remarkable were the things he did, and the process by which he 'became,' that there is a keen feeling of personal loss when one misses in his life that subtler spiritual sense which might have kindled in his work a Pentecostal fire.

To read *The Book of Jack London* is to meet a man of clear mind, unyielding determination, broad and intense interests, quick pride, and marked talent. The book follows him with singular intimacy, from earliest childhood through periods of wretched squalor and wild adventure; it goes with him in his magnificent march up from the waterfront gutters, where, for a few years, he stumbled blindly; it reveals the aspirations and triumphs of his manhood. No one except his wife could have written it at all; and that she could have written it so well and so completely is amazing. It does not pretend to give, in any sense, a critical estimate of the writer and his work, which is perhaps the thing that would be most difficult for Mrs. London to do in mere cold justice: rather, in its sympathetic pages lives and breathes the lovable, enthusiastic, very human Jack London that Charmian London knew and wants the world to know.

CHARLES BOARDMAN HAWES.

The Man in the Street, by Meredith Nicholson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1921. 12mo, x+271 pp. $2.00.

MEREDITH NICHOLSON speaks comfortably to the suburbs. His 'Man in the Street' is essentially

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a commuter. He knows Fifth Avenue, but does not promenade there; keeps an eye on Wall Street, but does not traffic there; has friends on Main Street, but lives in Landor Lane.

The ten chapters of this latest book are pleasant discussions, good for reading aloud. In the paper called 'Let Main Street Alone,' Mr. Nicholson defines his philosophy of provincial life. He knows the mitigations and the diversities of Main Street, and the firelight in its homes. He believes in its stout idealism, and in its cordiality to the best. 'Country men and small-town men have preponderated in our national counsels,' he says. 'Greatness has a way of unfolding itself. . . . If Lincoln had been born in New York and Roosevelt in a Kentucky log-cabin, both would have reached the White House.' At passages of this sort, the reader-aloud must pause, to talk the matter over.

Somewhere in the book there is an estimate of a certain man of letters who 'told a good story and told it like a gentleman.' We are tempted to turn around and apply the phrase to Meredith Nicholson himself. He opens a good field of discussion, and he does it like a gentleman. Whether the argument concerns democracy, or grapefruit, or the 8.27 train to town, we are sure of the friendly gravity that distinguishes the kindest humor.

Probably the most valuable of the chapters is his study of the character of his friend, James Whitcomb Riley. It is a particularly fortunate subject, particularly well managed. In memory, the Hoosier poet comes back to Lockerbie Street, and with him his friends Field and Reed and William P. Fishback and Bill Nye. The old back-room office of the *Journal* is peopled again with many humorous ghosts. The thing is done adroitly, with no straining for effect. In short, if it were possible to keep only one chapter of the ten in the book, we believe that this would be the one.

M. Alden Ware.

Woodrow Wilson as I Know Him, by Joseph P. Tumulty. Garden City, N.Y., and Toronto: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1921. 8vo, xviii+553 pp. $5.00.

This is one of the books, like Mr. Lansing's and a dozen others, which will be read more fairly, both by friends and by foes of Mr. Wilson, ten or twenty years hence than it can be read to-day. It is inevitable, indeed it is well, that such books should be written and published now; but perhaps their most useful place is on the shelf of a library which will be visited hereafter by the wise historian and biographer who, the shouting and the tumult having died, will assign to Mr. Wilson his true place in the history of mankind. Even admitting all that may be, and has been, said concerning Mr. Tumulty's lapses from the highest skill and taste, granting also that he appears in this narrative as a special pleader, — in the very nature of the case how could he be anything else? — the book is a document which will serve a valuable historic purpose.

One thing that it makes clear is that, quite apart from the immediate results of important decisions which Mr. Wilson was called upon to make, he has cared far more for the opinion of posterity than of his contemporaries. 'I am willing,' he said to Mr. Tumulty at one stage of the Mexican troubles, 'no matter what my personal fortunes may be, to play for the verdict of mankind.' In another conversation, after the sinking of the Persia, he is reported as saying, 'I have made up my mind that I am more interested in the opinion that the country will have of me ten years from now than the opinion it may be willing to express to-day.'

But it is evident that his vastly deeper concern was to accomplish, as only one in his position of responsibility and power could, a great and lasting betterment in the conditions of human life, both in his own country and throughout the world. His grimly determined fight for this purpose, a fight against overpowering odds, his seeming defeat by the foes of his own household, his silence since 'The Last Day,' of which Mr. Tumulty writes, are of the very stuff of which tragedy is made — the tragedy of a man separated from his fellowmen not by the lack of human frailties but by qualities of greatness in thought and feeling which mark the towering few in any generation. Some day, unless the arts of biography and drama are to perish from the earth, such a tragedy will be written; and Mr. Tumulty's book will contribute something to its material. For the present there will be those who will find in its pages passages which will confirm their feeling of hostility to its subject. But when an association of nations devised to keep the peace of the world grows, under whatever name, out of the enormous impulse which the work of Mr. Wilson gave to the idea embodied in the League of Nations, his foes will be generous enough to join his friends in reading with satisfaction the final paragraph of the last speech he made in his campaign for the governorship of New Jersey: 'And then trust your guides, imperfect as they are, and some day, when we are all dead, men will come and point at the distant upland with a great shout of joy and triumph and thank God that there were men who undertook to lead in the struggle. What difference does it make if we ourselves do not reach the uplands? We have given our lives to the enterprise. The world is made happier and humankind better because we have lived.'

M. A. DeWolfe Howe.

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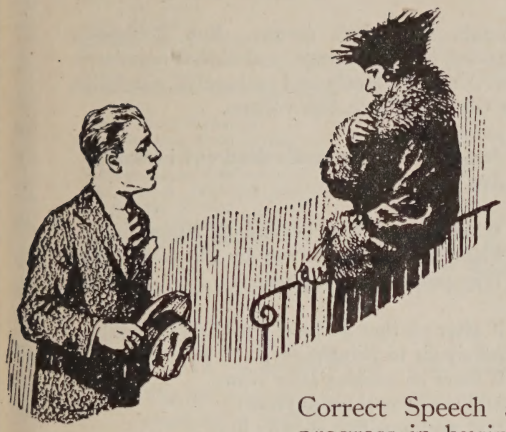

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Collected Poems, by Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1921. 8vo, xi+591 pp. $3.50.

Not since William Vaughn Moody's poems and dramas were collected in the definitive edition after his death, has there been a more important or distinguished contribution to American verse than Edwin Arlington Robinson's latest volume, the fruits of thirty years. Considered in its entirety, Mr. Robinson's achievement makes an impression of spiritual seriousness which might be missed in isolated poems or small groups. The cynic tang is not the whole flavor.

But the first impression, in this day of slovenly metres and bastard rhythms, is of externals. What diversity and perfection of form are here; what sophisticated simplicity of expression, what stanzaic variety; what delicate precision of word and phrase! In the few instances of irregular metre, — 'The Man Against the Sky' is one, — how inevitable the rhythm! The sonnets alone, restrained and incisive, are a notable collection. And it is worth mentioning that these technical excellences touch perfection in 1890, and always after. The poet and his technique were at one, thirty years ago. Sometimes, it must be noted, virtue defeats itself in excess: the precise falls into the abyss of the cryptic, or the one word delicately chosen unlooses a bewildering flood of words all selected with equal insight, but too many. An involuted breathlessness, not unlike the less successful work of Browning, mars some of the longer poems, of 1902 as of 1920. To be obscure, to be wordy, these were Browning's snares, and Robinson does not escape them, early or late.

But it is the content and color of his verse that arrest the reader, as they should, when the form is at its transparent flawless best. There is a deep and genuine melancholy in these poems; a brooding on the futility of life, that yet refuses to despair. The robust, contrarious optimism of Browning is alien to this disciple, although something in him withholds him from ultimate denial. If the heart and the height of his philosophy are touched in 'The Man Against the Sky,' 'The Pilot,' 'Rembrandt to Rembrandt,' then we have here no pessimist, though a spirit hard-pressed. The melancholy is ineradicable, in theme, in outlook; it is always there — *cui bono?* — in the darkling mirth of Vivian, in the mocking lilt of Miniver Cheevy, in the unrelieved horrors of Avon's harvest, in the anguished dialogues between Guinevere, jealous of the Grail, and haunted, defeated Lancelot; in all the long picture-gallery of heroes and derelicts which the poet has painted. Agnostic Clough and Matthew Arnold interpret life with a mellower sadness; except Clough, when he's savage. But Robinson's negation is never savage, and almost never mellow. Courage, lonely and undaunted, carries on for thirty years, in this volume.

> And if we see the soul's dead end in death,
> Are we to fear it?
>
> . . . . . .
>
> What have we seen beyond our sunset fires
> That lights again the way by which we came?
> Why pay we such a price?
>
> . . . . . .
>
> If after all that we have lived and thought
> All comes to Nought, —
> If there be nothing after Now,
> And we be nothing anyhow;
> And we know that — why live?
> 'T were sure but weaklings' vain distress
> To suffer dungeons where so many doors
> Will open on the cold eternal shores
> That look sheer down
> To the dark tideless floods of Nothingness
> Where all who know may drown.

Florence Converse.

Herman Melville, Mariner and Mystic, by Raymond M. Weaver. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1921. 8vo, $3.50.

This book is engrossing and irritating. Matters of minor importance, extraneous subjects, are treated at length. Questions that have long been asked are not satisfactorily answered. Did the pride and coldness of Melville's mother, Maria Gansevoort, embitter his life so that, while she was alive, he wreaked vengeance by portraying her as Mrs. Glendenning in *Pierre?* There are pages about the Hawthornes as Melville's neighbors. What did Hawthorne really think of him? The account of Melville's forbears, entertaining, and not only for passionate genealogists, is of disproportionate length. One would gladly exchange the many quotations from his books for more excerpts from his journals and letters. In them we draw somewhat closer to the man.

Mr. Weaver is addicted to digression. He must have his say about literature, manners, and the conduct of life. His statements of fact and expressions of opinion are pitched in a high, at times a shrieking, key, when his style is as fantastical as that of Melville's influenced by Sir Thomas Brown and Rabelais. (We are told that Major Thomas Melville 'aggravated an already ample fortune.') After all, Melville is not the hero for an orthodox biographer. Old John Aubrey should have known him; Marcel Schwob should have invented him in that fascinating volume, *Vies Imaginaires.*

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Is Melville a man of only one book? *Moby Dick* is justly praised — hysterically praised to-day by belated admirers. Are *Typee* and *Omoo* to be dismissed as delightful forerunners of recently published descriptions of South Sea Islands? Is *White Jacket* noteworthy only because it led to the abolition of flogging in the navy? *Israel Potter* contains certain pages comparable to those in *Moby Dick;* as the description of the fight between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis. The *Piazza Tales* alone should assure Melville an honorable position. The French saying, 'A man has only one book in his belly,' is old but false.

For years one read *Moby Dick* as a tale of wild adventure. It is now stated confidently that it is a sinister, hideous allegory; that Ahab is 'the atheistical captain of the tormented soul'; that Moby Dick himself is a symbol that even Polonius would not recognize as 'very like a whale.'

Thomas Hardy when abuse was heaped on *Jude* wrote poetry instead of prose. In his later, obscure years, Melville, a recluse, turned to verse, almost courting unpopularity. Was the outcry against *Pierre* the cause? Yet *Israel Potter, The Piazza Tales* and *The Confidence Man,* which is dismissed by Mr. Weaver in a line, were written after *Pierre.* One would like to know more about a novel, *Billy Bud,* which was not published. We are grateful to Mr. Weaver for reminding us that Melville for a time was a lecturer.

Was Melville, who called himself Ishmael, a mystic from birth? Despising the world, seeking something that was not to be found, spiritually desperate, did he find comfort in visions? These questions are not fully answered; perhaps they are unanswerable. In spite of Mr. Weaver's brave endeavor, in spite of his research, sympathy, enthusiasm, Melville is still a mystery.

PHILIP HALE.

Fifty Years a Journalist, by Melville E. Stone, former General Manager of the Associated Press. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1921. 8mo, xiv+371 pp. $5.00.

IT was fifty years ago that Melville E. Stone went into daily newspaper work as managing editor of the Chicago *Republican.* Since that time the advance of American journalism, both in efficiency and in ethics, has been conspicuous. Because Mr. Stone has not been merely a witness of this advance, but one of its leaders, and has done as much as any other single man to establish those standards of accurate reporting, lightning distribution, and impartial presentation of the news which to-day characterize American journalism at its best, the publication of the story of his career is an event.

And what a career he has had! The son of a pioneer Methodist minister in Illinois, Melville Stone got his first newspaper job delivering papers at the age of twelve. He was a managing editor at twenty-three; he founded his own paper, the Chicago *Daily News,* at twenty-seven; he retired from its staff at thirty-nine after having brought it to a commanding position through his ingenuity in detective journalism and his well-won reputation for integrity. He traveled in Europe, became a bank president on his return to Chicago, was chosen general manager of the Associated Press in 1893, and retained this position after its reorganization in 1900. Since then the history of his life has been the history of the Associated Press, which under his management has spanned the world and made its service invaluable to its member papers, now thirteen hundred in number.

In a sense the very qualities that have proved most useful in Mr. Stone's life-work detract slightly from the interest of his autobiography. Associated Press correspondents have been trained by him to keep their opinions in the background and to report the facts. Mr. Stone's remarkable story, full of entertaining incidents, is told in an unemotional, objective style. Sometimes his reticence is somewhat relaxed, as in the fascinating chapters in which he tells how he established the European service of the Associated Press and how he helped President Roosevelt in the negotiations which brought the Russo-Japanese war to a close; such passages, however, are all too few. We would willingly spare some of the items of current history which Mr. Stone's passion for facts leads him to include, if he would only give us more of himself.

Yet after all that is just what he has done. The book is characteristic of the man. Always he tells his story as a good A.P. man should, modestly and without embellishment. It is an interesting story because the subject is interesting. Few living Americans have seen and understood so much of vital importance during the past half-century, or have been privileged to be on terms of friendship with so many of the great men of the age.

FREDERICK L. ALLEN.

Messer Marco Polo, by Donn Byrne. New York: The Century Company. 1921. Tall 16mo, vi+148 pp. $1.25.

MR. BRIAN OSWALD DONN-BYRNE makes a characteristically Irish approach to the story of Marco Polo. It is told in New York one evening to a chance group, 'sportsmen, artists, men and women of the world,' clustered before a crackling fire, by an Ulster Scot, old Malachi Campbell of the Long Glen. And whether the tale is of Venice or of China, of 'the Perilous Valley, where the Devil's Head is in black stone, and that is one of the nine entrances to Hell,' or of 'the Desert of the Singing Sands,' the accent is ever of Antrim.

Malachi's story begins with Marco Polo, 'only a strip of a lad, roaming Venice on a spring night. In a wineshop he hears from a Chinese sea-captain of Golden Bells, daughter of Kubla Khan, and thenceforth the dream of her possesses him until 'it would be worth walking the world barefoot for to see that little golden face, to hear the low, sweet voice they call Golden Bells.' By many strange hazards, traveling as a Christian

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interpreter to far Cathay with the elder Polos, his father and uncle, traders, Marco finally wins his way to the princess, converts her, weds her, and in less than three swift years loses her by death. For fourteen years longer, 'a lean, hard face on him and savage eyes,' he rides up and down the world 'on the great Khan's business,' and then, at the bidding of the wee brown wraith of Golden Bells, goes home, bearing a haunted heart.

What does history say to this? Not that Malachi would care. 'There's been a power of books written about Marco Polo. . . . But the scholars are a queer and blind people.' In the small compass of this volume there are glimpses, as of Venice in her glory, more veracious, because realized by imagination, than the most matter-of-fact of the old chronicles; and the career of Marco Polo, apart from Golden Bells, conforms in general to the record. But the essential truth of this book is the truth of pure romance. Golden Bells is the music of the world, drawing to her even the Prince of the Land of Darkness, with his treasures of 'sea ivory and pale Arctic gold.' Life is poetry and beauty and love; dream and longing and adventure; magic and mystery and terror; splendor and wisdom and pain. A book with the touch of Celtic genius.

KATHARINE LEE BATES.

Chimneysmoke, by Christopher Morley. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1921. Large 8vo, xx + 253 pp. $2.50.

WHEN a book of poems is so disarming in its sincerity and humility as Mr. Christopher Morley's *Chimneysmoke*, one's impulse is more toward appreciation than criticism. It is a book that moves one to a happy conviction that one has made friends with an honest human opposite of the bizarre and restless minor poets who buzz at us day in and out.

Mr. Morley dares to say that he loves and wonders at all the everyday things so fiercely repudiated by those other poets. 'Home' to him is not a symbol of hateful drabness and conventionality. He can write not only a graceful 'Song for a Little House,' or 'Dedication for a Fireplace,' but he can sing blithely of dishwashing, of cribs and high chairs and first Christmas trees, and can make brave sport of empty coal-bins and marauding cockroaches. To him the 5:42 chants a song of exultant homecoming, and he is sure that

> Heaven is not built of country seats,
> But little queer suburban streets.

His musical verse echoes so much of a heart's deepest content, and the attitude of his spirit is so unaffected in its enthusiastic and whimsical wonder at all the passing show, — from a mounted policeman in the rain to the romance of a telephone directory, — that the human half of the reader of *Chimneysmoke* is first of all glad of this straightforward serving of the good bread-and-butter of life rather than its nightingales' tongues and hasheesh.

Within the circle of this substantial human satisfaction, one feels almost ungrateful to miss the one quality that would touch all these happy verses into fire. Mr. Morley knows so well the ways of smooth sweet words and kindly thoughts that one goes hunting instinctively for the one thing needful — the untaught unearthly magic of vision and word. It almost comes: never quite. *Chimneysmoke* harps one neither up to the gates of Heaven nor down to the hinges of Hell.

But then, it never meant to. This is a book without pretense (save for permitting itself illustrations, which always clamp upon poetry the hard shape of their concreteness). Mr. Morley must be well content that, whatever may be said of his work, no one can discover in him the barren poet of his verse: —

> The human cadence and the subtle chime
> Of little laughters, home and child and wife,
> He knew not. Artist merely in his rhyme,
> Not in his life.

FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD.

The New World of Islam, by Lothrop Stoddard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1921. 8vo, 362 pp. $3.00.

NORTHERN AFRICA and Southwestern Asia, the stretch of territory from, roughly, Morocco to China, is a region which has acquired a wholly new interest for Occidental peoples during the past ten years. Few realize, perhaps, that this is precisely the territory which forms the Moslem world — a solid block of more than two hundred million followers of the Prophet. But the Great War has brought strange dramatic figures out of these little-known regions, voicing new and strange but insistent claims, which already have arrested the attention and modified the plans of Occidental statesmen, and the West deserves to know something of the background and meaning of these claims.

Anyone who has tried to satisfy this desire will welcome appreciatively the work that Mr. Stoddard has done in his *New World of Islam*. He has presented there, in compact and readable form, material widely scattered and difficult of access, and has given us what did not exist before in any language: a short, concise account of the modern Mohammedan world and its reaction to the invasion of the West.

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How the 'Mohammedan Revival' began and developed, and how out of it emerged the movement known as 'Pan-Islamic Nationalism'; what it all means, and may mean, not only for the East but for the West as well, is the story Mr. Stoddard's book tells, and tells exceedingly well.

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Mr. Stoddard has the journalist's feeling for a 'story,' and the journalist's *flair* for what the public wants to know. But Mr. Stoddard is also an historian. He is careful in checking up his facts, he does not jump to conclusions, but weighs his evidence, judges with caution, and, where the evidence seems inconclusive, suspends judgment.

Perhaps the chief fault of the book is its lack of atmosphere. One misses the sense that the writer is at home with the people and the lands of which he writes, and the freedom that comes from such a background.

But, notwithstanding, the book is a very useful and trustworthy introduction to a subject little known.

JULIA SWIFT ORVIS.

Selected Letters of Friedrich Nietzsche, ed. with a preface by Dr. Oscar Levy; authorized translation by Anthony M. Ludovici. New York and Toronto: Doubleday Page & Company. 1921. Large 8vo, XVI + 364 pp. $3.50.

The Nietzsche-Wagner Correspondence, ed. by Elizabeth Förster-Nietzsche; translated by Caroline V. Kerr; introduction by H. L. Mencken. New York: Boni and Liveright. 1921. 8vo, XVII + 312 pp. $4.00.

THE Nietzsche letters so far published in German run to four volumes, and more will probably follow. In English they are reduced to two volumes: one made up of the Nietzsche-Wagner correspondence, edited by Frau Förster-Nietzsche and translated by Caroline V. Kerr, and the other of a miscellaneous selection, translated chiefly by Anthony M. Ludovici, with a preface by Dr. Oscar Levy. Dr. Levy, in his effort to prove that Nietzsche was not a 100 per cent German, somehow leaves in the air the notion that, if God had spared him until 1914, he might have been in favor of the ideals of the Allies. Do not be deceived. True enough, the great iconoclast had a liking for the French, but certainly not as soldiers and politicians. As for the English, he loathed them with such fervor that even a Prussian lieutenant might have admired it as *kolossal*, and perhaps even as *pyramidal*. On all things English, from metaphysics to cookery, he heaped his most brilliant damns.

Unluckily, he died without having heard of the United States. Imagine Nietzsche on Prohibition! Or on the moralities of Dr. Wilson! Or on the literary style and epistemology of Dr. Harding!

The letters in these two volumes are by no means inspired compositions. The ideas in them might have occurred to any reasonably intelligent *Privat Dozent;* the personality they reveal to us is far more often professorial than satanic. Even when he writes to Georg Brandes, who made him known to Europe, Nietzsche seldom rises above the correct and the obvious. As a man and a citizen, indeed, he always stood a good deal nearer to the average Y.M.C.A. secretary than to Ludendorff, Lieut. Hard-Boiled Smith, or Genghis Khan. He served in the Red Cross in the war of 1870; he detested beer-drinkers and their raucous *hochs;* he subscribed (practically, not theoretically) to the single standard; he was afraid of his sister. In brief, a man with all the conventional virtues, and indistinguishable from the common fauna of his time and race save by his two piercing eyes, and his police captain's moustache.

But that was the external professor. Within there was a heretic so cunning and so bold, so penetrating and so devastating that it is no wonder he is held in horror by all right-thinking folk. Put his books into the public schools, and in ten years Judge Gary and Gene Debs will be hanging from the same gallows, and in the death-house, waiting their turn, will be Bishop Manning and Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, Sam Gompers and Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Dr. Frank Crane and Dr. Billy Sunday.

As I say, these volumes of letters are, in the main, dull and formal stuff. Two comedies, however, are in them: the comedy of Nietzsche's effort to write music like Wagner, and the comedy of Wagner's effort to become a metaphysician like Nietzsche. It is hard to say which made the worse failure. Most of Nietzsche's music has been discreetly suppressed by his sister, but we have in the *Selected Letters* a very fair description of it — as it appeared to Hans von Bülow. Bülow first apologizes for being frank, and then lays on with a club: 'the most extreme form of fantastic extravagance, . . .' 'the most unedifying and most anti-musical composition,' . . . 'this aberration in the realm of music.'

Well, Nietzsche could console himself with the sufferings of Wagner in the philosophical cage. Wagner, flattered by the devotion of the young professor, tried to learn the Nietzschean lingo and the Nietzschean tricks of mind. It was, of course, hopeless. As well expect a Chautauqua orator to master the idiom of Henry James. Wagner was no philosopher: he was a great artist, and an even greater showman. In the end he threw Nietzscheism overboard, went to mass, and wrote *Parsifal*. Nietzsche answered by consigning him forthwith to the deepest pit in Hell — far, far below even the crucibles inhabited by Prussians, Jews, Christians, lawyers, *Gesangvereine*, and Englishmen.

H. L. MENCKEN.

NOTE. A much regretted error in printing last month caused one of our reviewers to 'seem to say' that Charmian London's *Book of Jack London* was 'not important'! The reviewer really said that the book was 'not impartial,' surely a pleasant thing to say about any wife's story of her husband.

In response to requests from many librarians, the reviews printed each month in this department of the magazine will be reprinted separately in pamphlet form. Copies may be had by any librarian, without charge, on application to the Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington St., Boston.

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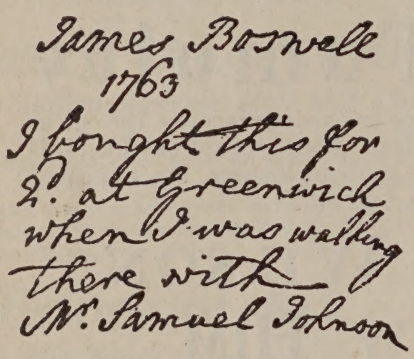

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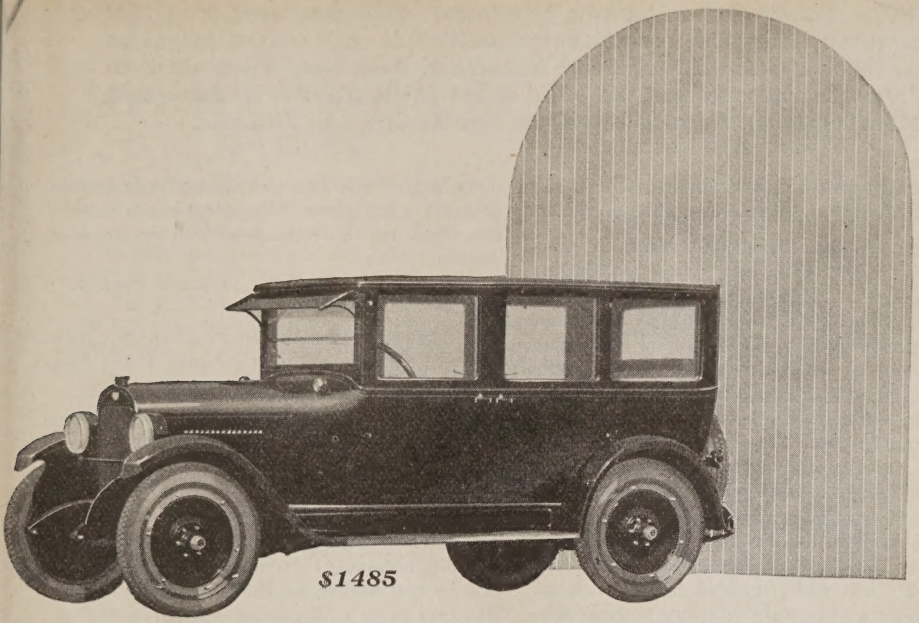

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Cytherea, by Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1922. 8vo, 371 pp. $2.50.

THIS novel ought to be considered as embodying an extremely vivid and typical modern instance. But it will be so accepted only by those who take it for what it tries to be, and who measure the performance by the intention. This seems to be, however, the last thing that current criticism is inclined to do. Novels, like other varieties of human achievement, are always being judged by criteria to which they have never submitted themselves — by the critic's preconception of what they ought to amount to. In *Cytherea* Mr. Hergesheimer has, for the first time, deliberately exposed himself by signing what can easily enough be viewed, if one choose, as a sort of problem novel about modern marriage. He has all but offered to run the gantlet of every possible misconception; and if he comes through without being made to smart for it, he will be as singular in his good luck as, ever since *The Lay Anthony*, he has been in the delicate integrity of his art.

What, and all, he offers in *Cytherea* is the story of a man. The marriage is only incidental to the man, Lee Randon; the wife, Fanny, is only incidental to the marriage; the mistress, Savina Grove, with whom Randon, in a paroxysm of revolt, runs away to Cuba, is hardly less incidental. We see the marriage and the two women with a harsh, almost unbearable distinctness: but it is only the distinctness of Randon's seeing them. There is, in the whole longish book, not the smallest implication that we are supposed to be beholding them as they are in themselves. Even Randon is to be judged, if at all, outside the book and by us. The entire transcript is frankly nothing but a record of how modern marriage strikes a certain sort of husband and father who, for a variety of reasons, palpable and impalpable, finds that marriage is getting on his nerves. There is no pretense that abstract justice is done to wife, mistress, Randon himself, or the institution of marriage. The cards are stacked against poor Fanny and for poor Savina; but this is only to say that Lee Randon looks at the one through a blackening scowl and at the other through a rose-colored mist of passion.

It is baffling, perhaps even a little sad, when the same pen that signed *The Three Black Pennys*, *Wild Oranges*, and *Java Head* applies itself, with a no less exquisitely patient fidelity, to the linked scenes of a drama of which the ultimate challenge is merely: 'Make what you will of them, these things are *so*.' Only at the last, in the episode of Savina Grove's death in the dingy hotel of a filthy Cuban village, — as moving a piece of tragedy as Mr. Hergesheimer has ever contrived, — does *Cytherea* mount for an exalted moment to the sphere of those transcendent realities which are above the scope and the touch of realism.

WILSON FOLLETT.

The Craft of Fiction, by Percy Lubbock. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1921. 8vo, 277 pp. $3.00.

SOMEWHAT misleading is the title of this book; only remotely can it be classified with the numerous textbooks that undertake to tell the reader 'how to write a story.' And, no doubt, it would rather disdain to be thus classified, even remotely. Anyone who opens it with the expectation of obtaining formulas that will make easy the work of finding subjects for fiction, of constructing plots, of depicting characters, and inventing scenes, will be first bewildered and then disappointed. So far as Mr. Lubbock's book is a textbook at all, it is a textbook only for extremely advanced students.

As an essay in criticism it is a masterly performance; it sheds new light upon the methods employed by some of the great novelists. Tolstoy, Flaubert, Thackeray, Meredith, Henry James, Dickens, and Balzac are the writers whose work Mr. Lubbock analyzes, and from whose methods, failures, and successes he draws certain conclusions. These are, briefly, that the subject of the novel should determine the method of treatment — whether it shall be panoramic or pictorial or dramatic; that 'the easy way is no way at all; the only way is that by which the most is made of the story to be told; and the most was never made of any story except by a choice and disciplined method'; that, in detail, picture is subordinate, preliminary, and preparatory, whereas drama 'gives the final stroke,' clinches the matter already pending, and should not be squandered when there is nothing definitely to be gained by it.

Such conclusions, baldly stated, may not seem especially striking or significant, but the process by which Mr. Lubbock arrives at them is most interesting. One follows with fascination the course of the argument in which he presents his novelists in character: Tolstoy as the novelist who, not quite sure of his subject, vacillated in method, and, in spite of the profusion of life in his work, failed to achieve the utmost effect to which his material and his genius should have entitled him; Flaubert as the 'scenic' novelist, who, with a subject absolutely fixed, chose the pictorial method of treatment and made a drama for the sake of the picture in it; Thackeray as the 'panoramic' novelist, who avoided scenes when

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Mr. Lubbock's study of his authors is serious and profound. Not all readers will find all his comments just; some will, perhaps, feel that he makes too much of his thesis on the importance of method, and that method is, after all, less a matter of deliberate choice than of instinct and genius — that it is inherent in the man rather than in the subject. But whether one agrees or disagrees with Mr. Lubbock in some of his principal arguments, one cannot fail to be enlightened by his book. If it does not enable the novelist who reads it to write a better novel than before, it should certainly make the layman who reads it a more intelligent and discerning reader of novels than he was before.

ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER.

The Maritime History of Massachusetts: 1783–1860, by Samuel Eliot Morison. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1921. 8vo, xiv + 401 pp. $5.00. Illustrated.

A GOOD many people have written of Yankeedom afloat, and some of them have written well. But this performance is unique.

The man who wrote it must be two people. One part of him is historian; the other part is artist. The historian is technically skilled, scientific in attitude; knows the values of documents (though, like most of his tribe, he is rather fonder of them than the average mortal), and knows what facts do and do not signify, just as a composer knows his thorough-bass. Added to this, he understands the age he is writing about — which is another way of saying that he understands his own age. Here, for the first time, so far as I am aware, this phase of New England's history has been competently dealt with by a man who understands and can make clear to the meanest order of intellect, my own, for example the bread-and-butter structure of that period. Others have painted its superficial glamour, its political intrigue, its antiquarian fuddy-duddery, or its salt-water romance. Their pictures were flesh without skeleton. This man knows the bony structure of its economics, and, without the less gracious painting of its living flesh-tints, lets you see that this flesh is draped on a skeleton — often a pretty grim one, of the closet variety.

And how fair he is. Legends are rife of New England fortunes made in slaves, rum, piracy, and its first-cousin, privateering. The temptation here is to use either the soft pedal or the muck rake. This man uses neither. He uses the scales. What facts he finds he presents with candor. With equal candor he declares that the story has, in general, been overdone.

One of my academic friends tells me that he believes that, in the age which we are entering, one of the principal functions of middle-class intellectuals of a liberal or radical stripe will be to rethink and rewrite political science and history. It has, he says, been written usually by such conservatives, that much of it is all but valueless to our generation. This new exploring squadron of historian-adventurers is already under weigh, and the present volume is one of its vessels. I cannot see the priests of Baal getting much fun out of a trip in this craft. The weather, in spots, gets intellectually rough, and I think I hear sounds of distress emanating from the state-rooms of first-class passengers. I am not suggesting that this book is very savage. It is quite demure. But it contains numerous passages which are anything but orthodox.

Yet the presentation of fact is unexceptionable. It is scrupulously fair; it is economically enlightened; and it is warmed by an obvious human sympathy. The awkward thing about such a book is that, unless you have spent more time getting up the subject than the author has, it is unsafe to attack. My advice to anyone who does not like its pronouncements is to keep quiet.

The other half of the man who wrote this history is the artist. Perhaps not yet quite half, but certainly destined to be. The work opens (after a melodious little one-page preface) with a prologue, 'Coast and Sea'; or should I say a gallant landscape painting of coastwise Massachusetts? It closes with a short epilogue — a clipper ship sailing into Boston Harbor on a spring day. Strewn throughout the book are these bits of spirited descriptive writing: character sketches, domestic interiors, harbors oriental and occidental, and pages spiced with touches of dry Yankee wit of the genuine old brew, and a dash of Rabelaisian humor in sly digs at bygone worthies about whom history has not always been as candid as this. The writing is very good, and it is going to be better. As yet the artist and the historian are not perfectly blended; but they bid fair to be.

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The Friendly Arctic; the story of five years in Polar Regions, by Vilhjalmur Stefansson. New York: The Macmillan Company. 8vo, xxxi + 784 pp. Illustrated. $6.00.

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members of the expedition, who had never expected to see him alive again, arrived at a far northern base. During these months he had seen no land, but had found seals in abundance on the ice; and fresh water from the melted ice had saved the party from thirst.

His next and most important work was the search for new lands; and on this quest he explored areas amounting approximately to 100,000 square miles, in which were a number of islands, large and small. Upon them he found grass and bushes, as well as birds and numerous animals, including bears and musk-oxen; together with certain forms of abundant insect-life. Minute descriptions are given of the ways in which the party found shelter at night or when storm-bound, often in tents, but generally in snow-houses, which took but two or three hours to build. The leader evidently gave these scant intervals of leisure largely to writing his diary and preparing his scientific reports; but how his companions succeeded in passing the time, it is difficult to divine. It is amusing to notice that a favorite volume in Stefansson's limited library was the *Ingoldsby Legends*.

Our volume includes careful accounts of the work of other members of the expedition, and of the efforts of ships to reach the bases of supplies, as well as much information about the lives of Eskimo friends. While much is chronicled which seems trivial, and which can hardly be interesting to the ordinary reader, yet the general impression left by the book is very pleasant. The reader feels that he is sitting by the author, listening to a leisurely account of his adventures. Properly chronicled, there are several tributes to Stefansson by Sir Robert Borden, Prime Minister of Canada, Major-General Greely, and Admiral Peary. The latter, in his last public appearance, summed up the explorer's qualities quite admirably:—

'What Stefansson stands for is this: he has grasped the meaning of polar work. He has profited by experience piled upon experience, until he knows how to face and overcome every problem of the North. By combining great natural physical and mental ability with hard, practical common sense, he has made an absolute record.'

Much is added to the value and interest of the book by the numerous maps and reproductions of photographs of scenery and the Eskimos. The scientific reports on the work of the expedition are being published by the Canadian Government in twenty or thirty octavo volumes.

JAMES M. HUBBARD.

Here, There, and Everywhere, by Lord Frederic Hamilton. New York: George H. Doran. 1921. 8vo, xii+332 pp. $4.00.

THEY are not literary, or freighted with panaceas for social ills; they are not too informative; they have no mission — these books of Lord Frederic Hamilton. But, to a public wearied with Main Streets and their sordidness, with problem stories and dramas, with sex triangles, and economic consequences of war, they come as a happy diversion. To the much-quoted 'tired business man,' for whom musical comedies were invented, now that this amusement is decadent, these books should prove refreshing. A book that one can open haphazard, and read in either direction with interest on every page, has its appeal.

An accomplished traveler from childhood, when his father, the Duke of Abercorn, would make the grand tour in his own ponderous coach, our author has traveled over every country and sailed the Seven Seas. As he says, 'Now he can claim the roaming freedom of the fireside muser, for he can, in one second, slip from continent to continent, and float over gaps — just as the spirit moves him'; and that is what he does in these books, filling in the narrative with personal sketches of adventures in every land: now shooting tigers as guest of a maharajah in India; then admiring Himalaya sunsets; again, telling of Lord Kitchener making a garden paradise to bloom in a desert, to entertain a garden party of 1500; then away to flowery Ceylon, to China, to the Volga, with its Mississippi River steamboats.

The three travel-books are almost equally of interest: *Vanished Pomps of Yesterday* treats of Lord Frederic's life as a diplomat in European courts, giving glimpses of him in Berlin, Vienna, Russia; sleeping one night in a close peasant cabin whose only furniture is a stove, the next night dancing at the Winter Palace. In *Days Before Yesterday* his life as the son of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland puts us on intimate terms with a healthy normal family. The picture of the brother of Lord Frederic standing on his head to win the applause of Queen Victoria, when he was presented to her in the Viceregal Lodge at Dublin, is a typical story. Though he did not win the plaudits of the Queen, he showed the same pride in achievement that would be displayed by any Gavroche of the lower world. Though the sons of a landed proprietor of 26,000 acres, these boys had the same homely virtues as any healthy youth of to-day.

We find most attractive the story of this versatile man, who can adapt himself to making, with infinite pains, an ice-palace for his niece in Canada, and who, in the Great War, though too old to fight, yet serves as a constable in the streets of London. We like the picturesque vigor of his narrative. Such books are healthy; they constitute a 'good gesture,' and should induce some degree of toleration, even from most violent radicals.

GEORGE H. TRIPP.

Faery Lands of the South Seas, by James Norman Hall and Charles Bernard Nordhoff. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1921. 8vo, 355 pp. Illustrated. $4.00.

IT is a long way from Faery Lands of the South Seas to the great voyage of Commodore George Anson, who sailed north from the Horn to Mexico and west to Asia; and the narrative of Anson's voyage is, of course, not properly included in

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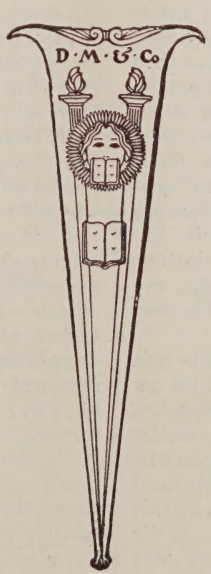

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South-Sea literature anyway. But there are worse ways to approach the literature of the South Seas than by reading Anson; for, circling the South Sea Islands in that vast bight, he gives a sailor's view of the Pacific on the eve of the greatest period of South-Sea exploration. Next read the narratives of, say, Byron, Carteret, Cook, Wilson, and Wallis, whose direct, simple stories preserve the genuinely primitive life of a hundred and fifty years ago; then, the books that our own adventurous sea captains of the early nineteenth century wrote when they left the sea to devote themselves to letters, that last resort of superannuated seamen; then the books of Herman Melville; and then, in natural sequence, the South Sea books of our own day.

The old narratives have the strength and directness of the seafaring men whose travels they record. Salt and tar preserve their pages; quaint episodes and broad, genial humanness give them lasting interest. They are the solid fare — the roast beef and plum pudding — of travel; and by the odd contrasts in which they abound, they add materially to the interest of the books that follow them.

It is not unfair to say, in comparison, that the South-Sea adventurers of to-day are dilettantes. Certainly they have not the larger imagination and resolution of the old circumnavigators, who are represented in our time by such men as Peary and Amundsen and MacMillan. But certain things that they have to offer, the older writers never dreamed of; and those things lend new interest to such a book as this.

They result partly from the changes that the outside world has made in the islands, partly from the writers' point of view. Native superstitions and traditions are more easily unearthed than in days when languages presented greater difficulties; and now, when cannibals are fewer, adventuring among the islands has become more a fashionable sport than a serious business. So, in the spirit of a summer holiday, and with sympathy and humor, Messrs. Hall and Nordhoff have sketched the episodes of their travels. Native potentates, Chinese storekeepers, peripatetic traders, whole villages of amphibious men, women, and children sporting together in the clear water, give the book color and life.

But above all, it is the wandering white men that Hall and Nordhoff met, who reveal the peculiarly modern and romantic side of island life. Crichton and his search for loneliness, the scholar in silk pajamas and gold-rimmed spectacles who lived at the edge of the taro swamps, Warner and his gallant son, the nameless Englishman and his story of buried treasure — they are figures to stir the imagination. Throughout all the islands there was no one like them in the days of Anson and Cook.

CHARLES BOARDMAN HAWES.

Wild Brother, by William Lyman Underwood, Boston: Atlantic Monthly Press. 1921. 12vo, 140 pp. Illustrated. $2.00.

HERE's a real nature story — an animal story of the Maine woods with a human story, like a double trail, clear to the end of the volume. Wild Brother, or Bruno, is a bear — a baby bear to begin with, and the smallest baby bear, possibly, ever studied and described; for Wild Brother's little eyes were not yet opened when he was found, and he weighed all told as much as twelve ounces. He was hardly bigger than a gray squirrel. Yet fourteen years later he stood over six feet high, weighed over four hundred pounds, and with one powerful smash of his forepaw felled his keeper to the floor of the bear-pit and sunk his teeth into the helpless man's arm. The story of Wild Brother is the story of these fourteen years of Bruno's life, from the little whimpering thing found in the wintry woods, to the big black angry beast standing over the prostrate form of his careless keeper, resolving life and death.

It is an almost unbelievable story. Born during the long winter sleep of its mother, the small fragment of bear is taken from the den when its mother is shot, carried to Gordon Camp in an overcoat pocket, and given to Mrs. Weldon as a curious bit out of the vast life of the frozen forest.

From this point on the story through all its one hundred and forty pages is an unbroken reel of scenes and incidents covering the fourteen years of Wild Brother's life in the Maine lumber-camp, at the author's home in Belmont, Massachusetts, and in the ample cage at the Zoo, not far away on the shores of Spot Pond.

Free from all care, fed on figs and raisins, loved and petted until toward the end of his second year when he became too dangerous to be allowed his liberty among human folk, *Wild Brother* is a study of animal life unique and altogether thrilling. It is not a child's wholly, though there is not a child in the world who loves an animal story who will not be held in Bruno's big arms to the end. It is a story grown-ups will like, and naturalists no less than those who know and who like a good story. Readers who already know *Wild Brother* will be interested to learn that the kind woman who rescued little Bruno at the lumber camp, animated clearly by a spirit of high respect and compassion for the needs of all young life, has recently given shelter to a small child who was in desperate need of care.

The book is admirably printed, beautifully bound in woodsy covers, and as simply written as Bruno himself could have wished. It is a good thing to read a book without a hint of cant or make-believe, without so much as a flourish of literary style, and to find the matter and simple manner sufficient to the end.

DALLAS LORE SHARP.

These reviews will be reprinted separately in pamphlet form. Copies may be had by any librarian, without charge, on application to the Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington St., Boston.

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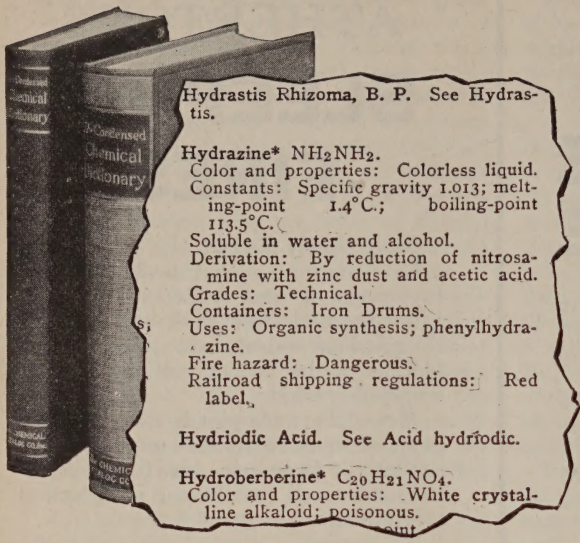
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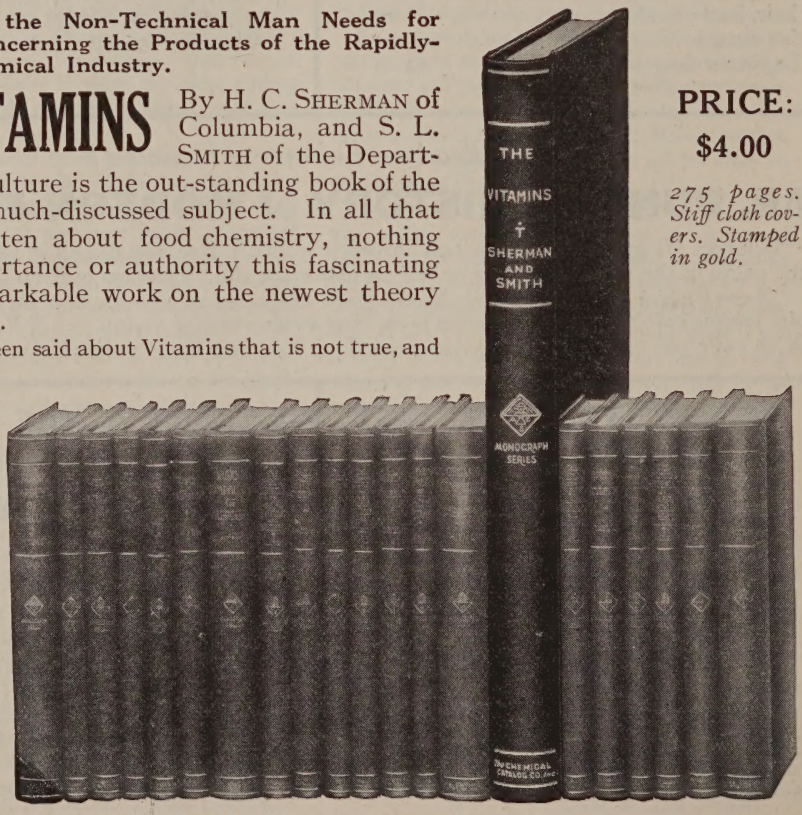

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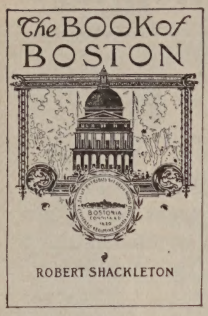

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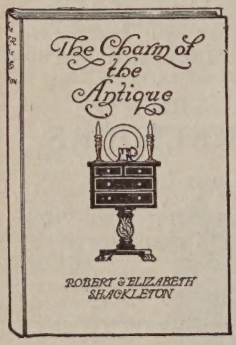

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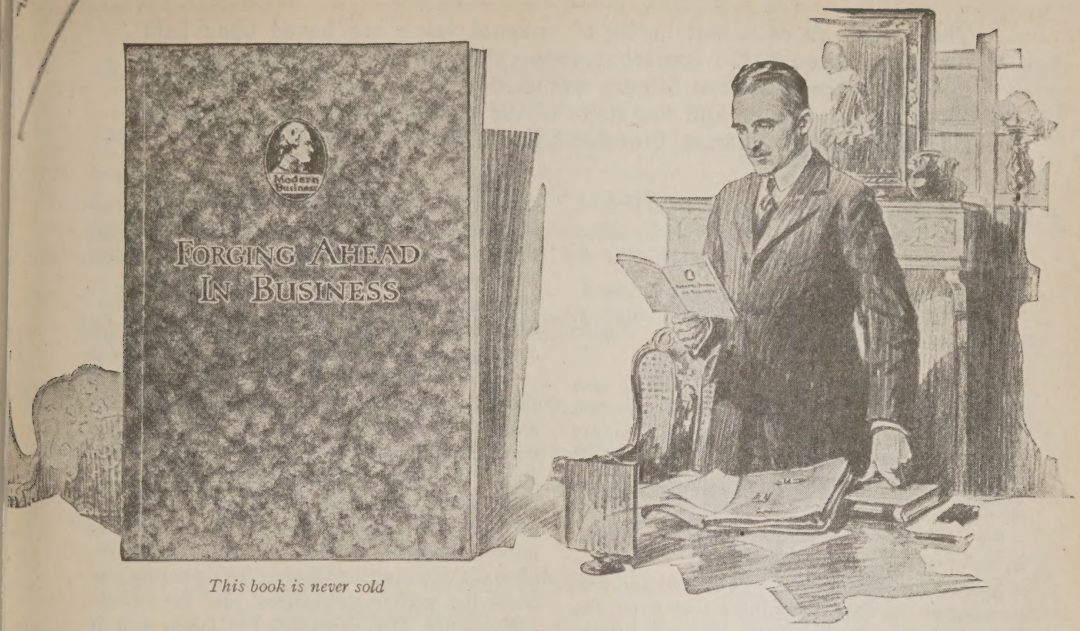

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THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

These reviews of recent books of unusual value are based upon lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Book List, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the staffs of the public libraries in Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, and St. Louis.

Red Dusk and the Morrow, by Sir Paul Dukes, K.B.E. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page and Company. 1922. 8vo, 322 pp. $3.50.

Marooned in Moscow, by Marguerite E. Harrison. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1921. 8vo, viii + 322 pp. $3.00.

THIS season's books upon Russia strike a new note of objective understanding. Hitherto, writers describing the Bolshevist régime have recorded mainly — even though unconsciously — their personal liking or aversion for its theories and institutions.

Sir Paul Dukes has written a thrilling, dramatic, autobiographical detective-story. The theme is his personal adventures in Petrograd and as a member of the Red Army, at a time when the Western world regarded Russia as a sealed book, with mysterious bloodstained leaves between the covers. The author is an Englishman, who knows the Russian people, speaks their language well enough to pass as one of them, and, like most Westerners who know them intimately, loves them and yields to the strange glamour of their country. Therefore, though he was an enemy of their revolutionary rulers, serving against the Communist dictators on perhaps the most perilous mission that the British Government entrusted to any of its citizens, he went about among the workers and peasants as a friend, and the spirit of his labors was devotion to a truly liberated Russia as well as to the British cause.

This spirit, as much as his vivid portrayal of conditions and personal experiences, lends quality to the book. He has given us the best inside account of the organization and morale of the Red Army, and perhaps the best account of the Communist Party organization, which have been published in English. He asserts that Lenin, himself an ex-landlord, 'has never ceased to believe, not only that the Russian bourgeoisie as a class is necessary to the state, but that the entire Russian peasantry is and always will be a class of small property-owning farmers, with the psychology of the *petite bourgeoisie*.' He considers that the armed intervention of the Allies against the Bolsheviki was a blunder, and implies that it was, in some respects, a malicious blunder; he advocates resuming relations with Soviet Russia, to the extent of economic and philanthropic intervention, and ridicules the fears of those who dread a doctrinal contamination of Western workers by Moscow theories.

Mrs. Harrison has written the most informing book upon recent Russia, for the average reader, that has yet been published. She describes unassumingly — almost deprecating the unavoidably sensational character of her experiences — a sojourn of eighteen months in that country during 1920 and 1921. Nearly ten months of this time were spent in prison. She saw the Polish front, — where she crossed the frontier without authorization, — Moscow and vicinity, and the Volga country. She met people of all ranks and positions — high Soviet officials, distinguished members of the old régime, workingmen, peasants, criminals, and, above all, remnants of the former middle classes, whom most of her readers will best understand. She holds a mirror up to Moscow, and lets us see people marrying, dining, going to church, attending teas, talking art and religion as well as politics, enjoying country outings and picnics. She tells us about the theatre, the press, the concerts, the welfare institutions, and the schools.

Evidently Mrs. Harrison has taken well to heart our soldier-boy motto, 'Keep smiling.' Plucky, sympathetic, and immensely charitable, she writes of even her harshest experiences without resentment. And her conclusions as to Russia's future and the right relations of the outer world with Russia agree substantially with those of Sir Paul Dukes.

VICTOR S. CLARK.

Lost Valley, by Katharine Fullerton Gerould. New York: Harper & Bros. 1922. 12vo, 452 pp. $2.00.

WHEN Mrs. Gerould's first novel was announced, many readers of her grim short stories must have wondered what its idyllic title might portend. Almost on the first page the sinister double meaning of that title is revealed, as the powerful picture begins to grow — Lost Valley, in its outward beauty and its inner degeneracy and decay. The little green hollow in the hills is truly 'a cup that holds corruption to the lips.'

With an austere but spirited heroine of nineteen years, mounting guard, in her horrible environment, over her imbecile sister; with her half-crippled, ugly tempered uncle, who combines an iron sense of duty with a power of making intolerable and noisome scenes; her grandmother, sometimes an idiot and sometimes a maniac; her hovering, bestial neighbor, Bert Breen; and, suddenly dropped into her spiritual dearth, the mysterious, luring outside world, in the person of a young landscape painter, an artist deeply devoted to his art, but a man emotionally shallow and sterile — the stage is apparently set for such a *danse macabre* of the puppets as Mrs. Gerould's relentless art is peculiarly fitted to weave.

As a matter of fact, the healthy-mindedness of the heroine moves like a clean current through the uglinesses and horrors of the story. In Madge

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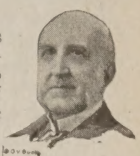

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS — BOOKS — SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE — FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Lockerby, Mrs. Gerould has shown a thing without precedent in fiction: the traditional New England conscience pure of its traditional morbidity. Madge's sure sense of justice is the very centre of her being; and she is equally just to others and to herself. When the man whom she has idealized demolishes her dream of him, she recognizes, almost in the first bitter agony, that he has done her a service; and just as clearly she sees, in the face of her uncle's passionate accusations, that she is wholly innocent of responsibility for her grandmother's death.

Perhaps Madge, emerged from Lost Valley, rather strains the imagination. Perhaps one may grant certain inherited virtues and prides — the influence of Sarah Martin's admirable common sense and of Jee Gam's spacious philosophy; the dignity born of concentration on a single high purpose — and yet feel that the poise which achieves something very like social dexterity is not quite explained. But the obstinate questionings of skepticism are smothered again and again by sheer absorption in the vivid tale. For it is unfolded with swift and concentrated power; with humor now sardonic and now simply mirthful; and, even at its most fantastic, with the sense of reality given by the sudden illumination of hidden corners of hearts.

The crisp wholesomeness of the last pages may deceive one into fancying, with astonishment, that Mrs. Gerould has produced a 'happy ending.' But the passing of an hour will reveal one's unwariness; for the image that lingers is not valiant Madge Lockerby, but Lost Valley, beautiful and corrupt, circled by the eternal peace of its hills and eaten at the heart by its 'human bitterness and decay.'

ETHEL WALLACE HAWKINS.

A Revision of the Treaty: A Sequel to the Economic Consequences of the Peace. By John Maynard Keynes. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1922. pp. viii+202, with appendix of documents and index. $2.00.

IN describing his new book as 'a sequel, I might almost have said an appendix' of *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*, Mr. Keynes is at once too modest and too complacent. It is much more than a mere collection of the new 'facts and materials,' though the layman, bewildered by the succession of international conferences since 1919, each with its complete and final 'solution,' will be particularly grateful for the compact and lucid summary of events from the Treaty down through the London Settlement of May 5, 1921.

The most valuable part of the book is the chapter of 'The Burden of the London Settlement,' wherein, having reduced the rather complicated terms of the reparations agreement of last May to its essential working part, — an annual payment by Germany, in quarterly installments, of 2,000,000,000 gold marks plus 26 per cent of her annual exports, — he demonstrates Germany's inability to meet these terms, and predicts a default, at the latest, between February and August, 1922. The default came in January. Though brief and in general terms, Keynes's analysis of the foreign trade, the budget, and the national income of Germany, whereon this prediction is based, is clear-cut and convincing.

He is not so happy in his chapter on 'The Interallied Debt.' His summary analysis of the balance of international payments of the United States is superficial, to say the least, in the light of the attention which has been given to the subject by American economists in recent years. His advocacy of complete cancellation of the Allied debts, particularly those owed to this country, adds nothing to what has repeatedly been said this past year, on both sides of the Atlantic, by its proponents, and ignores entirely the arguments which have been brought forward on the other side of the question. In the present state of world opinion it is idle to argue for anything so sweeping; and it may at least be asked of those who choose to do so that they take cognizance of their opponents' case. I have little sympathy, moreover, with Keynes's view that, though statesmen may be constrained by the practical difficulties which beset them when they engage in world reconstruction, the scholar may consider himself unfettered in his search for ideal solutions. Solutions so arrived at are not likely to result in practical benefit.

In general, however, the present volume is an excellent performance, more judicial in tone than the *Economic Consequences of the Peace*, and more closely confined to the economic issues involved — though to some readers, who recall particularly the racy characterizations of the 'Big Four' in the earlier book, these very merits may make the present work seem tame by comparison. To the student, the disappointing feature of an otherwise illuminating and suggestive book will be the author's very patent complacency with his earlier work. It was unnecessary for Mr. Keynes to go out of his way, as he does repeatedly, to prove that in *The Economic Consequences* he was right from first to last, and that in two eventful years he has had no occasion to alter his views or predictions in any particular. No writer, however judicious, could hope in such times as these for such a degree of infallibility.

JOHN H. WILLIAMS.

The Council of Seven, by J. C. Snaith. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1921. 8vo, vi+346 pp. $2.00.

IN one of Stephen Leacock's literary satires, published in 1920, there is an amusing skit entitled *Who do you think did it?* which might have been written as a good-natured burlesque on *The Council of Seven*, by J. C. Snaith, save that the skit apparently preceded the novel by a year. To find the burlesque antedating the story it travesties, almost makes one accept Oscar Wilde's theory that nature imitates art when creating an incredible sunset. Both in Mr. Leacock's satire

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and in Mr. Snaith's novel, the hero is the manager of a huge newspaper syndicate, and in both cases *The Planet* is the name of a journal controlled by the great chief. But it is Mr. Snaith, and not Mr. Leacock, who christens him 'The Colossus,' and who casually refers to his 'smile famous upon five continents.'

Mr. Snaith has brought the methods of the detective story to the telling of an up-to-date tale of Peace and War, and various other timely topics discussed by everyone to-day. The struggle between the principle of Evil as personified in Saul Hartz, 'the Colossus,' and the Council of Seven as representing a belief in Universal Peace even to the extent of committing murders in order to attain it, makes a story which is entirely readable in spite of palpable exaggerations; yet it is one which does seem to fall between the stools of fantasy and fact.

The adventures of Sherlock Holmes are hardly more preposterous than those which befall John Endor and Saul Hartz, but they are more enthralling. Stevenson in *The New Arabian Nights* is scarcely more fantastic than Mr. Snaith in his weaving of the web of good and evil motives; but in one case we are transported by the touch of a magician to a land of mystery, in which we believe; in the other, we find ourselves living in modern England and facing contemporary problems, yet not believing in the realities around us. We do not believe in the astounding group of international supermen who compose the Council of Seven, nor in the greatest *Uebermensch* of all, 'the Colossus,' whose fortunes we nevertheless follow with incredulous interest, till the driver of a speeding van, in the character of a *deus ex*—or perhaps more truly *in — machina*, runs over him, and thereby saves the heroine from the necessity of committing murder from the very highest motives.

This timely removal of the villain does not convince us as being an inevitable stroke of fate, but it does convince the real hero of the book (a possible future prime minister) that 'there is a God after all.'

Will this strange mingling of fantastic fact and realistic fancy help the reputation of Mr. Snaith, who presumably wishes to do more than make a railroad journey seem shorter to the reader of his latest book? The words with which the heroine — more skeptical than her husband — brings the book to a close, answer the question: 'I wonder — I wonder.'

A. L. Grant.

The Story of Mankind, by Hendrik Van Loon. New York: Boni and Liveright. 1921. 8vo, xxviii+479 pp. $5.00.

This is a book primarily for children, but even grown-ups will find it interesting. It begins with the beginnings of the earth, describes the rise of mankind to supremacy over all other living creatures, traces the general sequence of human progress, and touches the high spots of history down to the present day. All this is done in a series of sixty-three narrative chapters, each chapter forming a short story which is complete in itself. No attempt is made, of course, to cover all the events in every land: the author has confined his narration to those things which, in his judgment, have left a permanent impression upon the course of history. Even at that there is an abundance of material with which to fill his galloping chapters, most of which fairly swirl with action and romance.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Van Loon comes so closely on the heels of Mr. H. G. Wells. Many will imagine, no doubt, that the *Story of Mankind* is merely a child's edition of the *Outline of History*, which is far from being the case. There is no resemblance between the two books, whether in plan, purpose, workmanship, style, or illustrations. Mr. Van Loon has set himself to the less pretentious task and has performed it with more originality. He travels down the ages at a much more rapid pace, passing by those personalities who happen to have no direct connection with his story and spending none of his precious space in pointing morals. He is not trying to revamp history: he is concerned only with the outstanding facts and forces. His aim has been to weave these into a succession of short stories, which, by their wealth of action, can be trusted to catch the interest of young readers. In the realization of this aim he has succeeded remarkably well.

But with all due respect to Mr. Van Loon's facility in story-telling, the pictures are the best feature of his book. The author makes for them no claim to artistic excellence, but their usefulness no one will deny. They are intelligible to the average child — which most of the illustrations in historical textbooks are not. This is because they are home-made drawings, which seek to convey ideas or impressions rather than to portray events. Some of them look a bit primitive, to be sure, but so do the products of a child's own pencil. They are the sort of pictures that a child would draw if his hand were cunning enough. Mr. Van Loon is right in believing that few children ever forget what they have drawn, while most of them easily forget what they have read. Setting youngsters to express their ideas in pictures, no matter how crude, is one of the most useful things in the whole educational process. Mr. Van Loon has done a real service by demonstrating the great possibilities that lie in this direction. Taking text and illustrations together, it would be difficult to imagine a better book from which to give children their first lessons in history.

William Bennett Munro.

Civilization in the United States: An Inquiry by Thirty Americans. Edited by Harold E. Stearns. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co. 1922. x+577 pp. $5.00.

Many of the contributors to this book gathered each fortnight in the quaint Dutch basement room of the editor's two-century-old house in Greenwich Village, and each writes here as if he were setting forth in talk to the others his im-

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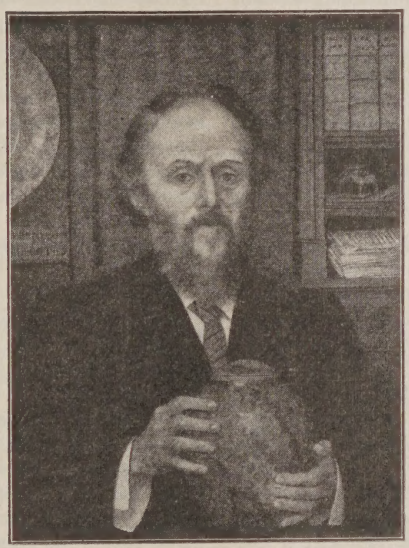

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pressions, fears and hopes about that particular aspect of our national life which has most occupied his thought and energy. It was impossible for even thirty-three articles to cover all phases of our civilization. The editor apologizes for the omission of religion. The physiography and scenery of the country necessarily shaped its development, but there is no description of them, like that which opens Zimmern's *Greek Commonwealth*. The reader also misses some material factors which contribute to the pleasantness of American life, and distinguish it from Europe — and it may well be that the mind and emotions of a civilization, as of a person, cannot be fully understood apart from its body.

A single writer often uses up his ideas in the first hundred pages, while this book is enriched with those of thirty-three men. To take a few at random: our small cities, instead of mechanically imitating New York, might learn from Bergen and Grenoble; the chief monuments of American scholarship have seldom, if ever, come from our universities — witness, Adams's *Mont Saint-Michel*, Thayer's *Cavour*, and Beveridge's *Marshall;* the pioneers necessarily hated a thinker because, when everyone else worked painfully hard to ward off starvation, he was non-productive and a dangerous example; American composers suffer for lack of orchestras to try out elaborate pieces.

The contributors, of whom the reviewer is one, have tried to be sincere above everything. Although high praise is given to poetry, science, and surgery, the enumeration in other fields of evils which have been too much overlooked has tended to crowd out deserved recognition of accomplishment and effort. Nothing that these writers say goes beyond William James's outburst to his brother against the 'strange thinness and femininity hovering over all America.' Yet we must not allow ourselves to take refuge from our national shortcomings in dreams of some paradise across the seas. The conclusion to be drawn from this book is the conclusion of James: 'Europe has been made what it is by men staying in their homes and fighting stubbornly generation after generation, for all the beauty, comfort and order that they have got — we must abide and do the same.'

ZECHARIAH CHAFEE JR.

What Next in Europe? by Frank A. Vanderlip. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1922. 12mo, viii + 308 pp.

'THE economics of Europe is not a subject to be left to technical financial experts. It is something that every intelligent person in the world should attempt to understand in its broad effects and its consequences to humanity.' To help toward such an understanding is Mr. Vanderlip's laudable purpose. A general economic collapse in Western Europe is possible, perhaps even imminent. The ancient and lovely fabric of European civilization is endangered. If help is to be directed wisely there must be a better understanding of Europe's problems. Such is Mr. Vanderlip's general thesis. It is set forth with deep conviction. But despite his earnestness, perhaps because of it, Mr. Vanderlip is careless of his details. Too often he neglects to check his impressions by easily available facts.

An 'economic collapse' may mean any one of a good many different things — all bad, but some infinitely worse than others. The outstanding facts in the European economic situation are unbalanced budgets and inflated currencies. Mr. Vanderlip's account of these facts, of their unwholesome effects upon the economic life of nations, of the barriers they put in the way of international trade, is lucid and instructive. What is lacking is any adequate analysis of the really more fundamental facts of work and living. Inflation, monetary collapse, debts, bankruptcy, on the one hand, and industry, unemployment, food-supply, starvation, on the other hand, even though related are different orders of facts. Mr. Vanderlip's transitions and inferences from one set of facts to the other are too frequently vague and uncertain. And 'the downfall of European civilization' would involve yet a different order of facts.

Impressions, after all, rather than reasoned findings are what Mr. Vanderlip, with all candor, frankly offers. Four months of travel through fifteen European countries have given his impressions interest and value. But for some reason, one feels that interviewing 'the responsible men of government, finance, and labor in nearly all the countries of Europe' is n't just the way to get at the roots of the European problem.

Mr. Vanderlip, like Mr. Keynes, imputes a major part of the responsibility for Europe's economic difficulties to the 'poison treaties of Paris.' If this allegation is to be kept alive should it not be supported by analysis and proof? Mr. Vanderlip's knowledge of the treaties is evidently second-hand. He blames the treaty-makers who cut up the Austro-Hungarian empire for making 'no arrangement for the division of the motive power and the rolling-stock of the railroads.' 'The result,' he adds, 'was disastrous.' If Mr. Vanderlip had looked into the economic sections of the treaties he could not have made that statement. This, it is proper to say, is no more than a fair sample of Mr. Vanderlip's general carelessness with respect to facts.

ALLYN A. YOUNG.

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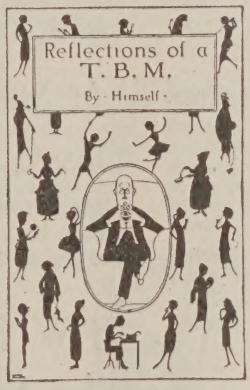
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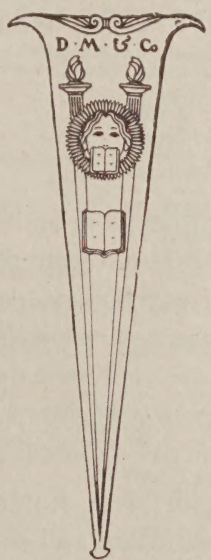

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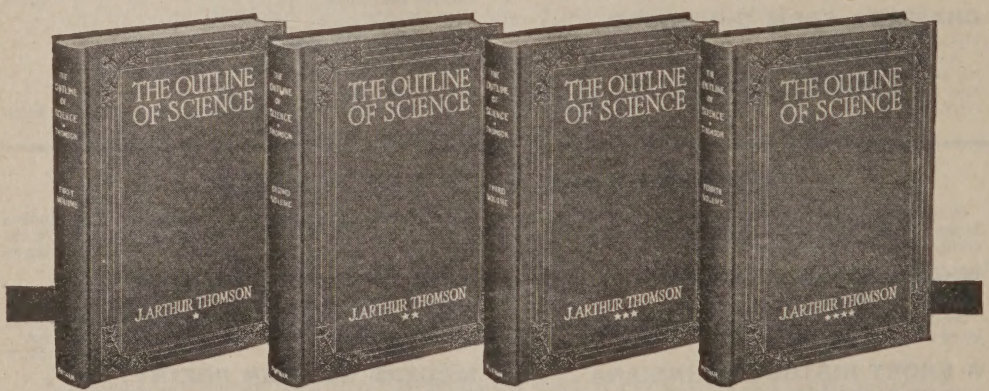

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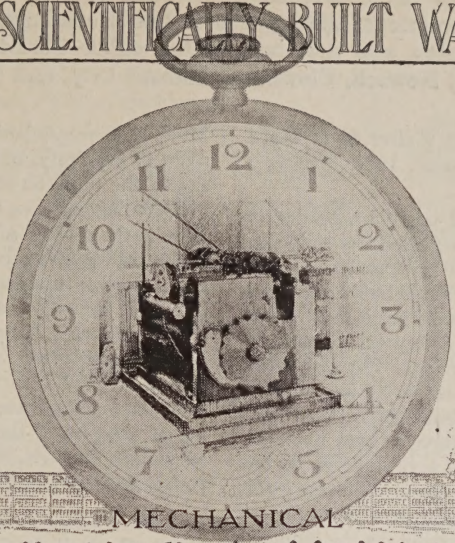

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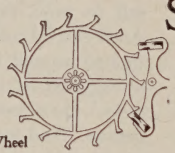

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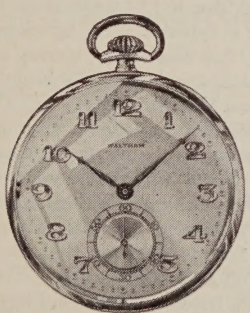

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THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

These reviews of recent books of unusual value are based upon lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Book List, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the staffs of the public libraries in Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, and St. Louis.

Memoirs of a Midget, by Walter de la Mare. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1922. 8vo, iv + 436 pp. $3.00.

'SMALLEST of bubbles I might be, tossing on the great waters, but I reflected the universe.' So Walter de la Mare's Midget epitomizes herself in her *Memoirs!* Smallest of bubbles, too, is a review of five hundred words, yet it must reflect the universe of a masterpiece precious alike for its perfection and its poignancy. Physically, this world is as alive, as complete, as the ice and snow universe of the Three Mulla Mulgars. Spiritually, a world only hinted at there is here unfolded. But it is a universe — that is the marvel. In few of the books that form our literary heritage is this end sought, much less achieved. Many of the most admirable are, essentially, as the illumination of a small surface under the glare of a spot light. In Walter de la Mare's pages the wonder is brought to pass by our looking out upon life through the windows of the Midget's soul. Thus seen, people and events are measured by a common scale, are unified on the basis of their human worth. With a passion intense, yet balanced, she desires to think of others merely as human beings, and to be so thought of herself.

The events of an English twelvemonth in town and country (forming for the reader a story of engrossing interest, memorable for its pictures and its people, and mounting in the last hundred pages to an incomparable climax) teach the Midget the human tragedy of our inequality of soul. Mrs. Bowater, the lovesick curate, the sinister and malignant Fanny, who wins from the reader an abhorrence such as he gives to few characters in fiction, Mrs. Monnerie, with her knickknacks and curios (the Midget one of them), the showman of the Kentish circus, dear Sir Walter, and, last, the Midget's mate in size, with his upbraidings and his devotion — through her commerce with these, from their love and their contempt, Miss M—— learns by threads of what varying strength mortals maintain communication with humanity. For, before we own allegiance to the common lot, our whim is to be recognized as belonging to the Great or the Small, the Strong or the Weak, and we make parade of the antipathy born of a narrower loyalty. We Giants, can we reach out, with understanding sympathy, to the sick, the little, the frail; or is it true, as Mr. Anon bitterly exclaims of us, that we have neither love nor pity for them? And we Midgets, do we dread and abhor the Giants, with their masses of flesh, their 'quarts and quarts of blood,' and see them only as monsters of coarseness and rapacity? In such an existence, filled with wars of powers and sizes, no unity may be conceived; we are but broken bubbles. Salvation lies for us, as for Miss M——, in remembering each other, 'not with scorn or even pity, but as if, life for life, we had shared the world on equal terms.'

Searching and true is the reflection of the universe in the sphered soul of the Midget; the more intent the reader's gaze the greater his joy, for he finds deeps within deeps. The style, too, has a bubble's perfection of texture, radiance, and color. Sentences, pages, whole chapters cause us to catch our breath; we turn the leaves back a second, a third, time to submit ourselves to the spell of a magic phrase. Evanescent and entrancing as the film of the bubble, which is also its substance, the style, like the universe reflected in it, has the beauty which endures.

HENRY G. PEARSON.

Young Boswell, by Chauncey B. Tinker. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press. 1922. Large 8vo, xiv + 266 pp. Illustrated. $3.50.

'WHOSE tail do you think he has pinned himself to now, man?' cried the afflicted laird of Auchinleck, convinced that Jamie, when he attached himself to 'an auld dominie that keepit a schule and ca'd it an academy,' was 'gane clean gyte.' He never dreamed that he had begotten a genius. And for a hundred and thirty years, the world, possessed of the greatest biography ever written, has, as a whole, either agreed with the 'auld laird' or, at best, condescended to patronize Boswell for writing it. 'An inspired idiot,' 'any fool may write a valuable book by chance,' 'a touch of genius,' 'an ill-assorted, glaring mixture of the highest and the lowest,' 'volatile' (even more volatile than Miss Mowcher), 'naïve' — the list can be indefinitely prolonged. Strange fate, that the world should throw all its emphasis upon the weaknesses of one whom Johnson loved for twenty years; for whose election to 'The Club' Sir Joshua was as eager as Johnson; while Beauclerk and the friends who had that day dined with him went off in a body to vote. The truth is, that, like Dick Steele and Samuel Pepys, Boswell was too frank, and spoke and did where most have only thought and withheld their hands.

Thrice welcome, then, Professor Tinker's *Young Boswell* of the admirably chosen title, — for Boswell was perennially young, — precursor, we hope, of a biography. At any rate, we have at last a portrait, just and sane, and we wait with delightful thrills of expectation 'the forthcoming edition of Boswell's correspondence.' There is wealth of new material: Professor Tinker has had access to the precious collection of Mr. Adam, from which come letters and illustrations; he has reëxamined the Temple manuscript, now in Mr. Morgan's collection, 'unstudied since 1857'; he has taken counsel with other Boswellians; and he

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"In 'The Beautiful and Damned' Fitzgerald fulfills the magnificent promise of 'This Side of Paradise.'" — HARRY HANSEN in the Chicago Daily News. $2.00

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS — BOOKS — SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE — FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

has brought into happy and illuminating juxtaposition comment and narrative heretofore divorced. Would that he could have found the manuscripts of that 'cabinet' so ruthlessly destroyed.

As a result of Professor Tinker's work we have Boswell, a man, not a mountebank — nothing extenuated and naught set down in malice. Of a distinguished American man of letters, Barrett Wendell once said that 'he owed his success to the skill with which he played second fiddle,' a very useful instrument, but one upon which few are deliberately willing steadily to perform. Boswell was, and he would have been happy always just to play second; but underneath his consent lay, half-hidden, the solace, if ever he needed it, of a bigger purpose — composition; which finally ripened into that resolution to write 'more of a life than any work that has ever yet appeared.' And with what firmness he stuck to his resolution, and with what consummate skill he played, Professor Tinker has made clear. He managed his father; resolved to know Rousseau and Voltaire (these new French letters are immensely valuable), he sat, docile disciple, at the feet of each in turn, meditating bringing the two together. If only he had succeeded, what a companion-piece had there been for the Wilkes-Johnson dinner at Mr. Dilly's. With every man he knew the note to strike. For only a moment did Paoli let his eyes glance aside; but when they returned they caught the incorrigible, scribbling — a breach of etiquette, that getting caught; soon, however, repaired; and if Fanny Burney had n't locked her diary and her lips with the 'prunes, prisms, persimmons,' of a later high priestess of good form, but, instead, had yielded to the blandishments of that 'biographical, anecdotical memorandummer' of 'the comic-serious face and manner' and let him rescue her from the platitudes of George and his family, that little lady (and all the generations of us, her lovers) would have found herself, her life, and her style 'greatly enlivened.' All this, and the unity of his purpose, and his perseverance, Professor Tinker shows.

Incidentally, too, we have the tale of his more or less passionate affairs of the heart — never so passionate as to defy analysis — and his calculating ventures into the matrimonial market: Miss W——t, Zélide, the 'Italian Signora,' 'Princess' Kate, 'the Moffat woman,' *la belle Irlandaise*, and Margaret of the 'nutritive' conversation — all are here.

Finally, Professor Tinker has given us a valuable study of Boswell's method of work and of the *magnum opus* itself, and the story of his passion for London, and his justice and generosity as a landlord. From it all emerges the true Boswell, the man in his habit as he lived, and, beyond this, the figure of the genius, the great artist, far greater than he ever dreamed himself to be, with the reward of him who is willing to give himself heart and soul to the attainment of his object — an immortal work of art.

B. S. Hurlbut.

Mr. Prohack, by Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran. 1922. 12mo, 313 pp. $1.75.

Mr. Prohack is a light-hearted and lightweight satire on the vanity of riches and the weaknesses of human beings. If it is true that the test of a novel's excellence is its power to touch the sense of recognition, *Mr. Prohack* should be most excellent; for it not only touches that sense but smites it. The psychology of the head of the Prohack family causes the reader ecstasies of recognition — his pride and delight in his wife Eve and his daughter Sissie, and the amused male tolerance with which he suffers their extraordinary foibles; his detestation of the monocled Ozzie, with whom Sissie obviously enjoys dancing, and his dismayed discovery that he is beginning to like Ozzie in spite of himself; his panic, on the evening when his wife comes home late, gradually gaining upon his assurance that nothing can 'happen' in the Prohack family; above all, his emotions on the supreme occasion when he is indisposed and the doctor is called. However, Mr. Bennett shows, not for the first time, that a very intensity of realism is quite a different matter from an effect of reality. In this novel, his fondness for the impish quirk and the fantastic situation and character nullifies the truth, always amusing and sometimes touching, of the earlier chapters. From the beginning, the comedy borders on farce; toward the end, it is wholly submerged in farce. Mr. Prohack's preposterous son, Charlie; his resourceful secretary, Mimi, with her joyous and perfectly unscrupulous loyalty; and such episodes as that of 'the silent tower' and that of Eve's necklace — these may add to the liveliness of the book, but they extinguish its chance of haunting the memory as *Old Wives' Tale* and *Clayhanger* still have the power to haunt it.

But if the beginning of the novel is better than the end, Mr. Prohack himself, endearing creation that he is, fastens more and more upon the affections. One follows him with keen sympathy from the amazing day when he receives the news of the legacy unexpectedly and rather arbitrarily bequeathed to him, through all his complicated worries and his excursions into grandeur as a rich man, to the moment of godlike gloriousness when he is in a position to rescue that sophisticated superman, his son, from ruin and disgrace, and to say to him, 'My poor boy, do try not to be an ass.' And when he takes his one peep over the tall fence of matrimonial circumspection, that peep is so tentative and so innocent, and his flight from the call of vagrant romantic adventure is so precipitate, that it would be grim moralist indeed who would grudge him the comfortable purring of his vanity as he dwells in memory upon the episode of Lady Massulam. In short, this simple-hearted yet canny being, who sees himself as a sardonic philosopher, is a thoroughly lovable and highly diverting companion of a mile.

Ethel Wallace Hawkins.

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The Mind in the Making, by James Harvey Robinson. New York: Harper and Brothers. 8vo, 235 pp. $2.50.

How does Professor Robinson's *The Mind in the Making* impress the layman — the practical business man?

The first impression is one of great practical value. There are many men whose reaction to any proposition made to them can be foreseen. Smith will always enthusiastically approve of any proposition, good or bad, and Jones can be depended upon to oppose it. It is clear that the minds of these men are not seeing things presented to them as they really are, but are reacting from preconceived ideas or habits of thinking. Of course, one might be sure that if these men saw their mental reactions in perspective, as their friends and acquaintances do, they would try to correct their idiosyncrasies and weaknesses and make an effort to see straighter.

Most men — including Smith and Jones — have never given much thought as to how the human mind is made, and have accepted its functioning, without question, as orderly and right. Probably both Smith and Jones wear eyeglasses — that is, they have not supposed it true that their eyes were perfect and at all times functioning properly. On the contrary, they have held them under observation and when they found defects they applied correctives in the shape of glasses. But they have never felt, never understood, the need of applying correctives to the mind, which is the real seeing machinery of sight. In fact they are not conscious that it is both possible and common to see without seeing if one depends on the eyes alone. It is the usual experience of any one of us both to see and hear things which, because the mind is absorbed more completely in other things, register themselves but faintly or not at all. Consequently, many of us fail to note that our minds work wrongly, and have never tried to correct our bad mind-sight.

Professor Robinson begins by showing us in a clear, scholarly fashion the process of the making of the human mind; that it is not a miracle but a growth, thus making us sensitive to the method in which it functions. He shows that the human mind was an animal mind for hundreds of thousands of years; a child mind for another similar period; this child mind, in turn, was followed by a long period of savage mind. He shows that, measured in terms of a man's lifetime, the modern truth-seeking mind is but a day old.

Facts really come home to us through this book. Of course we have always thought we knew this was an evolutionary world, but in the real application of this knowledge to the very foundation of our living the human mind has not seemed important beyond the scope of conventional education. Professor Robinson's book gives it a new and greater significance. We begin to question, 'Was this action of mine the result of the weighing of facts or was it a survival of my animal, child, or savage mind? How much of what my mind accepted without question, because it was taught me in books or in school, is unsound because it emanates from a mind that is not correct or working?' I do not accept a blind man's description of a landscape. Shall I accept unquestioningly the description of some important fact of a lifescape — a life philosophy — from a static-minded man, however high his position?

Mr. Robinson's book makes this impossible for any practical man who reads it. The reader begins to apply his practical knowledge to his mind. He has always known that no great engine, rushing at sixty miles an hour, drawing a heavy train, can be stopped suddenly, and now he knows that no force big enough to move great masses of men can be stopped immediately when it has performed its special work. He knows it must go on for a long while until its great momentum is lost; and it is during this long period that our conventionally minded man, or selfish man, able in this way to protect the power or property his ancestors acquired through the past working of the force, will defend it, will deify it, will call the gods to witness that its great power and its proper functioning in the past is sure proof, is unanswerable proof, that it is the only power that can be depended upon in the present or in the future.

If masses of men can be made to read and understand the value of Mr. Robinson's book, there will be laid a real foundation for a golden age of thinking on this earth, of thinking that will not only enormously accelerate justice in the interrelations of man, but also accelerate material progress until the drudgery and drain of life will largely disappear and there will be a real basis for greater happiness in the world.

It is for this reason that I hope that as many as possible of my fellow business men will have an opportunity to read and study this attractive and stimulative book. Open-minded scientists and teachers, and students who know of Mr. Robinson's work and great ability, will doubtless read it in any event; but I am writing this line in order to help practical business men like myself not to miss it.

EDWARD A. FILENE.

Harlequin and Columbine, by Booth Tarkington. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1922. 12vo, 188 pp. $1.50.

WORDS have one strange superiority to pictures, coupled with immunity from the characteristic penalties attaching to pictorial illustration. The costumes of even a slightly archaic period, when rendered in line, or in line and color, strike the present as purely absurd. The more faithful and literal the rendition, the more patent the absurdity. Yet the same costumes, described in printed words, become invested with almost magical decorativeness. That which is not in the least picturesque in a picture becomes so as soon as it is transferred to language — a paradox which might almost serve as the text for a new *Laocoön*.

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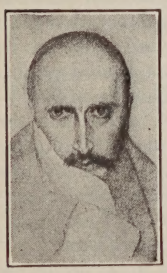

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Published at 19 West 44th Street, New York

Mr. Booth Tarkington's publishers, after ten years, have happily put *Harlequin and Columbine* between permanent covers, at the same time most unhappily including a frontispiece, either drawn very recently, or else revised to conform to recent modes in dress. The historical mind is irritated by a skirt palpably of 1921 on a woman whose life is lived in a story of the New York stage written ten years ago, and about theatrical conditions which, the author's dedication asserts, were even then 'faded and passing.' Yet the skirt of ten years ago would look absurd in its place, and would be equally irritating to any other than the historical mind. What, in this dilemma, is a publisher to do? Well, he might reflect that the feminine costume of the present frontispiece is going to look no less preposterous a few years hence — at a time when Mr. Tarkington's story will still be as fresh as at this moment — than Blendon Campbell's illustrations of *The Beautiful Lady* (McClure, Phillips & Co., 1905) look now. And, so reflecting, he might very well and wisely omit the frontispiece altogether.

As a fact, one of the first effects of reading *Harlequin and Columbine* is to send one to the Tarkington shelf for another look at *The Beautiful Lady* and *Monsieur Beaucaire*. For here is a later addition to that *genre* which probably had its American beginning in *Daisy Miller*, and to which the author of *Harlequin and Columbine* has contributed as richly as anybody living. The essence of this *genre* is high comedy edged on one side with a suspicion of farce and on the other with a whimsical sentiment that goes demure and safe along the slippery way between sentimentality and caricature. There is just room for a laugh, a smile, several chuckles, a sigh — and then the end. Briefly, here we have again what, a decade ago, when no one thought of this author as even an intending realist, any connoisseur would have pronounced 'a Tarkington.'

WILSON FOLLETT.

The Theatre of To-morrow, by Kenneth Macgowan. New York: Boni and Liveright. 1921. 8vo, 302 pp. Illustrated. $5.00.

A GREAT number of the books written about the theatre to-day are perfunctory and ineffectual. Whatever its detractors may say of Mr. Macgowan's book, they cannot by any stretch of the imagination call it perfunctory. It is the work of an enthusiast, of one devoted heart and soul to the study and furthering of his art. Its pages are full of color and animation, vigorous in their insistence upon the author's ideals, and staunch in their belief that the ultimate goal will some day be reached.

The aim of Mr. Macgowan's book is twofold. He first chronicles the movements in the theatrical world which have brought us to the new stagecraft carried on in a new playhouse and which are leading us inevitably toward a new drama. Having given us this foundation of accomplishment, the writer rears a somewhat pretentious, rather shadowy, structure of the play of the future, the walls being of his imagination and the framework the girder-rules forged by the master builders of 'expressionism,' 'formalism,' 'presentation' as opposed to representation, and what you will.

Beginning with the first writhings of the new movement a quarter-century ago, Mr. Macgowan explains the changes and innovations in stagecraft that have revivified the treatment of scenery, costume, and lighting. Clearly and logically he shows the interrelation of color and form, light and movement. Craig, unrelenting, sometimes irrational idealist, is measured against the more practical and understanding, but less well-known Appia. The estimates of their contribution are just; their influence is studied in the work of numerous followers along the paths they blazed.

The structure of the stages could not continue in the old form. The gradual elaboration from Greek altar and temple, cathedral nave, booth, wagon, and innyard to the complicated proscenium, apron, and footlight arrangement is followed by a return to simpler means and the theatre of intimacy, until, in the Parisian stage of Jacques Copeau, Mr. Macgowan finds 'the most complete, studied, and yet natural experiment.' He calls Reinhardt the most ambitious, but both these he terms simply prophetic.

Speculating on the drama yet to be, the author becomes troublesome, for he attributes to 'new ideals' a number of quite fine and natural developments in the theatre. Perhaps Mr. Macgowan adjusts facts somewhat to fit his theories; on occasion he seizes upon a thought or phrase and overemphasizes it, stretches it beyond its normal purpose. But his grasp on his subject matter is masterly, his handling deft, for all the vastness of his field. Its limits are unprescribed, since it extends in time from the origin of things even beyond Mr. Shaw's blank end-wall of imagining, 'as far as human thought can go.'

To-day we are counseled: 'Liberty is not lawlessness!' But oftentimes the realms of the 'expressionists' seem unduly anarchic. The idealists and workers for the new art of the theatre claim freedom, and on principle demand that all laws be broken and swept aside. Whereupon our writer, having 'scrapped' all the 'physical and spiritual limitations of the plastic stage,' having done away with the strictures of the past, sets up new tables of commandments by which the children of his new art are to live: laws these which a Macgowan of a decade hence may relish casting from the mountain-top as much as does our present iconoclastic prophet enjoy smashing those we yesterday considered vital.

JAMES W. D. SEYMOUR.

These reviews will be reprinted separately in pamphlet form. Copies may be had by any librarian, without charge, on application to the Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington St., Boston.

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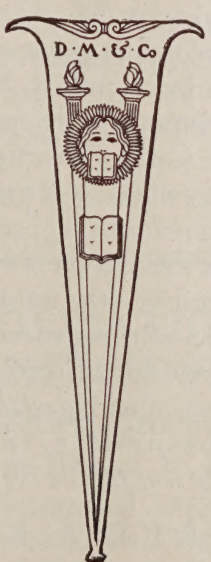

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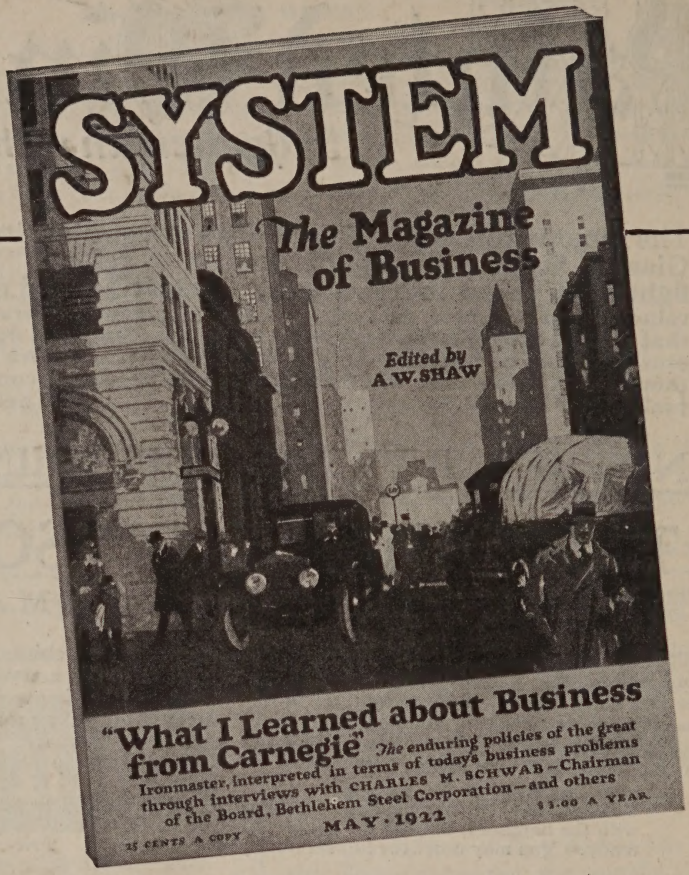
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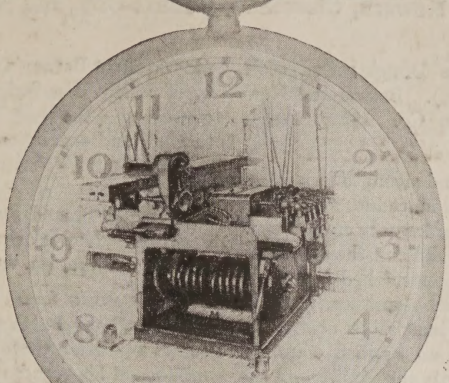

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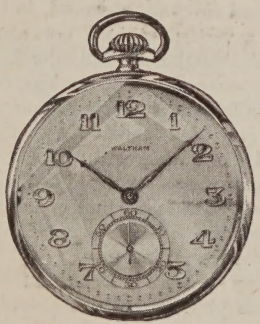

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Adrienne Toner, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick (Mrs. Basil de Sélincourt). Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1922. 12mo, pp. iv+374. $2.00.

THE growth of beauty and strength in a character who at the outset and indeed for some time thereafter arouses in the reader only emotions of irritation and dislike is the difficult theme of this book. Adrienne Toner, an unattached American heiress, with boundless self-assurance, a meddlesome disposition, and inexorable obstinacy, makes her appearance in an English country-house in 1913, and enchants the family and especially the attractive son. How does she do it, being what she is? It is a considerable tribute to Miss Sedgwick's skill to say that the conquest seems quite plausible. Young Barney has, however, a friend, a more mature person, Roger Oldmeadow, who does not come under Adrienne's spell, and who cannot refrain from holding the mirror up to nature. Events prove to Barney, after marriage, that Oldmeadow's perceptions were truer than his own. Adrienne loses her power and her pride when she loses her husband's love; what she ultimately gains is brought out vividly in the scenes that follow the opening of the war. The tone of the book deepens and strengthens; the crises that test the characters become more poignant; the story culminates in an episode as moving as it is surprising.

Miss Sedgwick has had the courage and the art to carry through triumphantly a really amazing literary feat. Although she tells the story in the third person, she reveals the heroine to the reader only through the eyes of the unsympathetic male onlooker, Roger Oldmeadow. She not only makes the heroine vivid and real as seen through the eyes of this man, but she makes the man equally real. And, as the story proceeds, she draws this cool observer more and more deeply into it until finally he becomes a protagonist in a drama for which he had apparently been cast only in the rôle of spectator. Oldmeadow and Adrienne are two effectively contrasted figures; the singular outcome of the relations of two persons who from the beginning were instinctively hostile to each other furnishes a striking dénouement.

One may praise Miss Sedgwick's art, her sure dramatic touch, the keenness of her observation, and the sensitiveness of her perception, and yet one will have left unmentioned the element that gives to *Adrienne Toner* its rare beauty and dignity. That is the spirit in which the book is written. *Adrienne Toner* is not one of the numerous novels that are of the earth earthy. In spite of the moral obliquity, the deceitfulness of the methods which Adrienne and Oldmeadow employ to effect Barney's release — a moral obliquity of which Miss Sedgwick seems curiously unconscious — the story has nobility of conception, motion, and expression.

ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER.

The Beautiful and Damned, by F. Scott Fitzgerald. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1922. 12mo, pp. viii+449. $2.00.

GRADUATING from Harvard in the Class of 1909, Anthony Patch goes to New York and assumes a position there as heir-presumptive to the millions of his grandfather, Adam Patch, a senile apostle of the 'uplift.' Eleven years of drifting and wasting follow; a modern marriage, insecurely founded on an immensity of kissing, breaks down into faithlessness and boredom, and finally Patch, followed at no great distance by his wife, lurches downhill from occasional drunkenness to habitual and bewildered sottishness. Two final pages, in which a kind of ironic 'happy ending' lies concealed, are to be found, but they do not convince; the tail refuses to wag the dog.

In spite of the synopsis, however, the book is not a tragedy of character, for Mr. Fitzgerald is not a creator of character. Who remembers a name or even a real individuality among the *jeunesse dorée* of *This Side of Paradise?* The Anthony of the present volume is a type; carefully studied and carefully observed, to be sure, but a type, nevertheless, and not a person; Gloria, his wife, though more individualized than Anthony, is likewise a type of the kind of being into which civilization is making some women; Muriel Kane is a type rendered with the care, accuracy, and mechanism with which a phonograph record reproduces a voice; Mrs. Gilbert is a Western type, Bloeckman a metropolitan. Certain personages are mere clichés — Anthony's uplifter grandfather, for instance.

And the story — what is it but an account, half ironic, half photographic, of a sordid race downhill? Yet the book is alive, very much alive.

Wherein, then, lies its secret vitality? It dwells, one imagines, in the shrewd, complete, and quite unequaled picture it renders of the life of the day and the manners and customs of a class. The topic of the hour, its favorite slang phrase, the kind of human being in which the moment dwells incarnate, all are to be found here at their best and freshest. And what a crew they are — these young men without the slightest sense of social obligation, these young women who live for their own enjoyment of their own beauty, these loafers, drunkards, climbers, and rich wastrels of a great metropolis! Now it is the rich,

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Those who expected great things from the promise of the first novel will probably be disappointed. The present endeavor marks no advance in either method or philosophy of life. But the picture of the time is there; a really amazing picture. It represents no mean achievement.

HENRY BESTON.

A Glance Toward Shakespeare, by John Jay Chapman. Boston: Atlantic Monthly Press, 1922. 16mo, pp. vi+116. $1.25.

MANY readers who pick up this book will naturally ask, why write about Shakespeare or any of the old standard authors, whom we all know and have always known, when you might write about Mr. Shaw or Miss Amy Lowell? And Mr. Chapman might answer aptly that it is just because we all know about the classics that it is worth while to write about them. In the vast chaos and multiplicity of modern literary production, so vast that nothing stands out, nothing endures, nothing makes a really universal appeal, the comfortable old authors form a common ground on which past and present, learned and ignorant, can meet and touch. In the excellent phrase with which Mr. Chapman begins his book: 'The use of great men is to bind the world together.'

But if one is to write about old authors, one must say what is new, and since it is quite impossible to find new facts, one must take a new and independent attitude. The usual mistake of critics is that they treat contemporaries roughly and standard authors with reverence; whereas they should do just the reverse. You can handle contemporaries as tenderly as you like: they will die anyway, if there is nothing in them. But these old, well-worn, stubborn glories will stand a lot of mauling and be all the better for it.

So thinks Mr. Chapman, and his fashion of treating Shakespeare is far indeed from the dull idolatry of learned pedants, so far that such will probably complain of it. They will say that there is little system in Mr. Chapman's criticism, that it jumps from one thing to another with no coherent development, and sometimes blurs and confuses the issues. They will point out that enough account has not been taken of Shakespeare's debt to his sources, of the curious operation of his eager spirit in dealing with the manifold stories which formed the dead substance of his wonderfully vital creation. Especially they will urge that it is not scientific to isolate him so completely from his contemporaries and all the rest of literature.

But this peculiar personal attitude is just what makes Mr. Chapman's handling so surprisingly fresh and vivid. He seems like a man who has walked into a movie show round the corner and seen the whole vast Shakespearean pageant and come away and tried to condense his impression into a few brief pages. This movie sense, if one may call it so, this show sense, this keen, swift suggestion of an immediate contact, thrills and sparkles everywhere in Mr. Chapman's book. Conventions are shattered. Prejudices are laughed at. Tradition and reverence are tossed and tousled with the gay carelessness of Shakespeare himself. The august Shakespearean characters are batted about with an impudent and exquisite audacity.

Yet from all this jovial and tumultuous promenade emerges a sense of inexhaustible delight, of fresh, ever-renewed, unfailing ravishment, far, far different from the outcome of German erudition and analytical cleverness. I should not be surprised if scores of readers laid down Mr. Chapman's book and said, 'This Shakespeare, there must be something in him, after all: what if I were to look again and see?'

GAMALIEL BRADFORD.

Public Opinion, by Walter Lippmann. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1922. 12mo, pp. x+427. $2.75.

MR. LIPPMANN states his argument thus: 'I argue that representative government, either in what is ordinarily called politics, or in industry, cannot be worked successfully, no matter what the basis of election, unless there is an independent, expert organization for making the unseen facts intelligible to those who have to make the decisions. . . . My conclusion is that public opinions must be organized for the press, if they are to be sound, not by the press as is the case to-day.' The discussion leads him into many directions, for he is dealing with a triangular relationship 'between the scene of action, the human picture of that scene, and the human response to that picture working itself out upon the scene of action.' In his final chapters he develops his plan for bodies of experts in each department of government, competent to prepare facts and inferences for the guidance of the responsible chiefs or leaders of opinion.

It is in the intermediate stages of developing his idea that Mr. Lippmann is most suggestive. The 'stereotype' or fixed prejudice offers an obstacle to a free formation of opinion. 'For the most part we do not first see, then define; we define first and then see.' Whatever is familiar, 'we

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tend to visualize with the aid of images already in our mind.' How to alter the stereotype and influence the subject is the purpose of all propaganda. The individual looks at great problems as a mimic enlargement of his private life, and 'men's ideas of all things and of themselves are not instinctive. They are acquired.' In seeking to make a common will there must be a wider view and environment and, especially, an ability to apprehend the unseen environment. Political leaders are of limited power, but the political machine gathers sufficient influence to get what it wants. Symbols have their place and the press could be a power. In an analysis of what the press does in the gathering of news the author touches a problem as yet unsolved, and his suggestions are vital even if not revolutionary.

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Mr. Lippmann does not claim to have solved the question of a healthy and intelligent public opinion, but he has shown the extent of the problem and devised a remedy, and he has done this in a readable and critical volume.

WORTHINGTON C. FORD.

Up Stream, An American Chronicle, by Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1922. 8vo, pp. 248. $3.00.

To read this book is to undergo a profitable ordeal. It makes a heavy drain upon one's self-control. Yet to throw it aside in a fit of temper would be to betray one's own provincialism, and to indulge a form of obscurantism which is far too common. Though we may be haunted throughout by a sense of inconsistency in the author, or be tempted to make neutralizing allowances for an unusually sensitive nature 'reacting' to his environment, the fact remains that the author has given us a warning that cannot be ignored.

The author is a thoroughgoing individualist. He urges, as the true end and aim of life, the happiness of an unfettered emotional and æsthetic self-expression in the here and now. Of course this puts him in sharp opposition to many of the teachings of Christianity, and to many of the accepted moral values of our civilization; an opposition which he candidly acknowledges. According to him, neo-puritanism is a blight upon our American life. Our Christian-Capitalistic civilization is just another method by which the few may mentally enslave the many, and so perpetuate a *status quo* in which their own ambitions are gratified. There is no personal liberty worthy of the name; no individual freedom of thought or speech or conduct; no encouragement to be honest, to be one's self, and to construct original formulas of truth, beauty, and happiness. We are browbeaten by a tyrannous collectivism, which assumes that, as the experience of life is common, so the individual reaction must conform to a common type, and which punishes the rebel with its ridicule and ostracism. We dread being conspicuous; therefore we dare not be different. We are all stamped with the same die, which leaves its metallic sheen on our very faces. Thus, while our life outwardly seems vigorous and healthy, its vigor is only that of a sordid materialism, and its appearance of health is but the flush betokening an inner consumption which must ultimately prove fatal.

A score of writers have sounded the same warning, but the matter is serious enough to justify many warnings. Is our civilization doing for human life what we want it to do? We may not agree with this author in honoring what must seem to some of us a thoroughly Oriental, not to say pagan, ideal. For he would have us seek what he calls Life, the life of the finer senses, the more delicate emotions, the life of this present world at its best and richest, and seek it through an unashamed self-expression; through art and poetry and passion and feeling and beauty; yes, through a behaviorism in which yellow beer, free love, and birth-control play a not inconspicuous part. And some of us insist, with equal sincerity and after an observation as valid, that the real victories of life are to be secured only through self-discipline, through moral character, through the suppression of certain passions and the development of certain spiritual capacities that look beyond this life. But even so, the question still persists: Is our civilization helping to secure these victories? Are we any nearer the one goal than the other?

That is a question he will not allow us to ignore; and for that service he deserves unqualified gratitude. And any ordinary man who can read this book without seeing that the problem exists for him just as really as for the author simply corroborates the author's assertion that the ordinary man has forgotten how to think.

CHARLES E. PARK.

Europe – Whither Bound? by Stephen Graham. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1922. 8vo, pp. x + 224. $2.00.

IN this volume a writer, who knows Europe intimately and has written abundantly about its countries and peoples before the war, records his travel impressions of thirteen European capitals old and new — with Monte Carlo added to avoid an unlucky number — in the year 1921. Written originally on the spot for periodical publication, the letters — for such the chapters really are — have the freshness of first-hand impressions. The author does not delve deeply into politics or economics, but he has background and is not superficial. He is interested mainly in the dynamics of contemporary Europe, in the forces

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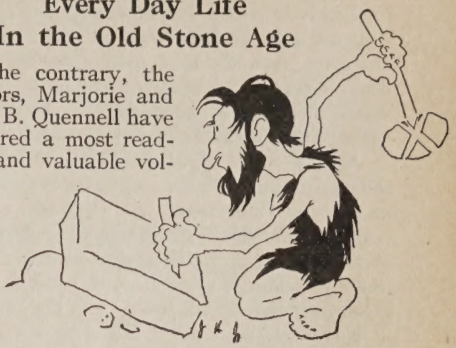

On the contrary, the authors, Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell have prepared a most readable and valuable volume, tracing the course of human evolution and picturing the existence of prehistoric man. The book has 75 illustrations.

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May Lamberton Becker, in the *New York Evening Post,* says "Whoever wrote the Duster series, wrote from the heart, and the third volume is the heart of the series." She refers to

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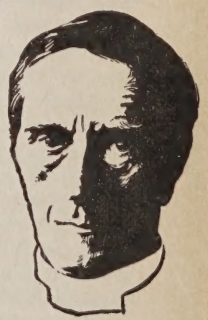

in which the famous "Gentleman With A Duster," flicks the portraits of twelve eminent clergymen in an attempt to analyze the present chaos in the church, and the reasons therefor. "Painted Windows" has aroused a storm of criticism, tempered by much lavish praise. It is a book which thinking people are reading and discussing, and it is helping to clarify a universally important condition.

* * *

Miss Maude Royden, the leading woman preacher of England, and one of the twelve discussed by "Duster" in "Painted Windows" is the author of "Sex and Common Sense," just published, and well worth the attention of common-sense readers.

* * *

G. P. P.

that are moulding it into new and unfamiliar forms. Yet he does not speculate and philosophize about those forces; he describes their concrete manifestations in social, business, and political life.

Trenchant strokes occur in these national character sketches that sometimes cut rather deep. Athens, 'the cradle of the ideal, is a city where there are no ideals at all.' At Sofia the author finds 'none of the elegance and indolence of Athens, or of the ingenuity and cleverness of Constantinople, but a steadiness and drabness of peasant clumsiness.' At Belgrade, too, the population is mostly 'the peasant come to town.' Passing to Hungary the author enters an atmosphere of sullen determination to retrieve defeat. Over the passport window on the Danube quay at Budapest you read: *I believe in one God. I believe in God's eternal justice. I believe in the resurrection of Hungary.*

'New Bohemia' is 'manifestly the best-governed State which has arisen out of the ruins of the old.' The Czechs are described as 'a thickset, burly, rather obstinate people, with imperturbable eyes. . . . They seem to be the most capable people in their part of the world.' The Poland of 1921 — indications of a different spirit are visible now — does not win the author's approbation.

The older capitals of central and eastern Europe are harder to describe effectively with a few dashing pen-strokes, nor do they impersonate so satisfactorily to the informed reader the larger and more complex nationalities for which they stand. Yet there are many illuminating flashes in the pages describing them.

What the author entitles 'extra leaves' are interpolated between several of the chapters. They did not form part of the original articles from which the present volume is compiled. Whether they treat of the passport abomination or of loftier themes, like international charity, they are suggestive and thought-provoking.

Upon the whole this is not a weighty book, but it repays perusal. It is informing in an impressionist way, adding to one's stock of intimations and opinions rather than to one's store of precise facts. It deals with conditions more or less ephemeral, and will be read with greater interest to-day than to-morrow. But it is the kind of a book that helps a layman to interpret what he learns about Europe from other sources, and it entertains while it instructs.

VICTOR S. CLARK.

The So-Called Human Race, by Bert Leston Taylor, arranged with an Introduction by Henry B. Fuller. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1922. 12mo, pp. xii+330. $2.50.

ON July 5, 1862, *Vanity Fair* of New York published a caricature of George D. Prentice 'in his famous two-handed act of getting up a leader for the *Louisville Journal*.' He was at his desk with a pen in one hand, a revolver in the other. For the word 'leader,' 'paragraph' would have served, for while Prentice's paragraphs were witty, often coarse, they were frequently and diabolically malicious, often brutal. The country laughed; the victim squirmed, and if he was in Kentucky, he looked thoughtfully at his gun.

Prentice, as a paragrapher, was followed by many. Newspapers began to pride themselves on their 'funny column.' The All-Sorts man of the *Boston Post*, the *Danbury News* man, the *Burlington Hawkeye* man, the *Detroit Free Press* man were leading national jesters for a time. They joked about contemporaneous fads and fashions, dress, the mother-in-law, house-cleaning and the putting-up of the stove-pipe, the petty burdens of routine—a few homely themes with countless variations. At last Eugene Field in Chicago wrote a witty column with a literary flavor.

As Mr. Fuller says in his preface, which is finely appreciative, not fulsome, 'B. L. T.' was 'the first of our day's colyumists — first in point of time and first in point of merit.' It is true that he had enlisted an army of contributors, who sent to him material from all parts of the country; material in the rough. He once wrote ironically: 'As we have been informed, and as we repeat for the benefit of the School of Journalism, there is nothing to running a column except the knack of writing more or less apt headlines.' 'B. L. T.' had a unique faculty for detecting a grotesque relationship between prosaic news and a flight of fancy, as in the seventies a headline writer on the *Chicago Times* startled the nation by his wild exuberance.

The wit and the humor of 'B. L. T.' far outstripped those of his contributors, his followers, and his imitators. His wit was a rapier against cant and shams; his humor, now gentle, now uproarious and broad, cheered life, which, as Jules Laforgue put it, is so daily. His wit and humor were often the expression of his views and opinions, for he was a philosopher, but never a platitudinous or sermonizing one. He was also a man of sentiment; a receptive, appreciating, discriminating soul; with a mind truly critical, seeking first of all that which was stimulating, beautiful, noble, in literature, wit, and music. For writing light and graceful verse his gift was more than a pretty knack.

The work of the journalist is, as a rule, ephemeral: when his serious articles, collected, appear in book-form, they seem belated; if they are humorous, they seem pointless, or in need of annotation. The work of 'B. L. T.' stands among the shining exceptions; for he was more than a daily jester. If he amused the world, he pricked its swollen bubbles, and led the way to a sane regard for the verities, with a smile that was kindly, not superior or contemptuous.

PHILIP HALE.

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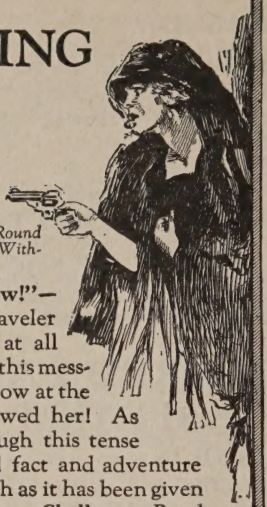

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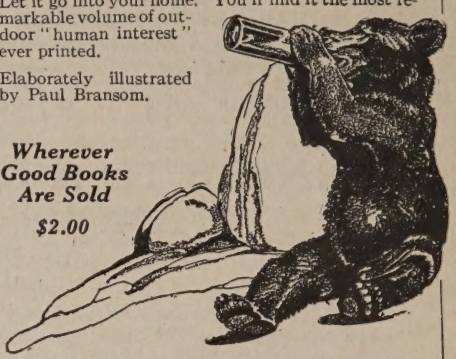

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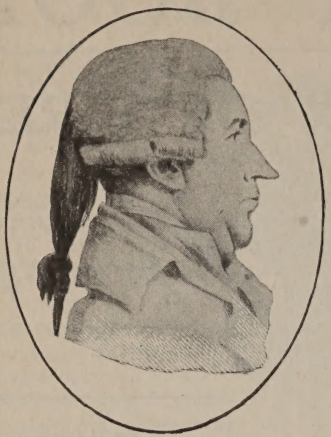

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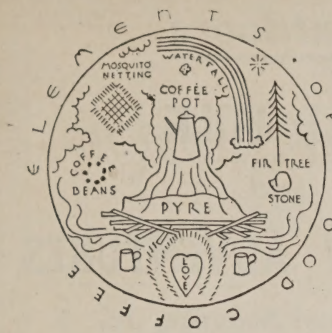

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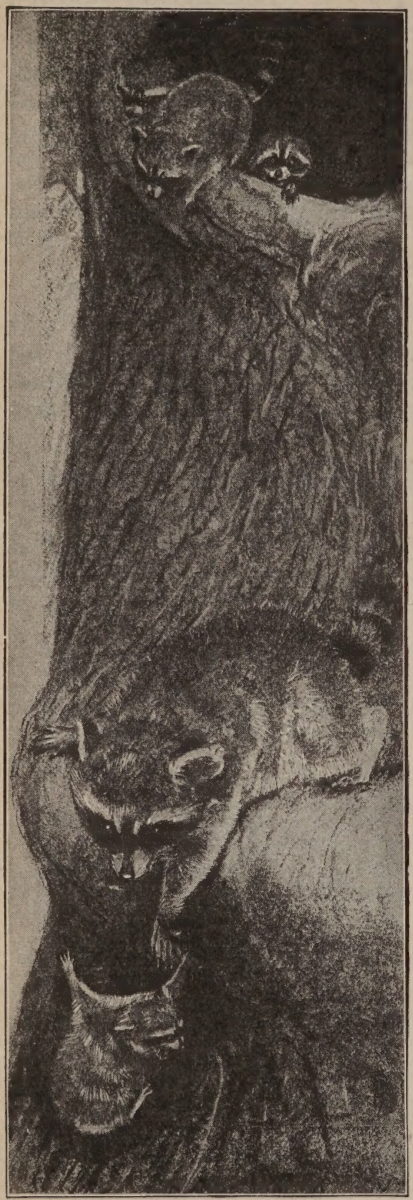

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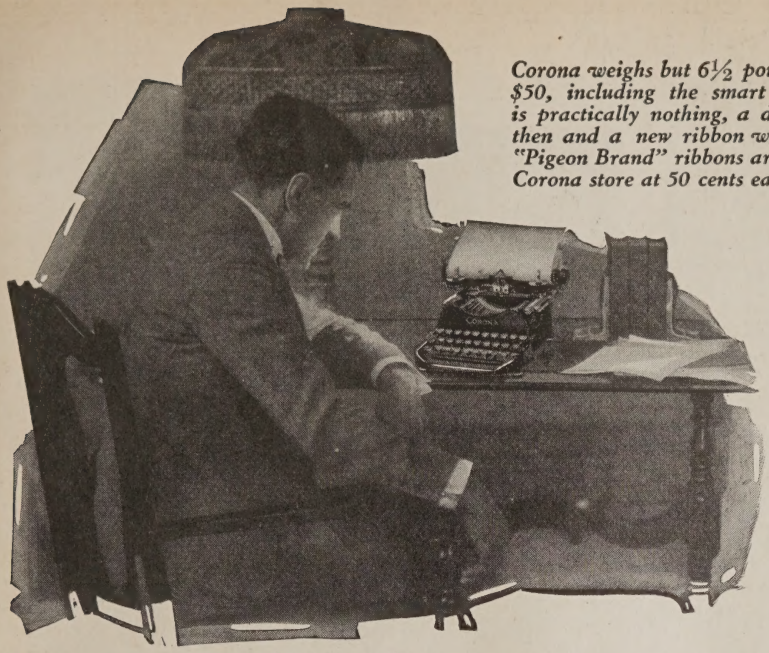

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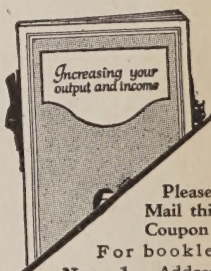

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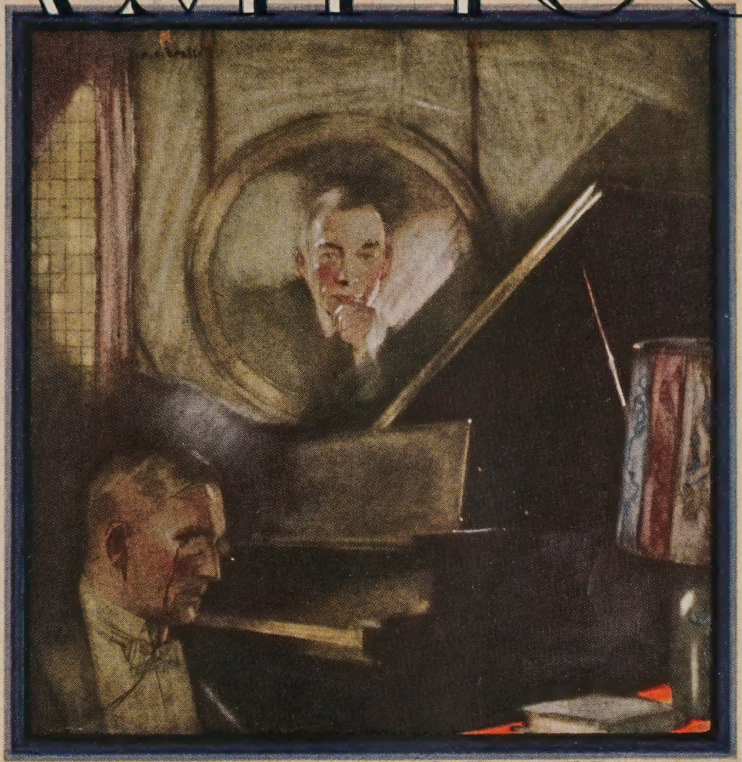

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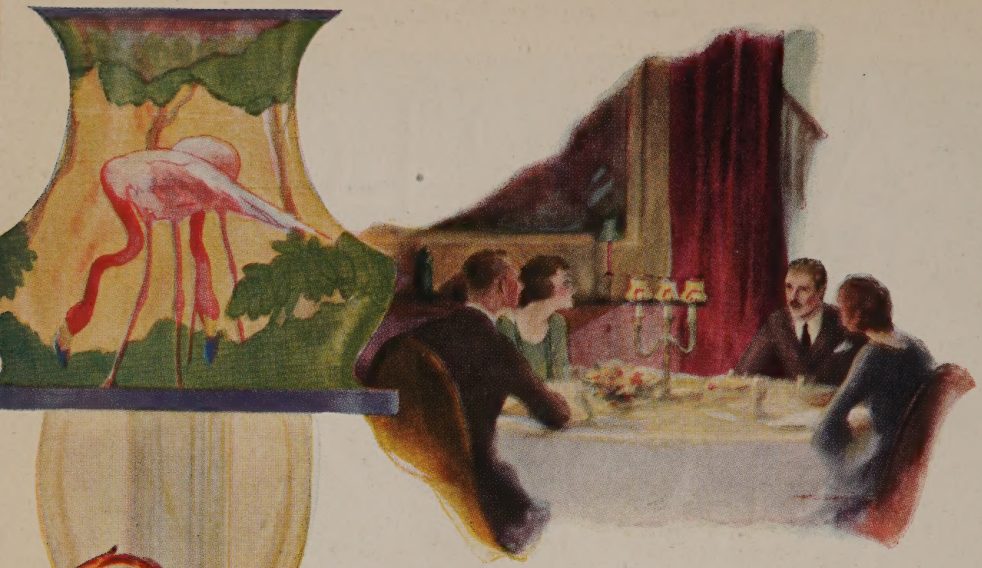

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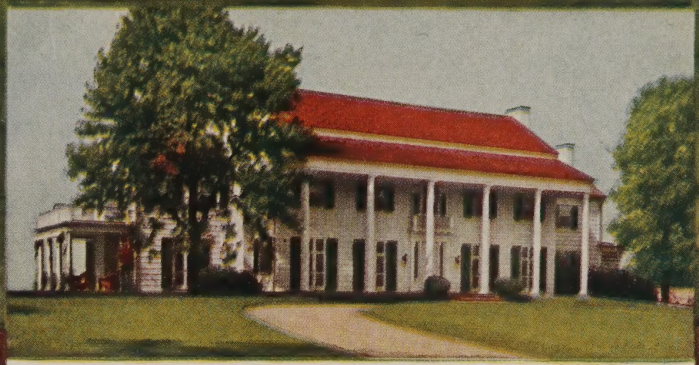

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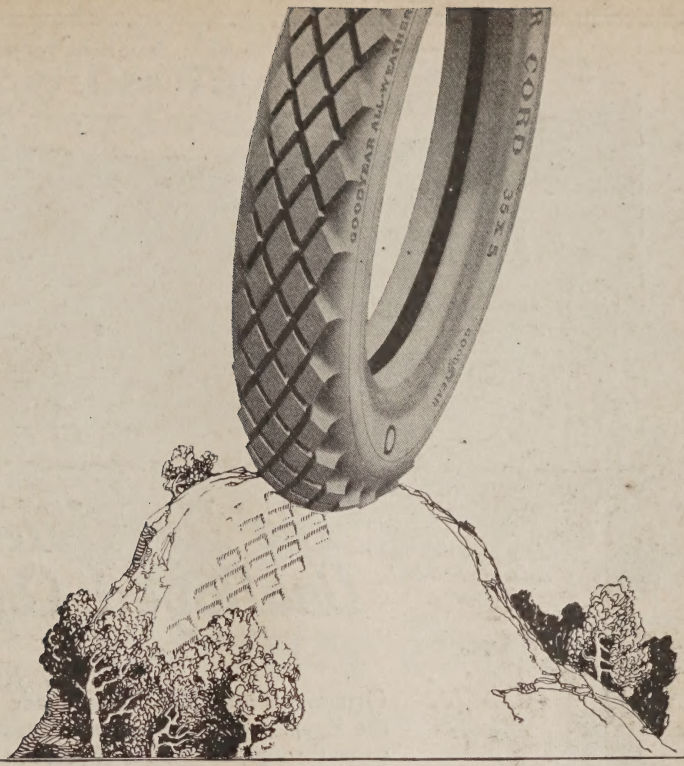

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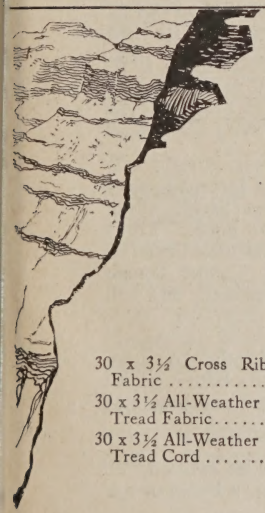

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GOODYEAR

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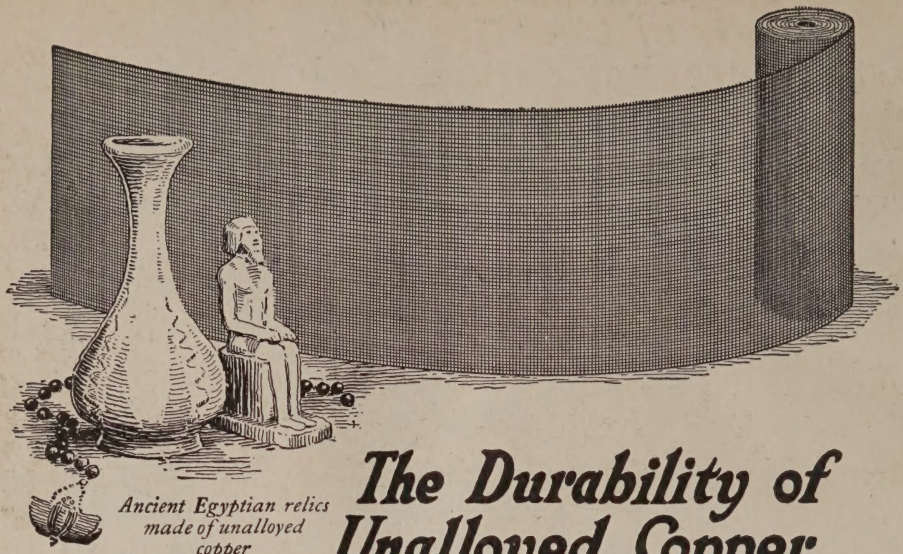


Ancient Egyptian relics made of unalloyed copper

The Durability of Unalloyed Copper

Ornaments and adornments made of pure copper by the Egyptians of pre-historic times have come down to us through thousands of years in perfect condition. Of all the metals commonly used by man, pure copper is the most enduring.

It is for this reason, that The New Jersey Wire Cloth Company uses copper 99.8 percent pure—not copper alloys such as bronze or brass—in its best grade of insect screen cloth. This copper is produced by the Roebling process which makes it unusually stiff and strong. It is the ideal metal for door and window screens.

You can obtain a length of service from your screens heretofore undreamed of by using Jersey Copper Screen Cloth instead of galvanized iron, steel, bronze, or brass. There will be only a slight difference in original cost and an enormous saving in cost of upkeep. Jersey Copper Screen Cloth cannot rust, is of uniform quality throughout, and will give years of satisfactory service.

JERSEY
COPPER
Screen Cloth

TRADE JERSEY MARK

You can obtain Jersey Copper Screen Cloth, 16 mesh (coarser should never be used) in most of the better grades of custom-made screens, and from hardware and building-supply dealers throughout the country.

On request we will gladly send you a booklet entitled "A Matter of Health and Comfort". If you are a home owner you should read it.

THE NEW JERSEY WIRE CLOTH COMPANY
616 South Broad Street
Trenton New Jersey

No Punctures in Four Years of Lee Tire Emergency Service

LEE Puncture Proof Tires

From the Isolation Hospital, City of Milwaukee Board of Health, comes the following: "We have used Lee Puncture-proof Tires for the last four years—used the first Puncture-proof cords in Milwaukee. We have never been laid up on account of punctures and have always received exceptional mileage."

LEE
LEES Smile at Miles

IN emergency service --- for ambulances, physicians, fire departments, merchandise deliveries---in every duty where tire reliability means life, safety, profit---Lee Puncture-proof pneumatics are indispensable. They are guaranteed against puncture.

To the tourist, the business man, the woman who drives---to anyone to whom punctures and blowouts are a delay and a nuisance, Lee Puncture-proof tires are the most desirable pneumatics on the market.

Those who do not feel the need of this added protection can secure the same reliable, uniform Lee quality in our Regular Fabric or Cord Tires---and in Lee G. S. (Government Specification) Grey Tubes.

Because of the greater scope of the Lee Line of Pneumatics, buying from a Lee Dealer is equivalent to having tires made to order for your particular service.

Look for "Lee Tires" in your Telephone Book.

LEE TIRE & RUBBER CO.

Executive Offices — **245 West 55th Street**

NEW YORK CITY

FACTORIES CONSHOHOCKEN PA.

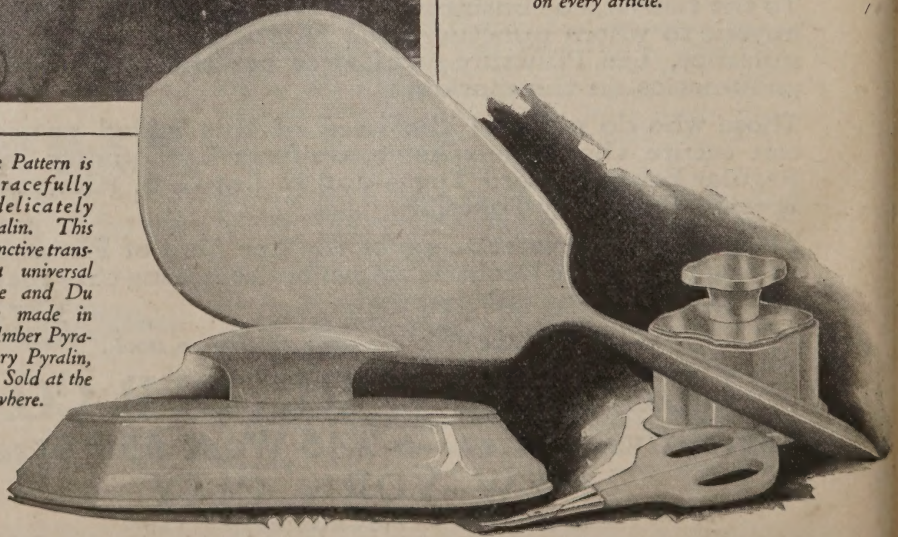
IVORY
Pyralin

MOST loved of all are the gifts which live for years. With intimate daily use, the Pyralin toiletware she received on her wedding day will serve as a pleasant and constant reminder of the giver. As all patterns are standard, a gift of a few articles can be added to from time to time until the set is complete.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., INC.
Pyralin Department
ARLINGTON, N. J.

DU PONT

Look for the name "Pyralin" stamped on every article.



THE La Belle Pattern is illustrated, gracefully modeled in delicately grained Ivory Pyralin. This pattern with its distinctive transverse handle, is a universal favorite. La Belle and Du Barry Patterns are made in Shell Pyralin and Amber Pyralin as well as Ivory Pyralin, plain or decorated. Sold at the leading stores everywhere.

Don't Buy a Pig in a Poke

Good Furniture Standards

IN the following standards of good furniture, the word MAHOGANY has been used throughout, but, it must be understood, the terms apply with equal emphasis to any other cabinet wood.

Solid Mahogany

Furniture designated as Solid Mahogany shall have all exposed surfaces of Solid Mahogany.

Mahogany

Furniture designated as Mahogany shall have all exposed surfaces (both solid parts and plywood) of Mahogany.

Combination Mahogany

Furniture designated as Combination Mahogany shall have all exposed surfaces of Mahogany (solid or plywood) in combination with Gum, Birch, or other suitable wood.

The kind of wood used in combination with Mahogany shall be named. For example: "Combination Mahogany and Birch" or "Combination Mahogany and Gum."

Imitation Mahogany

Furniture designated as Imitation Mahogany shall be that with exposed surfaces of other woods *colored to imitate Mahogany.*

The term "exposed surfaces" shall mean those parts of a piece of furniture exposed to view when the piece is placed in the general accepted position for use in the home.

—and don't buy furniture from your dealer without a guarantee, covering the kind of wood of which it is built.

Then you will be sure to get what you pay for.

THE buying public now has simple standards to guide it in its furniture purchases, for the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, after numerous conferences with Furniture Retailers and Manufacturers, has finally set up standards by which Furniture Retailers should *advertise* and *sell* furniture to the public.

If you want GENUINE MAHOGANY furniture —either solid Mahogany or well built Mahogany plywood — demand of the store selling you, a *guarantee* that it conforms to the MAHOGANY or SOLID MAHOGANY classification of the Associated Advertising Clubs.

Don't overlook **that only under these two classifications must *all* of the exposed parts of a piece of furniture be Mahogany.**

Do not be misled by the use of the word "finish", in any of its moods or tenses. It was not incorporated in these standards because it did not tell the truth.

The use in furniture advertising and selling, of the terms "Mahogany Finish", "Finished in Mahogany", or any other use of the word "finish", will be a warning to you that the piece is not made of Mahogany.

THE MAHOGANY ASSOCIATION, Inc.
New York City

after all—there's nothing like

MAHOGANY

ENO's FRUIT SALT

(Derivative Compound)

FOR the same reason that you take a bath —take ENO in the morning

To be thoroughly clean, is to be clean *within* as well as without.

Soap and water merely cleanse the outside. ENO carries away the poisons that clog the blood stream—that is why ENO is an important part of the Toilet of Health.

ENO should be in every household for the regular use of the family in the morning. Then there would be less illness, and more cheerful society.

To have the clear complexion that bespeaks perfect health, let ENO be a feature of your morning toilet.

To have the clear head and elastic step of sound health, let ENO help to keep you fit.

To correct digestive troubles that cause headache and serious discomfort, get a bottle of ENO. Read the little health guide that comes with it.

ENO acts gently but effectively, by removing in a natural way the *causes* that lower your physical "tone."

The Reputation of ENO

Just as the morning bath is an institution in the lives of those who value bodily cleanliness, so is the taking of ENO in the morning an essential to those who know its virtues for maintaining internal cleanliness.

ENO has built up a world-wide reputation and sale during the past 50 years, and is recognized everywhere as the finest preparation of its kind. It is in fact, in a class by itself.

Ask your Druggist for ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

$1.25 a large bottle

Prepared only by

J. C. ENO, Ltd., London, E. C. 1., England

The words "ENO" and "FRUIT SALT" and the above design are the registered Trade Marks of J. C. Eno, Ltd., in the United States.

Sales Agents:
HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Inc.
New York—Toronto—Sydney

Meaning of Stone & Webster Investment Recommendations

STONE & WEBSTER is the oldest and largest organization managing independently operated public utilities.

STONE & WEBSTER experience covers financing, construction and management of public utilities with their own forces.

STONE & WEBSTER recommendations for investors in public utilities rest on a thirty years' knowledge of the industry.

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INVESTMENT DIVISION

BOSTON, 147 Milk Street NEW YORK, 120 Broadway CHICAGO, 38 S. Dearborn Street

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